

Of the Christians, the Greek Church, largely helped by the influence of Russia, is by far the most numerous and important; then come the Latins, or, as we say, the Roman Catholics, and after the Armenians and the Copts. These bodies, particularly the two first, and pre-eminently the Greeks, own a large amount of ecclesiastical property in Jerusalem and in the neighbourhood, and their respective headquarters are the centre and rendezvous of the vast number of pilgrims who come to the city from all parts of Asia Minor and Eastern Europe, to attend the great Annual Festivals of Eastertide.

The Protestant community at Jerusalem is small, truly, but useful. There is the Kushona of Basle, a kind of lay mission seeking to propagate Christianity by means of artisans and tradesmen. There is a good Samaritan establishment, under the auspices of the Deaconesses of Kaiserworth, open to any sufferer of any creed, and in connection with it an orphanage and schools. There is a pretty church of the Church of England on Mount Zion, and the city is the see of a bishop, whose diocese embraces in its wide area Mesopotamia, Chaldea, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, and Abyssinia. The Ophthalmic Hospital, under the control of the English branch of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, is an unspeakable boon to the hundreds of sufferers from that most prevalent and distressing malady of the East.

Our quarters in Jerusalem were at the Mediterranean Hotel, not far from the Jaffa Gate. It was originally, I believe, a convent, and its dark, cold stone-walled eastern rooms were anything but homelike and inviting. It was crowded with tourists, and for the accommodation of its guests during the busy season, had engaged as an annex the house of the English Bishop, a few steps away, the office being for the time vacant, and the house unoccupied. To bedrooms in the Bishop's house several of our party were appointed, myself among the number, and so I found myself housed at Mount Zion, close to the Tower of David, and within a stone's throw of the Turkish citadel. I remember climbing up the stairway that led to the flat roof of the hotel the evening of our arrival, and looking out over the city. Close at hand, in the midst of the houses, lay the Pool of Hezekiah, to the right, and at a little distance rose the beautiful dome of the Mosque of Omar, occupying the site of the ancient Temple, while across the roofs of the city, strangely near in the transparent atmosphere, was the Mount of Olives, its slopes crowned with the tall tower of the Church of the Ascension.