

spans the narrow valley of the Kidron directly opposite St. Stephen's Gate. From a point a short distance on the Eastern side of the bridge, three well-worn pathways diverge and lead across different parts of the mountain, and converge at Bethany on the further side. The most northerly of these pathways winds around the Northern shoulder of the mountain and along the gentle depression which lies between Olivet and Scopus. The central footpath leads directly past the Church of the Ascension and over the loftiest part of the mountain. It was, I think, by this direct ascent over the brow of Olivet that David fled from Jerusalem to Mahanaim when he was driven from his throne by the rebellion of his son. Returning from one of my visits to Bethany by this central footpath, I fancied that I saw the old Hebrew monarch clambering up the steep and stony slopes of Olivet, bare-footed and sad-hearted, weeping on account of the rebellion of Absalom, and on account of his own sin. The Southern road, by far the best of the three, extends for a considerable distance along the base of Olivet quite near the Kidron Valley, and then crosses the mountain at its lowest elevation. On the occasion of my pedestrian excursion to the locality, an intelligent Arab whom I met by the way advised me in the most obliging manner to take this Southern pathway. I can hear the musical cadences of his voice, and especially his mellifluous pronunciation of *Bethania*, echoing pleasantly in my ear at this moment. It was unmistakably by this most frequented roadway, as Dean Stanley with matchless elegance of diction has shown, that our Redeemer made his final and triumphant Entry into Jerusalem. I was deeply moved when I came to the place where the multitudes who went out from the sinful city met Him and bestrewed the pathway with palm branches and cried, "Hosanna! Blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord." I was still more deeply affected when I stood as nearly as possible on the commanding eminence from which the sympathizing Saviour beheld the city and wept over it. A short distance from the point where these three pathways diverge, the Garden of Gethsemane is situated. The Garden, as I saw it, is a small plot of ground about a third of an acre in extent

enclosed by a high stone wall which the Franciscans built round it not quite half a century ago. On the payment of a small sum of money I was admitted with my fellow-travellers to the sacred enclosure, and saw the Latin inscriptions on the inside of the walls, and also the well-kept flower beds which yield the souvenir bouquets for the pilgrims who are willing to pay for them. Neither of these appointments seemed in harmony with my ideas of Gethsemane. But I was greatly interested in the eight old olive trees which are the most note-worthy objects in the Garden. I must acknowledge that my soul was filled with indescribable emotion when I stood beneath these old trees and thought of the mysterious agony of the Son of God, when "His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground."

Bethany, as already indicated, is situated on the opposite side of Olivet, in a retired, cosy nook on the South-Eastern slope of the mountain. It is, as the Evangelist informs us, "nigh unto Jerusalem, about fifteen furlongs off"—that is nearly two miles of our measurement. In our Saviour's time, Bethany, adorned with the beautiful date-palms which gave the place its name, and other fruit-trees, must have been a beautiful village—"the perfection of retirement and repose." Under the oppressive government of the Turks it has like the rest of Palestine, lost much of its former beauty. The Arabs call the village *El. Azariyeh*, which just means Lazarus. It is inhabited by about twenty Mohammedan families, most of them in very limited circumstances. The palm trees have all disappeared, but I saw the olive, and the almond, and the fig-tree, growing in the little gardens of the village. With proper cultivation it could still be made one of the most beautiful spots on earth. Our intelligent dragoman pointed out to us the traditional sites of the house of Martha and Mary and Lazarus, and of the house of Simon the leper, and the tomb of Lazarus. He also showed us the supposed site of Bethphage, and of the leafy but fruitless fig-tree that withered to the root at the word of Him who spake as never man spake. The whole neighbourhood, and the same is true of every summit and slope of the whole Mount of Olives, seemed to be redolent with fond memories of the