

Our Contributors.

CONCERNING THE PLEASURES OF HARD WORK.

BY KNONONIAN.

The holidays are over and thousands of people are returning, or have returned, to their daily duties. From the other side of the Atlantic, from the sea side and the lake side, from that paradise of summer tourists, Muskoka, and from a score of other resorts, people with brown hands, sunburnt faces and steady nerves are coming home by the carload. Summer holidays are a comparatively new thing in Canada, but they are a right good thing and people who have them should be thankful. Most people can do more and better work in eleven months than in twelve, provided they recreate in the twelfth. This is specially true of brain workers, and of that constantly growing class who have to earn their bread indoors. It is a great thing to get out for a week or two in the sunlight, and breathe the air as the Almighty has made it. More people are injured by foul air than by any other foul agent, except, perhaps, bad liquor. Did you ever notice the dread that some people seem to have of pure air. They fear a little draught as much as they fear cholera. If they opened their windows and doors and let in a cyclone it might not do them as much harm as the air they breathe every twenty-four hours. You can nearly always identify a doctor at table by the deliberation with which he eats, and you can identify his house by the fact that the upper windows are generally open for an hour or two in the forenoon. The doctor does not see any gain in bolting his dinner in five minutes if he has to spend twenty-four agonizing hours in digesting it, nor does he want to poison his family with air that has been used two or three times already. Why should anybody breathe the same air two or three times when there is plenty more outside that has never been taxed by the N. P. or the McKinley tariff. There are a few things even now that a family may have, free of all duty, and pure air is one of them.

But what has all this to do with the pleasures of hard work? A good deal. If a worker does not breathe pure air you may be sure his work will never be a pleasure, whether it is hard or easy. One of the main advantages of the right kind of a holiday is the amount of good air that a tourist takes into his constitution.

Assuming that the pleasures, though not the advantages, of the summer holidays are over, is there any more pleasure in store for us? Yes, the greatest of all pleasures may still be enjoyed, and that is the pleasure that comes from duty well done. When all has been said that can be said about the pleasures of the summer vacation, a great deal more may be said about the pleasures of work.

Just look at one point. A man who likes his calling can work at it forty or fifty years with a reasonable amount of enjoyment. What rational being with any brains or any purpose in life would want to take a holiday forty years long? We know of no more exquisitely delightful way to spend a warm holiday afternoon than to lie on a rock on the sea shore, listening to the music of the waves and watching them break on the shore. But who would care to lie on that rock for a lifetime?

Our good friend, the Rev. P. McF. McLeod, of Victoria, is fortunate enough to dwell in a fine house that fronts on the Pacific Ocean. Near his hospitable residence, and close down to the water's edge, there is a large pine log that we remember with gratitude and affection. On that log we used to sit and lounge and sniff the sea air, listen to the music of the waters, and look over towards China and Japan. An hour on that log on a summer afternoon with the genial bishop of St. Andrews Church to talk to, was worth a day on the best sofa we ever used, but positively we would not care to sit on that log for a twelvemonth. There are not many more delightful things than a sail among the Muskoka islands, but even those lovely islets would lose at least part of their charm in twenty years. We met a fine young fellow, a Presbyterian, and polite official of the C. P. R., on the Selkirks, who said he had crossed that range nearly every day for four years and saw some new beauty every trip. That was no doubt true, but he was an exceptional young man and the Selkirks are a very exceptional mountain range. The fact we want to illustrate is that the average man will soon tire of the average holiday. We have seen more weary, bored men at summer resorts than at any other place in the world of the same population. When a man of active habits and fairly good health gets rid of the tired feeling and has seen all the sights and has done his share of the boating and fishing and whatever else there is to be done or enjoyed or endured, he begins to think of packing his grip and going home. A month's rest will make any man that is not constitutionally lazy or in poor health desire to begin work.

Now look at the other side of the question. A man who likes his calling fairly well can work at it for forty years and like it just as well at the end of that time as he did at the beginning. Why? Because work, after all, brings real pleasure, while idleness after a time brings weariness. As a general rule the more difficult the work is the more pleasure there is in doing it when you know how. Easy work brings a small reward, more difficult work brings a greater reward, but the highest rewards generally come to the man who does the most difficult things well. There is a peculiar pleasure in doing something well that you know few other people can do

at all. The pleasure is greatly increased if you say nothing about it.

We often pity people who have to work hard. Sometimes they should be pitied, but as a rule the idlers are the proper objects of pity. The number of overworked people in any Canadian community is not large. For one man that is injured by overwork fifty are injured by worry, or by bad food, or bad air, or bad housekeeping, or bad whiskey.

There is no man so much to be envied as the man who takes his pleasure out of his work. He does not depend on his surroundings for a good time, and therefore never quarrels with his neighbours because they do not help him to enjoy himself. He does not look upon the eleven months of work as so much penitentiary and the holiday month as so much paradise. He enjoys his rest, of course, but enjoys it all the more because he enjoys his work, too.

Happy is the man who has himself so well under control that he can rest or work with equal pleasure. There are few men more to be pitied than the freeman who goes to his work with the feeling of a slave. That kind of a man is usually as unhappy and as useless as the woman who has a house to keep and hates to keep it.

THE JERUSALEM MISSION—RETROSPECTIVE AND PROSPECTIVE.

PART II.

And now to the work the Lord has given us to do in His Holy Hill of Zion among His ancient people, still "beloved for the fathers' sakes," though, alas! still in blindness, persecuted, a proverb and a by-word; but the day of their merciful visitation—the set time to favour Zion—cannot be far distant.

MRS. BEN OLIEL'S WORK.

And, first, I would speak of my devoted wife's invaluable assistance, for she is a true helpmeet. The granddaughter of a clergyman for fifty years labouring faithfully in the same parish, and known as the Methodist minister of Tytherley, in Hampshire; sister of two equally earnest evangelical clergy, the Revs. E. and H. Seeley, vicars, the first of the Martyr's Church, Leicester, and the second now at Clacton-on-Sea, and cousin of Professor Seeley, of *Ecce Homo* celebrity. She has from the time of our happy union in 1870, and all along, given herself heartily to helping me in mission work, whether among Roman Catholics in Spain or among my brethren in Algeria, Rome, Jaffa and Jerusalem, always ready to show hospitality and kindness to the poorest and most ragged Jews that visit me no less than to rabbis and those of the higher class in temporal things, to welcome Christian strangers cordially, to take an active share in all good works, and now acting as secretary in all correspondence with ladies, who so like and appreciate her letters that they send them round for perusal to friends and Ladies' Associations.

DAUGHTERS OF ZION.

We enrol our lady helpers as Daughters of Zion, and send them flower cards of membership, and when I state there are now 219 members, almost almost all United States ladies, it will be readily perceived that Mrs. Ben-Oliel's secretaryship is not a sinecure. In fact she generally sits up with me till near midnight to overtake correspondence.

THEIR DUTY—PRAYER.

We expect the Daughters of Zion to remember us and our work at the throne of grace, particularly on Saturdays, when so many Jews come and are listening to the message of redeeming love, and it is our privilege in return to invoke the divine blessing on them and their dear ones at the family altar nightly.

THE MOTHERS' SEWING MEETING.

The Jewesses are Mrs. Ben-Oliel's special charge, particularly the poor and needy. In Rome she organized a Ladies' Dorcas Society for the benefit of poor Jewish families. Here also she got up a similar society, till experience showed that it was best to start a Mothers' Sewing Weekly Meeting for poor widows, wives of blind men and those having two or more young children.

Some descriptions of her work have appeared in print, so that I can limit myself mainly to the statistical part of it. Regular, consecutive meetings were commenced on July 1, last year. There have been forty-two weekly meetings since, with a total attendance of 803 women—the children they bring with them are excluded from that total, which gives an average of over nineteen women per week. The meetings last two hours at least, frequently longer. Of course the Jewesses do not come to work during their religious festivals, which, as is well known, are frequent enough.

Suitable materials—cheap but durable prints and unbleached calico—are cut out carefully and economically, and given to them *gratis*, each according to their immediate need, and they work them at the meetings, generally for their children, but occasionally for themselves. We do not pay them for the work, as others do. During the meeting they are taught texts and hymns in Judeo-Spanish, and I go and address them on the text of the day or some subject within their capacity to grasp and comprehend, and thereafter they are treated to a cup of coffee and a roll of bread—they as well as their little ones.

They are remarkably well behaved—rather, I should say, they are kept in good order, are truly grateful, and now many of them are able to give correct, clear answers to questions on the vital concerns of the soul and the way of salvation.

HOMOPATHY.

Some of the poor women come ailing. We are homopaths, and we gladly minister medicine to the suffering and their children. Our stock is running short, and we should be glad and thankful if some kind friend would send a varied supply to replenish it.

RELIEF OF A SUFFERER.

Recently a poor Jewess told by her pale face and dejected looks that she was in great pain. Mrs. Ben-Oliel's enquiries elicited the fact the patient had suffered much from the allopathic doctors, with no benefit. She gave her medicine, and, by the blessing of God, her long-standing complaint has been relieved, and the poor creature is loud in her praise of the wonderful pilules!

MISS BEN OLIEL'S WORK.

Miss Ben-Oliel would assuredly protest against any description of her mission work were she aware of it. She has long visited poor Jewish families in their wretched homes once or twice weekly in company of a United States lady. Her knowledge of Italian, French, and a little Spanish and Arabic enabled her to speak words of comfort and solace to the poor and suffering, while her companion required an interpreter.

THE JEWISH GIRLS' CLASS.

Miss Ben-Oliel has had work at home with a class of Jewish girls, teaching them needle work, texts and hymns with an address by me at the close, coffee and rolls. She has had thirty-one weekly meetings, with an aggregate attendance of 274 girls—bringing with them also little sisters, who are not counted—giving an average of over nine per week, and we are sure they all love her and appreciate her devoted interest in their welfare; and so do the mothers also, for she assists dear mamma in her work amongst them.

THE Y. W. C. A.

I wrote recently to a religious periodical in England in reference to a most kind letter which appeared in its columns:—

"Miss Hope gives us more credit than we claim in the organization of the Young Women's Christian Association. True, the Association was born in this house during a visit to Jerusalem by Mr. and Mrs. Hind Smith. It began with seven members, including Mrs. and two Misses Ben-Oliel. True, the first anniversary was celebrated in this house also. There were then seventy-seven, and the number goes on increasing, and a third Miss Ben-Oliel has joined it. True also, Miss Ben-Oliel had been most desirous of starting something of the kind, and was maturing her plans when Mr. and Mrs. Hind Smith arrived and gave definite shape and form to her desires."

Nevertheless it is only just to add that the success of the Association at the outset, and all along, is due, under God, to the zeal and perseverance of Mrs. and the Misses Ben-Oliel and a few other kindred spirits.

The Y. W. C. A. is now a great power for good in Jerusalem, and heartily promoted by all.

TEMPERANCE.

Another praiseworthy institution—a novelty in this land and the first of its kind—has sprung up from the Y. W. C. A. and Miss Ben-Oliel's zeal, viz., a temperance, or blue ribbon, society, born also in this house, and, singularly, starting also with seven members. Alas! it is averred by the older residents that drunkenness is spreading in Jerusalem, even among the Moslems. All our dear children are zealous blue Ribbons, and seem really happy whenever they succeed in decorating converts with the insignia of teetotalism.

MISS BEN-OLIEL IN SWITZERLAND.

Florence, our eldest daughter, contracted what the doctors call the Jerusalem malaria, maybe through visiting the wretched dwellings of the poorest class among the Jews in all seasons and weathers. A short sojourn at Jaffa last year seemed to relieve the pain, but this spring she spent a month there without permanent benefit. Our kind friend, Miss Shearman, of Chicago, who passes the summer in her house in Switzerland, near Thun, has invited Florence, and we hope she is now safely there. She went in company of the German Consul and his wife. She, Miss Ben-Oliel, is so active and energetic, full of zeal and cheerfulness, the joy of the household.

EVANGELINE.

Our second daughter, Eva, is the mamma's right-hand in all domestic affairs—or Mrs. Ben-Oliel could not be my efficient secretary—and the assiduous, devoted, loving teacher of her little brothers and sisters.

OUR CHILDREN.

The kind and cheering letters from our helpers and co-workers in the United States and elsewhere, in which a generous, friendly interest is manifested in all that concerns us, assure me that they would like to know more of these young Christian sons and daughters of Abraham, the friend of God, and perhaps also pray for them on their natal days.

The Lord has blessed us with nine living, darling children, besides two He took to Himself in infancy. I give their names and birthdays:—

Florence Elizabeth, born at Cadiz, Spain, Aug. 25, 1871.

Evangeline Agnes, born at Cadiz, Spain, March 20, 1873.

Herbert Alfred, born at Oran, Algeria, Nov. 3, 1875.

Lily Anne, born at Oran, Algeria, May 3, 1877.

Daisy Ellen, born at Oran, Algeria, Jan. 4, 1880.