

proaches the city. The church bells, which are to a superstitious Jew almost a terror, sound in his ears. He cannot derive comfort from the thought that soothes the mind of a Christian pilgrim, that though yonder are great minarets whence the false teaching of Mahomet is proclaimed, yet those very domes are silent witnesses to the all-consoling truth—that Christ the Saviour has offered His one great sacrifice upon the very spot of earth now before his gaze; that in that “church of the resurrection” is preached, even amid much error, the blessed fact that the Saviour not only died but rose again that He might give remission of sins unto His people. Neither can the poor Israelite look forward as those may and do look forward with hope, who behold the Mount of Olives, as it stands gravely in the background before him, and who believe that as Jesus the Messiah went to heaven from that mountain, so will He ere long return in like manner thither as King of Israel.

To the Jewish pilgrim all is sad and dreary. He comes that he may die and be buried in holy ground; all else is uncertain before him. A stranger in his own promised inheritance, the utmost that he can hope is to be allowed to end his days in Jerusalem, and trust that in a future life, to which he looks forward with quenchless faith, the promises will be fulfilled to Israel.

MORAL POWER OF A BOY.

A LITTLE boy in Connecticut, of remarkably serious mind and habits, was ordinarily employed about a mechanic's shop, where nearly all the hands were addicted to the common use of intoxicating liquors. The lad had imbibed temperance principles, and though often invited could never be induced to partake with any of the shop's crew. Three or four of the harder drinkers in the shop resolved to force a dram of rum down his throat by some means. Seizing an opportunity when he was left alone in the shop