

the chamber where Mrs. White sat writing letters. "Lillie couldn't help it, mamma."

"And what is the matter with my little girl this time?" Laying by her pen when she had written the sentence out, she extended a hand to the little girl, adding, "You haven't got another thistle in your finger, have you?"

"No, mamma, my finger is almost well, but something keeps stinging in my bosom. You needn't take off my dress mamma: you couldn't see it—it's deep. I know what it is—it's naughty, wicked hate. I hate Genia Marsh; she's never good to any of us. But her aunt in New York sends her the prettiest things! Now she has sent a blue dress, and a doll all dressed in white and pink. She brought 'em to me, and she said, 'You can't have such

pretty things, Lillie White.' Then the hate stung me harder than the thistle a little while ago. Won't you take this out, too, mamma?"

"Only Jesus can take out a sting like that," said Lillie's mother very gently, her arm about her darling. "Go directly to your chamber, dear, and kneel down and tell the dear Jesus all your trouble, and ask him for just the help you need."

The little girl slipped from her embrace and left the room. A little while after she was seen walking in the garden talking to her poor, soiled dolly, and kissing its face as lovingly as Genia Marsh could have kissed her brand new one. By-and-by she raised her bright and smiling face to the window, and seeing her mother looking down called out, "The thistle is gone."

A Fortnight in Galilee.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER IV.

OUR GUARD THROUGH GALILEE.

It is a very unsafe country for the traveller between Nazareth and the sea of Galilee. "This evening," write Bonar and McCheyne, in 1839, "we heard that a party of Bedouins had come down upon the little village of Mijdel, on the border of the Lake of Galilee, and plundered the villagers of all their goods and cattle." Such things are constantly occurring, which makes it advisable for travellers (especially if there are suspicions of any Bedouins being abroad) to secure the protection of a soldier or two for the journey. It was our lot to secure the protection of an officer in a squadron of irregular Turkish cavalry, who resides in Nazareth. We were struck with his splendid figure, manly bear-

ing, courteous manners, and especially, with his intelligent looks and talk. On enquiry of our dragoman, I was told that this was the Mohammed who accompanied De Saulcy in his adventurous journey round the Dead Sea, in 1850-1, and of whom he says, "I have enlisted a fine brave fellow, an Arab by birth. . . . He knows every corner of the country we propose to traverse, speaks Arabic with perfect purity, and I sometimes ask myself when chatting with him, whether I am talking to a soldier or a scholar." It was not long when Mohammed gave proof of his courage and fidelity. Travelling in the dark towards Samaria, De Saulcy's company was about being attacked by a band of robbers, when the quick eye of the soldier discovered one of the band stealthily approaching. He cries "Aich ente?"