

over the plains and along the mountain paths, "going up to Jerusalem" with songs of thanksgiving and joy as so many thousands have gone before. But submitting to the inevitable we stepped aboard the cars and were whirled across the lovely plain of Sharon, and through deep mountain gorges, past many a spot fragrant with sacred associations, till some one cried, "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" and all crowded to the windows for the first glimpse of that sacred city. There it was upon its hilltop, with walls and bulwarks and mighty gates, the city that has been sacred to religion for thousands of years, the city whose praises have been sung by psalmists, the city which prophets have made the symbol of that other city "whose builder and maker is God," the city which ever has been a bone of contention among the nations, the city of Solomon and David, the city of Jesus and Paul, the city of Gethsemane and Calvary. There it was before our very eyes! The city we had read of, and dreamed of, and loved for years, its grey walls and rising domes aglow with the setting sun. In silence we gazed upon it, till the doctor said solemnly, "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion."

Every day in Jerusalem was a golden day. The city is surrounded on every side by battlemented walls built first of all, perhaps, by Solomon and destroyed and restored a hundred times since then. So compact is it that a rapid walker could encircle its walls in an hour. Yet within this small space forty thousand people are crowded, in small irregular houses of stone, that are old and squalid and mean. The streets are so narrow that no wheeled vehicle is allowed in them. In many places they are arched over, in some places they are vile with dirt, and everywhere they are rudely paved with stone. These narrow lanes are filled with a sober-faced humanity, many of them leading long lines of camels, or driving heavily-laden donkeys, or bargaining with the merchants who sit cross-legged before their little stores. No sign of modern life is here; everything is oriental.

The scribe sits at his table reed in hand, ready to write whatever may be dictated to him. The money-changer is at almost every corner ready to fleece the traveler of his gold in exchange for the curious currency of the land. A lad came running toward us one day with two picked sparrows, and crying "Backsheesh, backsheesh!" Beggars are everywhere; most pitiful of all are the lepers without the walls, standing by the wayside in the "loathsome horror of their disease" importuning every passer-by. Now and then you will pass a Jewish rabbi, or a Greek priest with his black stove-pipe hat with its rim at the top, or one of the many orders of Latin priests, while Mohammedans are everywhere counting their beads or saying their prayers.

For Jerusalem is still a religious city. "It has no clubs, bar-rooms, beer-gardens, concert halls, lecture rooms, theatres, places