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PALM SUNDAY ON MOUNT OLIVET.

BY THE EDITOR.

On the afternoon of Palm Sunday, 1892, after witnessing the pomp and pride and pageantry of the rival Christian communities in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, as a truer commemoration of the sacred events of the day, I went forth with my fellow-pilgrims to the sites and scenes of Palestine, from the Holy City to the Mount of Olives. We traversed the Via Dolorosa, the "Sorrowful Way," trodden by the feet of the Saviour on his way to Calvary. Emerging from St. Stephen's Gate we passed the scene of the death of the forerunner of the new army of martyrs. Beneath our feet lay the storied vale of Kedron, and on its opposite side rose the long slopes of Olivet.

Leaving the cypress-studded Garden of Gethsemane, with its silent, gray-leaved trees, to the right, we climbed the hill to the beautiful new church erected by the Russians in honor of the reigning Empress. Its many bulbous domes present an exceedingly picturesque appearance, and its exquisite mosaic pictures cost a prince's ransom.

ON THE SLOPES OF OLIVET

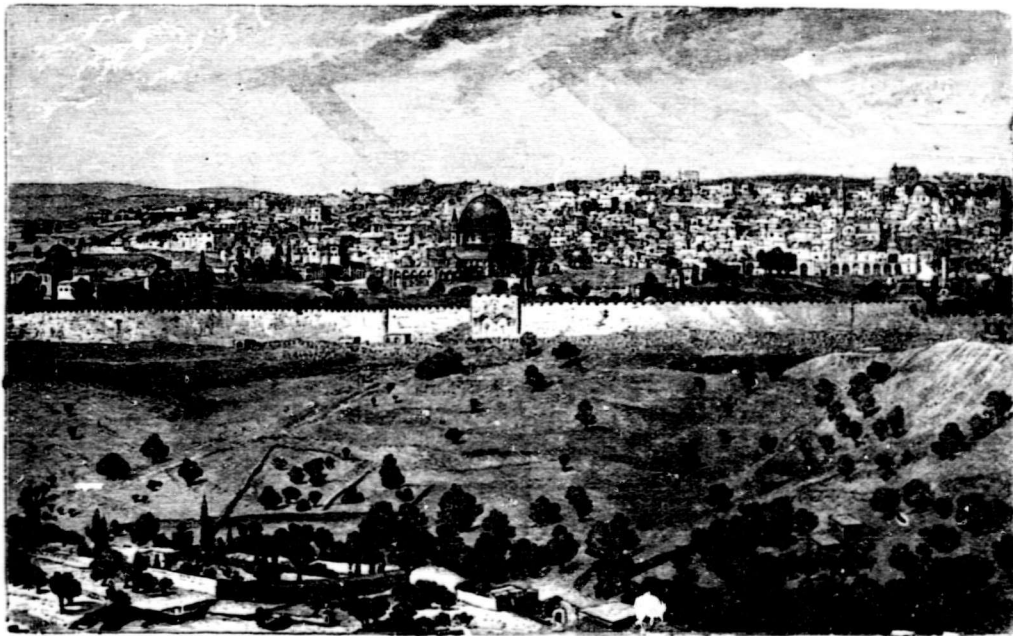
In the so-called Tombs of the Prophets, which we scrambled through a broken wall and found a splendid example of an ancient rock tomb. Three passages, varying from thirteen to nineteen yards in length, are intersected by traverse passages. The large, domed rotunda, lighted from above, and many other 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 every part of the world, have in the evening of life

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 of "Hosanna, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." There still winds the Kedron, and there is

"Siloam's brook,



JERUSALEM, FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES. GETHSEMANE IN THE FOREGROUND.

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 hill-side walked many a time and oft—

"Those blessed feet,

Which flowed fast by the oracle of God."

These "mountains round about Jerusalem" are the very hills on which the Saviour so often gazed, and over all is the deep blue sky through which, from the summit of yonder mount, he ascended up into heaven.

About half-way up the slope is shown the traditional place where our Lord wept over the city, and would fain have gathered its children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but they would not. Here upon a grassy spot we sat down and read with