

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## The Mount of Olives.

(By Prof. Frederic S. Goodrich, M.A., in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

The first view of the Holy City is sublime. As the traveller approaches Jerusalem he sees the mountains all around it, and he says: 'As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about them that fear him.' One of these mountains whose name is most familiar and precious to the Christian heart, is the Mount of Olives.

Leave the city by St. Stephen's Gate, go down the hill and across the brook Kedron, and you are in the midst of scenes of inexpressible interest. At the time of the conspiracy of Absalom, David and his people, weeping with a loud voice, passed

scenes of the world's greatest sorrow and mystery.

Three roads lead over the mount from the north-east corner of the Garden of Gethsemane, the old Bethany road—the Hosanna road—being the one to the east. Various churches have been built upon spots believed to be sacred. One is the Church of the Paternoster, reputed to stand upon the place where Jesus taught his disciples the people's prayer. This prayer is inscribed upon the walls in thirty-two different languages. Another is the Church of the Ascension, believed to stand upon the spot whence Christ ascended. This, however, is not in harmony with the sacred narrative, which says: 'He led them out as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands and blessed them. And

land made sacred by the earthly life of the Master. Some of the missionary work which came under our notice made me a life-long believer in the value of mission work.

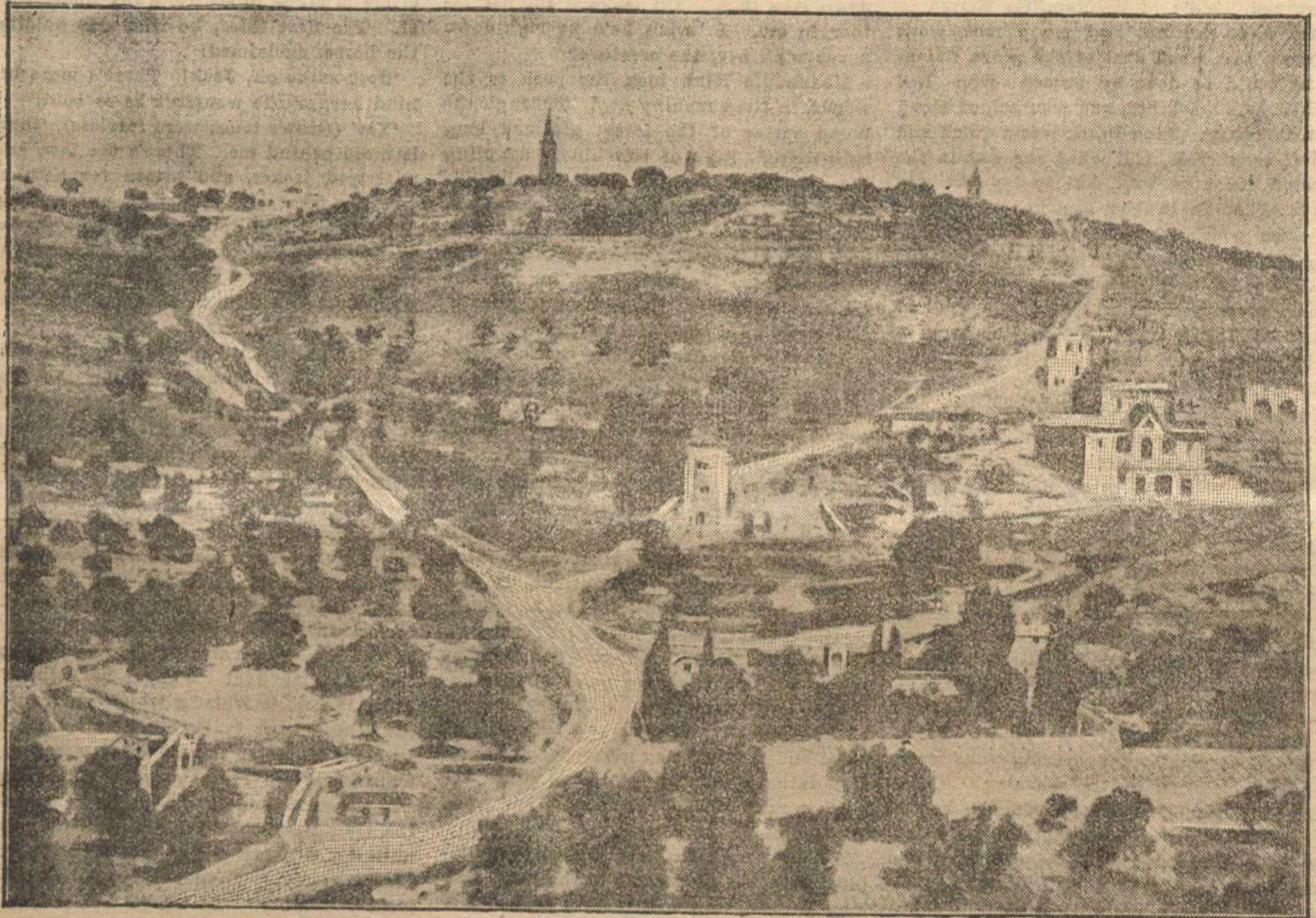
Lingering thus upon the Mount of Olives, one is led to feel with Whittier, that—

"Faith has yet its Olivet,  
And love its Galilee."

## Two Girls.

(Margaret E. Sangster, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

Nina Brock surveyed with a frown the pile of work to be finished before night. Stitching gloves for a living is monotonous work, and Nina was tired. She went



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over the Kedron, and 'went up by the ascent of Mount Olivet.' Over this roadway, too, passed frequently the Prince of Peace as he went about his Father's business, now retiring to the beloved home at Bethany, now performing miracles of healing, now speaking as never man spake; but always seeking the extension of the Kingdom. The soul thrills at the thought that here one may be walking in the very footsteps of the Messiah, but I am glad that we do not have to go to Palestine to walk in the footsteps of Jesus.

Near the base of the Mount of Olives lies the Garden of Gethsemane, surrounded by a high wall, and distinguished by the tall cypress trees—so different in appearance from the olives after which the mount is named. There are eight of the olive trees in the garden, rent by the ravages of the centuries; yet they 'still bring forth fruit in old age.' Sacred places in the garden are marked, but it is little that uncertain identifications can help amid the

it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven.'

Upon the summit of the mount there is a Russian tower, from which there is a view unlike anything else the world can afford. To the west is Jerusalem, with its slender minarets and swelling domes. To the east, but far below us, are the blue waters of the Jordan and the Dead Sea, and farther away rise the mountains, one of them that Nebo forever linked with the name of the great law-giver of Israel.

On Olivet we met a lady who, with her daughter, was beginning missionary work among the Bedouins, who are the descendants of Ishmael. She had started her orphan school by receiving that day a little Arab girl. One of our party prayed that this mission might be like the 'handful of corn in the earth, upon the top of the mountains, whose fruit shall shake like Lebanon.' There is something peculiarly attractive about missionary work in the

on with her task, feeling like a slave. It was a beautiful day out of doors, what with birds and bees, nasturtiums and sweet peas, and the perfumed breeze fanned her hot face. How the outdoor life beckoned! Nina felt it calling her from the kitchen and the drudgery and the needle. She hated the pile of gloves and thrust her needle into them savagely. Spending her summer morning in this weary work was hard when she was all worn out.

Round the corner of the road came a low pony phaeton, and in it a vision of loveliness and freedom, was a girl about Nina's age, in a white frock and a sailor hat, a girl who flashed a bright smile at Nina in the window and waved her hand pleasantly as she passed swiftly out of sight. What there was to annoy Nina in that smile who can tell? Hidden away in the nooks and corners of the mind there are many lurking seeds of evil ready to spring into active life on provocation.