

low stone are so beautifully tufted with weeds that one longs to paint every angle and projection with their yellow coloring and dangling and trailing weeds, —and the shadowy archways, where the vaulted roofs intersect each other, till they are lost in the dazzle of the sunshine beyond, are a perpetual treat to the eye. The pavement is the worst I ever walked on—large slippery stones, slanting all manner of ways. Passing such weedy walls and dark archways as I have mentioned, we turned into the Via Dolorosa, and followed it as far as the Governor's House, which stands where Fort Antonio stood when Pilate there tried Him in whom he found as he declared no guilt. Here we obtained permission to mount to the roof.

Why did we wish it? For reasons of such force as I despair of making understood by any but those to whom the name of the Temple has been sacred from their earliest years. None but Mahometans may enter the enclosure now—no Jew nor Christian. The Jew and Christian, who repel each other in Christian lands, are under the same ban here. They are alike excluded from the place where Solomon built and Christ sanctified the Temple of Jehovah; and they were alike mocked and insulted, if they draw near the gates. Of course we were not satisfied without seeing all we could of this place—now occupied by the mosque of Omar; the most sacred spot to the Mahometans after Mecca. We could sit under the Golden Gate, outside the walls; we could measure with the eye, from the bed of the Kedron, the height of the walls which crowned Morian, and from amid which once arose the Temple courts—we could sit where Jesus sat, on the slope of Olivet, and look over the height whence the glorious Temple once commanded the valley of Jehoshaphat, which lay between us and it; but this was not enough if we could see more. We had gone to the threshold of one of the gates, as far as the faithful permit the infidel to go; and even there

we had insulted warnings not to venture further, and were mocked by the little boys. From this threshold we looked in; and from the top of the city wall we had looked down upon the enclosure, and seen the external beauty of the buildings, and the pride and prosperity of the Mahometan usurpers. But we could yet see more from the roof of the Governor's house; and there we went accordingly.

The inclosure was spread out like a map before us; and very beautiful was the mosque, built of variegated marbles, and its vast dome, and its noble marble platform, with its flights of steps and light arcades; and the green lawn which sloped away all around, and the row of cypress trees, under which a company of worshippers were at prayers. But how could we, coming from a Christian land, attend much to present things when the sacred past seemed spread out before our eyes? I was looking almost all the while to see where the Sheep gate was, through which the lambs for sacrifice were brought; and the Water gate, where the priest went down to the spring of Siloam for water for the ritual purification. I saw where the Temple itself must have stood, and planned how far the outer courts extended—the court of the Gentiles, the court of the Women, the Treasury, where the chest stood on the right of the entrance, that the right hand might give without the left hand knowing, and the place where the Scribes sat to teach, and where Christ so taught in their jealous presence as to make converts of those who were sent to apprehend him. I saw whereabouts the altar must have stood and whence arose, night and morning, for long centuries the smoke of the sacrifices. I saw where the Golden Vine must have hung its clusters on the front of the Holy Place, and where, again, the innermost chamber must have been,—the Holy of Holies, the dwelling place of Jehovah, where none but the High Priest might enter, and he only once a