

the eyes of our Lord, but the general outline of the long and battlemented wall and the stony slopes of the surrounding Vale of Kedron, Jehosaphat and Hinnom are still the same. Before us rises the Golden Gate, and behind it the Mosque of Omar. To the left, the Mosque of El-Aksa, and around them the green, cypress-studded temple area. Beyond rise the twin domes of the Holy Sepulchre, and the cupolas and flat roofs of the modern city, and in the background the Hill of Zion and the Tower of David. Surely in no place on earth can we come into more living touch with the environments of the earthly life of our Lord.

Then we followed the footsteps of Jesus along the memorable route through which He rode, meek and lowly, into Jerusalem, down through the Vale of Kedron, past the Garden of Gethsemane, and with our eye traced the steep slopes by which He climbed to the Golden Gate, now walled up, and entered the temple amid the shouts of the fickle multitude, "Hosanna! blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord!" soon to be changed into execrations, "Away with Him, away with Him! crucify Him, crucify Him!" Then we wended our way beneath the walls of the Holy City in the deepening twilight, our mind filled with sacred memories and our hearts touched with deep feelings of our Lord's infinite love and pity for mankind.

It was on a bright April morning that we set out for a carriage drive to Hebron, about six hours' ride from Jerusalem. Our party was joined by a very genial travelling companion, the Rev. Joshua P. Lewis, of Toronto. We filled two rather ramshackle carriages, our faithful dragoman, Abdallah, prancing about us on his gaily-caparisoned Arab horse—the long tassels of the housings swaying with every movement. There is a practicable carriage-road to Hebron, one of the very few in Palestine. Crossing the Valley of Gihon we traversed the Plain of Rephaim, the boundary between Judah and Ephraim, where David heard the sound "of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees," and the scene of many a conflict between the Philistines and the Israelites. We passed numerous traditional sites, among others that of the house of Simeon (Luke ii. 25); the Well of the Magi, where the sages are said again to have seen the guiding star (Matt. ii. 9); Philip's Fountain, a handsome structure, where we saw a number of peasants watering their flocks at stone troughs, and other sacred sites of even more doubtful authenticity. One of these, the sombre-looking and fortress-like Monastery of Elyas, was really built by a Greek bishop of that name, but by ignorant superstition has been connected with the prophet Elijah, and one is even