

called Gihon might be cut off from his capital by the enemy in time of assault, stopped "the upper water-course of Gihon," and conducted it by a secret aqueduct "down to the west side of the city of David." Of Hezekiah, it is said, "he made a pool, and a conduit, and brought water into the city." This pool with its surrounding buildings, and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in the back-ground is shown in the engraving.

We are now at St. Stephen's Gate, and as we wander outside the wall, on the left is the Pool of the Tribes. There the entire slope of the hill is covered with Moslem tombs, and as we are seated on a grassy knoll, looking over the valley upon the slopes of Olivet and Scopus, and observing the water girls that come down to the pool to fill their pitchers, and then walk away erect as queens with these great water urns for crowns, a funeral procession advances. A Mohammedan is borne to his grave, attended with great lamentation and unearthly screaming. The crowd was orderly; the bier was borne by men, and the women followed, dressed in white, howling and weeping. They were the mourning women, hired to do this feigned lamentation. At the tomb they keep up this lamenting, and often the veiled figures are seen as represented in the engraving, the very picture of desolation.

From this gate the road leads down the hill and across the brook Kedron. Let us follow it, and take one of the three roads over the Mount of Olives. We climb to the top of Olivet to get a view from this "Mount of Ascension." And what a panorama! This view is, in many respects, the most impressive and interesting in all the world. Far to the East we trace the course of the sacred Jordan, and beyond the distant mountains of Moab, brought near, so near by the wondrous purity of the atmosphere, that you mark every cleft and undulation in their many outlines. Through the opening cliffs are seen the glittering waters of the Salt Dead Sea. Between us and the Jordan Valley is the Wilderness of Judea, a perfect picture of sterility and desolation.

But the charm of all is at your feet, the *entourage* of the Holy City, the surrounding valleys and hills, dotted with hamlets and olive groves, the deep ravines of Kedron and Hinnom, the terrible walls, with their gates, and towers, and frowning battlements, Zion, Moriah, Calvary, the Haram area, with the white and coloured marbles of its beautiful structures, contrasting with the