

to-day. Another sacred place is Gethsemane. The very name is hallowed by many communion memories and times of secret devotion. I enjoyed looking down into it from the other side of the Kidron, when alone, better than my walk through it when the eye was offended at every step by some symbol of modern superstition or the ear by some loud voiced American query. The ancient, gnarled, splintered trunks of its eight olive trees are certainly impressive.

The third place which I visited alone with much comfort and profit is the hill which I believe is the real Calvary, a short distance from the Damascus gate. It completely fulfils the traditional skull-like appearance of the hill of execution. It is covered on one side by Mohammedan graves, but the top is bare and the green grass growing over it all. A beautiful rock-hewn tomb, very like the grave of a rich man, is shown in a garden at one end of it. It was with a sense of profound gratitude that I stood on it alone under the open sky with no jabbering heathen to demand a fee and to profane with his confused explanations the sacred associations which he could not understand. Here for us men, for our salvation, the Redeemer was nailed to the tree; here, when suffering an agony which none of us can understand, He cast His eyes in love over the world which He came to save; here He breathed forth that cry of triumph and relief "It is finished." Never, O my soul, forget the stupendous tragedy enacted on that green hill beyond the city gate!

The city within the walls is of comparatively limited extent. I walked all round it and made several detours in an hour and a half. I could easily encompass it in an hour. Yet within that space are crowded 40,000 or perhaps 50,000 human beings. This crowding is noticed in most of the streets or lanes, especially in those arched overhead. There their dingy dens can be seen opening like rabbit burrows far into the darkness on each hand. The walk round the outside of the walls is one of the most enjoyable experiences of the visit. The dirty howling crowd and the loathsome, greedy beggars which break up every devout meditation and rudely shatter every sacred memory within the walls, are then only