

foundations. From the mound on which it stood one looks out over a cheerless, uncultivated waste of what was once, and could be made again, by proper cultivation and irrigation, a scene of marvellous beauty and fertility. Before us, to the west, rise the heights of the Judean wilderness, the highest point of which, Mount Quarantania, is the traditional scene of our Lord's Temptation.

At the foot of the mound on which the ancient city was built springs the fountain of Ain-es-Sultan, as the Arabs call it, the Fountain of Elisha, as travellers call it; which is undoubtedly the spring whose bitter waters were made sweet by the prophet, at the request of the inhabitants of the city.

From Elisha's Fountain, we turned once more our faces toward Jerusalem, and rode up the long steep and sinuous pathway—the road spoken of by our Lord in the Parable of the man who *went down* from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves, and the Good Samaritan who relieved him. It was a toilsome climb, and the heat was most oppressive, though every hundred yards of ascent brought us very perceptible relief, as we exchanged the close air of the valley for the brighter, breezier atmosphere of the hills. We had a noon-tide halt by a well-side for lunch, and a halt for half an hour at Bethany, to visit the reported tomb of Lazarus, and the site of the house of Simon the Leper; and then in the bright, sunny afternoon we rode over the summit of Olivet, and stopping awhile to meditate in Gethsemane, and drink from the Pool of Siloam, reached at length our quarters on Mount Zion.

THE SHOEMAKER.

BY MATTHEW RICHY KNIGHT.

As up the village street I passed at night
 All lights were out, and in one slumberous sea
 Were met and lost both joy and misery.
 But stop! not all; I saw one lonely light,
 That in the pitchy frame did shine more bright,
 And I will tell you what it showed to me,
 That you may feel the sob of sympathy
 Which stirred me then, and stirs me as I write.
 A shoemaker was bending o'er his last;
 His eyes were wet, and yet his heart was brave;
 Close by, within an open door, slept fast
 Two babes—the mother slept in a new grave;
 And as he yearned for her, her spirit passed
 Before him, but no power to see God gave.