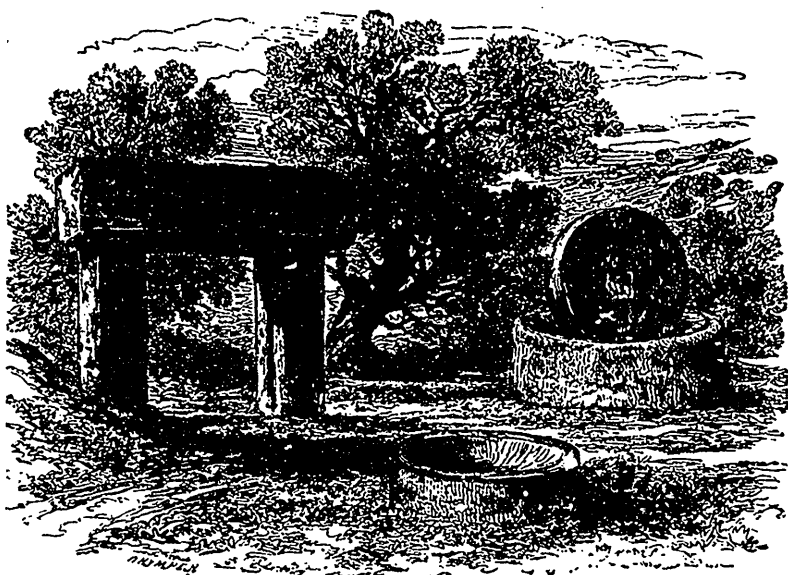


of "Hosanna, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."
There still winds the Kedron, and there is

"Siloam's brook,
Which flowed fast by the oracle of God."

These "mountains round about Jerusalem" are the very hills on which the Saviour so often gazed, and over all is the deep blue sky through which, from the summit of yonder mount, He ascended up into heaven.

About half-way up the slope is shown the traditional place where our Lord wept over the city and would fain have gathered



OLIVE TREES AND OIL PRESS.

its children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but they would not. Here upon a grassy spot we sat down and read with deep emotion from our Bibles the narrative of these sacred events. Climbing to the summit we found a squalid Arab village, of about a dozen poor stone cottages, whose wretched inhabitants were importunate in their demands for backsheesh. Comparatively few of the olives from which the hill takes its name remain—gnarled, twisted old veterans, with here and there a carob, or cypress, stud the summit of the chalky limestone hill of Olivet. The oil press shown in our cut is a type of many such which we saw throughout Palestine; sometimes hewn out of the natural rock, and sometimes with huge