



THE JEWS' WAILING PLACE.

Mahomedans live in the north-east portion; the Jews the south-east." It may be well to explain that the term "Christian" is used here in its broadest sense, and includes any sect who in any way worship Christ, as distinguished from Jews and Mahomedans.

Of all the sections of the city, most of which are quite dirty enough, the Jews quarter passes all description. It is something awful, and how human beings can exist in such horrible filth and degradation goes beyond my conception. Even their synagogues, which are certainly nothing to boast of, I have found, after visiting most of them, to be no exception to the general aspect of the quarter. They have apparently long ago forgotten the teachings of Leviticus.

The Jerusalem Jews, too, from all I can learn and observe, are as much to be despised, on the whole, as their habitations. They are classed as the "meanest people" in the city. Their appearance, with the curls so zealously cared for—one hanging over each temple—their faces though of many types yet so truly Jewish, and their miserable garb, are certainly not attractive. They are objects of pity. They are largely supported by gratuities from wealthy European Jews, to which fact is traceable alike and in a large degree their present degradation, because it has so encouraged laziness, and is also the cause of greater depreciation and hatred on the part of the other inhabitants. The most of them have come here "from idle and worthless motives," but again there are many who have come as a pious act, for it is the wish of all devout Jews to be buried at Jerusalem. There are several societies doing a good work amongst this degenerate race, chief of which is the London Jews' Society. The young in its industrial school turn out some excellent work.

As I write a noisy Mahomedan procession is just passing, beating on drums and cymbals and carrying various colored flags—the celebration of some anniversary I am informed. The streets are always noisy, especially in this part of the city, near the ever busy Jaffa Gate. The crowd below keep up an incessant and unintelligible jabbering—a regular babel—the vendors crying the goods they have for sale, and the people noisily bartering in oriental fashion with the salesmen and saleswomen squatted on the sidewalks behind the basket of stuff—I know no better name for most of it—which he or she may be displaying. The street is lined with such vendors of all sorts of goods—vegetables, oranges, bread, bits of roots for firewood, sweets, etc., and even substantial goods, as hardware (such as it is), pins, needles, combs, pieces for clothing, etc., etc.

The small scale on which these people do business is astonishing. Think of a woman going to a Toronto market-place with a basket full of vegetables she could carry on her head, to sell as a day's occupation—the proceeds not only to keep herself,

with its adjacent courts, the Turkish soldiers use as barracks, and are adding their part to the din; and now it is further increased by the chimes in the Russian Church outside the walls which have just begun to peal forth—at first very slowly and melodiously, and then faster and faster according to their peculiar custom. The noise at times—like the present instant—becomes an inharmonious mixture and does not serve to sharpen one's wits.

As you will imagine from what I have said, the scene in the open space below in front of the Tower, is a busy and lively one—and more especially so at the entrance of David Street. As seen from the hotel's upper porch, it is quite as interesting as the sight could possibly be from the balcony of a theatre. How I wish I could properly picture it to you—all kinds of people in the greatest variety of costume, buying and selling or hurrying along, or in picturesque groups gossiping and story-telling—but I will not attempt it for I would only fail.

There are the greatest variety of people in Jerusalem of any city I have ever visited. The Mongolian race is apparently the only one not represented. There are all shades of men from the blackest Nubian to the fairest European, and all sorts of languages are heard; and in costume there is an endless variety. As did the "man of Ethiopia" of old, so through the ages up to this day, people by the thousands "come up to Jerusalem for to worship" (Acts, viii. 27), from "various parts," and as Jerusalem in the time of Christ and the early Christian Church was very cosmopolitan (Acts, ii. 9-11), so it is at the present time. One cannot but be astonished at the "divers tongues" he hears in the street, most of which are unintelligible to him. To illustrate this point, upon inquiry at the Bible Depot—a branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society—I found the scriptures were there kept on sale in thirty-five languages. The costumes are of all kinds, from European dress to loose flowing robes and scanty dress of the poorest native Syrian. The dress of the orientals is generally of striking colors. One meets poorly clad Turkish sol-

but perhaps a family and to help support a lazy husband! Women actually come to market here with a basket of bits of roots for firewood, which they have brought on their heads for miles and sell it for twelve and a half cents!

The clattering in the street is continually augmented by the loud shouts of donkey drivers and camel-leaders warning people to get out of the way, and in no small degree by the braying of the donkeys themselves.

At this moment the Turkish band—a large brass band—has started up in the Tower of David, which,

diers, who act as policemen, at every corner. Indeed, the regular bugle-call and companies of armed soldiers marching about gives the city quite a military aspect. The fez caps—invariably worn by Turks everywhere, in-doors and out—the soldiers also wear, and it is about the only "uniform" part of their apparel, which is an apology for a European dress.

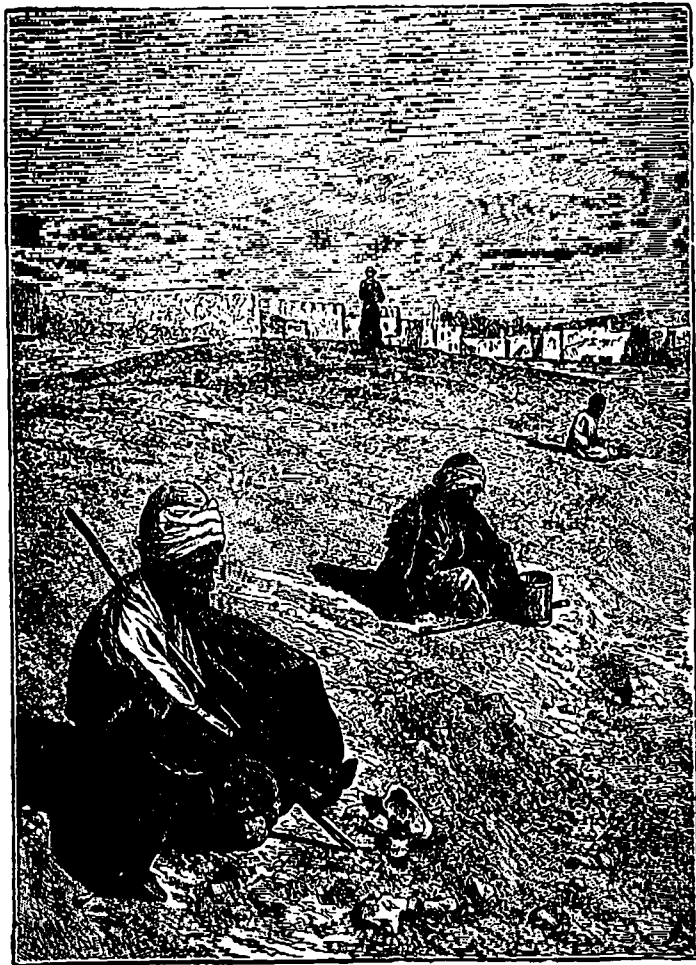
In Jerusalem, too, are congregated the greatest number of religious sects. The principal ones I have already mentioned, but these, again, are subdivided into other sects, and the large number of religious beliefs which have adherents representing them in this city is really quite remarkable.

The water supply of Jerusalem is poor and very meagre. The inhabitants have to depend almost solely on water collected in cisterns during the rainy season. It might easily be bettered, but the Turkish government is stupidly indolent and derelict in regard to improvements and such matters.

Most of these cisterns are of very ancient construction—some of them dating back to Solomon's time, when the water supply was excellent. Several of these are of enormous size—great series of caverns—and are located in various parts of the city. A loud shout at the opening of one of these largest wells, so called, will produce a wonderful succession of echoes. During the recent drought, which was only terminated a few days since by a plentiful rain, many of the cisterns were emptied, and much of the water had to be brought a long distance in skin bottles on the backs of men, women, and donkeys, and was sold as high as four piasters a large skin—about 16 cents for four ordinary pails full. Think of the effect of this on the poor; and the poverty extant in Jerusalem is appalling. Had the drought continued, pestilence was greatly feared—especially in view of the awful sanitary condition of the city, which could scarcely be worse in some parts. Were it not for the high and healthful situation in the mountains of Judea—2,600 feet above sea level—its population would long ago have been decimated by disease.

The climate is good and healthful. Great extremes are not often met with. While snow may fall during the winter, extreme cold is not suffered. The natives, however, are sensitive to chilly weather, and it is most amusing to see how dejected they look on a cold, rainy day, and how curiously they will bundle themselves up.

(To be Continued.)



LEPEROUS BEGGARS OUTSIDE THE WALLS.