

Abram found the goat (not ram) which he sacrificed instead of Isaac. He recounted the story with very dramatic effect in broken English. "God said, 'What for kill the boy?' Abram said, 'Well, what shall I kill for sacrifice?' And God showed Abram goat caught in this very tree." And the old fellow seemed to believe it very devoutly and expected me to believe it too. It was a strange spectacle, the blending of such abject superstition with the most venerable beliefs of Christendom, on the site of that most sacred and venerable shrine in the world.

Near the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is the large area known as the Muristan, about 170 yards square, the site of an ancient church and monastery, now the property of Prussia. It was founded, tradition avers, by Charlemagne and enlarged by the Knights Hospitallers, or Knights of St. John, who devoted themselves to the care of pilgrims. The Hospice was a magnificent building, supported by 178 columns and pillars. Its ruins are exceedingly impressive. The open grass-covered court is surrounded by lovely cloisters. Several very deep, and finely-vaulted cisterns, with arches forty-eight feet high may be discerned through openings in the ground, through which we threw down stones to hear the echo returned.

The *Via Dolorosa*, or, "Street of Pain," the route by which Christ is said to have borne His Cross to Golgotha, is marked by the fourteen stations of the Cross. Roman barracks now occupy the traditional Pretorium, the residence of Pilate. Multitudes of pilgrims devoutly follow this route, praying at the different stations; one of these, the Ecce Homo Arch, where Pilate presented our Lord to the multitude, saying, "Behold the Man," is often illustrated. On this road, too, is the traditional house of the poor man Lazarus, and near it that of Dives. Here, too, is the tomb of St. Veronica, the pious matron who is said to have wiped the sweat from the Saviour's brow at this spot, whereupon his image was imprinted upon her handkerchief, which is still exhibited at Rome.

"It may be in the evening, when the work of the day is done,
And you have time to sit in the twilight, and watch the sinking sun,
While the long, bright day dies slowly over the sea,
And the hour grows quiet and holy with thoughts of Me.
As you hear the village children passing along the street,
Among those thronging footsteps may come the sound of My feet ;
Therefore I tell you watch, let the door be on the latch in your room,
For it may be in the evening I will come."