

Were I to describe merely, in part only, those peculiar sensations experienced at the moment I reached the summit of this sacred elevation, and stood on the very ground trodden by the sacred feet of the Son of God, all that language could express would fall infinitely short of it. It is not too much to say that the warmest glow of ineffable delight was kindled in my heart, and of that solemn nature of which a reader cannot form a just conception, and it vibrated with emotion I had enjoyed at no former period, a gratification far more pure than can possibly be derived from the corporal senses.

But it is vain to trust to a trembling pen to describe those exquisite feelings of delight I enjoyed on this occasion, which I shall recollect to the latest moment of my existence. To taste that exalted pleasure, the reader must not only possess a heart sincere in the belief of revelation, but stand upon that identical spot, and be favoured with a vivid image of those grand and glorious labours of redemption accomplished within the scene I surveyed, by Christ, before those who were the favoured witnesses of his exalted power, clemency, and charity.

How can I express that torrent, which rushed upon the soul and penetrated to the inmost recesses of my heart, when I reached the summit, so eminently blessed by the presence of the Son of righteousness, who, in the bright effulgence of his glory, had come to dispel our darkness, and where he had actually ascended to the right hand of the Majesty on high, to procure gifts for men

“ Methinks I see him

Climb the aerial heights, and glide along  
Across the severing clouds; but, faint the eye,  
Thrown backwards in the chase, soon drops  
its hold,

Disbled quite, and jaded with pursuing.”

It will be observed that on this summit there are three pinnacles. On the centre one, Jesus took his place; here are the remains of a small chapel, denominated “the Ascension,” of an octagon form, built by Helena, mother of Constantine, who has left behind her, in and about Jerusalem, as also other parts innumerable monuments of her faith and labour of love, and I own I never heard a name in Judea, Galilee, and Samaria mentioned with more profound respect and admiration. I found in a rock, or stone, the impression of the left foot or sandal of a man, represented as that our Saviour had left on his *ascension to Heaven!* This is most devoutly saluted by pilgrims. I took an outline of it, which is ten inches long and four in breadth. Admitting then this was formed to mark the place, he appears to have stood with his left hand towards Jerusalem, a most appalling sign, and his face was directed to the north, or Judea.

No person, in the slightest degree acquainted with the revealed Word of God, can stand on this sacred and commanding height, and from which, it may be observed, the city is as under the feet, without perceiving that boundless field which opens for contemplating the wisdom and goodness of the Omnipotent Creator of all things, the infinite variety of stupendous and most miraculous events which occurred on this chosen part of the earth during past ages, demonstrative of his power, and marked as the seat of the redemption of the human race; besides, the top of the mount the very identical spot where He, who walked on the wings of the wind yet condescended to wear the habiliments of mortality, and to sojourn in the world, was victorious over death, and the grave, where the empire of Satan fell.