

## THE MOTHER'S JEWEL.

Little Charley was dying. All through that long summer's day I had stood by his bedside, seeking, by every means in my power, to alleviate his sufferings, hoping against hope, that he might again be restored to us; that the death messenger would not send his icy arrow to that little heart. Early in the morning I was awakened by the groans of the little sufferer, and hastily throwing on my wrapper I descended to the room where he lay. His watchful mother was already by his bedside, calmly yet agonisingly watching him, as he threw himself from side to side calling wildly for her, although she bent over him with feelings none but a mother can know.

In vain had medical aid been summoned, and medicines been administered. In vain every hour during the day had the doctor visited us, hoping that he might spare us the dreadful blow which was now falling so heavily on every heart in the household. As the afternoon waned his sufferings increased, until he was seized with convulsions. It was hard indeed to see his little limbs writhe in all the agony of suffering which he endured. And it seemed at every attack that his mother's heart would break; but he lay quietly now, and they hoped he was better, almost well, so calmly did his features rest; but I knew that their hopes were but a mockery, yet I could not dispel them, so fondly will love construe the source of fear to hope. I had, by taking advantage of this delusion, persuaded his mother to lie down for a little while, thinking that a little sleep would better prepare her for the great trial which awaited her; for she was little else than a child herself, unused to the conflicts of this life in its realities. She had lived for her husband, and to please him was the joy of her existence until this new link in the chain of her happiness had been given in the care of her darling babe. And now he must die! The doctor did not say it in words, but his looks said more, when he said he would call again in the morning. As he passed through the door I saw him brush away a tear; perhaps he was thinking of his own little ones who lay so quietly sleeping at home. Full well did he know that he could only comfort the childless in the morning.

Who shall say that the doctor has no

heart? thought I, as he passed through the gate. Carefully I shaded the light and sat down by the bedside to watch his slightest movement, and listen to his breathing. For more than an hour he lay calmly sleeping, so sound, so natural, it seemed it could not be that he was so soon to be an angel. I sat musing thus—suddenly his breathing became difficult; he raised his tiny hands imploringly, then dropped them at his side. I called his parents, and, as his mother entered the room, he raised himself from the pillow, reached out his little hands toward her, and from his parched lips came that thrilling word—"mother."

She needed not to be told, she knew it all. I have witnessed many a fiery trial, and stood by many a deathbed, yet never have I seen grief like this. She moved not, she spoke not, but, statue-like, she stood, her eyes fixed on her darling boy. Rapidly he sank; his breathing grew fainter and fainter, then ceased. I looked at the mother; there she stood, every feature and every look the same. Her husband took her hand and called her name; but she spoke not. He led her from the room and we prepared the body for the burial. On the morrow I laid the corpse in its little coffin, then sought the mother that she might see her little one. I entered her room; she sat gazing idly from her windows as if nothing had occurred to mar her happiness. Calling her by name, I advanced; she heeded me not. For a moment I hesitated, then said, "Let us go down and see Charley." At the sound of his name spoken for the first time in her presence, she started; a happy smile lighted her features, and, hastily rising, she advanced towards the door. All memory of the past seemed to be lost, and she stepped with the same happy step as she was wont to follow him. We entered the darkened room where we had placed the coffin, beside which her husband sat. For a moment she seemed stupified, then raising her eyes to me with a look such as I hope never to behold again, she asked if Charley was dead? I answered in the affirmative: She sank upon the floor and burst into tears, the first she had shed since her wedding day. We raised her up and carried her to the coffin, she kissed the forehead of her darling boy, then motioned to be carried from the room. On the day of the burial she re-

quested that the coffin might be carried to her room before the services commenced. We complied, and suffered it to remain there until it was time that it should be carried away to its last resting place. Calmly she saw it removed, then sank upon the bed. For three weeks I was with her constantly; during that time she ever seemed less an inhabitant of earth than spirit. She complained not, she murmured not, but I noticed that whenever the name of her babe was called, her countenance, already pale as marble, grew more unearthly in its appearance. At the expiration of that time I was called to a distant country, and I know not whether that childless mother yet lives, or whether she has gone to meet her darling boy in that bright world where parting is unknown. But I can never think of that death bed without a shudder, nor of that unearthly countenance without a sigh of sympathy and the tribute of a tear to the memory of a mother's love.

Jews.—An Englishman, who has travelled through Palestine, in speaking of the fulfilment of the judgment predicted by the prophets, as now manifested by the miseries of the people, relates the following facts which he said he had on the highest authority:—The houses of Jerusalem belong to Turks. If a Jew wants a habitation, he must therefore have an oppressive hater for his landlord. The landlord has a right to demand a year's rent to be paid on taking possession; but yet he may eject the tenant at a short notice. The Mohammedan law sanctions the claim of an ejected tenant for the repayment of an adequate portion of the rent; but he must prove his case before the cadi. A Jew's testimony is not admissible. A Christian's is refused. No Turk will bear witness on behalf of a Jew. So, then, at any moment a Jew may be turned into the street: and, in addition to that calamity, must lose all the year's rent which he paid in advance. Moreover, if a Jew engage in any little trade, he hardly earns enough to sustain life. If he possesses anything beyond this, he is an object towards which rapacity glances its greedy and cruel eye. The poor Jews throughout Palestine derive all their sustenance, or nearly so, from contributions made by the richest Jews in various parts of Europe.