

than the ascent. This latter is the descent of the Mount of Olives, to which Luke refers, a *descent* it would be to one writing his history in Jerusalem, though to a person coming from the east to Jerusalem it would be an *ascent*. At the bottom of this ascent or descent (the former to Jesus and His retinue, the latter to Luke writing his history) the whole multitude began to rejoice and praise God. We can see the company slowly climbing the ascent, with Olivet between that and Jerusalem, till all of a sudden Jesus attains that summit famous in history, whence Pompey's army approaching from the east got its first view of the city. There the city lies over against the traveller, spread out like a chart beneath his eye, which if familiar with the sight, can take in every gate, every chief street and principal building from the ravine of Kidron to the ravine of Hinnom. Jesus had often stood there, for it was his usual road from Nazareth to the capital, but this is His last visit, and it is to be a sad visit—sad to Him, sad to His disciples, but unutterably and unmeasurably sad to the city that looks so beautiful and brilliant in the evening sun, but whose bloody siege and centuries of desolation rise now on His prophetic sight. "When he was come near He beheld the city and wept over it." We know not the exact spot where Christ was born, nor the precise spot where He lived as a child and youth, nor the spot where He died, nor the spot where He was buried, but we know to within a few yards two spots (and two only), the spot where He wept over Jerusalem, and the spot where He talked to the woman of Samaria. We would fain have lingered there for hours, until at least we had seen the sun set behind that mountain ridge that hides the Mediterranean from our view, but unless we are in Jerusalem before the evening gun is fired, which happens exactly at sunset, we shall be shut out for the night. Leading our animals we walk down the slope of Olivet, passing on our left an immense Jewish cemetery and the building called the Pillar of Absalom, broken and battered with stones cast at him by passers-by as a disobedient and rebellious son. As we are crossing the Kidron we overtake a shepherd, in his striped cloak, slowly walking with bent head towards the city, while his flock of sheep and goats follow him, some close at his heels and others loitering far behind. He looks back now and again, but holds on steadily, for the evening shadows are already in the valley of Jehoshaphat, and keeps his face towards St. Stephen's gate, within which he is now leading his flock for the night.

#### TO THE POOL OF SILOAM.

The situation of this Pool or tank is very peculiar. There are several pools in and around Jerusalem, all built with the evident intention of collecting and keeping water for the supply of the city. The other tanks are either above the level of the city, or on a level with it; but the Pool of Siloam is down far below the level of Jerusalem, in the bottom of the valley, at the fork where Kidron and Hinnom meet to run eastward as one valley towards the Dead Sea, *ad radices montis Moriah* (at the foot of Mount Moriah) as Jerome describes it. The day was intensely hot, and as we sat by the edge of the tank, insignificant in size compared to the other pools, we understood that it was no small trial of the faith and patience of the blind man to be sent out of the temple, past the other pools down into the bottom of this valley, to wash the clay from his eyes at this out-of-the-way spot. Remote, ruined, insignificant though that pool be, there are few places in the Holy Land fuller of Christ, more brimful of hidden teaching as to his character and mission than it. Sitting by the pool looking on one side to the frowning heights above us, on which the city stands, and on the other side to the long glen or valley, stretching to the south-east, full of gardens and orchards, we