



JERUSALEM, FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

Jerusalem.

BY LAURA DAYTON EAKIN.

THE Holy City is almost encircled by ravines; so much so, indeed, as to seem situated in an amphitheatre. The appearance, however, is much changed since the Saviour's time—Mount Sion, the highest part, having been cut down, and the places near Calvary thrown near the centre. The city is built on a rocky plateau about three miles in circumference, protected by a wall, and the Mount of Olives faces it on the east. Properly speaking, this elevation is not so much a mount as a ridge, a mile long, running north and south, and bending to the west on the northern end, forming an enclosure to the city on that side also; but a mile of space lies between that part and the city walls, while on the east side there is only the ravine of the Kidron, and this is the Mount of Olives of Bible history. It was only three hundred feet above the Temple mount, and is rounded, swelling, and regular in form. There are four separate summits to be seen from Jerusalem—the most interesting to us being the Mount of the Ascension, said to be the spot from which Jesus passed into heaven. The Empress Helena built a church there, in A.D. 325, to commemorate that joyful event in our Lord's life.

Then, just half way down, the traveller is shown the mound upon which Jesus stood looking towards Jerusalem and speaking those pathetic words of the lamentation: "O Jeru-

salem, Jerusalem . . . how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

About these two localities the authorities differ; but I believe all agree about the holiest of all—the Garden at the foot, Gethsemane—where, in lonely agony, the Saviour spent the last sad night before His betrayal. Not long ago, I saw some pressed geranium blossoms, gathered there from the Monks' garden, on the same site, and their scarlet hue made me think of the Saviour's blood, so freely shed for you and me.

Or the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*, the *Montreal Gazette* says: The January number of this excellent and popular magazine is one of the best that have yet appeared in literary contents, while in paper, type and illustrations it is far in advance of any previous issue. Altogether it is an admirable number, the first fruits of what promises to be an admirable year. The price is only \$2 a year. Now is the time to subscribe. Address, Rev. William Briggs, Toronto.

We have received several copies of *Our Youth*, the new paper for young folks, edited by Dr. Vincent and published by Phillips & Hunt, New York—\$1.25 a year. We had formed high anticipations of it from the character of the editor and publishers, but our anticipations were far surpassed by the paper.

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