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he teaches that "in the end" all things shall be subservient to good.

It would not be difficult to trace on other points the complete accordance of the Pauline teaching with the words of Christ. For instance, the mediatorial regency of God the Son is indicated alike by "The Father hath committed all judgment to the Son," and by the words familiar to Christian mourners, "Till He shall have delivered up the kingdom to the Father"; it would be easy to refute the allegation that St. Paul "invented Trinitarianism," or to show that Christ and His messenger alike understand the older Scriptures spiritually. Perhaps some younger student of these great subjects will do more adequately what I have attempted in outline only.<sup>1</sup>



## The Cities of the Seven Churches.

### SOME PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS.

BY THE REV. M. LINTON SMITH, M.A.

#### II. PERGAMUM, SARDIS, AND PHILADELPHIA.

**P**ERGAMUM at the present day is the least accessible of the cities with which we are dealing, for it lies thirty miles from rail-head at Soma. The roads runs first down the valley of a tributary stream to the Caicus, as green and as well watered as any English countryside. On the far side of the main valley runs a line of rocky hills, on a spur of which the Acropolis of Pergamum is built. The Caicus itself is split into many shallow streams as it makes its way through the broad valley, and on the mud-flats countless tortoises sun themselves, and buffaloes wallow and sink to escape the heat and the torture of the flies. Presently the features of the further hills become more distinct,

<sup>1</sup> See Professor Buckham's thoughtful words on the notion, that Christianity "is the echo of one man, Paul, only."—*Expository Times*, July, 1908, p. 476.

and the flank of one spur is marked with a light-coloured scar, the mass of rubbish removed in the excavations of Dr. Humann ; and a little later, as its top climbs above the sky-line, you see that it is crowned with walls and towers. The road winds round its foot, and soon the horses' hoofs are clattering over the cobbles of the steep ascent into the little Greek town of Bergamo. At the entrance lie the stately remains of some Roman baths, brick-built, with binding courses of stone. Along the top of the walls storks build their nests, and clatter or meditate beyond reach of disturbance. Behind the baths is a double tunnel over the Selinus, the little stream which runs through the city, built to extend the space in the heart of the town ; further up, again, the stream is crossed by a fine bridge of double span. But the chief remains are to be found on the Acropolis, which towers 900 feet above the town—a long and weary climb, now along the remains of the carefully engineered road of ancient times, now straight up steep slopes of thinly-covered rock or rubble. Soon after the last houses of the town have been left, you pass through a gate in the Roman wall, and then a sharp scramble brings you to a broad terrace facing south, on which lie the ruins of the great gymnasium—a mass of broken columns and cornices from the colonnades which once surrounded it. The marble pavement is largely in position, and its careful system of gutters and drains bears witness to the severity of the winter rains, and to the skill of the designing engineers in dealing with the problems set by the sudden floods. Another terrace on the south face of the hill bears the massive masonry core of the great Altar of Zeus, the frieze of which is one of the finest possessions of the Berlin Museum. The next level brings you to the Acropolis itself, and the worst of the climb is over. You are standing on a plateau still rising slightly to the north, and bounded on that side by the remains of the Palace buildings and a stretch of the outer wall which towers up on the crest of the hill, visible on every hand. All round you lie temples, porticoes, churches, heaped in what seems to be inextricable confusion ; but the eye gradually becomes accustomed to the scene, and

begins to trace out lines of foundation, the bases of a colonnade here, the steps of a stylobate there, till the confusion has sorted itself into something like order. Here is the Temple of Athene, with a Christian church built across it; there is the Library, occupying almost the highest level, as was fitting in a place like Pergamum, the literary character of which is attested by our word "parchment" (= *pergament*). But slightly below the Library, on the opposite (western) side of the plateau, are three or four broken columns still standing on a raised platform. Look at them well, for they bring us face to face with the very circumstances which called forth from St. John the "Revelation." The whole book rings with the echoes of the beginnings of that great contest between Church and Empire, and the columns before you are the remains of the first temple of Rome and Augustus established in Asia, the centre for the province of that emperor-worship which was the occasion of the inevitable struggle and the infallible touchstone of loyalty in the great alternative—Cæsar or Christ. No wonder that the Apostle spoke of this centre of active opposition and deadly persecution as "Satan's seat," and of the place which contained it as the place "where Satan dwelleth." Walk across to the site, which is on the western edge of the plateau. Immediately below you lies the great Theatre, with its curving tiers of seats cut in the slope of the hill. From the terrace behind the stage the hill falls steeply again to the bed of the Selinus. Follow with your eye the stream to a point at which a small tributary joins it, and in the ravine down which that stream runs, cut off from the town by a high green ridge crowned with a cemetery, you will see traces of excavation and building, which you soon detect to be the ruins of an amphitheatre, doubtless the place where "Antipas, my faithful witness, was slain." As you stand on the site of the temple and look across to the scene of the martyrdom, you will have eyes for little else; the remnants of the splendid palace of the Attalids and the beauty of the surrounding country, the forest-clad hills to the north, the verdant valley of the Caicus to the south, and the sea and its islands to the west, all fade

before you, and your mind is fixed on that single figure of the man who for conscience' sake defied the might of Rome, and took his place in the front rank of that noble army of martyrs who by their sufferings won the victory of the cause for which they died.

Let us retrace our steps by road and rail to Manisa, and there join the train which runs up the Hermus Valley. As it crawls under the slopes of Mount Sipylus, there appears on a cliff-face high up on the mountain-side that strange rock-cut figure, so old even in the days of Homer that its origin had been forgotten, and it had become the subject of the legend of Niobe. Now, as then, it seems to keep watch and ward over the fertile valley at its feet. But soon the high ridge drops downward, and at Choban Isa ("Shepherd Jesus"—strange enough name for a Turkish village!) it has sunk into the plain.

By this time the burying-place of the Lydian kings has come into sight on the northern side of the valley—a long green ridge crowned with gigantic tumuli; while on the right hand the foothills of Tmolus have taken the place of the rocky range of Sipylus. With jagged peaks, sharp ridges, and sheer sides, their ruddy masses present a most formidable appearance, but a closer inspection proves them to be of such soft material as to change their shape with every winter storm. They are seamed and scored with gullies, and what is one day an inaccessible summit may the next be a slope of *débris* easily scaled. The train draws down a little towards the river, clatters across a bridge, and stops at the isolated station of Sart. The stream you have just crossed is the Pactolus, and, looking up its course, you see on the eastern side of the glen which it has formed in the foothills a spur with precipitous sides, isolated both from the rest of its own formation and from the mass of Tmolus, which rises, snow-streaked, behind. That spur is the remains of the citadel of ancient Sardis, the ruins of the town being buried, for the most part, under the tons of *débris* washed down from the crumbling cliffs beneath which it nestled for protection. The road to the site passes first through fields irrigated from the

streams hard by ; then it leads up over waste land, from which rise the badly-built walls and slovenly masonry of the Byzantine city. The ascent grows steeper over grass-grown mounds, and soon becomes a stiff climb across a narrow neck between sheer descents on either hand, while the upper cliffs still tower above. The path winds ever upward between these, passing the fragment of a gate-tower, undercut, and ready to fall at any moment, as it appears, into the gulf below. But at last the highest cliff lies beneath, and the path issues on a narrow plateau, from which there rises on one side a sharp peak honeycombed with passages scooped in the soft rock ; these, and a fragment of Byzantine wall of older masonry at the southern end of the plateau, are the only signs of man's occupation in the citadel of Sardis, once the capital of the kingdom of Lydia, the home of Cræsus, and the representative to the early Greeks of all the luxury that material resources could bestow. No other site tells its story as does that of Sardis. Perched up above the line of the Royal Road, its rulers could take toll of the rich traffic which passed along the valley beneath ; and, surrounded on all sides save the south by sheer precipices, its inhabitants felt a security which combined with luxury to sap their energies. But the very cliffs which seemed to promise safety proved their destruction : every winter changed their shape, and what was once an unscalable rock-face might become seamed with crannies and ledges which would tempt the daring climber. Twice in the history of the city, in the sieges by Cyrus and Antiochus, did mountaineer soldiers of the besieging army gain the plateau at a point unguarded by the garrison, who looked upon their fortress as inaccessible from that side, and the enemy entered "as a thief in the night." And these cliffs endangered the city that trusted in them not only by their unnoticed changes ; gradually the area of the plateau was reduced by constant falls, which buried parts of the city which lay below, and with its strength its fortunes declined, till in the first century A.D. it was living upon its past—"having a name to live, it was dead." Its decline was never checked : at the present day a theatre on the

north-east slopes, and two columns of the magnificent Temple of Cybele in the glen of the Pactolus, are the chief relics of its ancient glories, while the site is deserted save for two hamlets of miserable mud hovels.

From Sardis to Philadelphia is a journey of some twenty-eight miles. The line leaves the broad vale of the Hermus, and runs in a south-easterly direction up the narrower valley of the Cogamus, hugging the lower slopes of Mount Tmolus, which are torn with the tracks of winter torrents, down which in summer trickles a mere runnel of water. On a long knoll cut out from the lowest terrace by two such torrents lies Ala-sheher (Philadelphia), a busy, thriving town, a marked contrast to the desolation of its neighbour, Sardis. It is this contrast which has drawn from Gibbon, in his description of the loss of the Asiatic provinces by the Eastern Empire, a well-deserved eulogy, accompanied by a characteristic sneer : "Philadelphia alone has been saved by prophecy or courage . . . a pleasing example that the paths of honour and of safety may sometimes be the same." Broken walls of the medieval fortifications stand on the low ground between the town and the station, and crown the crest of the hill, and a line of broken arches seems to mark the site of a Christian church. The breaches bear silent testimony to the frequency of the earthquakes from which Philadelphia has so often suffered—an experience which made the more appropriate the promise of stability and permanence with which the Lord sought to inspire the infant Church, just as the suddenness of the catastrophe would heighten the effect of His warning of a sudden coming. But not only within the city itself is one reminded of the Divine message. As soon as the railway leaves the place, it turns northward and begins a long and wearisome climb of 2,000 feet up to the plateau of the interior—the only line directly connecting the coast with the highlands of Eastern Phrygia and the regions beyond. Philadelphia is at the present day the gate of central Anatolia, and it was to the Church of this city that the Master sent the message : "Behold, I have set before thee an open door."