

were, to wait. At length we succeeded in procuring the requisite number of camels for the goods, and of donkeys for ourselves to ride on, and left Jaffa about three, p. m., October 28rd. Our road lay across the south part of the plain of Sharon. We saw no roses there, and indeed scarce any vegetation, for the early rains had not yet commenced. The plain, however, presented the appearance of having yielded good crops in their season. On our left, as we were crossing the plain, lay the village of Lydda, now called Lydd, where Eneas was healed, and where Peter preached the gospel, Acts ix, 32, etc. After riding four hours, about two thirds across the plain, we came to Ramla, the ancient Arimathea. Here we were hospitably received and lodged for the night by an Arab gentleman who has the appointment of consul for the United States, but who cannot speak English, or any other European language. Indeed I was told there was not an individual in the place who could. We had in our company a Greek who spoke Arabic, and through him, together with the occasional use of a few words of Turkish and Arabic, we made ourselves understood, at least, for the most necessary purposes. The consul is an aged man and keeps up the old customs of his country. The females of the house, for example, occupy different apartments from the men, and we saw nothing of them.

24. In the morning we rose early and pursued our way. After about two hours we entered the mountains, which we found not less dry and barren than the plains, having no verdure, except that of a few olive trees here and there, which are seen all the year round. Under one of these we sat down at noon and partook of some food, which the consul had kindly provided us. We came to no village on our way, until within about eight miles of Jerusalem, where lies the village of Abr Goosh, the robber, formerly such a terror to travellers. He is now in favor with government, lives in Jerusalem, and has even a pension for some military services. The region of his former depredations is considered as safe as any other part of Palestine.

The last part of our way was over a very rough and rocky district. We ascended heavily all the way. Jerusalem itself is on high ground, the roads to it ascending a good deal from every direction. Hence the phrase "going up to Jerusalem" was applicable to journeys from all parts of the country. We hastened to reach the city before sunset (for at that hour all the gates are closed) and were happy about five o'clock to find ourselves at the house of our brother missionary, Mr. Lanneau.

I could not at first realize that I was actually in the Holy City. The approach on the north-west side is very unpromising. The inclination of the ground on which the city is built being nearly in the opposite direction, one obtains but a very imperfect view of it coming

from Jaffa. The grey walls, and the low stone houses, surmounted by domes of the same material, give to the whole place a very sombre appearance at first. After a few days, however, spent by the traveller in visiting the deeply interesting localities in the neighborhood, he begins to group them together in their relations to each other, and to the Holy City, and at length feels with much satisfaction that he is indeed in Jerusalem; that he is treading again the same soil which was trodden ages ago by prophets and apostles, and by the Lord of Glory himself when veiled in humanity. Such were my own feelings.

Ride around the City—Various Objects described.

On the third day after my arrival, in company with Mr. Nicolayson and some other friends, I rode round the city and visited most of the spots of peculiar interest in the environs. We went out by the Bethlehem gate, on the southwest side, from which we entered immediately the valley of Gihon. Proceeding southwardly, and descending between the dry bed of the Gihon on our right, and the steep declivity of Mount Zion on our left, in about ten minutes we came to the lower pool of Gihon, an immense cistern, the right and left banks of which are irregularly hollowed out of the native rock of the two hills; and the northern and southern extremities are formed by walls across the bed of the winter torrent. The southern and lower one is very thick and strong, and I should think it forty or fifty feet in height in the middle. Thence, proceeding in a southeasterly direction about a mile, we came to the place where this torrent joins that of the Kedron. These both have the appearance of being the beds of large torrents. In fact, however, they are entirely dry at present; and are said by our friends who reside here, to be so always, except during and immediately after rains. Directly in the bed of the united torrents, just below their junction, is a perennial fountain of good water, called the fountain of Nehemiah. Perhaps it was discovered or opened by that pious and patriotic governor of the restored exiles. The Mohammedans, however, call it the well of Job, (Beer Ayoob,) and have a tradition that that patriarch was cured of all his maladies by bathing in its waters. From this place we followed up the bed of the Kedron, which lies along the eastern side of Jerusalem. At the distance of three or four hundred yards we came to the pool of Siloam. The village of Siloam is on the east bank of the Kedron, but the pool is on the west side, toward the city. Its waters still flow in considerable abundance, and fertilize the grounds around it. We tasted the water and found it drinkable but brackish.

Continuing along the bed of the Kedron about half a mile further, we came to some ancient tombs or monuments, situated on its left bank, the most interesting of which to me, as it was