

ble chapel, and in this chapel the holy grave is found. Before the entrance stand several candlesticks of gold and silver. The first compartment of the grave is lit up by 15 lamps, five of which belong to the Greeks, five to the Roman Catholics, four to the Armenians and one to the Copts. Here, then, is a most desirable alliance between the great religions of the "Christian" world, and an alliance in the dark, indicating their origin. In the grave is also a marble stone, supposed to be the one which the angels rolled from the entrance of the sepulchre. The second compartment is lit up by 43 lamps, all proportionately divided between the just mentioned religious bodies. From the grave we turn and enter the so-called *Catholicon*, the old church of the Crusaders. We are informed that this was built on the spot where the garden belonging to Joseph of Arimathea was. It is very nicely decorated.

On our walk further we are shown the place where Jesus appeared to Mary of Magdala—the place where He appeared to His mother Mary; the centrum of the world; two footprints of the Savior; after he left the prison where He was held; a chapel dedicated to Saint Longinus, the man who opened the side of Jesus with a spear and who was subsequently converted, because the blood sprinkled his blind eye and made it to see. We are also shown the place where the clothes of our Savior were divided between the soldiers; the place where Jesus was crowned with thorns; the place where the cross was found; the Calvary proper, where the cross stood, and, finally, the place where father Adam was buried. We are told that the blood of Christ fell from the cross on the head of Adam, whereupon he was quickened and resurrected.

All this is shown under one roof, and thousands of people come every year to listen to the stories told, to kiss all these various relics, thinking that by so doing they will obtain life everlasting.

One of the most shameful ceremonies takes place every year in this church, a ceremony which will give an idea how low men can sink when left to themselves.

During the Greek Easter feast, fire is falling from heaven—so the priests say. The whole church is then crowded with a howling multitude, and it takes all the energy of the Turkish soldiers to make way for the priests. The pilgrims have stayed in the church all night in

order to be sure to have room. They are all provided with wax candles. The ceremonies commence. The priests walk around the grave. The patriarch enters the chapel, the doors of which are locked after him. Outside the entrance the priests stand shouting their monotonous prayers, and close to them stand the hundreds of pilgrims, expecting to see the flames of the fire from heaven break through the opening of the grave. Then comes the patriarch out, carrying a bundle of burning candles, and now commences a spectacle that baffles all description. Everybody wants to light his candle from the heavenly fire. The pilgrims tread each other down; women cry and shriek; occasionally the clothes of one or another is set aflame; limbs are broken; the Turkish soldiers mingle in the pandemonium and increase the interest of the occasion by substantial application of their fists or whips. But the pilgrims are determined to have the holy fire in spite of all sufferings, and they go gladly to their homes in Russland, bringing with them the candles once lighted with this flame. Well may a spectator, in whose heart the real heavenly fire burns cry out with the martyred Huss: *O sancta simplicitas*.

Another interesting place in Jerusalem is the Temple place now called "Haram esh-Scherif." The Turks themselves consider this place as second in holiness only to the Kaaba in Mecca, and it is therefore only in later years that Christians have been permitted to enter the sacred precinct. The Jews never enter the place for fear of touching with their feet the place where the Holy of Holies once was.

The present temple place is thought to be identical with the Herodian one and is covered with numerous buildings. The principal of these is the "Kubbet-es-Sachra," generally called the Mosque of Omar, though without any apparent reason for this name. In the centre of this building and surrounded by a beautiful railing of ironwork is the holy stone, a rock 17.7 metres long and 13.5 metres wide. According to Talmud, this was the foundation of the ancient altar of burnt offering. The Jewish tradition supposes it to be the altar on which Abraham was to sacrifice Isaac. And according to the Turks, the stone is suspended over the bottomless abyss. It covers a great cave or well in which all the souls of the dead gather twice a week in order to say

their prayers. Often has this stone spoken to the prophets, and when the Prophet Mohammed started on his flight to heaven, seated on his winged horse Burak, the stone insisted on following him. But the poor, intelligent stone was prevented from carrying out this intention by the angel Gabriel, who in his struggles to keep it back, pinched so hard that the marks of the angelic fingers are still visible on the stone. Underneath the stone are other remarkable things, among them a hole through a rock, which Mohammed struck with his head when he ascended to heaven. The Mohammedans are not behind the Christians in showing wonderful things.

We have now visited the two great sanctuaries, one belonging to the Christians and one to the Mohammedans. Let us also go to the place where the Jews congregate every Friday afternoon. This place is outside the temple place, at the very foot of the wall. No temple, no ornaments are there. The rough rocks, cold and pitiless stare you in the face here. It is the wailing place of the Jews. Here they gather every week and bewail the loss of the city. They read and pray and weep, so that it seems to you that the very rocks could be moved to pity. Old women and men frantically embrace and kiss the stones in the walls. An old Jew handed me a copy of the Old Testament in Hebrew and pointed out a few passages in the Lamentations of Jeremiah. May the reader find the following and read them in order to understand the feelings of this ancient people of God: Lamentations i: 1, 6, 8, 11; ii: 11-19, 48-66; v: 19-22. I felt as though I could have wept with the poor Jews on seeing their misery, but I also felt that the day must be near at hand when the redemption shall come and turn the voice of mourning into songs of rejoicing. God will not forever close His ears to the cries of his erring children.

This brings to my mind many glorious promises given concerning Jerusalem—promises in which all the people of God may rejoice.

"Behold I create new heavens and a new earth, a dispensation new in every respect, and the former ones shall no more be remembered. But rejoice in what I shall create. For, behold, I will make joy for Jerusalem and for her people. And I will rejoice over Jerusalem and be glad of my people. And there shall no more be heard in her a voice of weeping or sorrow."—Isa. lxv: 17-19.