

coming, and all started to run away. But Hans' clumsy wooden shoes came off; the stubble, or short stumps of the grain stalks which had been left by the reapers, hurt his tender feet, so that he could not keep up with the others; and he found he must be caught. The rough owner of the field was very near, and could now almost reach him with his heavy whip; when Hans, whose hopeless case now filled him with new courage, stopped and turned, and, looking into the man's face, said:—"How dare you strike me, when God sees you?"

The anger of his pursuer was subdued at once. Instead of striking the boy, he gently stroked his cheeks, asked his name, and gave him some money. The truth, of which little Hans had reminded him when about to do a mean and cruel act, seemed to make him ashamed

of it at once, and to cause him to speak and act kindly.

How many wicked words and acts children as well as grown people might be kept from saying and doing, if they could at the right time be reminded, as that man was, of the presence of God! When you are tempted to speak harshly to your little brothers or sisters, or undutifully to your parents; when you are tempted to lie, cheat, steal, to speak a profane or naughty word—ask yourself "How dare I do this wicked thing when God can see me?"—*Mother's Magazine*

When we are parting with our friends, the best farewell is, to commend them to the Lord, and to leave them with Him. *Acts. xiv.*

## Memories of Palestine.

BY THE EDITOR.

### CHAPTER II.

#### LEAVING JERUSALEM.

The season is advancing, being now towards the end of April. The city is becoming very uncomfortable from its heat; and travellers in Jerusalem are preparing to set out for Galilee. We enter into a new engagement with Ibrahim Amaturi, an old pupil of the American Missionaries in Beyrout, who had been our guide through Egypt, to conduct us through the country at so much each per day (\$5), he supplying tents, horses, mules, servants, food, and *buckshesh*, which means *presents*, expected by everybody that did the least turn for us. But we find ourselves face to face with two formidable difficulties, which I mention to show the reader the sad state of Palestine as to law and order.

Our dragoman, Ibrahim aforesaid, hired excellent horses for the trip, and we were congratulating ourselves on riding spirited animals with some Arab blood, when word came that the Pasha of Jerusalem, setting out on a warlike expedition against one of the Arab tribes, south of Hebron, had seized our horses for the use of his army. Amid turmoil and confusion, with flags streaming and guns firing, the Turkish army, some of the officers riding our horses, marched out by the Bethlehem gate against the enemy. But what issued we never learned, for in that land there is no newspaper to tell people what happens.

We could find no fault with the Pasha, for he did what any General would do in the circumstances, but we sadly mused on the condition of the country that rendered his expedition and his