

eastern wall, for his prophet declared that through this gate a Christian conqueror should come to possess not Jerusalem alone, but the world.

Whether that prophecy is ever literally or essentially to be fulfilled, it is true that the Mohammedans in Jerusalem are relatively declining. The Turkish Government publishes no statistics, and it is exceedingly difficult to secure reliable data in regard to the population of Turkish cities; but a gentleman who has resided in Jerusalem for more than a quarter of a century assured me that twenty-five years ago the Mohammedans comprised about one-half, while at present they number only about one-fifth, or at most one-fourth, of the entire population.

If the Holy City is ever to belong to Christ, from which direction shall the conqueror come? The early crusades were a dismal failure. The latter-day crusades of the Latin and Greek and the other so-called Catholic Churches are organized upon a different basis; and not only in Jerusalem, but throughout Palestine, one finds upon the traditional site of almost every prominent Bible event either a church, or a chapel, or a convent, or a monastery. No single city presents such an array of these as Jerusalem.

The most interesting point in Jerusalem at which to study this phase of Christianity is the "Church of the Holy Sepulcher," covering the supposed site of the Crucifixion and the burial of Christ. The location is said to have been determined by Helena *through the aid of a miracle* (!). Here Latins, Greeks, Copts, Syrians, and Abyssinians have their separate chapels and shrines. Here outer display and the worship of sacred places have seemingly reached their *ne plus ultra*.

Along the so-called "Via Dolorosa," leading up from the Pretorium to the supposed place of the Crucifixion, are fourteen stations, which mark the different events which are said to have taken place as Christ passed on His way to Golgotha. One of these is a depression

in a stone, near the fifth station, where Christ placed His hand as He staggered under the burden of the cross. Another marks the place where St. Veronica is said to have wiped the perspiration from His brow, whereupon the likeness of His face was left imprinted upon her handkerchief. (It would be interesting if some of our "Catholic" friends or their apologizers would point out the essential difference between these absurdities and those of the great Mosque, where the imprints of Gabriel's hand and Mohammed's head are shown in the rock.)

Many thousands of pilgrims, some of whom have come almost from the ends of the earth, pass over the Via Dolorosa every year, kissing, when possible, every so-called sacred place. While I was in Jerusalem, just before the Greek Easter, it was estimated that nearly ten thousand of these pilgrims (largely from Russia) were in the city. As I watched them along the way and in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, with poor, travel-stained garments and worn, haggard countenances, bowing to kiss the different memorial tablets and lay their foreheads on the stones, my soul was moved with pity, and I could not but cry out with tears: "How long, O Lord, how long shall these be kept in ignorance of the true way of peace and eternal life?" On the Sabbath, as I watched the procession of priests moving through the aisles of the church, with swinging censers, following patriarch and bishops, who were covered with gold and jewels and robes too gorgeous for kings, my soul was stirred with indignation at the outrageous caricature and misrepresentation of the religion of Jesus.

Everywhere within the church and around the doors were armed Turkish soldiers. Not less than two hundred of them are present on every similar occasion, to keep the peace between the followers of the Prince of Peace (!). This precaution has been found necessary through the experience of bitter feuds and bloody encounters between the dif-