

AN AMERICAN IN JERUSALEM.

Near St. Stephen's Gate, is pointed out a mosque, where it is said the Virgin Mary was born, and without the Gate is the spot where St. Stephens was stoned by the Jews, not far distant from the cistern into which his body was afterwards thrown. After examining these localities with much interest, I passed outside of the walls to the Damascus Gate, which presents the most perfect and beautiful specimens of Syrian architecture any where to be found.

Leaving the Gate, I walked through the Via Dolorosa, and from thence to the walking-place of the Jews, on Mount Moriah. This is esteemed by the Hebrews the most sacred place within the limits of Jerusalem, on account of its vicinity to the "Holy of Holies." Here large numbers of them repair daily to wail and to pray; and on Fridays the number is much greater than on other days. They face the wall, which they believe to be a part of the original wall of the temple. On the day I visited the place, there were many assembled—both males and females—some were reading their prayers, in an undertone, while others were devotedly praying or reading their prayers aloud, exclaiming with broken sobs, "How long yet, oh Lord! oh, Lord, how long?" To me it was an impressive service, and I felt that their prayers were offered in the full belief that the Lord will appear to them, at no distant day, and restore this, their former home, to them and their descendants.

Not far from this holy place stands the celebrated Golden Gate of the temple, now closed, it having been blocked up by the Mussulmans, on account of the belief they entertain that at some future day, should they neglect this precaution, it will be entered by a king, who will not only take possession of the city, but will extend his reign over the whole earth.

I next visited what is called the Jews' quarter of the city, and was conducted through their various public edifices, including their synagogues. I was courteously shown by them everything which they thought deserving of particular notice. I received from them all marks of respect and kindness. They are a fine-looking set of people; and if the friend who accompanied me on this occasion had not informed me where I was, I should have had no difficulty in knowing

that I was in the Jewish section of the city; for they are, indeed, a peculiar people, and the same traits, both of feature and mind, are apparent in them all, whether they dwell in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America.

The inhabitants of Jerusalem, as I learn, have, without consultation among themselves, selected different parts of the city for their respective residences. The Christians reside chiefly west of the street leading from the Damascus to Zion's Gate. The Jews occupy the north-east side of Mount Zion, and the Turks every other part of the city.

Being in the neighbourhood of Zion's Gate, I was conducted to the spot occupied by those who are afflicted with that loathsome disease, the leprosy—a disease of which I had read and heard much, though I knew little of its real character, until my visit to this spot. The lepers usually range themselves in rows, and extend their hands to the passers-by, for alms. Their condition is so frightful that no one is disposed to remain long among them.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

I have often wished I could be useful in making children think more about being kind to all dumb animals. And many times have I longed to prevent the great cruelty of confining birds in small cages; and have sighed at the sight of such little prisoners; while I said to myself, "If every one felt as I do, they would never make prisoners of the beautiful creatures a kind Providence has given, for us to admire and enjoy abroad in the open air."

Would any of you like to be always shut up in a little room, only able to move from side to side in the space allotted? How cruel! you would say, for any one to serve you so. Therefore you should think and feel for these little creatures; and I can not suppose you would delight in punishing the animals God has made, if you were taught to think more, for we should be very tender to all dumb creatures. If we loved God, we should learn to be good, and then we should feel happy in trying to make everything happy around us. Kindness to animals is always spoken of as an amiable trait in a child's character; and I hope you will ever bear in mind that they can feel as well as you.

Remember there is an eye that constantly sees you, and takes an account of all you do; and your delight should be in loving to make others happy as well as yourselves. Once having known of a bird being starved to death is enough, or ought to be enough, to check others from liking to make prisoners of little birds.

I knew a family in which there were several children, and probably the cause of feeling their "Dakie" was not left to us only; but he was

found dead in his cage, and their grandfather told me, with a sad countenance, that the poor bird had died through neglect. I can not forget the horror that came over me on hearing it. I wish it might be told, to prevent the keeping of such prisoners, and causing such cruelty again.

Some time ago, I was much interested in the fondness evinced between a little boy and a cat. Puss was a favorite with all the family, and attached herself so much to him, that when he was poorly and confined to his chamber, puss would find her way up stairs, and lay herself on his bed, purring, and seeming so happy to be by him. If any one went into his room, she would conceal herself until the visitor had retired, and then creep out, that she might enjoy her young master's caresses; and when he walked out, she would follow him with his faithful dog, wherever he went about the home premises. Indeed, it was beautiful to see how his kindness to his pets was rewarded by their attachment and watchfulness. "Keeper" seemed to be a dog of no little intelligence, and a word to go or to stay was understood by him. Many a lesson, I thought, might be learned from this example of kindness, of love.

A little girl, in a very plain dress, was returning from school, when a coarse and savage-looking man came along, dragging a dog by a string. Sometimes he would twitch the string sharply, and then beat the poor dog, because he cried, and tried to get away.

"Please don't," said Mary; "please don't hurt poor doggy so."

"What is that to you?" growled the savage; "mind your own business, and keep out of my way."

"Why," said Mary, looking him calmly in his face, "don't you know that God sees you?"

The brute was very angry, but that calm, quiet look and fearless attitude were too much for him. He turned away, and went on growling; but he did not twitch the string nor beat the dog till he was quite out of Mary's sight.

How many a child has been won by gentleness and kindness, that would not yield by severe measures! And we often find it so in the treatment of animals. The dog, for instance, that barks in surprise on first meeting you, and with a stick held up to him, will grow very angry, but by speaking softly and kindly, and coaxing him, will often come and appear to be quite ready for a pat on his side: do you not recollect these lines?

"Be you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you," etc.

And also the verses:

"A man of feeling to his beast is kind,
But brutal actions mark a brutal mind," etc.

It is well to store the memory with such useful rhymes, as the saying of them to others may often cause them to think how beautiful is the law of kindness.

COACHING IT IN CHINA.

Perhaps the most illustrious personage that ever sat on the box was his Majesty the Emperor of China. George the Third selected a splendid carriage as a present for this monarch, and sent it by Lord