

wormwood is there, and the beautiful passion-flower. A few palms and cypress trees are there; but the feature of the garden is the eight ancient olive trees. These venerable trees, their trunks gnarled and hollow, their roots far above the ground, and their spreading branches, covered with a scanty foliage, are pointed out as witnesses of the mysterious agony. In such a place, with what vivid reality came before me the whole scene of the Redeemer's suffering, when the red blood oozed from His every pore, and fell in beaded drops upon the ground. Here He lay prostrate on the ground, and prayed, "O, my Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me!" Here descended an angel and strengthened Him. Along yon path, lighted by the full paschal moon, "with lanterns, and torches, and weapons," came Judas, the betrayer, "leading a band of men and officers." Here the Shepherd was smitten and the flock scattered. Here the disciples fled, and the meek Sufferer surrendered Himself to His murderers. Gethsemane, the place of the wine-press; "I have trodden the wine-press alone;" how near it brings us to Him who was bowed in agony and crushed in spirit for our sins.

"Can I Gethsemane forget,
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat
And not remember Thee?"

Now let us cross the Kedron and climbing the hill re-enter St. Stephen's Gate. Passing along the walls, enclosing the Barracks, we come to where a stone arch spans the street. This is the *Ecce Homo* arch, where Christ, wearing a crown of thorns and a purple robe, was exposed to the infuriated mob, while Pilate exclaimed, "Behold the man." From this place begins the *Via Dolorosa*, the "Street of Grief," that lane-like crooked street, which marks the footsteps of the suffering Son of God, as He bore His cross from the Pavement to Golgotha. It runs through the heart of the present city and terminates at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. There are several stations on this narrow zig-zag street that have been wet with the tears of long generations of pilgrims who have sought to follow the footsteps of the Master as He bore the heavy cross. A deep impression in the solid stone wall of a house is shown as the place where Christ sunk under the cross. The house of St. Veronica, the holy woman who