

THE GOLDEN GATE.

The visitor at Jerusalem who starts at the north-east angle of the Temple area, and proceeds eastward, will have the Temple on his right hand and the Kedron and the Mount of Olives on his left. He will soon come to the Golden Gate pictured in our illustration. It is a remarkable double gateway, the date and purpose of which are unknown. It has been supposed by some to be the Beautiful Gate at which the lame man sat begging. Good authorities, however, judge from its style of architecture that it can hardly be older than the age of Constantine. It is now walled up, in consequence of a Mohammedan tradition that the Christians will again take possession of Jerusalem, and that their King will enter victoriously through this gate. Another tradition is that the last judgment will take place in the valley of Jehoshaphat, or of Kedron, just below this position, and that Mohammed will stand upon one of the projecting pillars over the entrance and Issa—their name for Jesus—on the Mount of Olives opposite, and together judge the world.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

FOUR MURDERERS.

In a village in India four heads of families were baptized by Padre Ware, a missionary. Their names were Nihal, Tara Chund, Chanda Lal, and Lala. The missionary left to preach in other villages.

After an absence of six months Padre Ware returned to the village, hoping to find the four Christians firm in the faith, and glorifying by their holy lives the Saviour whom they had promised to serve. Alas! great was the sorrow of Padre Ware to find that Satan had sown the seeds of discord and hatred amongst the little band who should have loved one another, even as Christ had loved them. Nihal had a quarrel with Tara Chund about a bit of land; Chanda Lal's wife had said bitter things against Lala's. None of the four would speak with his neighbor. Even the coming of Padre Ware was a fresh cause of bitterness. Each one of the four men asked the missionary to abide in his house; the Englishman could not go to one without offending the other three. Where Padre Ware had hoped to find love and peace and

joy he found anger, hatred and strife.

Under the shade of a banyan tree sat Padre Ware, with his Bible in his hand; and thither, to meet him, came Nihal, Tara Chund, Chanda Lal, and Lala—but they sat on the ground as far apart as they could from each other. Many of the villagers stood at a little distance to see the missionary, and listen to his words; but none of these villagers wished to become Christians, for they said amongst themselves: "Padre Ware, when he was here before, told us that God is love, and Christ's religion a religion of love; but behold these men who have been baptized, they will not as much as eat to-

gether!" Padre Ware looked sadly upon the four converts who were thus bringing dishonor on the name of Christians. For a few moments he lifted up his heart in prayer for them, and then he spoke aloud: "It is the desire of my heart that all may be peace and love between you. Nihal is the oldest among you; let us all go to his house, and take a meal together, in token that all again are friends."

years a missionary. I have gone in and out amongst the people; I have never refused to go to the house of him who invited me, nor to eat with any who was willing to eat with me. Only once was I in great difficulty; I went to one village where several were ready indeed to receive me, but I knew that they were all murderers."

"All murderers!" exclaimed the astonished Christians. "That was an evil place indeed." "What was I to do?" asked Padre Ware. All the four answered with one breath: "Get out of that village as fast as you could."

Then Padre Ware opened his Bible, and slowly read: "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer, and ye know that no mur-

derer, offered his hookah; and Tara Chund accepted it with a smile. The four Christians embraced one another; and before the evening closed in, those who had been bitter enemies ate together as friends and brethren in Christ.—*A. L. O. E., in The Gospel in All Lands.*

KINDNESS IS BETTER THAN BLOWS.

Once, as I was walking along the street in a large city, I saw a horse pulling a cart up a rising ground. The cart was filled with a heavy load of barrels and boxes; and, as the day was hot, the poor horse was having rather a hard time.

At last he stood still and refused to move. A crowd of men and boys soon gathered round. The driver whipped the horse hard; but the horse would not move. Some men put their shoulders to the wheels of the cart, and pushed it on a little way; but the horse would not help them, and one of the wheels came near to hitting a plate-glass window of a bookseller's shop.

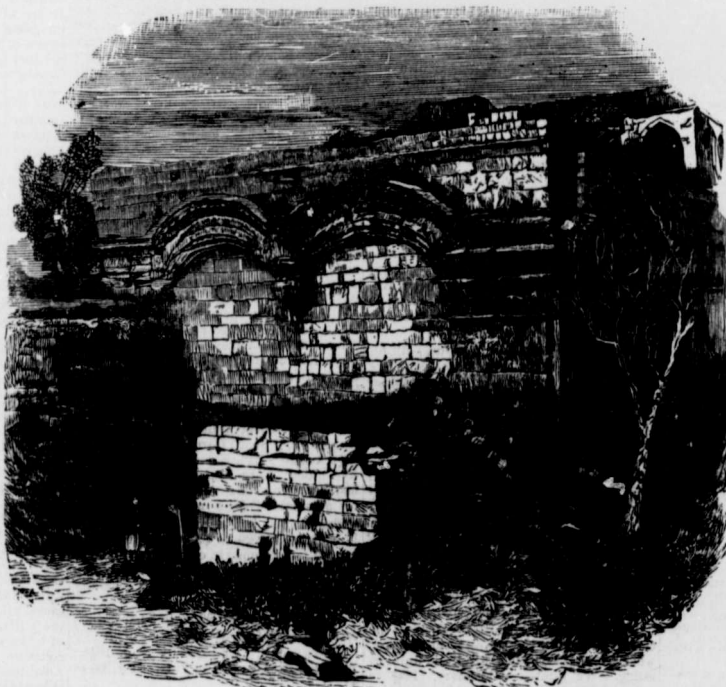
The bookseller looked out, and said to himself, "that horse would do well enough if he were only treated kindly; but he has lost his temper, and the driver has lost his temper too. I will show them what a little kindness can do."

Then the bookseller took from the drawer a fine, large, rosy-cheeked apple; and going out into the street he patted the horse on the head, and spoke kind words to him. Then showing him the apple, he said, "Come, old fellow: be good now, and do your best, and you shall have this apple."

The horse was so pleased that he started on with his load, and went up the hill with it as if it were no weight at all. The bookseller stood at his head, holding out the apple; and when they had got on the level, easy ground, patted him kindly, and gave him the apple. When you have difficulty with man or beast, don't use the whip, but "show the apple."—*Ex.*

SAMSON got his honey out of the very lion that roared against him. The Christian often gets his best blessing out of his greatest seeming calamities.

The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.—*Carlyle.*



THE GOLDEN GATE AT JERUSALEM.

derer hath eternal life abiding in him." There was a great silence, and then the missionary went on: "O my friends! ye know that God hath commanded, 'Thou shalt not kill;' and His Word hath shown us that this command reaches even to the thoughts of the heart. Ye call yourselves servants of that Saviour who loved His enemies, prayed for his enemies, died for his enemies; but oh! remember that they who come to Him for pardon and life must also follow Him in holiness and love—for is it not written in the Scripture of truth, 'If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his?' (Rom. 8: 9.)

Again there was a deep silence. Then Nihal arose from the ground, and going up to Tara

Chund, said Padre Ware to the four: "I have been for twelve

years a missionary. I have gone in and out amongst the people; I have never refused to go to the house of him who invited me, nor to eat with any who was willing to eat with me. Only once was I in great difficulty; I went to one village where several were ready indeed to receive me, but I knew that they were all murderers."