

its walls, fortresses and domes, was it not still the City of David? I saw the Jerusalem of the New Testament, as I had imagined it. Long lines of walls crowned with a notched parapet and strengthened by towers; a few domes and spires above them; clusters of cypress here and there; this was all that was visible of the city. On either side the hill sloped down to the two deep valleys over which it hangs. On the east the Mount of Olives, crowned with a chapel and mosque, rose high and steep, but in front, the eye passed directly over the city, to rest far away upon the lofty mountains of Moab, beyond the Dead Sea. The scene was grand in its simplicity. The prominent colours were the purple of those distant mountains, and the hoary gray of the nearer hills. The walls were of the dull yellow of weather-stained marble, and the only trees, the dark cypress and moonlit olive. Now, indeed, for one brief moment, I knew that I was in Palestine; that I saw Mount Olivet and Mount Zion; and—I know not how it was—my sight grew weak, and all objects trembled and wavered in a watery film. Since we arrived, I have looked down upon the City from the Mount of Olives, and up to it from the Valley of Jehosaphat; but I cannot restore the illusion of that first view.

DOCTOR.—Very neatly done. Animated, yet devoid of the rant, and spasmodic enthusiasm, which in nine cases out of ten overload the journals of parties who, for the first time behold the holy city.

LAIRD.—I like the colouring o' the picture; and would think that Taylor has the makings o' a clever landscape painter. Let us hae another morsel.

MAJOR.—There is something strikingly artistic in this sketch from a mosque on the summit of the Mount of Olives.

We ascended to the gallery of the minaret.—The city lay opposite, so fairly spread out to our view that almost every house might be separately distinguished. It is a mass of gray buildings, with dome-roofs, and but for the mosques of Omar and El Aksa, with the courts and galleries around them, would be exceedingly tame in appearance. The only other prominent points are the towers of the Holy Sepulchre, the citadel, enclosing Herod's Tower, and the mosque on mount Zion. The Turkish wall, with its sharp angles, its square bastions, and the long embrasured lines of its parapet, is the most striking feature of the view. Stony hills stretch away from the city on all sides, at present cheered with tracts of springing wheat, but later in the season, brown and desolate. In the south, the convent of St. Elias is visible, and part of the little town of Bethlehem. I passed to the eastern side of the gallery, and looking thence, deep down among the sterile mountains, beheld a long sheet of blue water its southern extremity vanishing in a hot, sulphury haze. The mountains of Ammon and Moab, which formed the back-ground of my

first view of Jerusalem, leaned like a vast wall against the sky, beyond the mysterious sea and the broad valley of the Jordan. The great depression of this valley below the level of the Mediterranean gives it a most remarkable character. It appears even deeper than is actually the case, and resembles an enormous chasm or moat, separating two different regions of the earth. The *khamseen* was blowing from the south, from out the deserts of Edom, and threw its veil of fiery vapor over the landscape. The muezzin pointed out to me the location of Jerico, of Kerak in Moab, and Es-Salt in the country of Ammon. Ere long the shadow of the minaret denoted noon, and placing his hands on both sides of his mouth, he cried out, first on the South side, towards Mecca, and then to the West, and North, and East: "God is great: there is no God but God, and Mohammed is His Prophet! Let us prostrate ourselves before Him: and to Him alone be the glory!"

DOCTOR.—To my notion there must be a peculiar solemnity in these human bells, if I may use the expression.

MAJOR.—The first time I heard the Mohammedan call to prayer, was in the city of Bushire, on the Persian Gulf. I was then a younger and more thoughtless man than I am now, but the sobering, and devotional effect which that deep-toned summons, coming, apparently, as it did from the clouds, was almost overwhelming. I have listened to the chimes of some of the most famous European Cathedrals but none of them "stirred me so strangely," to use Wordsworth's expression, as did the cry of that muezzin of Bushire.

LAIRD.—I hae half a mind to set Bauldie upon the steeple o' oor kirk, on Sunday, to shout in the congregation! There would be a risk, however, o' his being mistaken for a bedlamite, and being carried awa' to the black hole, tied neck and crop with the bell-rope.—The denizens o' oor clachan hae but a scanty appreciation o' the picturesque, and shoo-blime! It's my honest opinion that if the Venus de Medici was to walk through oor main street, she would be stoned to death before she got the length o' Stephen's Hotel!

DOCTOR.—I should not be at all astonished; especially if she manifested her wonted disregard of drapery.

MAJOR.—As you are a devout adherent of the narcotic weed, Bonnie Braes, I shall make no apology for reading to you the following laudation thereof!

There is nothing more remarkable in history than the colonization of Tobacco over the whole Earth. Not three centuries have elapsed