

bowings, bendings and genuflections, and above all the lovely minarets rising high in air, whence at the canonical hour rings out the call to prayer, make a picture never to be forgotten.

Before we left the mosque we were conducted up the winding stairway of one hundred and sixty steps, to the Minaret of the Bride, "Madinet el-Arus." One is weary and giddy before he reaches the lofty gallery shown in our cut, but the magnificent view more than compensates for the climb. Beneath us lay the courts and red roofs of the mosque, with its snowy dome and graceful minarets,—the one shown in part in our cut is a masterpiece of Arabian skill, with three graceful galleries. Beyond extended the long arcades of the bazaars and flat roofs of the city, then the rich, green girdle of orchards and gardens, and beyond these the spreading plain, with the flashing waters of "Abana and Pharpar," fed by the exhaustless springs of the

mountains, and in the background the white summit of Hermon, which in the recent storm had received a new coating of snow, which shone with a dazzling radiance in the bright sunlight.

Another minaret, not shown in our cut, is the "Madinet Isa," or, Minaret of Jesus, from the tradition that He will take His place on its summit at the beginning of the last judgment. It is the tallest in



THE GREAT MOSQUE, DAMASCUS.

Syria, two hundred and fifty feet high.

Near the mosque, in a secluded garden, with trees of vivid green, is the tomb of the famous Saladin. Beneath a marble dome, inlaid with tiles, is his jealously guarded grave. This is all that remains of the great conqueror, the destroyer of the Christian empire of Palestine—as chivalrous a foe as the knightly Cœur-de-Lion himself. History relates that in his dying hour, in 1193, he caused to be displayed in the street his winding sheet, with the declaration "This is all that is left of Saladin."

From the dusky shadows of the goldsmiths' bazaar we climbed a steep stairway, traversed several flat roofs, crossed on a ladder a street so narrow that some of the gentlemen leaped over it, and reached the ancient lintel of the early Christian portal. There,