



### The Valley of the Kidron.

On the east side of Jerusalem, and dividing the rock on which the temple stood from Olivet, is a deep valley, through which flows a little brook. The brook is "the brook Kidron," so often named in Scripture; and the valley, "the valley of Kidron." The scenery around it has been already described. On the east rises the beautiful mount of Olives, on the west the hill Moriah, crowned with the Mosque of Omar; to the north the country spreads out in the vine district just beyond the city; and in the south the valley winds away by Siloam and the Mount of Offence on the one side, and the Vale of Hinnom and the Potter's Field upon the other; and then taking a S.S.E. course, turns towards the Dead Sea, into which the brook Kidron finally falls.

If our young reader would in thought enter and tread down this valley with us, we would point out the interesting spots, as we go along, that would meet his eye. We begin at the northern point, and descend into the valley by a rugged path from the gate of the city, called St. Stephen's. Down this path, it is believed, Jesus and his disciples came on the night of his betrayal, giving them his last directions, encouragements, and coun-

sels. The night would probably be a fine moonlight night, because it was at the time of the Passover, and that was held at full moon; and very interesting indeed must have been the sight of Jesus and his eleven friends coming down the path, and making their way towards the garden of Gethsemane. At the bottom of this path is an ancient bridge crossing the brook to Mount Olivet. On this bridge we will stay a moment. Here it was, probably, where Jesus kneeled down before crossing the brook, and prayed his fine high-priestly prayer recorded in the 17th chapter of John. Just over on the other side is Gethsemane, which we have already described, and which is for ever made sacred by our blessed Lord's deep agony and prayers.

Below the bridge rolls the Kidron, a muddy, rapid torrent, not worth calling a river, swelled to a noisy stream in winter and after heavy rains, and almost quite dry in summer. On its margin hang olive, fig, and other trees, giving great beauty to the scene, and high on each side rise the lofty hills.

Following a little down the valley, we see on the east side many tombs, the burial places of the Jews; and on the west, high up on Moriah, close to