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GREEK PRIEST AND PILGRIM AT THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

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LET us make a morning pilgrimage from the house on the north wall of Jerusalem to the Holy Sepulchre. We must crowd past bakers with their little loaves, fruit men with oranges, pomegranates, and dates, women with big bundles of wood on their heads, little donkeys with heavy loads, huge camels with burdens of building stone. Rather difficult to crowd through all these in a street eight feet wide! At last we reach the Holy Sepulchre, and stand where we can see those who come to worship.

It seems as though you might see pilgrims from almost every nation in the world. There goes an Arab, there a Turk, there a Russian, a Syrian, an Italian, a German, a Greek. All crowd to Jerusalem, many to the Holy Sepulchre. I have seen on a Mediterranean steamer fifty Russians who had walked from central Russia to Smyrna on their way to Jerusalem. One night at Hebron a company of Mohammedan pilgrims arrived. They had just walked from Jerusalem. Some were so completely exhausted by the journey that they fell to the ground.

The Jerusalem pilgrims buy crosses, crucifixes, beads, etc., to take home with them. There is now a law that all pilgrims entering Joppa shall leave a deposit, so that they will have sufficient money to pay steamer fare home; otherwise they would spend every cent for these worthless trinkets.

Stand here near the door, and watch the pilgrims enter. There comes a feeble old woman. She humbly kneels on the hard pavement and kisses it. She goes all about the building, kissing each stone in the wall, then totters away satisfied. Many, both old and young, come in and kneel before the altar, like the one seen in the picture, and remain there for hours at a time. Scores of people enter, kneel, and kiss the marble slab said to be the one upon which Christ was laid when anointed by Nicodemus. Watch that intelligent young man! The stone yonder at which he is looking he is told is the one to which Christ was bound when scourged. He falls upon his knees, rises and pushes his stick between the bars by which the stone is protected, touches the stone, and then kisses the stick.

Blind superstition! How well if such humble adoration were given the spiritual Saviour of the world! How much better to show our love for the Saviour by keeping his commandments!

"I'm going to call my baby Charles," said the author, "after Lamb, because he is such a dear little lamb." "Oh, I'd call him William Dean," said the friend; "he Howells so much."

THE BEST HOTEL IN TOWN.

"Esq. PRINCETON from Ohio is stopping at the Blank House," said Mr. Nims, glancing up from the list of hotel arrivals in the morning paper he had purchased on the train.

"Shall we have time to call upon him?" asked Mrs. Nims. "It will be pleasant to meet him again."

"Lucky we happened in town to-day, we will try it." And an hour later they were shown to his apartments in the best hotel in the city.

"You have comfortable and luxurious quarters here, and they are very easy of

and to keep him in his room. As I ran to his assistance he said:

"I beg of you, sir, to let no one in the house know of my poor chum's condition. We have been playing billiards; he has been drinking hard here for a couple of days and nights, and has brought himself, as you see, to a terrible state."

"We soon had the young fellow quiet on the bed, and as I looked in his face, what was my astonishment, on a closer observation, to discover that he was the son of my old friend and neighbour at home, Judge A—. You know the family, Mrs. Nims."

"Certainly, I have heard that his

"As I sat in that luxurious room gazing into the pale, haggard face of that darling son of my friend, as he lay upon the bed moaning and tossing his arms at intervals in his feverish sleep, and heard from the lips of his faithful and conscientious friend and chum, who had never been his companion in evil, the dreadful account of how scores of young men, students and others, were being ruined body and soul while on their nightly visits to this as well as to other so-called first-class hotels in the city, I resolutely said to myself, 'As for me, I will no longer countenance this dreadful sin in any direction whatever. I will never again contribute my money or influence to the support of a hotel where, from the very "respectable" bar below, to the rooms in the topmost story, the glasses jingle in which the viper lies coiled, ready to fasten its fangs into the very soul of rich and poor, high and low, young and old alike.'"

"I am more and more led to see," said Mr. Nims, "that there is a manifest and very urgent duty in regard to this matter to be followed by the Christian public. The inconsistency of our so-called best people in regard to this matter is something astonishing."

"It is so, indeed," replied the gentleman from Ohio. "Ministers as well as the laity, from the most eminent to the lowest, should not only rigidly refrain from upholding the damnable sin of rum-selling personally, but strive by every means in their power to so mould the sentiments and practice of the travelling religious public in this direction that it would no sooner think of helping support a rum establishment under whatever guise than a counterfeiting den or a fero bank."

"It is strange to me," said Mrs. Nims, "why many people when they travel insist on having things so much more luxurious than they are accustomed to at home. The modest temperance hotel, the clean lodging-house, the respectable restaurant will not satisfy them. They seem to forget that a petty annoyance is of little account by the side of principle, consistency and genuine love for the Master and his teaching."

"That is so," said Esq. Princeton; "we have all need to pray with the Psalmist: 'Lead me to the land of uprightness.'—*Boston Christian Safeguard.*"

A LITTLE girl, having been reproached with disobedience and breaking the commandments of God, sighed and said to her mother, "Oh, mamma, those commandments break awfully easy!" And it is easy for us to sin. If we want to resist sin, we must ask the strong God to help us to overcome evil with good.

An orator at one of the University Unions bore off the palm of merit when he declared that "the British lion, whether it is roaming the deserts of India or climbing the forests of Canada, will not draw in its horns nor retire into its shell.



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access," said Mr. Nims, after the first surprised and cordial greetings.

An earnest, serious look passed over Esq. Princeton's face as he replied.

"Yes, I am very well cared for here, but I have made up my mind to quit the abominable rum hole before the sun goes down."

"Rum hole!" repeated the gentleman and lady in surprise. "What can you mean by calling the Blank House a rum hole? and why do you propose to depart from it so hastily?"

"I will tell you," replied the gentleman. "Last evening as I was turning the key in the lock of my door, on the way to supper, the door of the room directly opposite mine, in the long corridor, swung back, disclosing two young men, apparently fighting. One of them looked like a maniac, and was shrieking wildly, and I was soon convinced that his companion was endeavouring to get him under control

oldest son was in the sophomore class of B— College."

"This was the boy, and this meeting was a sad contrast to the friendly call I had planned to make upon him at his father's request. I have some knowledge of medicine, and hastily preparing a quieting draught I administered it with some difficulty, and he was soon quietly sleeping off the effects of his long debauch."

"I did not need to be told by his chum that he had come from his home and entered this world-famous college a purr-minded, frank-hearted temperance boy—all that I knew from personal acquaintance."

"Now I had heard the sad story of his being gradually enticed to visit this hotel in company with some of his classmates, at first to play billiards, then to play billiards and to drink, and then, when the brain was fired and consequently the reason and conscience dethroned, to rush to vile resorts."