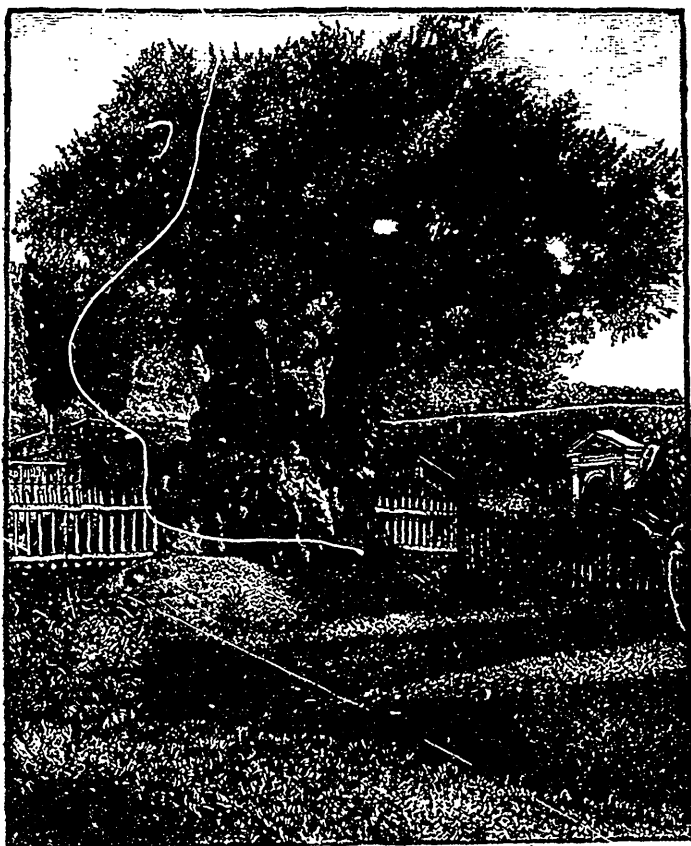


A few minutes' ride further brings us to the ancient stone bridge which spans the river Kedron. So firm is its structure, that it probably stood for centuries before the Christian era, and may often have been crossed by the feet of our Blessed Lord Himself. A few rods distant is a square enclosure, surrounded by old gray walls, above which wave the hearse-like plumes of the cypress and olive. This is the Garden of Gethsemane.



OLD OLIVES IN GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

Here are the venerable, gnarled and gray-leaved olive trees, beneath which, ancient tradition affirms, our Lord knelt and prayed in agony in that dread hour of the power of darkness. Dull and insensate as the stones in these fields must be the heart which is not touched to tender sympathy by these sacred associations.

Two or three times we visited this sacred spot, but the most