

rocky road, sounding their bugles, and gazing with astonishment on the pale faced Christians.

The sun had set; long lines of golden crimson were flashing up the western sky; we reached a lofty eminence, and eager excitement seemed to pervade the van, when suddenly a cry of "Jerusalem" rent the air. "Jerusalem" cried the anxious centre of the cavalcade, and the thronging rear pressed forward. The city of David was before us; Jerusalem, rearing high its walls in the gloom of evening—that city of mystery and crime, with all its recollections stood before me. "*Jerusalem! thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, behold your house is left unto you DESOLATE*,"—and never was a promise more fearfully verified. The red banner of the heathen waved in triumph from the dark and age-marked walls; Mahomet's children rear their Pagan towers within the once holy sanctuary of God; and the chosen and beloved tribe of Israel, heart broken and disregarded, are wanderers over the whole earth, her mountains are desolate and barren,—her vales, sterile and fruitless,—fountains and streams dried up and withered. The awful denunciation yet hovers over the land—"cut off thine hair, O Jerusalem, and cast it away, and take up a lamentation on thy high places for the Lord had rejected and forsaken the generation of his wrath;" "for the house of Israel and the house of Jacob have dealt treacherously against me saith the Lord."

Gathered on the brow of the hill, silently we gazed on that hallowed site of man's redemption; not a sound, not a murmur escaped the lips of the awe struck cavalcade, as they looked on this sad witness of a crucified Redeemer. Night darkened in the west; the cavalcade proceeded; the Turkish guard threw open the gates and we entered Jerusalem. Winding our way through narrow streets flanked with lofty stone buildings, we proceeded to the Greek Convent, whose poor but obliging inmates received us with hospitality. Our accommodations were not of the best; the chambers, surrounded by a naked court below, were small and poorly furnished—swarming with flees, and exhaling a most noisome stench. Never in the whole course of my existence, did I pass a more abominable night than this, my first one in Jerusalem. On the morrow my body was one festering blister from the attacks of the ungoverned animals whose flying squadron covers the helpless and wearied pilgrim. Morning at length dawned on the suffering traveller; refreshing ourselves with a cup of coffee, and a short walk in the lemon garden attached to the Convent, we sallied to view the hallowed sites of Scriptural events. Conducted by our guide through long and narrow streets, we suddenly found ourselves on turning a corner before the large and chequered square of the church of the Holy Sepulchre. We paused to gaze on the nobly sculptured yet defaced facade of this noble building, whose marble walls and lofty domes enclosed the sad testimonial and criminal record of the Christian faith. Immediately opposite the gray minaret of a Turkish mosque rears high the crescent of Mahomet above the turrets of the Christian fane, scorning and boasting over the helpless arm of the civilized world.

The church was erected by Helena, mother of Constantine, during her pilgrimage to the Holy Land, in commemoration of her conversion to the Christian faith. It stands entirely upon the hill of Calvary, embracing within its body the base and summit of the hill itself, the Sepulchre of Christ, and the cave at the foot of the hill, in which the cross was discovered in a dream to the empress. The keys of the church are guarded by the governor, and during the delay in the procuring them, we had ample time, within the shadow of building to admire the chiselled columns of the verde antique and purple porphyry with which the front is beautifully ornamented. Chasms in the moulded pillar, and bruised architraves and capitals, exhibited the stern passage of time, or the ruthless

hand of destructive man. The keys being at length produced, the large and heavy doors, studded with brass, were thrown open; the incense and gloom of the interior broke upon us. I stood, an American, a wanderer from a far country, within that building for whose possession the gallant crusader had wrestled with the swarthy infidel, now, as then, the lord and master. The dying groans of a bleeding Saviour were ringing in my ears; crowds of exasperated and taunting soldiery were pictured on my mind; the Scribo and the Pharisee were there; a thorned crown pierced his dripping brows, the scoff and the shout of the multitude rose above the vaulted dome. "Hail, king of the Jews," was insultingly echoed round; the expiring sigh of the Son of God trembled on the palsied air "Eli, Eli, lama Sabachthani;" darkness covered the land, and the vail of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom. On the right stood that lofty and accursed rock, shattered in the midst. I separated myself from my companions, and in company with a young Italian priest, ascended the mount of suffering and of hope. On the summit a slab of marble commemorates the spot on which Christ was nailed to the cross, and a round hole in the fissure marked its erection. I was lost in the once terrible scene enacted around me; here trampled the fierce soldiers of Pilate—here arose the hootings of the mob—over this cold gray stone, flowed the blood of the Son of God. On each side of the centre other holes are situated, wherein the two thieves who suffered with Christ were crucified: a lamp of gold glimmered faintly from an altar situated in the back ground opposite the place of death, lighting up the holy gloom which pervaded around.

With a soul filled with sorrow and reverence, I went down that mount of infamy, yet of redemption. Descending far below, I stood in the cavern where, it is said, the true cross was discovered. After making the tour of the church, I found myself before the sepulchre of the Lord, the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, the good man and the just. The door, through which he conveyed the dead, and anointed the body of Christ, stood open and bade me enter; the stone was rolled away, and the Angel of God, clothed in a raiment of light, had sought the blest powers of heaven. I entered; forty golden lamps shone, and shine eternally over the marble sarcophagus which contained the mangled body of our Saviour; perfume and incense were wafted throughout the sepulchre, while fresh roses and jasmine were strewed around. The holy father in attendance pronounced his benediction over me.

I passed several hours within the walls of this solemn edifice gazing on the Scriptural paintings, and listening to the seraphic strains of the Italian organ. On leaving the church, rambling along through crowded streets and lanes I came at length to the *Via dolorosa*, along which Christ was carried a prisoner to Calvary. The spot is shown where Simon the Cyrenian, was taken and compelled to bear the cross, and, where Christ fainting three several times, sat down to rest. I saw the window in the house of Pilate from which the governor showed the Saviour to the people; "Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns and the purple robe; and Pilate said unto them, 'Ecce homo,'—*Behold the man*," and they cried out "Crucify him—crucify him."

(To be continued.)

SILENCE.—Zeno, of all virtues, made his choice of silence; "for by it," said he, "I hear other men's imperfections, and conceal my own."

Those will quickly hear their doom who cannot bear to hear their duty.

Truth seeks no covering.