



THE POOL OF HEZEKIAH, JERUSALEM.

them who were reading. The rabbis of Jerusalem are not engaged in business. Some of them act as judges, and in quarrels the suits are always settled by them. The chief rabbi is now more than ninety years old. He is a very intelligent and bright old man, and is highly respected in Jerusalem.

One of the greatest sights of Jerusalem is the wailing place where every Friday certain sects meet on the outside of the walls of the Mosque of Omar, which occupies the site of Solomon's temple, and with their heads bent against the stones, sorrow over the loss of Jerusalem, and pray God to give the land back to his chosen people. This custom has been observed since the days of the Middle Ages, and it is one of the saddest of sights. I visited it last week. In a narrow alley surrounded by miserable houses—on stone flags which have been worn with the bare feet of thousands of devoted Israelites—against a wall of great blocks of marble which reached for fifty or more feet above them, a long line of men in long gowns and of women with shawls over their heads stood with their heads bowed, praying and weeping. Many of the men had white beards, and the long curly locks which fell down in front of their ears were of silver. Others were just in their prime,

and I could not but wonder when I saw the forms of these at times almost convulsed with emotion. Each had a well-thumbed Hebrew Bible in his hand, and from time to time the party broke out into a kind of a chant, an old gray-haired man acting as leader, and the rest coming in on the refrain. The chant was in a strange tongue, but as translated it is as follows:

Leader—For the palace that lies desolate:

Response—We sit in solitude and mourn.

Leader—For the walls that are destroyed:

Response—We sit in solitude and mourn.

Leader—For our Majesty that is departed:

Response—We sit in solitude and mourn.

Leader—For our great men who lie dead:

Response—We sit in solitude and mourn.

Leader—For our priests who have stumbled:

Response—We sit in solitude and mourn.

Leader—For our kings who have despised him:

Response—We sit in solitude and mourn.

The effect of this chant cannot be appreciated without hearing it. The old men, the weeping women who kiss the stones of the wall that separates them from what was once the site of Solomon's temple, and which is even now the holiest spot on the earth to the Hebrew, the genuine feeling expressed by all, and the faith that they show