

of David the king, the ruined walls around the city, the dwellings falling to pieces, the general aspect of desolate unchangeableness, and the air of melancholy seriousness that is habitual with the Jewish inhabitants of the city, impress me as a ceaseless lamentation over the glories, the departed grandeur and the ever abiding shame of Jerusalem. The temple of Venus that once crowned the summit of Calvary has given place, it is true, to a Christian church, where never ceasing prayer is offered. Well it is for them they can pray, that there was not burned into their minds the awful image of the Cross, with the quivering and Divine victim upon it. Well for them they were not among the curious strangers in the city, who rushed with the mad populace to Our Hill of Atonement. Gentiles as well as Jews were there, the market place was empty, the sellers of rich Eastern stuffs, the sellers of household goods, the fruit sellers, the sellers of wine and oil no longer shouted their wares in voices of testy but friendly rivalry together—they all rushed in wild confusion, to watch in speechless interest, the tragedy of the mount, Roman and Greek, Arabian and Egyptian, Jew and Samaritan were side by side. Amidst the throng there were hearts actuated by every diverse feeling: there were flippant and corrupt hearts that inspired coarse mouths with brutal jests; there were contrite and repentant hearts, there were hearts bursting with indignation at the unspeakable outrage wrought that day, there were proud and obdurate hearts that prompted the blood-thirsty cries: "He is a seducer of the people, a false prophet: he usurped the title of King of the Jews; he calls himself Messiah, therefore let him die!" But when the dragging hours were over that carried with them the Saviour's death upon the cross, the multitudes went down from this mountain wondering and fearing at the prodigies that met their eyes, and many, while the impenetrable darkness hid their faces and their hands, touched the cold fingers of the risen dead; felt in their souls that they had murdered their God. Well it is for the Christians of to-day that their eyes were not paralyzed by that terrible sight. But I, who saw the quivering body of the Christ, the pallid lips and sunken eyes, the brows in agony compressed, and the quick flutter of his breath; can but murmur forever and forever: woe! woe! woe! while from one to another of the steep ragged hills encircling Jerusalem echoes the cry of agony, the death-cry of a God! So aw-