

about the middle of the sixteenth century by the direction of the celebrated Ottoman Sultan, Suleiman, the Magnificent, a contemporary of Luther. They vary in height from twenty to forty feet according as the part of the ground is elevated or depressed, and are from ten to fifteen feet in thickness. Their circumference all round the city is nearly two and a half miles. There are four gates in the walls which are regularly opened every morning, and closed every night: on the north Damascus Gate, on the east St. Stephen's, on the south Zion, and on the west, the Jaffa Gate. There are two other gates in the walls but they are now closed up, I presume like the words which were spoken to Daniel, *till the time of the end*. They are called the Golden Gate, and the Gate of Herod. I walked leisurely around the walls, and noticed these gates as I passed along, in one hour.

The streets of the city, are narrow, and uncleanly and in other respects unworthy of their position in the virtual capital of Christendom. Even streets which have the expressive names of the "Street of David," "Christian Street," "the Street of the Patriarch," and "Via Dolorosa," are scarcely respectable, and many of the houses in and around the city are of a very humble, uncomfortable, appearance. But what is lacking in the streets and dwelling houses is more than compensated by the splendid mosques and churches which you see in various parts of the city. There is room in this briefest merely for the names of the two of them which have a world-wide celebrity—the Mosque of Omar, and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. In company with a few fellow-travellers I visited the Mosque of Omar under the guidance of a "Kamas" whom the British Consul for a stipulated sum sent with us. As is required of all visitors I put off my shoes from my feet, and put on the slippers without which no unbeliever is permitted to tread the holy ground, and went through every part of the celebrated edifice. And certainly in appearance it is one of the most splendid ecclesiastical buildings that I have ever seen. It occupies the site on which the Temple of Solomon stood when Jerusalem was in all its glory. In its centre directly under the dome, you can still see the naked summit of Mount Moriah, the "Kubbet es Sakhra"—

the "Dome of the Rock" from which every true Moslem believes Mahomet ascended to heaven. The building has eight sides each one of which is sixty-six feet in length. I greatly admired its walls, and columns, and piers, and arches, and lofty dome, as I saw them encased in marble and glittering in all the colours of the rainbow. But I felt sad in heart when I thought that the worshippers who meet in this gorgeous structure every Friday are taught to believe that Mahomet is greater than Jesus, and that their Koran and not the Bible contains the revelation of the will of God.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is not, in my humble opinion, built on Calvary. After careful observation I am satisfied that the skull-shaped knoll a short distance north of the Damascus Gate, and near the so-called Grotto of Jeremiah, is the actual place on which the Christ was crucified and buried. All the same the unthinking multitudes believe that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre marks the scene of the awful tragedy. This old historic church which every pilgrim to the Holy City visits, is the joint property of the Greeks, the Latins, the Armenians, and the Copts. I was again and again in it when it was crowded to the doors with eager worshippers belonging to these four denominations. But while I saw imposing ceremonies, and something like superstitious reverence for the crucified One, I could see very little indication of any thing like true religion, I thought every time I was there of the well-known line of the poet—

"The hungry sheep look up and are not fed."

The Tombs of the Judges and Kings and Prophets around the city, the subterranean quarries beneath the city, the Fountain of Bethesda, the Pool of Siloam, the Lepers Hospital, and a thousand other remembered sights and scenes, in and near the city are at this moment clamoring for some notice in the pages of the *Record*. But I must hush them all into silence for the present, and say in a concluding word or two that I was interested above every thing else in what I saw and heard of the Jews of Jerusalem. They are certainly increasing in recent years in various parts of Palestine, until now the resident British Consul affirms that there are fully 40,000 of them in the Holy City. Many of them belong to the