

ROUND ABOUT JERUSALEM.



IN one of the narrow streets of Bethany are the walls of an old stone building the single opening of which is closed by a wooden door painted green. Every visitor is halted at this humble portal, and it opens in answer to the creak of a long, heavy, rusty key manipulated by both hands of the custodian. It is called the house where Lazarus and Martha and Mary lived. The encircling walls seem to be less antique than the old Roman arch which stands within, and their architectural style evidently dates from periods different and widely separated. Upon the walls are trailing vines and scattered flowers. The inclosure is only about twelve feet by fourteen feet in extent, and has no roof. If this is really the place where Jesus was wont to come day by day after his work had been finished in the city, then it was the scene of great excitement on the last Saturday he spent upon the earth. The time for the feast of the Passover was at hand. Every road and byway was swarming with people journeying towards Jerusalem. The number was greater than usual because it was expected that Jesus would attend the feast. No fear of death debarred the faithful son of Israel and true Messiah from undertaking the journey with the rest; so the start was made. From every wall of the roofless apartment the deep-cut, narrow road up which he climbed may be seen dividing the hill which protects Bethany on the west. It is one of the loveliest spots in all Palestine. Fresh and well attended is everything, and free from the pestering people one meets in so many localities. The olive trees are healthier, shapelier, and more fruitful than those down Hebron way; the wheatfields appear more thrifty, and the flowers are surely more abundant. It seems as though nothing had changed since Jesus went by, except that then, perhaps, a village capped the now bare hill, as was the case with almost every hilltop in Palestine when he was a dweller there.

His associates on his journey came from the masses—a motley assemblage, part of whom had followed him from Decapolis and Jericho, their number augmented by friends and followers from the region round about Bethany. Undoubtedly the Galilean disciples, who had joined him during his ministry there, led the enthusiastic procession. When the brow of the hill was reached a second living stream was seen winding down the pathways on the oppo-

site hill and along the deep valley intervening. Palm branches were uplifted in the hands of some, and others broke boughs from the fig and olive trees and bore them aloft. Long before the two assemblages met, the crowds from Jerusalem began to carpet the rough mountain road with the verdant boughs, and those from Bethany divested themselves of their garments and spread them in the way before their divine companion. The high, rocky inclines of both Olivet and Mount Moriah echoed and reëchoed the loud hosannas which went forth from that joint multitude. The distance between the two towns is barely two miles. As the advance was made, one section turned back and led the other. Soon a slight descent and turn in the road was reached. As though crystallized from the clouds, suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, the city of Jerusalem appeared in its entire extent, no object whatever intervening to break the glorious view. Mount Moriah stood forth with the Herodian Temple rising far above the supporting and protecting walls; Mount Zion, covered with the glory and glitter of its magnificent palaces, appeared next; the great wall girdling all with its solid towers and outreaching gates, which appeared like strong knots to strengthen it—all presented a phantasmagoria of beauty unsurpassed. The tree-clad hills and the surrounding fertile valleys combined to make a glorious setting and brought out the grandeur of the rich city. Even now this view is most imposing. This preliminary glimpse is soon hidden by the shoulder of Olivet. The terraced sides of the sacred mountain then, as now, were dotted by vineyards with hedges set about them, with places dug for the wine-vats, and with towers built for the watchmen of the vineyards.

As the enthusiastic multitude moved on, the crowds of persons who had been pouring out from the Holy City ever since the gates were opened fell in and swelled the procession. These people were of every kind and condition—old and young, rich and poor, women and their little ones. Some came to welcome a friend who had been kind to them, or whose friends had shared his healing power, and some came to honor the king who was to redeem them from the cruel grasp of the foreign invader. There were some who served as spies, and only joined in the loud talk and violent gesticulations in order to bring out the real feelings of the earnest followers of Jesus. Hope and Passion trudged along side by side; Desire and Fear

followed them. Every looker-on, infected by the contagion, joined the living mass and increased the exulting shout which came up from the rear. The everlasting hills caught the anthems of praise and sent the sound rolling up the valley until those who thronged the walls and towers of Jerusalem caught the news that Jesus was indeed coming to the feast and was even then close at hand. At last the little bridge which crosses the Kidron valley was reached, and the narrowing procession crossed over to the Golden Gate of Jerusalem. The expressions of fealty and devotion then increased, and the waiting multitude prostrated themselves upon the ground in testimony of their reverence and gratitude. It was the desire of every one to greet Jesus, and it was a marvel to see the apprehensiveness lest he should not come change place with the delight which attended his actual presence. Such complete possession did the thoughts, hopes, and fears concerning this mysterious man take of the people that even the preparation for the great impending feast was forgotten. The excited populace was uncertain how or what to think of him, much less what to expect. Some were violent, and declared that any such disturber of the peace was liable to bring down the imprecations of Rome and thereby destroy even what little prosperity there was among the Jews. Others, who had been wearied and harassed almost to insanity by the tumults and indecision of years, stood with open arms, ready and glad to welcome any instructor who could wrestle with the reigning sect and restore the law of Moses to its wonted place. For one faction had so perverted the religion of their fathers as to drive from it all the spirit and all the hope for a happy future state; while another, even more offensive, by their dead forms and dreadful practices of vice and lust so poisoned the ancient faith as to sicken every sincere heart. As Jesus proceeded to the Temple his enemies were preaching there, trying by every form of statement and argument to turn away the minds of the people from him. He was branded as a disturber of the peace of the city and of the nation. Oftentimes these services were broken up in confusion. Then Jesus himself took the place of the exhorters and overwhelmed the excited assemblages by the recital of his parables, by his questionings, by his utterances of the great commandments, by his gentle admonitions, by his terrible denunciations and calm predictions. And thus the public pulse went up and down under the governing sway of hope and passion until that last night, when, while friends were away, the populace at rest, and suspicion asleep, Jesus was seized, tried, and condemned, and before the news could be spread was hurried outside the walls and crucified.

The topography of Jerusalem is an interesting study. "What were the true limits of ancient Jerusalem?" is a query that has not yet been answered as fully and satisfactorily as has "Where was the place called Calvary?" For our present purpose it will not be necessary to go into the depths of the discussion, because the points which now interest us all lie on the east side of the city. Concerning two points there need be no dispute—in fact, there is none. I refer to the locality of the two great valleys of Hinnom and Kidron. Had their rise at the north and west been a little closer to each other, and their wide, deep courses been filled with water, they would have made Jerusalem an island. As it is, it appears between them like a noble, mountainous promontory. Approach it as you will, it rises sublimely above its environments, with its embattled towers, its always picturesque minarets, and its shapely domes standing out against the azure background of the sky. No clear-headed general of the time when ballistæ, battering-rams, and catapults were used in besieging a city could have coveted a more advantageous site than this. There seems to be nothing about Jerusalem to welcome the stranger. On the contrary its high walls and its guarded gates seem to say, "Halt! you are not welcome here." And yet its history draws us on, and this same wall of two and a half miles in circumference—a mere apology for a wall compared with its predecessor, and only about half its girth— attracts our attention at once. The materials of which it is constructed represent every age of the city from the time when "Solomon in all his glory" contracted for the Temple building to the day when Baldwin and Richard Cœur de Lion constructed the splendid Muristan. These quarried fragments of the ages, some beveled, some of porphyry from Arabia, some of the granite of Sinai, are placed with as little idea of unity and conformity as are the postage stamps in a young collector's album. Here and there a broad arch, closed up, is seen, with quantities of indentations and projections, with prominent angles, square towers, loopholes, and threatening battlements. As in Christ's day, so now, a broad pathway, protected by a breastwork, runs around the top of the wall and often serves as the fashionable, and indeed only, promenade of the curious old city. From the eastern wall, near the Golden Gate, close to the top, a fragment of a round porphyry column projects several feet. The makers of Moslem legends have fixed this for the accommodation of their prophet Mohammed, who is to sit astride it and judge the world when the people assemble in the Valley of Jehoshaphat at the last day.

The general conformation of the walls is

that of a quadrangle. The Mosque of Omar and the adjacent grounds occupy the south-east angle. A fair map of this most interesting of all the corners of Jerusalem, as it appears to-day, is found in the engraving on page 48. This is the summit of Mount Moriah. This one view includes more points of interest, from right to left, than any other in Jerusalem, and takes in more than one-eighth of the modern city. Outside of the platform the area is covered with a grassy lawn, and here and there olive, cypress, and other trees vary the scene. The south-west corner embraces all that part of Mount Zion which is inclosed by the modern wall, and is occupied largely by the Armenian convent with the accessory buildings. Another immense establishment is located in the north-west quarter of the city and belongs to the Latin convent. The Church of the Holy Sepulcher lies between the two and serves as the general fighting-ground of the two creeds, the battles going on under the surveillance of a Turkish guard and Remington rifles.

The quarter of Jerusalem to which the exasperated visitor may retire when sickened by the turbulence and uncleanness of the others is the north-east. It is not largely built up, like the others, but it is beautified by gardens and olive groves. It is only a question of a little time, however, before these vacant spots will be covered with buildings. Once possession of the land is had by Latin or Greek, occupation will rapidly follow. Within a few years the buildings outside the walls have so increased as to form a new city almost as large as the ancient one within. Superb churches are going up all about Jerusalem, even on the stony incline of the Mount of Olives—many more churches than the whole populace can fill; but their purpose it is not hard to conjecture.

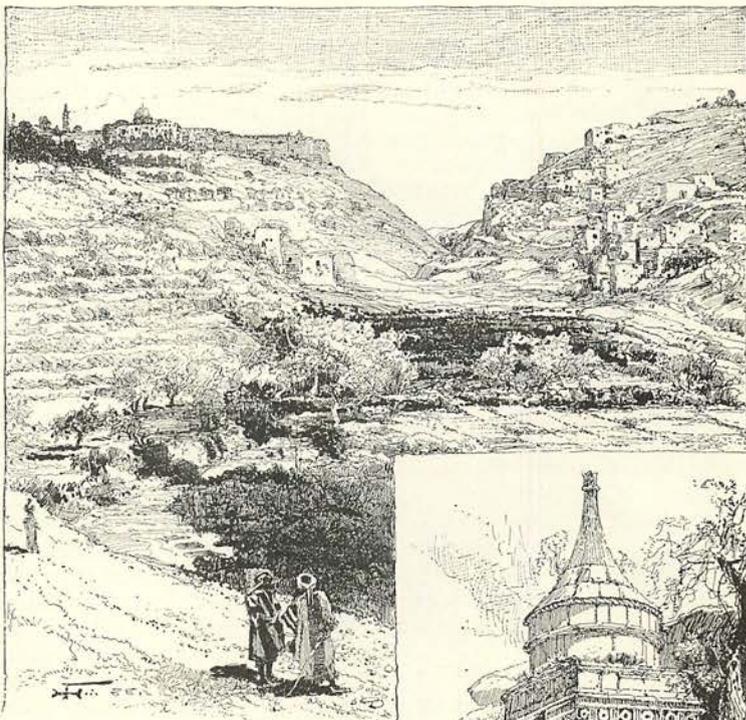
Tradition says that the route from Bethany, on the occasion of the triumphal entry, followed the narrow pathway winding along the side of the Mount of Olives from south-east to north-west, back of the village of Siloam, until the neighborhood of the Garden of Gethsemane was reached, then westward across the valley of the Kidron to the city gate. It is not purposed to dispute tradition now, or even to disturb any one's peace by arguing the case; but for the better understanding of all or any of the routes from Bethany to Jerusalem, our present journey will lead us down the hills west of the common road of to-day into the valley of the Kidron where it is joined by the Vale of Hinnom. Thus we come at once upon the most sublime and impressive view round about Jerusalem, or indeed in all Palestine. This region is shown in the engraving on the opposite page and is known

as the "King's Dale." Through it the brook Kidron flowed once upon a time. No water follows the course now except in the rainy season of the winter-time, when the torrents from the adjacent hills unite here and follow down to the Dead Sea. The terraces of the eastern shoulder of Mount Zion are detailed here on the left; over the city wall the dome of the Mosque of Omar, situated on Mount Moriah, is visible. Stone stairways are there leading up to Jerusalem. "The Hill of Evil Counsel" is on the extreme left, and the narrow, stony road leading to Siloam beyond, located on the south-western incline of the Mount of Olives, is plainly observable. Although the inhabitants of Siloam are as unfriendly a band of robbers as there is in the Orient, they are good husbandmen and have made the neighboring vale a little paradise. The stones have been industriously removed and the soil has been rendered most productive. The waters of the Pool of Siloam (located on the left) are used for irrigating this garden spot. Plantations of fig and olive trees are here; vineyards and fields of waving grain make a fine color contrast; and the plats devoted to the cultivation of vegetables for the Jerusalem market would excite the envy of the ingenious farmers of our own New Jersey, Florida, and California. No fence of stone or of wood breaks the expanse. The people are a community and do not quarrel with each other, though they scowl at the approach of the stranger. A person can stand on the pathway in the foreground of our camera-map and see, besides the sites named, the "Potter's Field," "Job's Well," or En-Rogel, the Frank Mountain, the Pool of Gihon, the whole length of the Vale of Hinnom on the left, and the entire eastern and southern walls of Jerusalem.

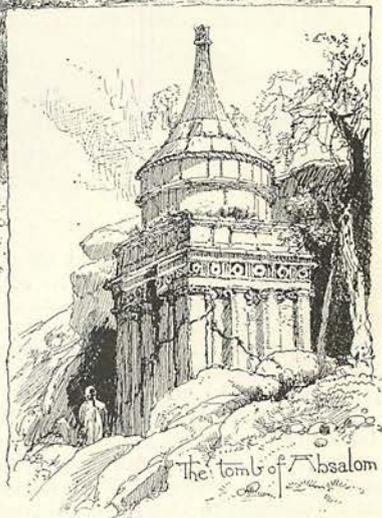
Following the Siloam road, after the gardens are left behind, the valley is found to be systematically and extensively terraced, in order that every foot of the precious soil may be utilized. After the village of Siloam is passed, the valley narrows until it amounts to little more than a ravine. A grand perspective view of the eastern wall of Jerusalem is obtained from this point. The entire surface of this portion of Olivet seems to be crowded with the white stone memorials of the dead. On right and left every rock seems to have been excavated, every cave "improved," for sepulchral use. This is largely the case all around Jerusalem. Certainly it is true all the way from Mount Moriah to St. Stephen's Gate and from Siloam to the Garden of Gethsemane. The humbler Jewish tombs are marked by a slab of rough limestone without emblem or symbol, though many of them bear Hebrew inscriptions. The Mohammedan gravestone is usually upright, set in a base, and the grave is often inclosed on each side and

at the top by slabs. There is frequently a footstone as well as a headstone. The study of the excavated tombs is very interesting. There is almost every variety in the neighborhood of Jerusalem. Some of them contain only *loculi*, or troughs, cut laterally in the rock, with an arch or canopy above; and into these troughs the bodies were laid. A second class consists of a central chamber from which rows of *koka*, or rectangular, sloping spaces, run inwards, like tunnels, sufficiently high and wide to permit the admission of a corpse. Other tombs have both *loculi* and *koka*, together with numerous stone benches

around the sides of the chamber, upon which sarcophagi were arranged. The entrance to such a tomb as this is shown in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for April, 1888, page 832. In some cases there is only one chamber, while in others there are a dozen or more, opening into one another. Occasionally there are two or more stories in one excavation. Masonry tombs are very rare. Stairways lead to some of these chambers of the dead which are found along the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and the façades of some of the noted ones have been carved and cut in pretentious styles. Others are isolated,—cut from the solid rock,—and stand out prominent features in the gloomy prospect. Most prominent among the last named are the alleged sepulchers of Zechariah, St. James, Absalom, and Jehoshaphat. That of Absalom is the most elaborate of all. It is doubtful whether Absalom's remains ever rested anywhere near it, but it always forms a picturesque feature in the landscape, standing as it does upon a well-chosen site. It is quite 50 feet high and 22 feet square at the base. All these surrounding sepulchers are in harmony with the deadness which pervades the Holy City. Alas! how the poor pilgrims would have writhed during their last years if they had known that the jackals might be toying with their poor shriveled remains before the rough limestone placed over them by faithful friends had settled to a comfortable

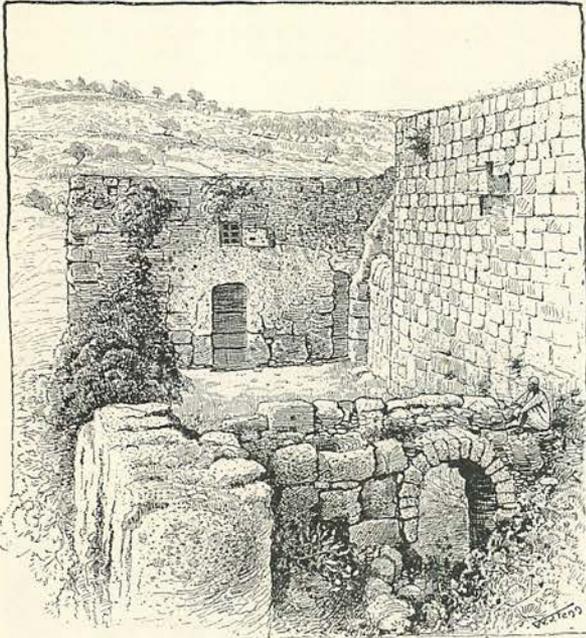


THE KING'S DALE.



level. But so it is frequently. With reference to the tomb of Absalom and its pretentious neighbors Dr. Edward Robinson says, "It is unnecessary to waste words to show that they never had anything to do with the persons whose names they bear." He says further:

The intermingling of the Greek orders, and a spice of the massive Egyptian taste, which are visible in these monuments, serve also to show that they belong to a late period of the Greek and Roman art, and especially to that style of mingled Greek and Egyptian which prevails in the Oriental provinces of the Roman Empire. The chief seat of this style was perhaps at Petra, where it still appears in much of its pristine character in the very remarkable excavations of Wady Mûsa. When we visited that place some weeks afterwards we were much struck at finding there several isolated monuments, the counterparts of the monolithic tombs in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. The architectural remains of Petra are not held, I believe, to be in general older than the Christian era; nor is there any reason to suppose that the Jewish monuments in question are of an earlier date. Indeed, if they existed prior



THE HOUSE OF MARY AND MARTHA.

to the destruction of Jerusalem they are probably to be referred to the times of the Herods, who themselves were of Idumæan descent, and maintained an intercourse between Petra and Jerusalem. In that age too, as we know, other foreigners of rank repaired to Jerusalem and erected for themselves mansions and sepulchers. It would not, therefore, be difficult to account in this way for the resemblance between these monuments and those of Petra.

Or, if the entire silence of Josephus and other contemporary writers as to these tombs be regarded as an objection to this hypothesis, why may they not perhaps be referred to the tombs of Adrian? This emperor appears to have been a patron of Petra; ¹ he also built up Jerusalem; and both these cities were called after his name. It would therefore not be unnatural that this period should be marked in both places by monuments possessing a similar architectural character.

The view from the east side of Absalom's Tomb northward is an interesting one. It includes the northern section of the Kidron with the hill of Scopus on the far distant right. A portion of the wall surrounding the Garden of Gethsemane is also seen at the right, with the whole roadway reaching therefrom across the valley up to St. Stephen's Gate. Again, we see the entire eastern wall of Jerusalem detailed on the left, with the Golden Gate rising prominently just beyond the sky-line of the flower-like apex of the Tomb of Absalom. In the immediate foreground we again see quantities of flat, white, time-worn stones.

¹ See the author's paper on Petra in *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE*, November, 1885.

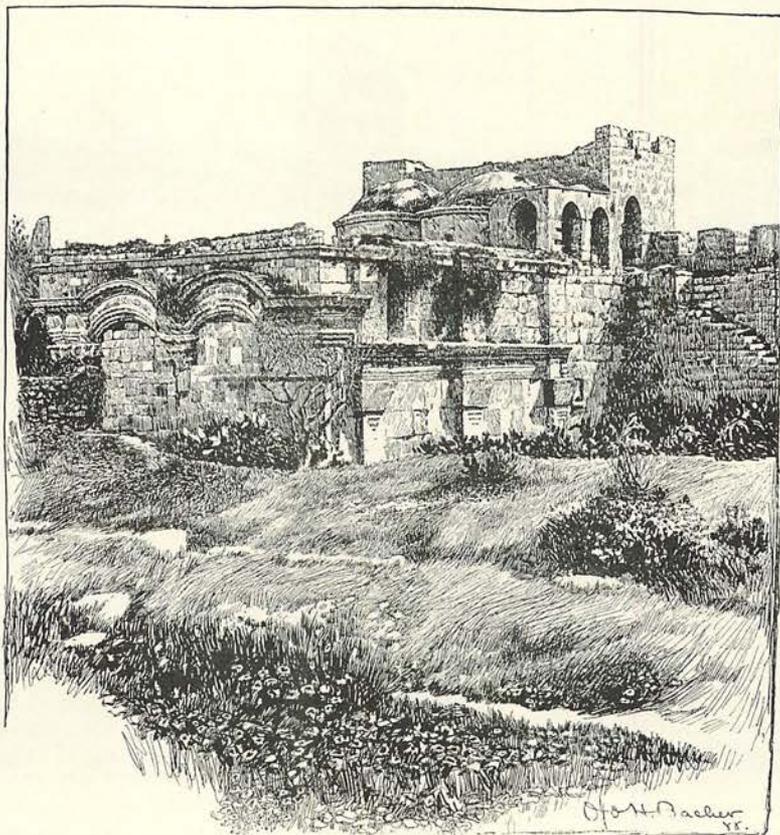
Every one of them marks the last resting-place of some Hebrew who came to Jerusalem from a distant land that he might die in the country of his forefathers and be buried beneath the soil set apart for them by the divine fiat.

Now if the valley is crossed and the highest point of the Golden Gate is allowed to serve as his Nebo, the explorer, in fact or in imagination, may see almost all that has been described lying outspread at his feet. From that point, too, the best impression may be had of the historical valley lying between the sacred mountains which have held the interest of the world for thousands of years. A few points concerning this valley may not be without interest to the student. Help may be had in the beginning by referring to the excellent map on page 101 of *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE* for November, 1888. The Vale of Kidron is the best-known name of this natural depression, yet it is often called the Valley

of Jehoshaphat (Jehovah judgeth). Jews, Catholics, and Mohammedans alike believe that the last judgment will take place here. The valley rises, in fact, north-west of the city, a few minutes' walk beyond the true site of Calvary. It varies in width and stretches along north of Jerusalem eastward until a turn is made to the south not far from St. Stephen's Gate. Here the depression is about one hundred feet deep, and a bridge crosses it on the road from the city to the Garden of Gethsemane. The entire roadway between the two places may be seen in the view on page 51. The valley at this point is nearly four hundred and fifty feet wide. After the bridge is passed, the way narrows somewhat and descends. Then its conformation changes continually until sometimes, as we have already seen, it becomes very narrow and winding in its course. Another bridge is located near the Tomb of Absalom, crossing to a point not far from the Golden Gate. As one descends, the points of interest on each side succeed one another so rapidly as to command constant attention. The enthusiasm increases as the exploration progresses. Once the topography of things is fixed in the mind, it is not readily forgotten. The engraved details which follow will serve to make it all quite familiar to those who are not privileged to go farther than our imaginary Nebo. After passing the gardens of Siloam the valley widens, and then continues its course, south and east, until the Dead Sea is reached.

One more outward view of the east side of the valley from the Golden Gate will complete the series necessary for the localization of the points involved in the lessons of the second quarter of this year. It reaches from the Garden of Gethsemane, on the right, northward to a point beyond St. Stephen's Gate, and includes the main summit of the Mount of Olives, with all of its western incline. Three paths are seen,

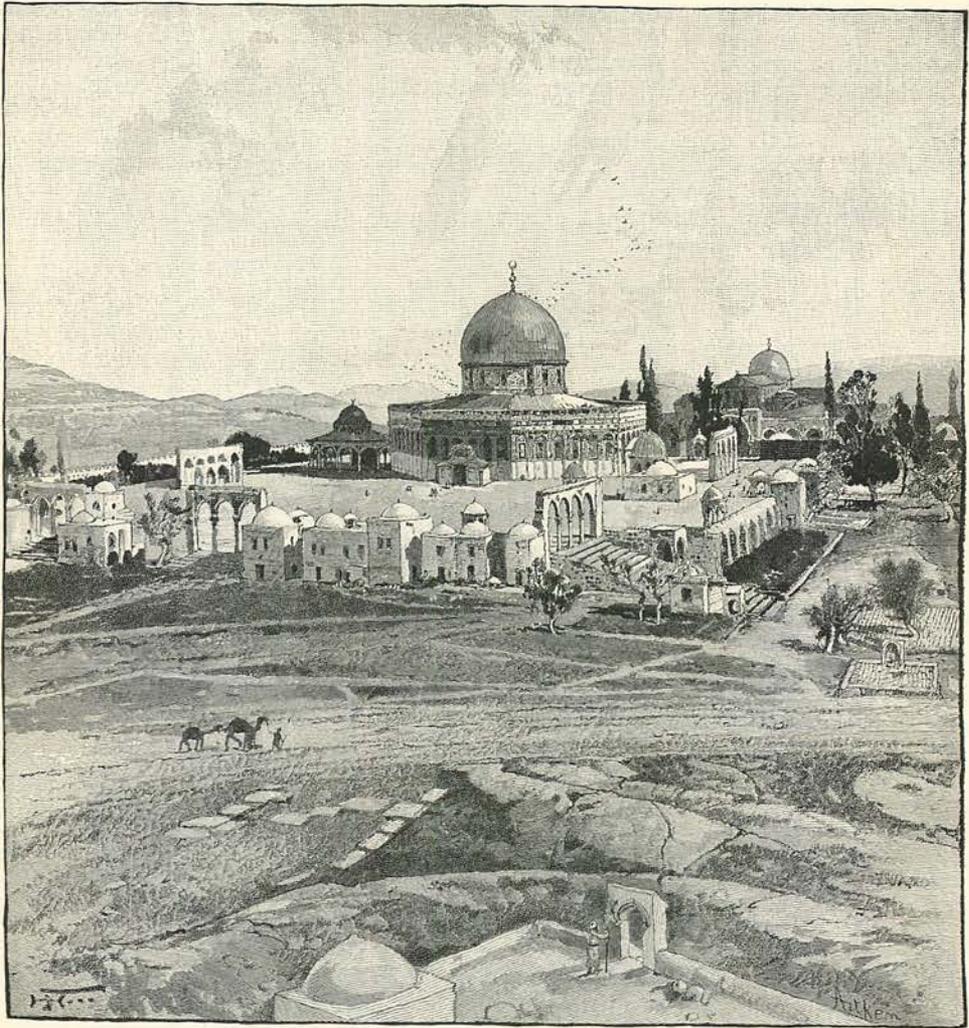
The following of the International Lessons demands the consideration of the Temple next. Alas! that only the area which it occupied, with the buildings which succeeded, are there for us to consider. All these may be seen from the Golden Gate. The camera and the engraver have done what they can towards presenting a view of what there is. The space included is known to Christians as the Haram, or Temple



THE GOLDEN GATE—INSIDE.

all starting at the garden, and all leading up to the summit. The central one is very narrow, is lined with stone walls, and is used mainly by travelers on foot. The one on the left is the chief highway to the top of the mountain, and is in some parts very steep. The third, on the south, is the longest way up. The road to Bethany diverges from it. Some portions of the side of the mountain are dotted with olive-trees, and here and there grainfields are found, often inclosed by stone walls. Almost everything hereabouts is of stone. One seldom sees enough of wood to make a cupboard. Not only are there three pathways, but there are in fact three summits. The center height holds the most interest. Our itinerary will lead us to it presently.

area. It is called the "Court of Omar" by the Mohammedans, because of the splendid mosque which graces it near the center. Far in the distance is the dome and long-pointed roof of another mosque—the Mosque of El Aksa. A long line of cloisters is on the right. Between them and the Temple, scattered here and there about the area, are stone platforms and minor buildings. All these are occupied by the dervishes as praying-places, colleges, and public schools. Our photographic map, though showing only the north and the west sides of the mosque, gives the relative positions of the various buildings on Mount Moriah, south. The Golden Gate is on the left and the shoulder of Olivet is seen in the far distance. The portion of the area which lies in the immediate



SUMMIT OF MOUNT MORIAH—THE TEMPLE AREA.

foreground separates the Mosque of Omar from the site of the Tower of Antonia. The whole platform is four hundred and fifty feet east to west, and five hundred and fifty feet from north to south, and is paved with marble. It is supported by walls on every side. Its crowning beauty is the Mosque of Omar. The structure undoubtedly stands upon the highest point of Mount Moriah, for the "Holy Rock," sixty-five feet long and forty-five feet broad, is inside. A few details concerning this magnificent structure may be helpful. It stands in the center of the area and upon the supposed site of Solomon's Temple. It was three years in building, and its cost was the result of seven years' taxation of the Egyptians. Its eight sides are sixty-seven feet long. The magnificent dome is a masterpiece of Byzantine architecture, and was originally covered with gold. It is built of

marble and alabaster, decorated richly with terra-cotta of brilliant colors. Around it are three wide belts of color: the upper one green and white; the center blue, made of quotations in Arabic from the Koran; the lower dark green, picked out with white—all glistening terra-cotta. The barrel of the dome is striped alternately with green, white, and blue, dotted with yellow. As the mosque is some twenty feet higher than the area proper, it is reached on all sides by marble stairways, some of which we see on the west side, headed by rows of lofty pointed arches. The solemn, quiet interior is like a place of enchantment, so richly decorated is it. The columns are green and yellow porphyry, and the capitals burnished gold. The arches are black and white, and its fifty-six slender windows are decorated with stained glass of great splendor. The octagonal



THE MOUNT OF OLIVES — GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

divisions of the ceiling are green, with golden center, and the borders thereof are gold and green and red. The arches over the golden line are blue and gold. On all sides and in every available space there is a glory and a harmony of color not surpassed in the East.

In the extreme distance at the right of the picture on the preceding page is the graceful minaret of a mosque. It is located on the southern brow of Mount Zion. It is one of the landmarks of Jerusalem. The call of the muezzin sent forth from it goes sounding over the hills and tombs southward, until, when the atmosphere is clear, it can be heard at the Tomb of Rachel. A little group of buildings close to this old minaret is erected over the vault said to contain the tomb of David. An "upper room" over the tomb of the renowned psalmist and king is called the "Cœnaculum," because, tradition holds, the Passover Supper was eaten there by Jesus with his disciples. It is a large chamber, thirty feet wide by fifty feet long.

Although one must follow an Armenian monk some distance, and climb multitudinous steps, still, after passing the door, there is a descent of several steps before the well-paved floor is reached. The apartment is so clean and so well lighted that one doubts its Oriental character and questions its antiquity. Yet its appearance indicates great age, and its massive construction seems to guarantee its standing firm for many centuries to come. Underneath the first window on the right is a small niche where, it is said, Christ sat at the Passover Feast. The steps on the right lead to the Tomb of David. If all this is true, then this inclosure witnessed the assemblage of the apostles on the day of Pentecost, the miracle of the cloven tongues "like as of fire," the washing of the feet of his disciples by Jesus, the giving of the sop to Judas, and it is the place whence the sad company went down across the Vale of Kidron to Gethsemane on the night of the betrayal. The path which leads to and fro



NORTH END OF THE TEMPLE AREA — THE CITADEL.

between the city and the Garden of Gethsemane is one of the most authentic localities about Jerusalem, and cannot have changed materially since the first Easter morn. Along its way the brutal band went, led by the betrayer, startling the quiet of the night with the clash of their swords and the clanking of their staves. After the arrest the return was made by the same pathway to the palace of Caiaphas.

But a short walk from the Tomb of David and the Coenaculum, and between them and Zion's Gate, is the Church of St. James, with a chapel attached, commemorating the martyrdom, and covering the tomb of the beloved apostle. A lovely garden, the pride of the Armenian monks who have it in charge, sur-

rounds the chapel. It is one of the prettiest spots in the Holy City. About two hundred and fifty feet from the iron gate of the garden, which opens towards Mount Zion, the reputed house of Caiaphas is shown. The massive masonry of the building is in strange contrast to the irregular and gaudy decorations. Scales of pearl and bits of porcelain seem to have been covered on one side with some adhesive material and then thrown at random against the walls by hands guided more by a taste for tinsel than by artistic principles, judging from the rude arrangement on the walls. On one side of the apartment is a little cell in which Christ is said to have been confined during the last night of his life. In a niche is an altar with a statue of Christ bound to "the stake of

flagellation." The pavement is covered with inscriptions. Close to the altar is the so-called "stone which closed the mouth of the Lord's sepulcher," named by some the "angel stone," because the angel who addressed the Marys after Christ had risen sat upon it during their conversation. The palace of Herod the Great, called by him the Castle or Tower of Antonia in order to flatter Mark Antony, was looked upon as the pride of Jerusalem. It stood at the north-west corner of the Temple area, and its connecting buildings are supposed to have run along the whole northern limit of the area. Of it Josephus has written as follows:

The kinds of stone used in its construction were countless. Whatever was rare abounded in it. The roofs astonished every one by the length of their beams and the beauty of their adornment. Vessels of gold and silver, rich in chasing, shone on every side. The great dining-hall had been constructed to supply table-couches for three hundred guests; others opened in all directions, each with a different style of pillar. The open space before the palace was laid out in broad walks, planted with long avenues of different trees, and bordered by broad, deep canals and great ponds flowing with clear cool water, set off along the banks with innumerable works of art.

A sorry substitute for so much splendor now occupies the site in the long line of decayed structures used by the Turkish garrison as their headquarters and barracks. By the courtesy of the commandant the view on the opposite page was photographed from his quarters. A mosque, of course, is included in the group of government buildings. Its tall minaret rises high above everything else in the neighborhood. Seen through one of the shapely Saracenic arches, facing the north-east approach to the mosque platform, in combination with the little dome of Solomon, erected to mark the spot where the kingly architect stood for prayer after he had completed the Temple, it presents a picturesque combination. But it is in fact dilapidated enough—belonging to a government which never gives any attention to repairs. Some measure of respect is felt for it, nevertheless, by the person whose backsheesh persuades the muezzin crier to permit him to enjoy a view of the surrounding country from the gallery of the shaky structure. On a clear day this view is absolutely overpowering and indescribable. It makes one feel like joining the earnest Moslem in the cry to everybody to praise God. Of course there is the dead and alive city, and the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, and the Temple area, with all their attractions, but they are eclipsed by the natural beauties surrounding. From Bethel on the north to Bethlehem on the south the undulations of the country are presented, as rough

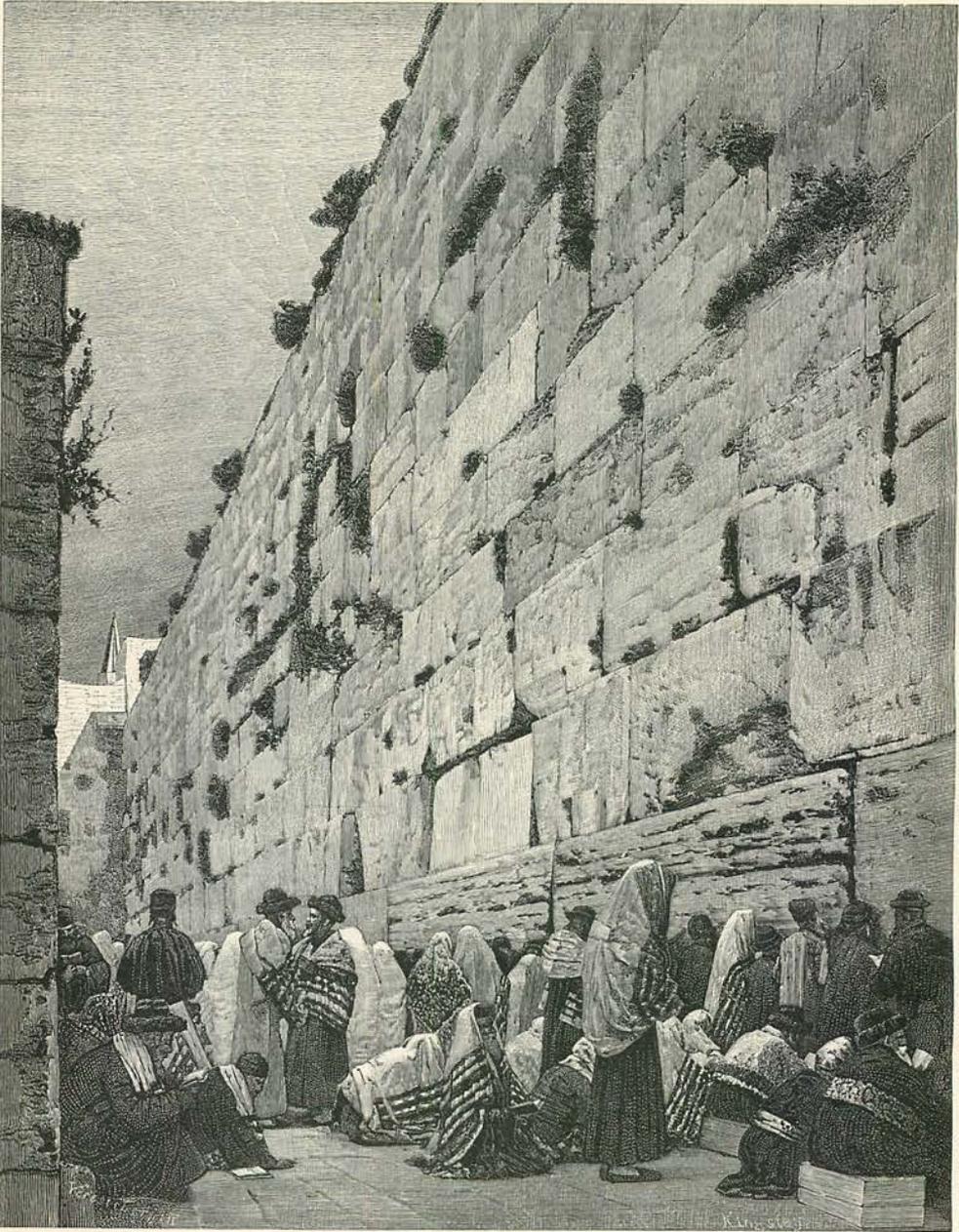
and as rugged as the pages of history represented by every foot of the prospect. On the west one can see almost to Joppa; while on the east, after the delighted eyes dwell upon the Mount of Olives a moment and then sink down into the Jordan valley, they are lifted again to the mountains of Moab and are tempted southward once more by the glittering surface of the ever fascinating city of the dead and its gaudy borders.

What changes have been wrought by time since all this country was full of life and energy! It is true that Jerusalem still lives by the attractions of her great building and its accessories, as she did by her Temple when Christ Jesus preached here. But the crafty tetrarch, the subtle Sadducees, and the "please everybody" king are gone. In their places dervishes



FROM JERUSALEM TO GETHSEMANE.

strut and the students bow in groups upon the pavement for prayer at each muezzin call. Instead of the countless kinds of stone described by Josephus as forming parts of the palace, only rattling limestone is seen. The richly chased vessels of gold and silver which served the Roman household have been displaced by the canteen and the mess-kettle of the garrison of the Crescent. The great dining-hall which supplied table-couches for three hundred guests has been covered with the armory, which is occupied by the soldiers of the garrison, who shoulder American rifles instead of supporting broad Damascus blades with bejeweled hilts. The open space before the palace, as we have seen, is no longer made attractive by broad, winding walks underneath groves of spices; there are only ablution fountains in place of the broad canals and miniature lakes which



WAILING-PLACE OF THE JEWS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. KURTZ OF THE PAINTING BY VERESTCHAGIN.)

were kept fresh from the great reservoirs of Solomon located down near Hebron.

On the right or east side of the group of government buildings is a solidly built tower with an arched doorway. It is the present fortress of the city. It is supposed to stand upon the site of the palace mentioned by Nehemiah, and where Pilate held forth when he adjudged the accused Jesus. Here Paul made his courageous stand for the Christian faith. Many a time has

the old structure faced the brunt of battle for Jew, Mohammedan, and Christian. Immediately on its other side is the Via Dolorosa with the "Arch of Ecce Homo." If the Western visitor comes here during Easter week he will fully understand the blight which has been caused by Moslem fanaticism. A good hour for such a visit is in the afternoon, after the sun has gone down behind the great dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher and

nearly all the daylight has crept out of the historical area. In one sense it is a rest. There are no sleepy priests, nor gossiping train-bearers, nor censor-swingers, nor beadles begrimed with snuff; neither dripping tapers, though there are beads in plenty. More than likely the broad court is entirely empty of devotees when you enter, and there is time to look up at the minaret and compare it with the old home spire. A turbaned officer makes his appearance upon the gallery and assumes the attitude of prayer; his tenor voice is heard sending forth the muezzin call. The soft winds come from the Jordan over the Mount of Olives; they sweep across the Kidron, leap the ancient wall, and swirl into the area; as they come they catch the cry and bear it by gusts and by impulses into all parts of the city to those who are waiting the call to prayer with eager expectancy. Faithful listeners miles away may receive the summons too; then, wherever they are, their faces grow serious, they turn their eyes towards the east and obey that summons. The cry is not, "Joy to the world, the Lord is come," but the same as that which our turbaned friend repeats five times a day, "Hy Ilas Sula! Hy Ilas Sula! Hy ilal felah! La Ila Illulah! Wa Mohammed Rasoul Ullah!" "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet. Come thou to prayer, for prayer is better than eating or drinking." The innumerable gates in the wall and in the kiosks open suddenly and simultaneously as though moved by magic, then those privileged to pray in the mosque inclosure come slowly in. They have their favorite places. A large number usually gather near the western side of the dome. They are careless of all observers, and are alike indifferent to the architectural splendor about them. First, passages from the Koran are read, standing; then they fall upon their knees, with their hands placed at the sides of their heads, their eyes directed to heaven; next, their bodies are lowered upon their heels and their hands are placed upon their knees with their heads bowed humbly; next, the devotees rise, and, placing their hands at their faces, "move them to and fro to gather in the blessings"; finally, they prostrate themselves with their faces to the ground, crying out fervently with a heart-moving "Ullah Akbah! Ullah Akbah!" The process is repeated several times, each time with increased fervor, for the devotees believe that the oftener they pray the more blessings they receive.

I saw a different picture after I went out from that court on that Good Friday evening. Passing out through the arched doorway of the palace of Antonia into the Arch of Ecce Homo,—underneath which, as tradition has it, Pilate scourged Jesus, and handing him over to the

infuriated mob said, "Behold the man,"—the Via Dolorosa was followed until the Church of the Holy Sepulcher was reached. The kavass of Colonel Wilson of Iowa, the then American consul, with baton in hand, awaited at the door. He was accoutered in all the glories of the costume of the Albanians and Syrians. But his apparel was in keeping with the glitter of the silver image of the American eagle which fluttered upon the top of his baton, and they seemed to have their effect, for upon their joint appearance the motley crowd which thronged the broad court of the church gave way and permitted us to reach the entrance unharmed. Through dark passages and up lofty stairs the glistening Arab led, until at last an upper room was reached, where, to use the words of our consul, "a part of the Crucifixion scene was to be enacted, and sermons preached in the Greek, French, Italian, German, Arabic, and English languages." The chapel was lighted by a hundred gold and silver jeweled lamps, fed with American kerosene, and that was about the only part our great nation took in the service. The exercise was announced to begin at half-past six, but it was eight o'clock before the Coptic monks who opened it made their appearance. The greater part of their share in the performance was sung in the dreary, drony cadence of the Greek Church. Then, by the appearance of the German representatives, the audience was aroused from the semi-comatose state into which it had lapsed. One of these stood by a velvet rug spread upon the floor and delivered a short discourse in a sing-song tone. Before he began, a three-quarter size crucifix was brought in by an assistant and laid upon the rug, the head towards the speaker, and remained there during his sermon. The French deputation followed, consisting of monks, choir-boys singing a funeral dirge, and a fine responding chorus of men. Others followed, some swinging censers, some bearing silver torches, and two carried broad silver platters. On one of the platters was a gaudily trimmed regalia, and on the other an antique hammer and a pair of pincers. The crucifix was now lifted from the velvet rug on the floor and placed upon the altar. The nails were then drawn from the hands and feet of the figure by a monk, who tenderly kissed each bit of iron. It was then laid upon the altar and covered—a mimicry of the "descent from the cross." The empty cross was allowed to remain standing erect. A sermon in the French language followed this ceremony; then the choral exercises were repeated, while the "body" was placed upon a bier, and amid the strains of another dirge was carried down to the vestibule and laid upon the "stone of unction." This marble slab had been kissed smooth and

out of true by the myriads of pilgrims who had visited it, although the "realstone" upon which the Lord's body lay when anointed for his burial was underneath and out of sight. The ceremony of anointing was performed in Arabic, then the show was ended by carrying the image to the tomb. While all this went on the hooting and shouting and carousing which took place in the body of the church, where thousands of pilgrims had come from all parts of the earth to attend the Easter service, was as shameful as it was dreadful. It continued all night, for next day the "miracle of the holy fire" was promised to occur without fail, and this seething mass of humanity had come thus early in order to secure places for that occasion. To prevent a disturbance a detachment of soldiers was sent from the Turkish garrison, and the men were stationed here and there among the "Christians." Every year is made this collection of friars, monks, priests, nuns, consuls, military officers, soldiers, pilgrims and strangers from all nations—encircled by the Moslem crowd, which gathers to mutter and imprecate so far as it dares without breaking the peace. It was near midnight when the strange procession returned to "Calvary." Then all the lights were turned down, and those who wished to depart found their way the best they could.

Following on now from the scenes of the Temple and the palace, out of the city gate, across the dry valley, up through the green and gray by any one of the three paths we may choose, we come to the little village of Jebel et Tûr, situated upon the flat central summit of the Mount of Olives. Near the center of the town is the Church of the Ascension, erected to mark the spot of earth last touched by the feet of Jesus before he ascended to heaven. The church which first stood here was one of the enterprises of the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine. It was followed by the present structure and the little mosque which accompanies it. Indeed, the church or dome of the Ascension is located within the court of the mosque. A Christian edifice is tolerated in this land only when a Moslem structure is placed near at hand. "The last foot-print of the Saviour," distorted by the wear of ages and by the kisses of the devout of centuries, is shown upon the rock which forms part of the gloomy interior. Singularly enough the chapel is entirely empty. Driven from our tents—located a few rods away—by a sudden shower one morning, my companions and I were permitted to seek shelter here. A small fire of charcoal was kindled in a brazier. The fumes, with the smell of lime coming from the damp plastered wall, almost stifled us. When the sun came back the obliging custodian, who also

cries the hour of prayer, took his place in the minaret and permitted the camera to include him in the view made of the buildings. The prospect from the minaret on every side is not only grand, but embraces some of the most interesting of biblical sites.

A wearisome, hard seven-hours' donkey ride is required to reach the Dead Sea, and no little danger accompanies the route through sunless ravines and over bare and desolate heights, where the merry song of the cascade is heard only when the spring torrents come. The hills are of a singular greenish gray color until within a mile or so of the Jordan, when they change to a mingling of pink, yellow, and white, and merge off into the yellows and greens which cover the nearer flat approach to the verdure-clad river. The pink-topped mountains of Moab rise on the other side quite as high as the Mount of Olives, but they do not look so. They reach south and east as far as the eye can see, their bare peaks numbering and unnumbered like those seen from the Fûrka, but as different in their nature as the whitest snow can be from the most sun-scorched of all the earth's surface. To the north the mountains of Gilead rise where Jacob separated his flocks into droves lest his unhappy brother Esau run them off into the wilds beyond. In whatever light one sees them, at daytime or by moonlight, these views are grand.

We turn now to the western prospect. In full front and first of all there is "Jerusalem the Golden," with every detail we have just studied clearly and sharply defined, with hundreds of other points of interest, including the encircling walls. A rough-looking country intervenes, but it is full of sacred interest. There is the path up which David fled from his rebellious son Absalom, weeping as he went up, with his head uncovered and his feet bare—where the kingly fugitive held council of war with his faithful adherents; where good Ziba brought refreshments which saved the royal life; where the ark was rested; where Hushai came affrighted, "with his coat rent, and earth upon his head," to tell of the intrigue of Absalom: pigeons were sold under the trees for temple-offering of purification, close by the pool where the unclean performed their ablutions before presenting themselves to the Lord. The long incline was submerged by the smoke which came from the burning of the red heifer, the ashes of which were preserved for the purification of the people; the glory of the Lord crowned the summit; upon the bare rocks the watchmen stood eager to catch the first glimmer of the torch-light signal from their fellows stationed upon the mountains of Moab, and quickly repeated the sign to the priests at the Temple that they might know when the new

moon made its appearance above the eastern horizon.

There are perhaps three places where one may see "stones" that were here when Jesus was crucified. One of these is near the south-west corner of the Temple area, and is known as the "Jews' Wailing-Place." There are five courses of stones, one above the other, with the beveled joints of Solomon's day forming part of the wall. Here every Friday the resident Hebrews come to mourn the destruction of the Temple and the fall of the city of their fathers. Earthquake has slightly displaced the stones, and the kisses of the pilgrims of many centuries have worn away the quarrymen's chisel-marks, yet they look as though they might serve for many ages to come. At the extreme south-west angle of the Haram wall is a stone measuring thirty-one feet in length, seven feet in width, and five feet in height. It is the chief corner-stone, and is undoubtedly the one placed there by the order of Solomon to help inclose his Temple. Scant forty feet north of this, half hidden by bushes, which had to be partly cut away to make room for the camera, is another place where we may believe the handiwork of Solomon's masons is to be seen. There are three courses of huge stones in such curious position that they seem to have been fired out from the inside through a breach in the wall, and there caught and wedged fast, instead of falling to the ground. A careful view leaves no doubt that they formed the segment of an arch, for their outer surfaces are hewn to a true curve. Each one measures from twenty to twenty-four feet in length and from five to six feet in height. They must indeed have formed part of one of the arches of the great bridge, more than three hundred and fifty feet in length, over which Solomon, attended by his splendid retinue, must have often passed. Centuries later Jesus too passed over this public way. This strangely interesting relic of the past is known as "Robinson's Arch," so called after Dr. Edward Robinson, who discovered it. In his own account the distinguished traveler says:

The existence of these remains of the ancient bridge seems to remove all doubt as to the identity of this part of the inclosure of the mosque with that of the ancient Temple. How they can have remained for so many ages unseen or unnoticed by any writer or traveler is a problem which I would not undertake fully to solve. . . . Here we have indisputable remains of Jewish antiquity, consisting of an important portion of the western wall of the Temple area. They are probably to be referred to

a period long antecedent to the days of Herod; for the labors of this splendor-loving tyrant appear to have been confined to the body of the Temple and the porticos around the court. The magnitude of the stones also and the workmanship as compared with other remaining monuments of Herod seem to point to an earlier origin. . . . Proceeding to the south-east corner, we find its character to be precisely similar to that of the south-west; the same immense stones as already described, both towards the east and the south, on the brink of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and the line of the southern wall at this point corresponding with that at the south-west corner. We have, then, the two extremities of the ancient southern wall, which, as Josephus informs us, extended from the eastern to the western valley, and could not be prolonged further. Thus we are led irresistibly to the conclusion that the area of the Jewish Temple was identical on its western, eastern, and southern sides with the present inclosure of the Haram.

The fourth and last point to be considered as supplying a construction which must have been familiar to our Saviour is the Tower of Hippicus, or the Tower of David, so called. When Herod built his great wall about Jerusalem, he built these strong towers towards the north-west. One of these was Hippicus; the second was Phasælus, named after his friend; and the third was called Mariamne, after his favorite wife. These strongholds were connected with one another and with the royal palace. The first named seems to have been spared at every siege, and may be looked upon now as a splendid example of the masonry of antiquity. It is located a little south of the Joppa gate and still serves — or its adjacent buildings serve — as the citadel of Jerusalem. The sturdy, sloping bulwark is said to be solid. No entrance has ever been discovered.

Returning to the summit of the Golden Gate on Good Friday, a last review was had of the country round about. The sun had just sunk behind the domes of the old church. The crimson glow left the heights and the broad shadows fell. The moon arose beyond Olivet as red as blood. Soon its gentle influence was felt in the wild gorges and rocky glens which run down Olivet to the Vale of Kidron; the olive-trees glistened more than they do in the sunshine. The languid air was made fresher by the breeze which blew from the Sea of Galilee. How the wind wailed among the tombs below! What a strange unison between this placid hour and the sacred associations on every side! It must have been just such a night when the three wise men sat watching for "his star in the east."

Edward L. Wilson.

