

On the slopes of Olivet are the so-called tombs of the prophets, into which we scrambled through a broken shaft and found a splendid example of an ancient rock tomb. Three passages, varying from thirteen to nineteen yards in length are intersected by transverse passages. The large-domed rotunda, lighted from above, and many other chambers completely honeycomb the ground.

The great number of tombs in the vicinity of the city cannot fail to strike the imagination. All around the wall extends the vast encampment of death. Moslem and Jew for many generations have alike sought burial here, as securing special privileges on the Resurrection Day. "Thousands," says Dr. Macleod, "possibly millions, of most bigoted and superstitious Israelites, from



CONVENT ON SUMMIT OF MOUNT OF OLIVES.

every part of the world, have in the evening of life flocked to this the old 'city of their solemnities,' that after death they might be gathered to their fathers beneath the shadow of its walls."

But the supreme interest centres in that lone olive-crowned hill, where our Saviour wept over the stony-hearted city of Jerusalem. Near by is the peaceful village of Bethany, where He often found rest and safety and sympathy in the home of Mary and Martha and Lazarus. Up that steep hillside walked many a time and oft—

"Those blessed feet,
Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed
For our advantage to the bitter cross."

Upon this very landscape rested His eye, along this very road thronged the multitude and the children to greet Him with shouts