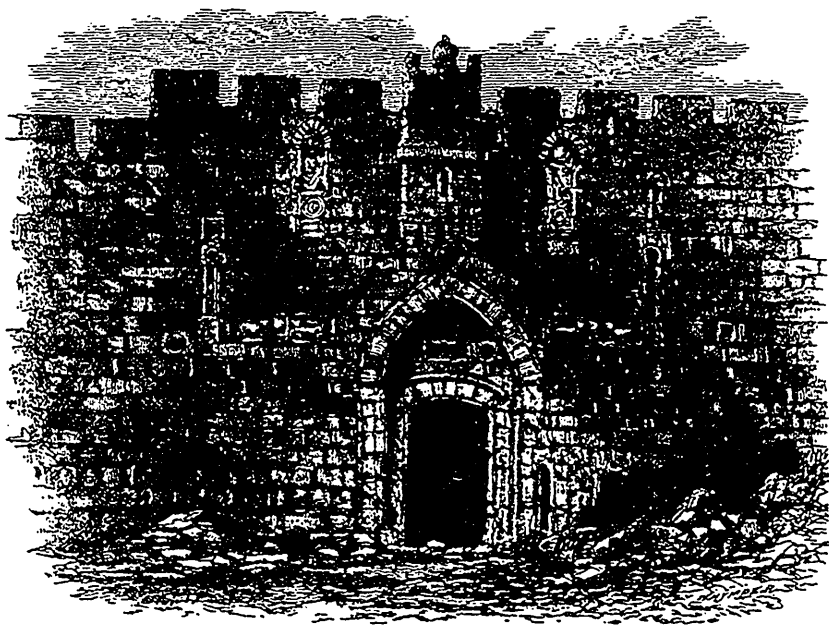


about with noiseless tread, and a few women, like sheeted ghosts, wandered beneath the shade of the sombre cypress trees. No sound of toil or traffic from the busy city broke the silence. A great Turkish barrack, with lofty minaret, occupies one side of the area. It is probably the site of the castle of the Tower of Antonia, a station of the Roman garrison.

Dr. McLeod refers thus to the thrilling associations of this sacred place :

“Such are some of the traces left of the ancient building, and as I walked across this green spot once occupied by God’s Holy Temple, I cried,



ST. STEPHEN'S GATE, JERUSALEM.

‘O for a voice to utter the thoughts that arise in me!’ For who can adequately express the thoughts which here rush upon the mind, wave upon wave in rapid and tumultuous succession, out of the vast and apparently limitless ocean of past history? Here, in this remote corner of the earth, and in a sequestered spot among the lonely hills, shepherd clans for centuries worshipped Him whom the great nations of the earth still worship as the ‘God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob.’”

“This spot of verdure is the narrow strait through which, ages ago, the living stream passed which is now flooding the whole earth. If we ask *how* this enduring worship came to be established, our inquiry receives a reply from the Books of Moses, in which its origin and establishment are recorded.

“Standing here, one loves to linger on earlier days, and to recall the holy men and women, the kings, priests, and prophets, who came up to this