

we have yet beheld in Asia Minor. We pass by hamlets, seated in the most romantic and delightful retreats; hills dotted with a countless number of snowy sheep; and glens traversed by babbling brooks, and whose banks are overarched by the hanging branches of the myrtle and the lentiscus. Hundreds of green glittering lizards, perfectly harmless, lie upon the rocks, and luxuriate in the sunbeams, while birds of the most brilliant plumage are perched upon the boughs of the olive and wild fig-trees.

At length, a turn in the road, which winds between the hills, brings us suddenly in sight of Laodicea, and, at the same time, in the sight of the splendid valley of the Meander, in which it is situated. We now feel that we have entirely bid adieu to the Hermus, and its plain, and its tributaries, and are gazing upon a new region—a region watered by the Meander, which runs in a westerly direction, and empties itself into the sea at Miletus.

On our left, situated on a volcanic cliff of snowy whiteness, is Hierapolis, mentioned by the Apostle Paul in his letter to the Church at Colosse. Colosse also, the city of Philemon and of his runaway servant Onesimus, is but a few miles off, and may be seen in the dim distance. Epaphras, a friend of the Apostle Paul, a companion of his captivity in Rome, was warmly attached to the Christians of these three cities—those of Colosse, Laodicea, and Hierapolis (see Col. iv.). The last-named city received its name—Hierapolis, the Holy City—from the multitude of its Pagan temples. It abounds in warm, chemical springs, to which it owes its wealth and distinction. These springs flow so copiously, that the city is filled with “spontaneous baths;” and the waters, consecrated to the god *Æsculapius*, and to the goddess *Hygeia*, are famed for their healing virtue. If we may be allowed the anachronism, Hierapolis is celebrated as the *ΒΑΤΗ* of Asia. One of its theatres bears this inscription in Greek verse—

“Hail! Golden City, Hierapolis!
Spot to be preferred before any in wide Asia;
Revered for the rills of the Nymphs;
Adorned with splendour.”

The “spot,” however, towards which we are now travelling is Laodicea, which occupies the slopes and summit of yonder hill, rising between two small rivers, the *Asopus* and the *Caprus*, right before us, in a southerly direction.

We now rapidly descend from the elevated ground on which we stood. Down, down, we plunge, until we find ourselves on the right bank of the Meander. We cross by a bridge at the very spot where centuries ago, before Laodicea was built, *Xerxes* and his myriads crossed. As we approach the city, we are struck with its imposing appearance. Three large theatres, a noble circus, and a costly aqueduct, add to its stateliness, and proclaim its greatness. One of the theatres, open to the sky, like all the theatres of this part of the world, has its entrance on the side which fronts us as we enter the city. Let us turn in and examine it. How capacious! It has room for 20,000 or 30,000 people. We count no less than fifty rows of stone seats, rising about fifteen inches each, one above the other, and about three feet wide. We pace over the area, a level space below, and find it to be about ninety feet in diameter. A second theatre is to the west of us, and its entrance is on the western side. A third, a small one, perhaps a music theatre, or concert hall, opens to the south. The newest, largest, and most attractive structure, however, is yonder Amphitheatre. Let us approach it. The public entrance is eastward. On passing through that entrance, we see opposite to us, across the entire area of the whole structure, a very handsome arch, spanning the private entrance by which the beasts are brought in. Over that arch appears an inscription; let us walk across and endeavour to read it. In pacing across we form an estimate of the entire length of the building from one end to the other, and find it to be no less than about 1,000 feet! Now, as to the inscription, it tells us that this structure was reared by *Nicostratus* the younger;