

long, we climbed up to Jerusalem, over the very road which our Saviour took in His last journey to the city. The road lay along that sublime gorge, the Wady Kelt, through which the Brook Cherith flows, and where Elijah was fed by the ravens, and known in still earlier times as the Valley of Achor, in which Achan was stoned to death for his sin. The ascent is continuous and steep, being no less than three thousand feet in fifteen miles.



UNDERGROUND PASSAGE AT JERUSALEM.

Hence the Scripture phrases: "going *up* to Jerusalem," "going *down* to Jericho."

About midway on our journey, we pass the old ruined Khan, where, according to tradition, the good Samaritan entertained the poor fellow who had fallen among thieves. The falling among thieves is yet common, for it is still a place of robbers. These mountains and narrow rocky defiles are the haunts of plundering Bedouins, and

only a little while before a traveller had been robbed and stripped of everything except his hat. A strong, vigilant escort is needed. We were guarded by the Sheik, or Robber Chief of the Jordan. These scamps will rob you if you do not employ and pay them to protect you.

In a little while we reached Bethany—a sweet, retired spot, beautifully situated on the southern slopes of Olivet. No doubt about the hallowed spot; but now it is a ruinous, miserable Arab village, of twenty or thirty stone houses, and its only attractions