

year. These places have been familiar to my mind's eye from my youth up; almost as familiar as my own house—and now I looked at the very ground they had occupied, and the very scenery they had commanded, with an emotion that the ignorant or careless reader of the New Testament could hardly conceive of. And the review of time was hardly less interesting than that of place. Here my thoughts were led back to the early days when David and Solomon chose the ground and levelled the summit of mount Moriah, and began the Temple of Jehovah. I could see the lavishing of Solomon's wealth upon the edifice and the fall of its pomp under invaders who worshipped the son; and the rebuilding, in the days of Nehemiah, when the citizens worked at the walls with arms in their girdles, and in the full glory and security (as most of the Jews thought) of their Temple, while they paid tribute to the Romans. Of the proud Mahometans before my eyes were very like the proud Jews, who mocked at the idea that their temple should be thrown down. I saw now the area where they stood in their pride and where, before a generation had passed away, no stone was left upon another, and the plough was brought to tear up the last remains of the foundations. Having witnessed this heart-rending sight, the Jews were banished from the city, and were not even permitted to see their Zion from afar off. In the age of Constantine they were allowed to approach so as to see the city from the surrounding hills;—a mournful liberty, like that of permitting the exile to see his native shores from the sea, but never to land. At length the Jews were allowed to purchase of the Roman soldiers leave to enter Jerusalem once a year,—on the day that the city fell before Titus.

And what to do? How did they spend that one day of the year? I will tell you; for I saw it. The mournful custom abides to this day.

I have said how proud and prosperous

looked the mosque of Omar, with its marble buildings, its green lawns, and gaily dressed people, some at prayer under the cypresses, some conversing under the arcades; female devotees of white sitting on the grass, and merry children running on the slopes: all these eager and ready to stone to death on the instant any Christian or Jew who should dare to set his foot within the walls. This is what we saw within.—Next we went round the outside till we came by a narrow crooked passage to a desolate spot, occupied by a desolate people. Under a high massive and very ancient wall, was a dusty narrow space, inclosed on the other side by the backs of modern dwellings, if I remember right. This ancient wall, where the weeds are springing from the crevices of the stones, is the only part remaining of the old Temple wall; and here the Jews come every Friday, to their place of wailing, as it is called, to mourn over the fall of their Temple, and pray for its restoration. What a contrast did these humbled people present to the proud Mahometans within! The women were seated in the dust, some wailing aloud, some repeating prayers with moving lips, and others reading them from books on their knees. A few children were at play on the ground, and some aged men sat silent, their heads drooping on their breast. Several younger men were leaning against the wall, pressing their foreheads against the stones, and resting their books on their clasped hands in the crevices.

With some this wailing is no form; for I saw tears on their cheeks. I longed to know if any of them had hope in their hearts that they, or their children of any generation, should pass that wall, and should help to swell the cry "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, that the King of Glory may come in!" If they have any such hope, it may give some sweetness to this rite of humiliation.—We had no such hope for them; and it was with unspeakable sadness that I, for one, turned away, from the thought