

# FAITHFUL WORDS FOR OLD AND YOUNG VOLUME 16

by H.F. Witherby

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*A collection of articles and writings by H.F. Witherby from Faithful Words for Old and Young Volume 16, covering various biblical topics and Christian teaching.*

163 Chapters

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## Faithful Words for Old and Young Volume 16

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## Prefatory Note

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THE closing year calls us to the pleasing task of once more sending out our volume, which, with its plain speaking, we ask our readers to accept in all good will. The truth should ever be plainly, while lovingly, spoken, and to hide eternal realities from the mind is both false and cruel. The Bible is the book of truth; therein lies open the record of eternal things which the infidelity of our day seeks to hide from men's hearts. We have endeavored, and shall continue to endeavor, to speak in the plainest speech of heaven and of hell, of the immortality of men's souls, and of eternal salvation in Christ, and in Christ alone; and whilst so doing we look for the co-operation of Christian friends who value the gospel of God as of priceless worth.

Let us remind our readers that this year, as heretofore, the stories related in our Magazine are perfectly true. The greater number came under the personal observation of those by whom they were written. We are necessitated to make this remark, as enquiries come to us at times from persons, who believe not in conversion to God nor in answer to prayer, challenging the veracity of some of our papers.

To our numerous correspondents, who have so kindly and patiently continued to help us, we tender our most grateful thanks, and while so doing, would press upon them the continued need of our paper month by month. There is no dearth in our day of gracious incidents of conversion to God, or of God's answering of prayer, and we trust that our Christian friends who are favored with such testimonies will not forget to record them for the benefit of the readers of FAITHFUL WORDS. We have ample evidence of the lasting good that such testimonies effect in lives, once lived for self and the world, now spent in the service of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour.

One who helped us with many a paper has been called to his rest this year. He often told us that, laid aside as he was from active. ministry in the vineyard, it was solace to him upon his couch of suffering to pen a few lines in the exaltation of Christ, and to send them abroad through these pages. Sure we may be that in the day that is coming every opportunity which God gave us here, and which we used, will be remembered with joy and thanksgiving.

We would especially ask our friends and helpers to induce their poorer neighbors in the village or the neglected street to become subscribers, and to take in the Magazine for themselves. Long experience shows that no one begrudges its monthly cost, and that what persons procure for themselves is valued far more than what is given or lent to them.

## An Old Man's Blessing

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MORE than two hundred years ago, there lived in the north of England a little girl, who, being sole heiress of her grandfather, a very wealthy gentleman, was far more indulged than little girls should be. Sir Richard Cradock felt he could not do enough for this one hope of his ancient house, and spoiled his granddaughter to the last degree, never refusing her anything. It is not to be wondered at that, being left thoroughly untrained, Dorothy, at six years of age, though naturally a child of generous impulses, was intensely willful, domineering, and passionate. She would not brook the slightest contradiction, and one day, being denied some pleasure on which she had set her heart, ran a knife into her arm in revenge, and so seriously injured herself as to imperil her life. From that hour her power over her grandfather was unlimited—no whim of hers was too capricious to be ungratified.

Perhaps my readers will think what a weak, foolish man Sir Richard Cradock must have been to yield so completely to a little child. And indeed it seems so, as far as his granddaughter was concerned, but there was strength enough in his character too, and alas! for his own sake and for the little one in his charge, all that strength was turned against the God who had given it. He was a violent hater of the followers of Christ, especially of any who, for conscience' sake, had had, to separate from the established religion of the land. To persecute and oppress such, he used all the power that his position as a justice of the peace gave him.

Shortly before the time that my story begins, John Rogers, the venerable, godly minister of the neighboring parish of Croglin, had been ejected from his church for faithfulness to Christ. Though silenced by man, this true servant of the Lord looked above to a higher authority, and, in His name, still preached the glad tidings of the grace of God, wherever and whenever his Master gave him opportunity, regardless of the perils of such a course. Very soon this drew upon him Sir Richard's deepest enmity, who determined to silence the faithful voice which troubled his conscience, though he heard it not. Having discovered where Mr. Rogers was next expected to preach, he sent two spies to bring him the names of any whom they recognized at the meeting. These he forthwith summoned into his presence, along with the aged minister. Knowing that they had the worst to fear from this bitter enemy of the truth, they obeyed tremblingly.

As, in deep anxiety, they awaited the magistrate's appearance in the large hall, the troubled reflections of Mr. Rogers were pleasingly distracted by the entrance of the pretty little granddaughter of the owner of the mansion. Dorothy came tripping gaily in, and gladly responded to some overtures of friendship made her by the venerable minister, who was very fond of children. He took her lovingly in his arms, and seating her on his knee, told her the sweet story of the Good Shepherd, who laid down His life for the sheep, and invited her to become one of His little lambs. Thus, pleasantly engaged, the dear old man had almost forgotten the sorrowful occasion that had brought him there, when his tale was interrupted by the arrival of a messenger from Sir Richard, to inform him and his friends that, in consequence of the illness of one of the witnesses, the inquiry into their case must be postponed to a later date.

On the appointed day, the little band of Christians again appeared at the magistrate's house, and, after a very short trial, were found guilty, and condemned to imprisonment. As, with sad hearts, they waited while Sir Richard withdrew to write the order which was to deprive all of liberty, and to close the mouth of the faithful preacher, Mr. Rogers again thought of his little friend. It was not long before Dorothy came bounding in, and flinging her arms affectionately about his neck, expressed her delight at seeing him. As she sat on his knee, sucking some sweets he had brought her, she asked inquiringly why he had come.

"I believe, my dear," he replied, "that your grandpapa is going to send me and my friends to jail."

"To jail!" she exclaimed; "why, what have you done?"

"I have done nothing but preach Christ, and my friends have done nothing but listen to me."

"Grandpapa shan't send you to jail," she replied passionately; "indeed, he shan't."

"But he is going to do so, my dear child. At this moment, I believe he is writing the order for our imprisonment."

Without another word, Dorothy dashed from the hall, and flew upstairs to her grandfather's study. With violent kicks, and blows from head, heels, and fists at once, mingled with piercing screams, the willful little damsel attacked his locked door, until Sir Richard was driven, very unwillingly, to admit his tiny assailant.

"What are you going to do with my dear, good, old gentleman, who is down in the hall?" she demanded, peremptorily.

"That is nothing to you, little one," replied he. "Run away, there's a good child."

"But I won't run away, for he tells ME you are going to send him and his friends to jail;" and, bursting into passionate tears, Dorothy added, "if you do, I'll drown myself in the pond, as soon as they are gone; I will, indeed."

Past experience had taught Sir Richard that this was no idle threat of his grandchild; knowing she would certainly carry out her intention, he was reduced to giving in with the best grace he could. Carrying the order he had just written in one hand, and leading the excited little Dorothy by the other, he walked down to the hall, where Mr. Rogers and his friends prayerfully awaited him.

"I had made out your mittimus to send you all to jail," he said, "as you too well deserve; but, at my grandchild's request, I now drop the prosecution, and set you all at liberty."

As the others, overcome with grateful surprise, bowed their thanks, the venerable, aged minister went up to the little girl, and laying his hand lovingly on her fair, young head, raised his eyes to heaven; "May God bless you, my dear child," he said, slowly and impressively. "May the blessing of that God, whose cause you did now plead, though as yet you know Him not, be upon you, in life—at death—and to all eternity."

Before Dorothy had sufficiently recovered from the solemn effect of the dear old saint's blessing to utter a word, he had passed out with his companions, never to cross her path again in this world.

Years rolled by, and the wayward child had grown up to be a no less willful maiden, before whom, in the full bloom of youth, the world opened very fair. Beautiful and very rich, being now possessor of her grandfather's large estate and fortune, Dorothy was flattered and admired by all. Her life was spent in a whirl of constant gaiety, and worldly amusements; but, while outwardly she was the givest of the gay, there was a weary void in her heart—an increasing sense of dissatisfaction with herself and with all around her—an aching desire for something better. Through all the round of diversions, in which her life was spent, the memory of one incident in her childhood followed her; never did she quite lose the impression made on her childish mind the day the aged christian had placed his hand on her head, and had called down God's blessing on her. With all her apparent carelessness, she longed, from the depths of her soul, that that prayer might be yet answered.

A slight illness at length, for a time, interrupted Dorothy's life of pleasure-seeking. Nervous about herself, and more unhappy in her mind than ever, she sent for a doctor, who, through God's mercy to her, proved to be a true child of God. On inquiring what was amiss with her, she replied, "I do not ail much as to my body, doctor, but I have an uneasy mind that I cannot get rid of."

"Truly, madam," said he, "I was the same, until I met with a certain book, and that cured me."

"Book!" she exclaimed; "I get all the books I can lay my hands on; all the plays, novels, romances, I hear of; but, after I have read them, my uneasiness is the same."

"That may be," answered the doctor, "and I do not wonder at it. But as to this book I speak of, I can say of it, what I can say of no other I ever read, that I never tire in reading it, but begin to read it again, as if I had never read it before, and I always see something new in it."

"Pray, doctor," asked Dorothy, "what book is that?"

"Nay; that is a secret I do not tell everyone."

"But could I not get a sight of that book?" she inquired.

"Yes," he answered, "if you will speak me fair, I will help you to a sight of it."

"Pray then get it me, doctor, and I will give you anything you please."

"If you will promise me one thing, I will bring it you; and that is, that you will read it carefully, and that if you should not see much in it at first, then you will give it a second reading."

Delighted at the thought of obtaining this wonderful book, which could soothe her mind, Dorothy readily gave the required promise. However, the doctor, not fully trusting her, paid two or three visits without producing it, greatly to his patient's disappointment. At length, one day, thinking he had sufficiently aroused both her curiosity and interest, he drew from his pocket a copy of the New Testament, which he reverently placed in her hand.

"Bah!" exclaimed Dorothy, contemptuously; "why, I could get that at any time!"

"So you could, young lady, but remember that I have your solemn promise to read carefully."

"Well," said she, "though I have never read it before, I will give it a reading."

Dorothy at once began its perusal, and her attention was before long riveted by God's word. She proved, as the doctor had told her, that there was something in it of eternal importance to her; but, far from giving her peace, it deeply increased her soul-trouble.

With recovered health she went to London, and tried by a fresh round of fashionable so called pleasures to throw off the gloom that hung like a heavy cloud upon her heart. But all in vain: this world failed, as ever, to satisfy the deep aspirations of a soul that was thirsting after God. And now He, who had before drawn near to her in loving mercy, aroused her afresh to seek the Saviour, in whom alone is life and peace. The manner in which He worked to affect His purposes of grace for this wandering sheep, whom He had lovingly sought, is so marvelous, that we might be almost ready to think it but a cunningly devised fable, had not the narrative been received from her own lips, in later years, by Mr. Timothy Rogers, the pious son of the aged saint who had blessed her in her childhood. Truly we are compelled to own that God's ways are more wonderful than anything that we could imagine, or read in fiction.

One Saturday night, Dorothy had a very vivid dream. She was in a meeting, in a strange place, listening to an address from one whom she had never seen, on the words, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." Awaking, nothing remained to her of the sermon but the text; the person of the preacher, and the meeting-room were, however, with intense distinctness still before her eyes. The impression left on her mind was so strong, that she told it to her lady-companion next morning at breakfast, adding that she was bent on going at once in search of the place, and was determined not to give in until she found it, even if she had to seek from one end of London to the other.

The two ladies sallied forth at once, entering each church and chapel that they passed, but only to leave again, as Dorothy would not linger in any place that did not exactly correspond to her dream. So the morning passed in fruitless search, and it was not until one o'clock had struck, and all the services were over, that they gave in. By this time they had reached the heart of the City, where Dorothy proposed that they should dine, and so be ready to resume the quest as soon as the afternoon services began.

After a short rest, nothing daunted, she again set forth with her companion. An hour later they entered a meeting-house in the Old Jewry. At the doorway Dorothy exclaimed in delighted surprise, "Here it is at last! This is the very place I saw in my dream!" As the preacher took his stand at the reading desk, she added in an amazed whisper, "This is the very man of my dream, and now, if all hold true, he will speak on Psalms 116:7."

Very fervently Dorothy joined in the prayer for blessing on the hearers, and then eagerly listened for the text. Sweetly the gracious invitation fell on her ear, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." Dorothy almost held her breath in the intensity of feeling with which she now hung on the lips of the preacher, while he spoke of that rest which the Saviour so freely offers to the heavy laden, and invited any stricken ones there to find it there and then in Him. As she listened, peace, like a river, flowed into her thirsting soul, and her weary heart found rest on the Saviour's bosom.

Dorothy was saved—not only rescued from wrath and judgment, but saved to be for Christ in an evil day, when the path of discipleship was a more dangerous one than now, and that of

separation less frequently taken. The whole energy of her strong character was from this moment at the Lord's disposal; the determination of will, that had stamped her early days, being now bent to His, did good service in bringing her out the more boldly on the Lord's side, whose will from henceforth she delighted to do. Having found her own company, she readily abandoned a world that had utterly failed her in her day of sorest need, and wholly cast in her lot with the despised little flock, only valuing what she possessed of this world's goods, in so far as she could cast them at her Saviour's feet.

The blessing of the Lord which maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow therewith, was now fully hers; that blessing invoked upon her childish head by the man of God, "in life■at death—and TO ALL ETERNITY." D. &A. C.

## Love Never Dies

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UPON the ancient tower of the old Cornish church of Buryan is the following inscription. :■

In memory of Thomas Williams, who departed this life May the 30, 1795, in the 86th year of his age.

Sleep Here A While,

Thou DEAREST part of Me;

In Little Time

I'll Come and Sleep With Thee.

Likewise of Mary his wife, who died Nov. 16, 1796, aged 75.

What a volume of human love lies enshrined in these few touching words! Almost a hundred years has the grave held in its silence the dust of the venerable pair who came to its chamber in their ripe old age. Their remembrance has perhaps faded from the earth, but the love of their souls still whispers from the tablet in the ancient church tower.

As we read and re-read the simple story of two lives long since passed away from time, the pleasant memories of beloved ones filled our hearts, for love is evergreen, and the grave cannot hold it, nor can death destroy it. The grave may for its season contain man's dust, but man's soul is immortal. And standing on the sacred spot—sacred indeed in the presence of those affections which God has implanted in our hearts—■we could but anticipate the resurrection day.

How many a mother's heart holds her child as "Thou dearest part of me!" How many a reader of this page lives, and is ready to die, for the one who is dearer than himself or herself! Think, then, of the resurrection day, for the sleep of death shall be broken by the trump of God, and the loved and longed for in this life on earth shall arise to the eternal state. What! shall it be to everlasting reunion, or to endless separation?

Reader, are you bound up together in the bundle of life with your best and dearest on this earth, never to be separated through eternity? How shall it be after this poor life is over? Shall husband and wife, child and parent, brother and sister, having awaked out of the sleep of death, and having risen from the grave, meet in the home above?

This is a New Year's question, for, before twelve months have gone over our heads, many of us shall have passed out of this life to sleep in the dust until the awakening day.

## The Danger of Delay

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AN aged person, now in her eighty-third year, who has a good memory and clear intellect, gives the following account of the way in which she received her first serious impressions. When she was sixteen she went to a chapel, and heard the minister preach from the parable of the ten virgins, as recorded in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew's gospel. Towards the close of his discourse, he said he had heard of a young man who was very ill, and that he had called at his house to see him, but that admission had been refused. A few days after, the minister was sent for to see this very man. He willingly obeyed the summons, and on entering the chamber was greeted by these startling words, "Friend Batty, give me some of your oil, for my lamp has gone out."

He replied, "Go ye to them that sell and buy for yourself." Immediately after the sick man ruptured a blood-vessel, and died.

This incident was mentioned by the mister to show his hearers the danger of delay, and is written now, after the lapse of nearly sixty years, in the hope that some reader may see how terrible a thing it is to trifle with God's offers of mercy through Christ: "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. 6:2.) H. L. T.

## I Should Think I Could

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THE father of a family had suddenly been laid low by a paralytic seizure. For several days he lay apparently taking little notice of his agonized wife or sorrowing children; only at intervals there seemed to be a glimmering of consciousness, while upon the fourth day there frequently escaped from his lips in these intervals a sigh or ejaculation. The only daughter stood by the bedside of him who was too evidently her dying father, her memory and imagination busy in recalling the entreaties and warnings of this same father, and the many prayers which had been offered for his children by the lips so soon to be silent in death.

The heart of this loving child appeared full to overflowing, as she clasped the unresisting hand, and wiped the death-sweat from the clammy forehead. Thinking she perceived a ray of recognition in the much-loved features, she bent forward and whispered, "You are very ill, father."

"Yes, very ill," came the faint answer from the dying christian.

The father had been remarkable for strong faith in God, the daughter wondered if doubts perplexed or afflicted him now, so she asked, "Can you trust Christ now?"

The filmy eyes unclosed, and with a look expressive of great surprise, and with such emphasis that the daughter will never forget, the dying saint replied, "I should think I could!"

After this emphatic reply he again sank into a state of insensibility, from which he passed to the land "where faith is sweetly turned to sight."

The eyes which are looking upon this page may someday be dim—the hands now holding this magazine be powerless. Friend, have you trusted your eternal all to Jesus? R. C. C.

## Peace

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“DO you know what it is to long for peace? Do you long to know you are saved?” Such was the desire of V. She knew she was a sinner, and she wanted to enjoy peace with God, and the Lord did not allow her to remain in this doubtful state long. One day her husband went to a service, and at its close a gentleman gave him a card, which he carried home to his wife; she read the words upon it: “God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

V. put the card on the dresser, thinking it might do someone good. A few days after, as she was sitting by the fire nursing her baby, she looked up and her eye fell on the card, “God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever” “Whosoever,” she said to herself; “why that must mean me!”

Light came into her troubled soul. She accepted Christ as her own Saviour, and knew she had everlasting life, and she was filled with peace and joy in believing.

Dear reader, are you seeking peace? You will find it by coming to the Prince of Peace, Jesus Christ. He will not cast you out; trust alone in Him. “He that believeth hath everlasting life.” A. M. P.

## Three Great Sights

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GOD showed to John various sights of eternal things. He saw a door opened in heaven and the throne of divine majesty, with saints and angels surrounding it, and he heard the songs and the voices of heaven, and beheld those things which will endure when time and earth have passed away. Let us contemplate three of these great sights—and first that of THE LAMB UPON THE THRONE.

“Lo, in the midst of the throne... stood a Lamb as it had been slain.” (Rev. 5:6.)

Our reader recognizes who this is. Near upon two thousand years ago, the Everlasting Word became a man, visited this earth, and declared the love of God. But the world knew Him not; His own nation received Him not. Jew and Gentile conspired to cast Him out from the earth, and took Him, and with wicked hands slew Him. And now God opens a vision of heaven to faith’s eye, and lo! upon His throne is Jesus, and we see Him there as a Lamb which had been slain.

As such He “stood” in the midst of the throne. The work for which He appeared there was not accomplished. When His sacrifice and our sanctification thereby are spoken of, He is said to be seated (Heb. 10:11-14), for that work is finished. But there is another work to be completed, even that of judgment. Hence the sight of the Lamb as it had been slain, standing in the midst of the throne, appears, when the sealed book of judgments is brought forward in heaven.

We live in times when that word is about to be fulfilled. “Yet once more, I shake not the earth only, but also heaven. And this word, yet once, signifieth the removing of those things that are shaken, as of things that are made, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain.” (Heb. 12:26, 27.) Already society quivers, and kingdoms tremble, even the earth itself quakes in divers places.

There is no stability, no security, save through the Lamb. No hope of a part in that kingdom which cannot be moved, save through Him. Either we are immovably fixed by God through Him, or we stand upon one or other of the things which will be shaken and removed. Either we are delivered from the wrath to come through His blood, or we are part and parcel of the world, which is about to be judged by the Lamb. When the great day of His wrath is come, who shall be able to stand?

Another great sight was shown to the beloved disciple:

**A GREAT WHITE THRONE AND HIM THAT SAT ON IT.**

“I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before the throne” (Rev.20:11, 12); for so should the words read.

Do we fail to recognize Him who sat upon the great white throne—the spotless throne of eternal judgment? Do we not know whose Face it was, before which not only the earth, but the heaven fled away? “The Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son.” (John 5:22.) Upon the throne of judgment, the Man Christ Jesus was seen; He is the Judge.

The overthrow of kingdoms, the convulsions of the earth, are to ourselves individually but small things compared with the great day of judgment. Earth will pass away; but man shall live forever. Heaven will be shaken, and flee from the face of the Judge, but sinners all, small and great, shall stand before the great white throne.

Reader, is the Lord Jesus your life now?

Will He be your Judge then? Contemplate yourself and eternity in the presence of the great white throne. To be judged by your works is to be eternally lost, but to have your name written in the Book of Life is to be eternally saved. "Whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire."

Once more we view a great sight. A new heaven and a new earth pass before the eye of the beloved disciple, in the stead of those which had fled away. Eternity has begun—the grand purpose of God is accomplished and a great voice out of heaven calls attention to the sight, "Behold

THE TABERNACLE OF GOD WITH MEN, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God." God's children surround Him, "holy and without blame before Him in love." (Eph. 1:4.) The joy of the family is theirs, and of this joy every child partakes. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away." The earth and its sorrows, with the tears and griefs of God's children, forever gone! Eternal life and joy the portion of God's family. God Himself rejoicing in the rest His hand has brought in. Jesus seeing the travail of His soul, and being satisfied. What a prospect! And to this great future our deepest attention is called, for hearken to the voice of God, "And He that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new." (Rev. 21:3-5.)

Shall we each one be found in this great family circle? What kind of eternity will be ours?

Let us, fellow-christian, seek to live on earth as those who have before their eyes these great sights of eternal realities.

The time is near for the unsealing and the unrolling of the book of judgments on this earth; the judgment day draws nigh, and but a little while and this very earth shall flee away to make place for that which is new.

A life lived for eternity is the only life that is worth living.

## Things Which Will Come to Pass

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NOAH must be in the ark before the “fountains of the deep are broken up.” Lot must leave Sodom before the fiery tempest descends. Elijah must be taken up before the threatened evil falls on Israel. So the church will be “caught up” before the “man of sin” is revealed, or the great tribulation overwhelms this poor scene.

Before Christ comes for His people, nothing need necessarily take place. Before He comes with His saints (Rev. 19) the apostacy must come■the man of sin be revealed■the “time of Jacob’s trouble” begin and Satan be cast down to the earth. J. B. M.

## A Little While

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“YET a little, little while” ■not worth reckoning. Interpret God’s meaning by God’s word. “Surely I come quickly” does not put a moment’s interval between that promise and the “shout.” (1 Thess. 4.)

M.

## Burning Words

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As a man's soul is stirred up by the truth he teaches, so his teaching stirs others. Mere clear statements interest, but do not convict. Head knowledge and heart knowledge are not necessarily on parallel lines. God uses those whose hearts are full of the realities they utter, and such men are filled with the Spirit. Men who feel what they say, long for their hearers to feel what is said to them; hence the fervid words of young converts are so often used of God to awaken the careless and the indifferent.

"Do you believe what you are talking about?" said an infidel once to a lackadaisical preacher; and the infidel preached a more cutting sermon to the Christian's heart than the Christian had preached to the infidels.

Flames of fire have irregular tongues, and burning words dart out of men's souls and burn into the souls of others. "Religion is a matter of opinion now-a-days," is a common saying; but burning zeal for souls is no more a matter of opinion than is a live coal from off the altar.

NOTE. ■ Our friend Mr. Levinsohn has kindly rewritten his life for our Magazine. The story is of the greatest interest, and shows the wonder working hand of God in our own day. We trust its perusal will arouse in every true Christian reader a deep desire concerning the salvation of the Jews.

## What Must I Do to Be Saved? chapter 1

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I AM a native of Russia, and was born in the year 1855 in the town of Kovno. My parents were pious Jews, much devoted to the glory of God under the Jewish traditions. My father fasted every Monday and Thursday, with the object of mortifying the flesh, and in order to justify himself before God, who has said, "Ye shall be holy; for I am holy" (Lev. 11:44.), and "Thou shalt be perfect with the Lord thy God." (Deut. 18:13.)

It was my father's wish that his children should be brought up in the fear of God, and specially that his sons might be devout Jews. My elder brother did not wish to follow the desire of his father and become a Rabbi, as he preferred the study of foreign languages, science, and philosophy. He entered the college in Kovno and finished his studies at Gradno. Seeing his eldest son give so much time to the world did not at all satisfy my father, and he determined to bring me up a devout Jew, under the teaching of a Rabbi full of zeal and piety.

When I was five years of age, my father began to instruct me in Hebrew. He read the prayers of the Liturgy every morning, afternoon, and evening, and informed me that if I did what the Rabbi wished and obeyed him in all things, and also prayed three times a day, God would be very pleased with me.

The idea that God would be very pleased sank deep into my heart. I tried to do everything that my parents, and especially my Rabbi, wished me to do, respecting the great law in the Bible, "Honor thy father and thy mother," and also the words of the Oral law, "The fear of the Rabbi is as the fear of the Lord."

When eight years of age, I could read any part in the Hebrew Bible, the Targum, and the great Rabbi Rashi's Comments on the Bible. My Rabbi began also to instruct me in the Talmud, and gradually led me to give up reading the Bible, as he considered the study of the Talmud was more important. My whole time was devoted to studying with him in his house, for I was the only pupil he had undertaken to bring up and instruct in the Rabbinic doctrines.

On my tenth birthday, my father invited a few of his learned friends, with the Rabbi who was my teacher, and three others, to examine me. They were to give their judgment as to my qualifications for becoming a minister. The examination was passed through to their satisfaction, which so pleased my father that he gave a dinner to the poor of the synagogue, and asked them to pray to God on my behalf. He also promised me fifty roubles on my thirteenth birthday if I succeeded well in another examination. All this made me more earnest than ever in living a holy life.

About this time serious questions began to arise in my heart, and I asked myself, 'What is really the Word of God?' and, after some reasoning, I came to the conclusion that the Bible must be the book given by God. So I asked the Rabbi if I could devote a little more time to its perusal. But he wished me to occupy myself solely in Talmudic study. However, I spent one hour every night before going to bed, and two hours every morning before prayers, in perusing the Bible alone.

When my thirteenth birthday approached, I was instructed in the articles of the Jewish faith. The Rabbi told me that as soon as I reached thirteen I should be regarded as a man, and should have to be responsible for my sins before our God, Jehovah. This great thought of responsibility for sins filled my mind with solemn, thoughts, and led me to inquire earnestly, "What must I do to be saved?"

At the age of twelve years and eleven months, my father took me to the synagogue, and informed me that all the sins I had committed were upon him; but for all the sins I committed from my thirteenth birthday, I should be responsible before God. I entreated him to continue to bear my sins for two or three months longer, as I was afraid that I should very soon sin against the Holy One. But he told me this could not be done. Then I cried bitterly, being perfectly certain that it was an utter impossibility for me to live a perfect life.

The infinite holiness and purity of the great Creator, and the depravity of man's heart, convinced me that there was nothing in me but sin. But there was no way open: my father said I must undertake the responsibility of my sins before God, so I undertook it, and confess that after that day I felt the burden very heavy.

My thirteenth birthday came, and my father took me to the synagogue, where he offered me to the Lord, with prayer, according to the Jewish custom, and thanked God that he was no longer responsible for my sins.

On the same day he invited the Rabbi to his house with several elders of the congregation to examine me in what I had learned since my tenth birthday. They expressed their belief that the God of our fathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, had called me to the ministry of the Jewish faith, but I rejoice to know that the God of grace had a better office and much greater Honor for me—namely, to be a servant of His in the vineyard of Christ, and to be a prince before the Most High, and to reign with Christ forever. My father and the Rabbi then put their hands upon me, and blessed me, saying, "God make thee as Ephraim and as Manasseh." (Gen. 48:20.) The promised present of the roubles was given me, and was distributed among the poor of the synagogue, who were asked to pray for me.

The next day I put on my phylacteries, and went to the synagogue to pray, and was very careful in, my prayers, which lasted nearly two hours. But I was weary, and, when putting the phylacteries together after prayers, I dropped them upon the floor. So I fasted for twelve hours, and did so with satisfaction, thinking it was pleasing to God.

About this time I began to be much concerned about justification before God. I felt that none of my good works could really justify me before the Holy One, and solemn thoughts about eternity filled my mind. My mother noticed my seriousness, and asked what had happened. I fell on her neck, kissed her, and wept bitterly for some time. "Mother," I said, "I am afraid God will not be satisfied with my goodness, and if death should summon me, I shall be unworthy to stand before Him." She assured me that if I continued to study the Talmud, obeyed the orders of my Rabbi, and did all that my father wished me to do, praying three times a day, I should be saved. But her answer did not satisfy my soul.

Some weeks passed, during which I continued to study the Talmud, under the instruction of my teacher. On one occasion he asked what it was that made the very great difference in me since

my thirteenth birthday, so I told him that, since I had become responsible for my sins, I felt that I should never be justified before God, and was often troubled with the fear of death. Crying most bitterly, I said, "Rabbi, if I should die, where should I go?"

His reply was, "You will be punished for your sins first;" and informed me that everyone must go to hell for a time; but that the good would, after punishment, enter paradise, and be with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. I asked my father if he knew any way by which I might be saved, but he could give me no better answer than my teacher. Fear of death increased still more, and I went on for some time, downcast and sorrowful.

(To be continued.)

## The Cities of Israel. Bethlehem

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“THE turf was vividly green, gemmed with innumerable flowers. Orchards of peach, apricot, and pomegranate, with their white and scarlet blossoms, succeeded one another in an unbroken series along the valley.... ‘The little hills rejoice on every side; the pastures are clothed with flocks, the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.’ Wherever we turn our eyes, the words of the Psalmist are suggested as the aptest description of the scenery.”

Thus writes one who, a few years ago; traveled across the “holy fields” of the Promised Land. Ephrath, or Ephratah ■ “the fruitful” ■ was the name fitly chosen of old for the fruitful spot here described. But however lovely may be the natural scenery, it is not that which chiefly attracts the Christian’s heart to ancient Ephrath, or Bethlehem. Of old the Valley of the Plain had been “like the garden of the Lord,” but, though it had retained all its glory to this day, it could never rival the interest which the Christian feels in Bethlehem. There was brought to light that mystery of godliness which confessedly is great ■ God was manifested in flesh. And in the presence of this fact, the outward beauties of, and all other circumstances connected with, the place, great as they may be, are indeed small in comparison.

Yet Bethlehem has an interesting history. It was while journeying thither, when but a little way from Ephrath, that Rachel gave birth to Benjamin, or, as she called him, “Benoni” ■ “the son of my sorrow.” For there she died, and there Jacob buried her, and set up a pillar over her grave. A building called Rachel’s Tomb is still pointed out on the way, and though it is of comparatively recent erection, it may mark the spot. Bethlehem is again mentioned in connection with the lawless times recorded in the book of Judges, and from it, Elimelech and Naomi and their sons, took their ill-fated journey across the hills to Moab, while on their return, Bethlehem was the scene of Boaz’s kindness and Ruth’s piety. So little change has taken place in the surroundings of Bethlehem, that the “entire scene of Boaz and Ruth might be enacted at the present day by the dwellers of Bethlehem, with but trifling omissions and variations.”

But the name which (next to that of the Lord Jesus Himself) is most closely connected with Bethlehem, is that of David; it is the “City of David,” “the town (or village) where David was.” Here were spent his boyhood and youth, and his eyes took in those scenes of natural loveliness which he has so richly described in the Psalms. “It was easy to see,” says the writer first quoted, “where the Shepherd of Bethlehem drew the materials for his poetry.” At the gate of the town was the well of water, for a drink of which he sighed when hard pressed by the Philistines, and of which, when brought to him by his three chief men, he would not drink, but poured it out to the Lord.

There are a few further references to Bethlehem in the course of the Old Testament history, among others to the “habitation (or khan) of Chimham,” which has been suggested as the very inn where “no room” could be found for the humble, yet Royal family traveling up from Nazareth. For a place so small as Bethlehem was hardly likely to possess two “inns.”

But the most important reference occurs in the prophecy of Micah. From the time of the publishing of the "First Gospel" in Eden, where all that was announced was the coming of the Deliverer, and the result, the horizon of the promise had been narrowing. From all the people of the earth Abraham was chosen; from all the nations which sprang from him, the "father of many," the family of Isaac was marked out; and so, ever narrowing, the field of view, to each age was given some fresh revelation of the Messiah. But it was in the period during which Isaiah and Micah were contemporary, that the minute details were given which enable us to construct from the pages of the Old Testament alone a "life of Christ." Isaiah tells of His miraculous birth, of his suffering, and atoning death; but it was reserved for Micah to make known where He should be born, "whose goings forth had been from of old, from the days of eternity." It was to Bethlehem-Ephrath, little indeed though it was among the thousands of Judah, that that signal Honor belonged. We do not dwell upon the fact that when He, the Judge of Israel, came, Bethlehem had no room for Him—nothing but the manger connected with the inn—yet so it was. "There was no room for them in the inn."

The accompanying woodcut will give an idea of the present appearance of Bethlehem. The large building at the left-hand side of the picture is the "Convent of the Nativity." It was at a very early date that the ancient name of "Ephrath" ■ prophetic surely of that "corn of wheat," which, dying, brought forth "much fruit" ■ was changed to "Bethlehem" (the house of bread); equally prophetic of "the bread of God" which came down from heaven. The modern name, "Beit-lahm" (the house of flesh), is an attempt to preserve in Arabic the sound and meaning of the earlier name.

At the time of the return from captivity, only one hundred and twenty-three of "the children of Bethlehem" returned. It could not have been a large or prominent place, and though Luke calls it "a city" the word so translated is used much more loosely than with us, and Josephus speaks of it simply as "a little place." It is probable, therefore, that our thoughts of the massacre of infants have been exaggerated. However, few they may have been, Herod's cruelty was revolting enough; but a visitor to Bethlehem, under the guidance of the monks there, would be invited to believe that the remains of twenty thousand infants lie buried close to the place of the nativity! The most careful computation shows that the number would probably be about twenty.

Bethlehem now contains about three thousand inhabitants "all Christians." Say one authority; but he adds, in strange keeping with these words, "They are, however, a turbulent, quarrelsome set, ever fighting amongst themselves or with their neighbors." Dr. Thomson says that "they are ever distinguished in the great feasts at Jerusalem their fierce and lawless manners, and if my row occurs they are sure to have a hand in it." The "christians" chiefly belong to be Greek Church, but the Latin and the American Churches share with the former the fort-like convent, which encloses the chapel said to be erected over the cave where Christ was born. Here the monks of the three confessions live and quarrel. As to this cave, it may be the spot, for very ancient tradition asserts that it is so, but such great changes have taken place in the pasts that an equal possibility exists that it ■ like so many of the relics exhibited in the Holy Land ■ is spurious. But the monks leave the visitor no room to doubt: they point out in the floor a large star, formed of silver and precious stones, around which runs the inscription in Latin: "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary."

There is a lesson, and that a grave one, which we would draw from the mention of Bethlehem in the New Testament. When Herod inquired of the chief priests and Scribes where the Christ should

be born, there was no hesitation in answering, "In Bethlehem of Judaea; for thus it is written," they go on to say, "And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda; for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule My people Israel." Any fairly instructed Jew would have given a similar answer; even the common people raised the question later on: "Hath not the Scripture said, That Christ cometh of the seed of David, and out of the town of Bethlehem, where David was?" Jewish tradition had ever interpreted the passage in Micah of the Messiah; thus the ancient paraphrase into Chaldee, for those who had lost the Hebrew tongue (the Targum), renders it: "Out of thee shall come forth to Me the Messiah, who shall have the dominion." So that Scribes and Pharisees could readily answer Herod's question. In that particular, as in many others, they had the light of the word. Yet when the Messiah came, their knowledge of the word did not save them from the rejection of Him of whom that word throughout testified, for, as Paul writes in another case, it was not mixed with faith in them that heard. Bare knowledge of God's word, without faith, will never open any heart to receive Christ. And we would earnestly and affectionately warn our readers on this point, lest they fall after the same example of unbelief. They may possess much knowledge about the Lord, the glories of His person, the history of His life, and the course of future events in relation to His coming and kingdom, but all this knowledge may exist, as did that of the Scribes, with the refusal of the Lord. Jr.

## The Lord Is Thy Keeper

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IT is customary in Palestine to have watchmen or keepers to protect the traveler in his tent at night; and courage, strength, and constant watchfulness are requisites indispensable to a true keeper.

Psa. 121. celebrates the absolute protection afforded by the Lord as our Keeper. We are pilgrims on earth, going up to the heavenly city. Dangers surround us, but “He will not suffer thy foot to be moved.” His incessant watchfulness fills the heart with the sense of perfect rest. We have not to protect ourselves, nor to listen for the footfall of the foe; for “He that keepeth thee will not slumber.” Frequently the keeper of the traveler’s tent will, as the night wears on, wrap himself in a thick cloak, and, indifferent to his trust and the danger of the night, fall asleep upon the ground, but “Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.”

The tent of the traveler, moving from stage to stage, and pitched nightly in a new field, demands the utmost energy on the part of the keeper. The craft and the courage of the robbers in Palestine is notorious—hence while the pilgrim is at his rest the faithful keeper is without, looking into the darkness and listening for the enemy as his hand grasps his weapon. Sometimes—nay, too often—the believer keeps awake, as it were, fretting and anxious, forgetting His Lord’s ceaseless care. He almost thinks he has to protect himself, and that he is left to keep himself. Let the pilgrim to the heavenly Zion rejoice in the words of truth ■ “The Lord is thy Keeper.”

We need our Lord’s care every step of our way, and every hour of our lives. We shall never be so full grown as to be able to walk alone in our own strength. The oldest believer needs the preserving care of his God as much as does the youngest saint. Blessed, then, are these words, “The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.”

## A New Year's Greeting

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A HAPPY New Year to you all, dear young friends; and how pleasant it would be if we could send the same good wish to all who were once our “young” friends, so many of whom are now grown-up men and women, and living in all parts of the world! But to you, bright and glad in your holidays, we wish every one of you a happy New Year.

There is a sweet little story told of a small child, who was looking at the picture of the mothers of Salem bringing their children to Jesus. Some of these mothers had their hands placed upon the backs of the little ones, as if gently helping them to Jesus. The small child was asked if it was not a pretty picture. “No! I do not like it,” she said. “What, dear, not like this picture of the children coming to Jesus?” “No,” said she. “Then why not?” “I would go without the pushing,” replied the happy little maiden, and that sweet answer was heard in heaven, I am sure.

Now, with a new year, let us have for a New Year's text■

“COME UNTO ME.”

Jesus invites us over and over again in His blessed Book, and, if you are young, He says so kindly, “Suffer the children to COME UNTO ME, and forbid them not.” So come, every one of you. Yes, and I hear the happy children say, “I will go without the pushing.”

In the East, the shepherd carries the wee lamb in his bosom—just the little one, which is too small to run after him. So the Bible says of Jesus, “He shall carry the lambs in His bosom.” Some of you came to Jesus two or three years ago, and for you let this be a New Year's text— “FOLLOW ME.”

In the tenth chapter of John we read these words of Jesus: “My sheep hear My voice, and THEY FOLLOW ME.” Try to follow close up to the Shepherd. The shepherd in the East will pluck a herb from off the rock, or a fresh bunch of mulberry leaves from the tree, and will give sweet morsels to the sheep that follow close to him. And the happy boy or girl is the one who keeps close to the Shepherd's feet and side. Such an one has always something sweet from the good hand of the Lord.

There is another little word which we may take from the first chapter of the first epistle to the Thessalonians. Those dear and bright believers were turned to God■ “To wait for His Son from heaven.”

WAIT FOR HIS SON, dear young christian friends, for Jesus is coming. He will shortly be here. In a little while the everlasting spring will come. How happy are they who have come to Jesus, who now follow Him, and who wait for Him to come again from heaven!

## The Deceitfulness of Sin

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“I DON’T trouble about it now.”

The words were carelessly spoken, and the light laugh which accompanied them seemed to show that they stated a fact. The speaker did not trouble. Yet it had not always been so. There was a time when as a boy in my Sunday-school class he had been impressed by the word of God, and the knowledge of his guilt before God. But, when a youth, he had left his home for employment at a distance, and, as happens with many boys, his father’s care and the influence of school gone, he gave way to the follies of this world, and, alas! to its sins also.

Yet even so, he was not suffered by God to go unchecked. While attending a ball, the remembrance of a truth he had learned at school—the coming of the Lord—flashed in upon his mind, and the knowledge of his unreadiness for that event, so solemn for the unsaved, made him very wretched. He confessed that he could not pray, and that it seemed a mockery to read the Bible. He felt somewhat of the misery and want of the prodigal son, but, I fear, not his sense of sin. He did not “arise”; there was no returning to God. Nay, he tried still to satisfy himself with the husks that the swine did eat, for he said the only thing that relieved him was pleasure!

Some months later, meeting him unexpectedly, I turned to the subject of our letters, his unhappiness, and his sins. Then it was that he gave the answer I have quoted: “I don’t trouble about it now.”

Alas, the deceitfulness of sin blinds the eyes and hardens the heart. He did “not trouble,” as though “not troubling” removes the terrible danger. Sin lulls the mind, and those who raise the warning voice seem, as in Lot’s days, only “like those that mock.” Dear boys, be warned by this young man, lest your history be like his. Do not “begin life” without Christ, but while He speaks now, harden not your hearts, or His voice, if unheeded, may cease to sound in your ears. Jr.

## The Motto

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IT is a very hot morning, and a little girl, seated in the corner of a large schoolroom, tries in vain to fix her attention on the sum before her; for the last half-hour she has been trying, but somehow or other the figures will not come right. Presently, on looking up, she sees on the corner of the desk a book. Yes, it is the very one from which her sum was taken; just one glance, and she would be saved all the trouble of working it out! Rising hastily, she puts out her hand to take it, when she stops, saying half aloud, "What would Jesus do?" and back she goes to her corner, to try, try, try again. Almost at the same moment the bell is rung for the closing of the school, and the girls troop out, leaving Ada alone.

By-and-by the sum is finished, and off Ada runs, her own merry self again, "Oh, Lucy," she says, to a gentle, fair girl, who is leaning against the gate, "how good of you to wait."

"I should not have waited," said Lucy, "had it not been for our motto."

"And it was through the motto I remained in the school," said Ada; and then she told Lucy of her temptation.

"So, Ada, you did not think of asking Jesus to help you with the sum?" said Lucy.

"Well, no. You see, I'm not half so good as you are, Lucy," and she gave her friend's arm a gentle squeeze; "sometimes I think I don't love the Lord at all."

"I don't think that can be the case, Ada, for if you did not love Him, why should our motto, 'What would Jesus do?' have any influence over you? You see, dear, it is His love to us poor sinners we ought to think of, not ours to Him; for the moment we look away from Jesus to ourselves, then comes the doubting."

The two girls had reached their homes, and their talk for the present was ended.

Years have passed on, the schoolgirls have grown up, and have gone out into the world. Ada has long been parted from her friend, and gentle Lucy often wonders how it is with her. After a long interval a letter came, telling Lucy how that, in the midst of sorrow, temptation, and sin, Ada is still kept in the narrow way, and that the motto of their school days, "What would Jesus do?" guides her still.

Dear boys and girls, I do not know you, but the Lord does, and He loves you, and asks you to give Him your hearts. May you each one be truly His, and then this motto, "What would Jesus do? Can be yours. J. P.

## A Soldier's Conversion

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I WAS born of humble, but respectable parents, in the parish of Deptford, near London, where I was reared by a tender and loving mother, who cared for me until I reached the age of fifteen, when I left home to earn my bread. Yet my dear mother's eye was upon me, and continually in her simple affection did she counsel and direct me, to live honestly and soberly in this life. But I disregarded her counsel, and would have my fling in the world, and at last was discharged from my employment in consequence of aiding in flogging and ill-treating a religious workmate.

At the age of nineteen, I enlisted in the 14th King's Hussars, which was then stationed at Manchester. My mother was suffering from a protracted illness, and my leaving home hastened her end; shortly after my doing so the captain of my troop received from my father a telegram saying she was dying, and that her only wish was to see her wandering boy once more.

When fourteen days' leave of absence could be obtained I started for home, and reached it just in time to see my dear, dying mother. I bent over her, put my ear close to her mouth, and heard her say—

"Harry, Harry, you are doing wrong"— she was too weak to say more; I never heard her speak again, and she fell asleep in Jesus. Alas! very soon my mother's last words were forgotten.

Some years afterward I went to the garrison church at Hounslow, one Sunday night, where the chaplain read for one of the lessons my mother's favorite chapter. This was the eighth of Romans, and every day when I was at home she made me read it to her, and no other, but always that one—the eighth of Romans. I heard no more, and came out of the church. Walking down a lonely lane I gave vent to tears, and took a vow to turn over a new leaf. For a few months I kept very steady, read religious books and tracts, and many of my comrades made fun of me, and said I had become religious.

After a while my regiment left Hounslow for Edinburgh, where I led a most profligate life, which, no doubt, the defaulters' book would show. Then we left that town for Ireland, where we remained for the brigading season. Hearing we were to relieve the 12th Lancers, quartered at the Royal Barracks, Dublin, I was delighted, for in that regiment was an old schoolmate, and I began to save the very price of butter to have a jolly good spree with him. Arriving at the Royal Barracks, on the first opportunity I went in search of my schoolmate.

"Do you know where James Elderkin is?" said I.

"Oh, yes," was the reply; "but he will not change his quarters anymore."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

Pointing with his finger, the man said, "Yonder is the soldiers' cemetery; there he lies. He died of black fever about six months ago. He was well respected by the troop he belonged to. When you feel disposed you can see his grave; you will soon find it by the lance cap on the stone." This was

a heavy blow, and I tried to drown serious thoughts with drink, but often would these words whisper themselves to me, as I was falling asleep at night: "Supposing you should not get off this cot again, what would become of you?"

One Sunday the order came for every available man off duty to attend church, so there was no squaring the orderly sergeant to whitewash the stables, and I had to go. While seated there, something like a voice kept continually saying to me, "Go and see your schoolmate's grave. What a cruel, hard-hearted man you are! Go and see your schoolmate's grave." So I went, and oh! what thoughts were mine alone among the dead, as searching over grave after grave, at last I stood face to face with that of my schoolmate.

Over it was a willow tree, and on the headstone a lance cap, cut neatly, and my school-fellow's name. The respect his comrades showed by erecting such a memorial, struck me with such force that my very feet seemed to stick to the grass beneath me. Schoolboy days, my mother's love, yes, the whole of my life arose before me. How long I stood then with my head hanging down I cannot say, for I felt that I was one of the basest scoundrel my regiment or the world could produce. But, oh! when I raised my head erect upon my shoulders, what did I see? Words as if printed with the blackest ink, "Where will you go when you die?"

I hurried from the place, to the Phoenix Park and the gardens, but the very flowers seemed to say, "Where will you go when you die?"

I hastened to the Duke of Wellington's, monument, to see the four sculptures upon it, but not the sculptures filled my eyes, but these words, "Where will you go when you die?"

On returning to barracks, I made up my mind to go to a Bible-reading held at the Soldiers' Institute, but began to think what name my comrades would give me for going to the place—Blue light—tub-thumper, of some title of distinction! I marched up and down like a coward, watching lest anyone I knew should be near, but at last, in I bolted, and up the stairs and into the room, where a good number of soldiers of various regiments were seated, with the word of God in their hands.

I seated myself among them, and what chapter was it they were considering? My mother's favorite chapter—the eighth of Romans! This opened my heart again to old days, and brought back the memory of my boyhood.

After the meeting a Christian came to me, and I told him all my heart. His language was strange and foreign to me, for I wanted to be a better man, but he pleaded with me to come to Christ. He asked me if I had a Bible. "A regimental one, which I keep in my cleaning bag," I replied, "for I do not think much of it." Then with kindness and love in his face, he said, "Will you not read it if I give you one?" and he put a Bible in my hands.

However, it was not what God says in His word that filled my mind, but my own foolish thoughts of turning over a new leaf, for I was endeavoring to be a better man by following the miserable religion of doing my best.

One evening, one of the Christian men at the Institute put his hand upon my shoulder and said, "S., tell me are your sins forgiven?"

I looked him in the face, and said, "Mr. P., if I knew that my sins were forgiven, I should be one of the happiest men in my regiment." I shall never forget his look, as with his pocket Bible in his right hand, he said, "S., do you believe this book to be God's word?"

I said, "Yes." Then he opened it and read, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool"; "Redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins."

I replied, "Not for me, not for me. No one can know his sins are pardoned till the judgment day." And oh, what a poor prospect that was, for a wretched sinner such as I was!

At length Mr. P. said, "The time is growing late, and your pass is only available till twelve p.m. I will read one more scripture for you to carry with you to the barracks." Opening the blessed word, he read Acts 13:38, 39, "Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man (Christ Jesus) is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him (Christ Jesus) all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses;" and then he added, "Now what does the word justified' mean?"

"Certainly that word looks like 'free,'" was my reply.

It was enough; darkness of soul was gone, and the true light appeared. Yes, before we parted that night my misery was changed to peace and joy. If ever I sang a song from my very heart it was that night, while returning to the barracks:

"Oh, happy day, happy day,

When Jesus washed my sins away"

Now, my reader, have you been convicted of sin? Have you seen, by the Holy Ghost, the complete and perfect atonement made by Jesus the spotless Victim, whom God hath set forth a propitiation through faith in His blood? Whoever you may be, if you really trust in Jesus, on the authority of God's own precious word, eternal life is yours.

I end my simple story with the first verse of my mother's favorite chapter: "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." H. B. S.

## Prepared!

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IN a village tavern, the daughter of the innkeeper, keeper, a young woman of about twenty-three years of age, lay apparently dying. The “Rock” had a very bad name; its owner was an ungodly and dissolute man, notoriously averse to anything of a religious character, so that though it was known the young woman was ill, Christians were deterred from visiting her. The character the girl had borne did not lead them to expect a welcome from her, and they shrank from encountering the man’s fierce profanity. But the Lord was at work in the house, and would have His servants there also. One day a poor woman thus accosted a christian friend: “Miss Z., I feels as you ought to go and see that poor thing at the Rock. There her be a-dying, and not a creature to tell her she’s got a soul. I’d go, but my nerves won’t let me. I’ve had no sleep this night for thinking of her.”

“But, Betsy, I’m afraid they would not like me to go.” “What matter’s that?” replied Betsy. “Her’s going to be saved, and you’ll get in somehow to speak to her.”

Thus admonished, Miss Z. made the attempt that same afternoon, and, after a few kind words about the girl’s state of health, was allowed an entrance. She found her sitting up in bed, bent nearly double with pain, struggling with a cough, which was almost choking her.

Mary Jane looked forward to death as a certainty. “I’ve given up everything except my mother,” she said, and then began to cry, for the tie between mother and daughter was strong; but, beyond an acknowledgment that she would like to be prepared for heaven, she gave no sign of interest in eternal things, indeed she seemed to have no intelligent apprehension of her state.

Upon the next visit the poor mother rated that doctors had been called in from other places, and agreed that there was no hope — it was only a question of hours, and she sobbed aloud: “Oh, ma’am, much as I love her, I’d give her up willingly, if I only knew she was prepared for heaven.”

The same cry was echoed by the father, who had entered the sick room. “Oh, my dear daughter,” said he, “do make your peace with God, and get ready for heaven.”

The daughter’s condition of soul appeared to be dull in the extreme, and most earnestly did Miss Z. plead with the Lord for some word which should awaken her to the realities of eternity.

On her way home Miss Z. was again encouraged by blunt-spoken old Betsy’s “Never you mind, miss: her’s going to be saved,” said in a decided tone; and it was well known that old Betsy’s faith was seldom disappointed.

That evening two old women, neighbors, had come to sit with the invalid, who seemed to pay little attention to them. Miss Z. again told out the gospel of God’s free grace—that, though “guilty, lost, and helpless,” for those who receive Him there is life, and that peace has been made through the blood of His cross.

Then the two old women began to try to buoy her up with false hopes, saying, most likely she would get all right again in spite of the doctors; and if not, she would be happier in heaven, adding,

“Now won’t she, Miss Z.?”

“If she is fit for heaven,” was the reply. And then there came to the Christian’s soul very forcibly the terrible unfitness of sinners for that heaven to which so many look forward complacently.

This poor girl, accustomed all her life to the company and manners of a low tavern, and these old women, with their sordid groveling ideas, thinking nothing of sinning when expedient, what would they do in the glorious purity of heaven? And even the fairest and purest of earth’s daughters, who had never known the temptations of lives such as these had led, how stained with thoughts, if not with deeds are they! “There is none righteous, no, not one. All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.” None, none are fit for heaven, save those whom God has made meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.

“Fit for it! Of course she is,” returned one of the old women. Then the girl roused herself, and gathering up what little strength remained, she sat up and faced the speaker, and said solemnly, “That’s false Maria; no one can say I am fit for heaven.”

The energy and solemnity of this outburst took her hearers by surprise. She sank down again into her former position, and the old women left. Terrible as was the statement Miss Z. was thankful enough to hear it, for it showed the darkness had been broken into at last by conviction of sin.

When Miss Z. called again, she found a great change had taken place in the invalid who said her burden was getting lighter. Most anxiously did her visitor inquire what she really meant, whereon she said that at dinnertime a man had called in on business, and hearing of her illness, had begged to be allowed to see her. He had but a few minutes at his disposal, and on coming into the room, looked at her sadly, saying “My poor girl, I am very sorry to see you like this. You must get ready to die. My dear girl, do accept your Saviour. You will be saved if you receive Christ. For God’s sake, for your mother’s sake, for your own sake, accept the Saviour now,” and then he fell on his knees at the bedside, and for some moments continued in fervent prayer.

“A light seemed to break in upon me then,” said the girl.

Fearing lest this should be due to mere excited feeling, Miss Z. told her how that Jesus Christ had died for sinners, and showed that salvation is found in Him alone. She spoke of the awful character of sin, and of the holiness of God, and then, bidding her look away from everything else to Christ, left.

Next morning, Miss Z. was again at the Rock. To her surprise, Mary Jane was still alive, indeed she was quietly lying back upon her pillow, and with a face full of joy.

“Well, Mary Jane, you are better today.”

“Yes, ma’am; the cough hasn’t troubled me a bit since I received Christ.” “Have you then really found Him?”

“Yes; I trust Him, and He has saved me.”

Her interest now was as remarkable as her dullness had been disappointing. With quiet confidence, she was relying on the sufficiency of Christ for her salvation, and also on Him to supply her need. On her mother entering the room, she turned to her with “Oh, mother, you have

only to receive Christ—that's all. Do accept Jesus, mother.”

“Well, Mary Jane, I'm sure I'll try,” responded the poor woman.

Her younger brother had been called home to see his sister. “Do you know Christ, who makes your sister so happy? Do you know that your sins are forgiven?” he was asked.

“I don't see how anybody can know that. I believe Jesus died for everybody, but I don't see how I can say my sins are forgiven.”

“Why, yes, Charley,” broke in his sister; “we can I know that I am washed whiter than snow. It's only to receive Christ, Charley, that's all. And then we can say, ‘He loved me, and gave Himself for me.’ It's no use to believe He died for everybody; you must know He died for you.”

The change in this young woman was most remarkable, her memory was retentive of the scriptures she had heard, or which she was well enough to read, and the Spirit of God taught her how to use the word effectually to those who came to see her. Her one desire was to get strong enough to go to her friends who were still living carelessly and in sin, as she had done. And it seemed as if her wish was to be fulfilled, for, to the surprise of all, she continued to increase in physical strength from the time that she “received Christ” until she was able to walk downstairs. Whether it will please the Lord to restore her, remains to be seen; but one thing is certain, her illness has proved a blessing, not only to herself, but to her brother, who was converted soon after the conversation mentioned, and to her mother and father, who are now very ready to hear the word.

Dear reader, are you prepared for heaven? If not, repent of your sins, and remember, “It is only to receive Christ, that's all.” M.M.A.

## Often Reproved, Suddenly Destroyed

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Proverbs 29:1.

HOW often men take God's name upon their lips, making light of it, and also treat with contempt those to whom the Lord Jesus is precious.

A man, whom I saw daily at work, and to whom I often spoke of his soul, was known among his fellow-workmen as a great scoffer. His wife was a quiet christian woman, who was subjected to much unkindness from him.

One day, a young man ran into the glasshouse, while we were at work, with the sad news that this scoffer was dead. While walking along the line he had been run over, and he had been killed in an instant. God had indeed brought his scoffing to an end, but had not given him time to repent: he was cut off suddenly, and entered the presence of the One whose salvation he would not accept.

Reader, are you thinking you have yet many years to live, and when you are getting old that you will come to Jesus? or are you looking forward to a death-bed repentance? Tomorrow even is not promised you. You know not what may happen on the morrow, and, if God should call you ere you lay down this paper, how would it be with your soul? Could you say, "It is well," or would the thought of the future fill you with dread?

J-Sp-n.

## Prayer Answered

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A YOUNG man, who had been recently converted, and was living very happily with his wife and two little children, went into the country, some four years ago, for a short holiday. He left home to all appearance in full enjoyment of bodily and mental health; only three days later, without any known predisposing cause, the balance of reason was suddenly overthrown.

As months rolled by he became worse and worse, and the doctors shook their heads and pronounced him a hopeless case. "It is paralysis of the brain," they said, "and the only relief he will ever have will be when laid beneath the sod."

Calling in one evening to cheer the wife's sad heart with a word of sympathy, I found it was the anniversary of the very day on which her husband had been removed to an asylum. Her last penny was gone. "A year has passed," she said, "and what I am to do now, I don't know." The blessing of Benjamin was laid upon me, as the comforting message from our God to His tried child, and I said, "The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him; and the Lord shall cover him all the day long, and He shall dwell between his shoulders." But her faith seemed almost to fail. After commending her to God in prayer, we parted.

That very night, by the last post, came a letter, informing her that if she would call at the asylum at such a time her husband would be restored to her, sound in body and in mind! His recovery had been as strange and rapid as his attack, and the doctors were at a loss to account for it.

Here is the secret■a few of his godly friends, poor men like himself, and unable to help him in any other way, had met, knowing the straits of the wife and little ones, to beseech his restoration. Strong in faith, they threw themselves fully upon the promises of God, and He heard their cry.

Our friend has been for the last four years in constant work, strong in body, clear in mind, and rejoicing with all his house in his God, so present to help in time of need.

## Communion With Christ

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IF we spend ten minutes in Christ's company today we shall have spiritual energy to spend twenty tomorrow; and, alas! the reverse of this is only too true. We should ask ourselves as to that which occupies us from day to day, "Is this Christ? Is this the proper aliment for our souls? Are we content with feeding on Christ—content with that which is the food of God—content with that which fully satisfies God? O for the whetting of the appetite here for the great feast we shall enjoy throughout eternity!"

## Who Shall Deliver Me?

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A MOST common experience in the souls of God's people, who are seeking but have not found rest in Christ, is the sense of their unworthiness. Yet, strange contradiction, with the sense of unworthiness is mingled a striving to be worthy! We read in the Scriptures of this struggle, the hatred of sin, yet no power to overcome; the effort to be good, yet, as the result, feeling worse and worse■ "Oh! wretched man that I am!" is the burden of such souls. God delivers His dear people from these struggles; He shows that alone in Christ is peace and strength. In Him alone can we bear fruit, or be "good."

A friend we knew was very much burdened with the sense of her utter unworthiness, yet for three or four years she sought to be worthy! But every effort made her feel herself to be like that of a sheep which has fallen into a morass, whose plungings only sink it deeper and deeper into its hopeless position.

Who shall deliver me? I cannot deliver myself! "Jesus Christ our Lord" is the gracious answer. (Rom. 7:25.)

And so it was; one day when alone with God, and passing through a great struggle of soul, it was as if God said, "Jesus only is worthy." There and then the chains fell off! Efforts to be fit for God were cast aside, the prison of self-effort was left, and joy and peace in Christ was the immediate portion.

"Accepted in the Beloved" was a scripture that gave our friend great joy. Accepted, graced, taken into favor, in the Beloved One of God the Father! Taken into favor in Him! What a portion! Yet this marvelous portion is that of each and all of God's people.

Consider the worthiness of the Beloved One of God the Father, search diligently the Scriptures concerning Him, and having by the Holy Spirit's teaching filled your soul full of God's thoughts which speak of Him, again and again read these words—In the Beloved! Accepted, taken into favor in the Beloved!

## His Fullness

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“HE is a full Christ for an empty sinner.” If we touch but the hem of His garment we get all the virtue that flows out of Him.

## Look Straight Ahead at the Plank

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WHEN I was a young man I was asked to make one in a party engaged on a kind of work I had never done before—namely, unloading a barge with wheel-barrows up a plank on to the shore, and running the barrow along the shore for some distance. I started, and very soon found the barrow and its load overboard. Again and again I tried, frequently getting the wheel off the plank, and only saving the barrow from falling into the water by getting its frame on the plank, where I had to hold it till someone helped me on again.

An “old hand” who had watched me, at last came to me, and said, “Here, I’ll put you right. The reason you get off is that you are continually watching—first your feet, and then the wheel. Now never mind the wheel, nor your feet either, but look straight ahead at the plank.”

I did as he told me, and very soon I could run a barrow with any man.

Jesus says, “I am the Way.” (John 14:6.) Keep your eye on Him—not on your load, nor on your feet; look straight off on to Him, and you will not fail. “Looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith.” (Heb. 12:2.) J. M.

## Short Pieces. W. F. B

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“I AM the Bread of life,” said Christ—not your enjoyment of it, however sweet.

WE often think more of the sugar of enjoyment, spread in love on the bread of promise, than of the promise itself; but our strength is to come from the bread and not the sweetness.

CHRIST will make us prize Himself more than His best gifts.

THE Spirit of God does not comfort us apart from Christ, but brings us nearer to Him—true comfort always leads to this.

WE often want to be comforted to believe, forgetting that we must believe to be comforted.

## A Word to Older Christians

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THEY that are coming to Jesus Christ are oftentimes heartily afraid that He will not receive them. This should teach old Christians to pity and pray for young corners. You know the heart of a stranger, for you yourselves were strangers in the land of Egypt. You know the fears, and doubts, and terrors that take hold of them, for that they sometimes took hold of you. Wherefore, pity them, pray for them, encourage them; they need all this; guilt hath overtaken them, fear of the wrath of God hath overtaken them; perhaps they are within the sight of hell-fire; and the fear of going thither is burning hot within their hearts. You may know how strangely Satan is suggesting his devilish doubts unto them; if possible he may sink and drown them with the multitude and weight of them. Old Christians, mend up the path for them, take the stumbling blocks out of the way, lest that which is feeble and weak be turned aside, but let it rather be healed. (Heb. 12) ■ Extract (Bunyan).

## Little Donald's Faith

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ONE sweet summer's day, little Donald and his wee sister Annie were sent by their mother down the lane and across the fields, to pay their aunt a visit. The little pair trotted off very merrily, Donald, being but seven years old, proud to have the care of Annie, who was two years younger. A pleasant time the bairns had at auntie's house, so that, as the evening drew on, she had some difficulty in persuading them to start for home, At length they set off, but, in spite of the many injunctions from auntie to go straight back, before mother should begin to fret about them, the children loitered, playing on the road, finding many a temptation to do so in the flowering hedge bottoms.

Thus, happy and thoughtless, they did not notice that it was getting late and growing dark, until, in the fast deepening shadows, they dimly saw, in the narrow lane before them, a big horse browsing. Now the poor thing was, I daresay both tired and hungry, and had no thought beyond getting its hard-earned supper, before its weary limbs took rest; but to the little children it seemed an awful and terrible obstacle, right across their homeward path. Donald's large brown eyes dilated in terror, as wee Annie clung tremblingly to him.

"Oh, Donald, whatever can we do?" she sobbed.

"I know what we must do, Annie," answered Donald, after a moment's hesitation; "we must pray about it."

And before she could reply, he had knelt down on the road, just where they were, and, with bent head and closed eyes, was praying earnestly: "O God, make the horse go on, for Jesus' sake! Amen."

Little Annie had never seen anyone before take a trouble straight to God, and she stood with clasped hands and eager, bright eyes, watching what would happen. To her disappointment nothing happened beyond that the horse stopped eating, and stood perfectly still. She shrank back with renewed terror, as Donald quietly took her hand, saying, "Come, Annie, come on."

"Oh, but, Donald, the horse isn't gone," she cried.

"No," he answered cheerily, "it isn't gone, but we have told God about it, and I expect He means to take us past safely, while it stands still."

And so it was; the horse never stirred, while the two little children went by, in God's tender keeping.

Thus Annie learned her first lesson in the school of faith. Have you learned yours, dear children? Do you know what it is to take trouble, fear, or care to God, and to leave it with Him, believing that He has heard, and will answer in His own blessed way? Perhaps, as with little Donald, He may not see well to remove the trial, but He will most surely, in answer to your prayer, help you to pass through it with His peace keeping your heart, He Himself leading you on safely, so that you fear

not.

D. & A. C.

## Anetta

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ONE night, after our cottage meeting, Mrs. B., whose aunt had adopted little Anetta as her child, said to me, "Anetta is very ill, and has asked to see you several times; we fear she may not live over tonight."

I had heard before of this dear little girl, who had attended our simple meetings with many other children. One day she had been playing the game which children know well, of pulling her fingers to hear the joints crack, and, while so doing, had injured one of her fingers so badly that the doctor said it must be cut off or it would cause her death; and now Anetta was very ill. I at once followed Mrs. B. to the house where the little girl was. There lay the dear child, propped up with pillows, her face distinctly showing that her young life was drawing to a close. She was so thin that one could almost see the bones through the transparent skin; but oh, what a sweet smile was on her face! ■ I shall never forget it; it spoke of a brighter place than this poor world.

I read the beautiful verses in Revelation 7:9-17 that tell us of heaven, and spoke about the beautiful place, and of how fond we all were in our meetings of singing about it, as in the pretty hymns ■

"There is rest for little children,

Above the bright blue sky,"

And ■

"There is a happy land,

Far, far away."

But who are those who were to be there? Those who had their robes washed white in the blood of the Lamb. Dear Anetta liked so much to hear what I was saying. I then quoted that sweet hymn ■

"Jesus, who lives above the sky,

Came down to be a man and die,"

and asked the dear child, "Anetta, are you happy?"

"Oh, yes," she said.

"And you do love Jesus?"

"Oh, yes, I do."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because He died for me," was the grand reply.

Anxious to test the dear little one, I asked again, "How do you know that He died for you?"

“Because the Bible says so,” was her answer, so clearly and so trustfully given.

Oh, what a beautiful testimony of perfect trust in the Lord! And are not these His own words: “Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven”?

The following day I found Anetta weaker, but oh so bright and happy. She knew she was going home to Jesus, so I asked her whether she was sorry to go.

“Oh no, but” ■and she paused■ “I am sorry for mamma.” So we prayed that the mother might have strength given her to bear up under the sad trial.

The poor mother, who was a widow, burst into tears, and said she did not know how to bear it, for Anetta was her only treasure down here, and it was so hard to lose her. She then told me that she had been saying to Anetta how hard it was of God to take her away, and the dear child had said quite sternly, “Mamma, you must not say that; God loves us, and does everything for our good. Perhaps we have not loved Him as much as we ought, and so He is taking me away to make you think more about Him. But it won’t be for long, mamma dear; Jesus will soon call you too. I think it is so good of the Lord Jesus to take me first, because He knows you can manage better for a little time alone than I could.”

The following day I was called away from home for a fortnight, and just before I left I saw my dear little friend again and bade her “good-bye.” She quite hoped to see me again on my return, but I felt sure it would not be until we were together round the throne, singing glory to the Lamb who was slain for us; and she passed away into the presence of her Lord and Saviour ten days afterward.

Just before Anetta died, she told her mother she had been dreaming sweetly about Jesus, and that He was calling for her. The doctor and the neighbors all spoke about Anetta’s happy face and sweet ways, and after her death her mother found among her belongings a number of texts she had written out in pencil which were special favorites of hers.

May the Lord, in His grace, use this little account of Anetta’s early death to speak to you, dear children; for the things we see are but for a time, and how vain it is to be occupied with the pleasures of this world, and to forget that “Now is the accepted time, today is the day of salvation.”  
J. S. A.

## Thy Word... My Feet

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IN a dark night and on a bad road the value of the lamp to the feet will be most appreciated. Upon an even path in broad daylight no one wants a lamp, but, says the Psalmist, “Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path” (Psa. 119:105). For to walk aright in the world was to him no easy path. He needed divine light to guide his steps, and in the Scriptures he found with joy that he had that light. Moreover, he addresses God respecting His word, saying, “Thy word,” and a happy thing for us it is to receive the Scriptures as the word personally given us of God.

Thy word... my feet! How happy are the “Thy” and the “my” here! Most personal is this interest in the word of God. And this is how we must take up the Scriptures. We need to receive the word of God for light for our own feet for each step we take. The world is a dark place; our path is a difficult one; we can only take a step at a time aright as we do so in the light given to us by the lamp of divine truth.

“A light unto my path” is a most gracious truth. The light thus given does not shine many footsteps in front of our feet, but just far enough to preserve us from pitfalls. All around may be dark, but there is sufficient “light unto my path” to keep us traveling on safely.

Evidently the Psalmist made use of the word of God as his guide. Sometimes men go out at night with a dark lantern; they pull the cover over the light. Now, we must make use of the light if we would walk thereby, and, however dark our way may seem to be, we shall never fail of our God’s guidance if we humbly repair to His word to be shown by that light what our steps in life should be.

## The Cities of Israel. Nazareth

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UNLIKE Bethlehem, Nazareth has no written history. It is not mentioned in the Old Testament. Josephus does not refer to it, and that voluminous record of ancient Jewish thought and history, the Talmud, is equally silent. All that contained in the New Testament, in the writings of early Christian Fathers, and the accounts of modern Travelers. It is not even the same Nazareth as that which was familiar to the Lord in His boyhood and youth. "There is very little," writes one traveler, "in the Nazareth of today to recall that of eighteen hundred years ago. Not a single building is now standing which was standing then. It is even doubtful whether the site remains unaltered, and we know that important changes have passed over the scenery of the neighborhood." Another writer says: "It is nearly certain that every stone... has long ago dissolved back into the white marl of the hills from which it was quarried. This kind of rock disintegrates with great rapidity, and, as the place was often almost or quite destroyed and forsaken, the soft stones thus exposed would not last fifty years." Only the setting of Nazareth is the same. It is when details are left, and the whole view is taken in, that we know that our eyes now look upon the scenes with which the Lord was familiar. The handiwork of man has changed, but the hills, the foundations of which the Lord hath laid, abide, and we that Hermon, on the north, is the same; Carmel and Sharon, with all their excellency, on the south; the wooded height of Tabor, the valley of the Jordan, and the plains of Gilead, on the east, and the distant Mediterranean on the west—all these, the strong outlines, remain, and are just as they were eighteen hundred years ago. There is this difference: where once were well-cultivated terraces of fruit and corn, bare hills now show themselves, for a blight has fallen on scenes formerly as fair as the garden of the Lord. "The Galilee of the time of Jesus was not only of the richest fertility, cultivated to the utmost, and thickly covered with populous towns and villages, but it was the center of every known industry, and the busy road of the world's commerce. Northward the eye would sweep over a rich plain; rest here and there on white towns, glittering in the sunlight; then quickly travel over the romantic hills and glens which form the scene of Solomon's Song, till, passing Safed, the view is bounded by that giant of the far-off mountain chain, snow-topped Hermon. Westward stretched a like scene of beauty and wealth—a land not lonely, but wedded; not desolate, but teeming with life; while on the edge of the horizon lay purple Carmel; beyond it a fringe of silver sand, and then the dazzling sheen of the Great Sea. In the farthest distance, white sails, like wings outspread towards the ends of the world; nearer, busy ports; then centers of industry, and, close by, traveled roads, all bright in the pure Eastern air and rich glow of the sun."

In such a place lived that "highly favored" woman, the mother of the Lord. Here was made to her that announcement, the fulfilment of ancient prophecy, that of her should He be born who should be called the Son of the Highest. Here, amid these scenes, was He brought up, after the return from Egypt, until the time when He should be manifested to Israel. How little we are told of that early life, and yet what a depth of meaning the few words contain He grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon Him. He was subject to His parents. Those early years of quiet, of which we get only one glimpse—the visit to the Temple—were spent

with God, and for God. And that is all that we are told, and we are content that it should be so. There is a natural craving to know more of the youth of the Lord, and lying legends in plenty have been invented by man to satisfy that craving, and the simple fact that the gospels preserve an almost complete silence, marks them as being no mere human compilations, but the work of a Divine Hand, which gave what was really needed, and withheld all that mere curiosity would fain know.

The inhabitants of Nazareth are equal to the task of satisfying this natural longing. They point out the workshop of Joseph, the house of Mary, the cave where the angel made his wonderful announcement, the slab of stone which the Lord and His disciples used as a table both before and after His resurrection, and, heedless of the Scriptures, which state that Nazareth was built upon the hill, from the brow of which the men of Nazareth would have cast the Lord, they point out a spot two miles away as “the Mount of Precipitation.” The “Fountain of Mary” is probably the only genuine relic of Mary’s days. It is the chief supply of water to the village, and, as a natural feature, would be hardly likely to change. The population, a few years ago, was between four and five thousand souls, most of them professing Christianity, but, like the Christians of Bethlehem, they bear a very bad character.

One of the chief points of interest in connection with Nazareth is this, that it gave its name to the Lord, and to His followers. “Jesus, the Nazarene” (for thus it should be rather than “of Nazareth”) was the name by which He was known throughout His life, and in His death. “Jesus, the Nazarene,” wrote Pilate for the title upon the cross and “Jesus, the Nazarene, whom thou persecutest.” was the Lord’s arresting-word to Saul of Tarsus. Truly, the word quoted by Matthew, “He shall be called (a) Nazarene,” received a strict fulfillment.

But whence did Matthew derive the prophecy? His words are express: that Joseph dwelt in Nazareth, so that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets, He (Jesus) shall be called a Nazarene. As most of our readers doubtless know, the actual words are nowhere found in the Old Testament, to say nothing of the fact that Matthew speaks of the prophets. Some would refer us to the Nazarite vows of the Old Testament, but the two words are very different. Nor is it satisfactory to suppose that unwritten prophecies had been handed down, which Matthew quotes. We believe the answer may be found in the signification of the name.

That the Jews were in an eager state of expectancy for the Messiah the gospel narrative shows. That He should frequently be spoken of was natural, and among the many names applied to Him, drawn from the pages of Holy Writ, none was more largely used than that of “the Branch.” It found a place in the ancient daily prayers, which to this day the devout Jew repeats thrice a day—“Speedily make to shoot forth” (lit., branch forth) “the Branch of David Thy servant.” A trace of it appeared in the prayer of Zacharias, when he spoke of the tender mercy of our God, “whereby the Dayspring from on high hath visited us.” Against the word “day-spring” our translators have put in the margin ■ “or Sunrising, or Branch.”

The Old Testament is more full of prophecies concerning the Branch than we should at first imagine, and these are woven into the New Testament in a way not at once apparent. In the prophecy of Jeremiah, we read, “Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will raise unto David a righteous Branch, and a King shall reign and prosper.” The answer (in part at least) to this prophecy we find in Matthew’s Gospel, which sets out with the relation of the Messiah to David.

David's Branch—the King—appears throughout. Then in Zechariah we read, "Behold, I will bring forth My Servant the Branch," which is answered in Mark's Gospel of the Lord's unwearied service. Again, in Zechariah we read, "Behold the Man whose name is the Branch," which is answered in Luke's Gospel of the Son of Man—the Man Christ Jesus. Lastly, Isaiah speaks of that day in which "the Branch of Jehovah shall be beautiful and glorious," which has for its answer John's Gospel of the divine glory—the glory of Him who is I Am. (John 8:58.)

The Hebrew word which in these passages is translated "Branch" is Zemach, and this was the common name for Messiah. But "what is expressed by the word Zemach is also conveyed by the word Nezer," which occurs in that other Messianic prophecy: "There shall come forth a Rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch" (Nezer) "shall grow out of his roots." To speak, then, of Jesus as Nezer, or Nozri (lit., Son of a Branch, that is, a Branch; in Greek, Nazaraios), was to use a Scripture equivalent for the commoner term Zemach, by which latter name three prophets—Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Zechariah—had borne witness to the Messiah.

We need only point out that Nezer and Nazareth spring from a common root (even if we do not accept what many learned men consider to be proved, that the Hebrew name of Nazareth was Nezer), and it will be seen that when men applied to Jesus the name of the place in which He was brought up, they, however unconsciously, fulfilled the scriptures of old. "He shall be called Nazarene" (Nezer, Branch), and every mention of that name now, whether in contempt or in worship, fulfils that scripture which "cannot be broken."

We do not read that the Lord saw much of Nazareth after His ministry began. Its inhabitants heard and wondered at His gracious words, but their wonder turned to anger as He spoke of the ways of grace—that a Syrian leper or a Gentile widow should partake of mercy while there were lepers and widows in Israel. So they would fain have cast Him headlong down the hill, when He confirmed the truth of the proverb, that a prophet is not without Honor, save in his own country, and among his own kin, and in his own house. And as we step, so to speak, into city after city, and village after village, whither His blessed feet carried Him, and mark the "unbelief" which met Him in almost all, we wonder at His love and goodness, but we do not wonder so much at the tears which He wept when He considered those who "knew not the time of their visitation." Jr.

## Searching for Satisfaction. Chapter 2

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MY trouble of mind was such that my father desired me to give up study, and, instead, to enter upon some business pursuit. I found employment in an office, but, after some months, was constrained to tell my father and the Rabbi. I could not continue in any other work than that of God.

This pleased them much, so I began again to study the Bible every morning and evening. With much surprise I read these words of the Psalmist, "There is none that doeth good, no, not one" (53:3). This made me perfectly sure I should never go to heaven. Even the Bible informs me so, I said, for I am not righteous. I went again to my mother, begging her to tell me "what to do to be saved." She cried bitterly, and replied, "It will be well with you, if you continue in the written and the Oral laws."

After months of misery and despair, I became very ill and sank into despondency. In vain I sought to feel that the God of our fathers was my God and Father, and to realize His Fatherly love.

The physician who visited me thought my recovery "doubtful!" Upon hearing this my mother fell upon my bed and, with bitter lamentations, kissed me, saying, "My dear, I remember you asked me several times what to do to be saved; you also told me you were afraid to die because of your sinnership before God. How do you feel now?"

With all the energy left me I replied, "I am lost! I am lost!" Then, lifting up my hands and heart to the Lord, said with the Psalmist: "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law" (119:18), and fell back exhausted, and unable to speak for several days and nights.

The Rabbi and others came to see me; thinking it would be the last time, they engaged in prayer, and repeated many Psalms of David, a custom generally practiced in houses of sickness.

Being able to speak a little, I said, "Pray that the Lord may open my eyes, that I may know the God of our fathers as my God, and it shall suffice me."

The Lord heard my prayer; I began to recover, and after a few weeks was restored to health.

Then I told my father that I must leave my native land and search for, if possibly I could find, that for which my soul longed. His wishes to the contrary were of no avail, and it is impossible for me to express the determination which filled my mind.

One night, while reading the Gemara, I fell asleep, when, suddenly awaking, these words of Genesis 12:1 "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee" ■ applied themselves to me, in such a way, that I could not possibly shake them off. So I said to my father that, with or without his permission, I must go, and if I die, I die! but I must go! Upon this he consented, praying that wherever I went the God of Israel might be with me.

In July, 1871, my father invited several friends and relations to his house, to see me before I left my home, and to join in persuading me to remain. It was a heartbreaking time, but I could only say,

If I cannot go, I cannot, must not, live! Then all began to comfort me, and to wish me success in my journey. I was then sixteen years of age.

The morning of my departure came, and many assembled to bid me farewell! In the afternoon we started to the railway station some five miles off, about one hundred people following us. The eyes of my beloved mother were dim with tears, and her tenderness of heart, and the thought that I should never meet with anyone in this world with such love, filled me with grief. My father, as he bade me farewell, put his hands upon my head, and said, "May the God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Jacob, our fathers, keep and preserve thee near to His holy word, the Bible, and to the holy writings of our holy Rabbis," and I replied, "Amen and Amen."

The train started. The assembled friends with my most beloved father, and mother, who had a babe in her arms, lifted up their hands, and from the railway carriage I saw my mother faint away. Never shall I forget that time. I, too, fell upon the floor of the carriage fainting, but was revived by the people around; then, whilst sitting in the carriage, I lifted up my voice, and prayed unto the Lord to take me in His arms, and be my Father, Mother, Brother, and Friend, yea, my All in all.

The train brought me to the small town, Verbelow, on the Russian frontier. The boundary of Russia is here marked by a wide ditch full of water, some parts of which are shallow, while others are deep. No one is permitted to cross the boundary, unless by permission from the Government. It is the law of Russia, that whoever wishes to leave the country, must have a special passport from the chief governor of the province, and no passports are granted to young men who are not likely to return, especially if it is probable they will be wanted for the military conscription. I had no permission. When evening came on I entered the house of a Jew, and requested to be allowed to stay there the night, but the house was very small, and there was no room. They asked if I would go upon the roof to sleep, which I was glad to do.

About six o'clock in the morning, I got up, and started on my way, looking wistfully at the boundary, and at the soldiers on duty, who shoot anyone attempting to cross without permission. I hid in a cornfield for some time, and watched the soldiers, and found to my joy they had not noticed me. I took off my boots, that I might run the more quickly, and when the soldiers had gone a few yards in the opposite direction, ran with all my speed, crossed the broad ditch, and hid myself in the cornfield on the other side.

Then the soldiers caught sight of me, and fired, but I ran on through the cornfield, and escaped.

By-and-by I came to a small village in Germany, where I took the train to Königsberg. In the carriage, a young man introduced himself to me, and appeared to be polite. We were alone, and I was weary and fell asleep. As the train neared the station, I heard the door shut, and found the young man had jumped out of the carriage. He had picked my pockets. I informed the station-master what had happened, who immediately sent off half a dozen gendarmes to search for him, and in a very short time, back came a gendarme with the thief bound on his horse. The culprit had been found sitting under a tree, counting out the money from my purse!

Having regained my money, I proceeded to Königsberg, where I stayed a few weeks, but my soul found no satisfaction there.

From Kōnigsberg I went to Berlin, and wrote to my parents. My father replied, wishing me God's blessing, and hoping that I should not go farther away.

I obtained a situation as junior clerk, in Berlin, but as the Jews in Germany are not very pious, nor so particular in their rites and worship as the Jews of Russia and Poland, I wrote to my father, informing him that I must leave that country.

"My darling child," he replied, "I cannot tell how we feel for you. Every day your mother sheds tears, and laments because our Isaac is not with us. Dear child, we should be very thankful and unspeakably happy if you would return home. Your mother says, since her dear child has gone, the joy and comfort of her heart has departed from her.... For God's name sake, keep the commandments very strictly—the Oral and written laws. May they be the object of your life, and your new companions. Try and keep your phylacteries perfect. And may the God of our fathers Abraham, Isaac, and of Jacob, be with you. Amen. Adieu, adieu, adieu."

My answer was, that I felt it was not the will of God that I should stop in Germany or return to Russia. Since leaving home, I wrote I had not had one happy hour, but every night bitterly lamented the comforts left behind. But still, my letter continued, on I must go, a long journey, till the God of our fathers should satisfy my soul, adding, "Dear mother, I shall never forget you! Yea, I cannot help thinking of you every moment, and shall do so."

I left Berlin for Hamburg on foot, desiring to see Germany, and, after walking three or four hours, I overtook two young men—one a Pole, the other a Prussian who said they were traveling to England, but intended seeing Germany, Saxony, Hanover, Brunswick, and Austria first, and with them I journeyed.

Not having passports, we were not permitted to lodge anywhere, for it was not long after the French and German war, and the inhabitants were very particular; so we slept in cornfields, or woods, or cemeteries, and often lay down weary and tired, to get up drenched with rain.

One day we came to a wood, and while I was asleep, my companions stole the money out of my pockets, took away my bundle of clothes from under my head, and left me. Not having money nor change of clothes, I did not know what to do, and, as I lifted up my face heavenward, cried unto the Lord, "Lead me in Thy truth."

For several hours I walked straight on. Then the night came, and I was alone, weary and hungry. On, on I went in the darkness, weeping and praying, till I saw a light shining in the distance; it was a very long way off, and looked very small. I kept it before my eyes for about two hours, and then came to it. It was a candle in the window of a farmhouse.

In answer to my knock an old lady opened the door, asking who I was. "I am a poor Jew boy, going to England; I am hungry and weary; I think I am dying," was my reply. She welcomed me in, gave me food, and a bed to sleep on, and in the morning set me on my way.

I hastened to the nearest village, which was about eighteen miles off. The piece of bread, which the kind old lady had given me was eaten, and, after some hours walking, I entered a large forest. There I met an old man, and asked him if he would give me a piece of bread. He did so with pleasure, but the bread was buttered, and, as a Jew, I would not eat butter made by Christians; so I was obliged to refuse his bounty, and had to go on, hungry as I was. After walking for about four

hours more, I lost my way, and lay down in the forest, and fell asleep. When I awoke the night had come on, and I was alone in the darkness.

## Where Am I Going?

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THE closing days of January, 1848 found H.M.S. "H■s" leaving Amherst, in the Bay of Bengal, with a cargo of teak for Her Majesty's Dockyard at Chatham. The only occurrence worthy of note during the run to Trincomalee, where we had to call, was the death and funeral of our captain's youngest daughter. The mind of the writer, who was then just entering his seventeenth year, was much impressed, when the solemn service was read, and the body committed to the deep, until that day when the sea shall be commanded to give up its dead. Not long before the same service had been read over the body of a messmate, who, though much respected and esteemed by both officers and crew, had lived a godless and Christless life, and had apparently thus died.

But to go on with my yarn. All went on well with our ship, after leaving Trincomalee, till nearing the Isle of France, when, a gale having sprung up, our captain (an old and experienced Indian navigator) began to prepare for a storm. On the third day the gale had increased, and it was blowing a hurricane. It is unnecessary here to attempt to describe its power and the havoc it made, but I remember it being described Afterward as the heaviest ever known.

About noon (March 10th, 1849) the ship was struck by a heavy sea, which threw her almost on her beam ends, causing her to fill rapidly with water. Our old and skillful captain had given her up, and all were awaiting a watery grave. Not a word could be heard, if, indeed, a word were spoken. All was silence, save the fearful howl of the hurricane and the occasional shrieks and cries of those invalids who were battened down below, for we expected the next sea would hurl us into eternity.

I looked round at those near me, as we clustered together, hanging on by the ropes under the netting on the quarter-deck, and saw despair on the weather-beaten countenances of the seamen. Then the captain gave his last message (as we supposed), and I began to think of home, and the loved ones I should see no more. But only for a moment or two was my mind thus occupied, for the ship appeared to be settling down, and I then thought, "Eternity will begin, and where, oh, where shall I spend it?" It was as if a voice spoke louder than the hurricane, asking me, "Where are you going?" No ray of hope came to my relief then; no word of comfort from false props. But in a moment the answer was given by my soul with terrible distinctness■ "I am going to hell!"

Dear reader, why should my soul have made that answer? Was it only a freak of the devil to terrify me, by putting dark thoughts into my mind? I had never done anyone any harm; I was religiously inclined; I never drank, nor blasphemed. Indeed, I was respected by my shipmates. Why, then, should I suppose that hell was before me?

As for false hopes and props, it is written, "The bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it: and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it" (Isa. 28:20); and this verse may well supply the answer, for in the hour and article of death there are no screens to be found; the veil is lifted, and we are brought face to face with reality. Neither shams nor shadows will avail us then. I had not been born again. I was not sheltered under the blood of Christ. My sins were still upon me. I knew not Jesus as my personal Saviour; hence had the ship gone down, the answer

would, indeed, have been sadly true; my soul would have been lost for all eternity.

The ship righted herself. We were saved as if by a miracle. Indeed it was nothing less than the intervention of a merciful God that spared, us from a watery grave. The next day found us a complete wreck-sails lost, bulwarks and boats swept clean away; thus we arrived in Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope, but without the loss of any human life. Our arrival was a surprise to those who knew we were at sea, for it was not expected that we could have outlived the hurricane.

When we landed in England, and I met with, those whom I had not expected to see again, I told them with youthful glee of that terrific storm. I showed them some of the storm-knots ■ shreds of the sails that had been blown into mysterious knots■indicating the marvelous power of the gale; I told them of the agony of those between decks; of the despair written on the faces of officers and men around me; but not one word did I say of the anguish of my soul at the dark prospect that was then before me. No; I kept that to myself, and never spoke of it until long Afterward, when the Lord had saved my soul.

Years passed away, and the writer was serving in a small vessel on the West Indian station, and again was homeward bound, after an absence of some four years from England and of hard service under a tropical sun, which had told heavily on ship and crew. A heavy gale sprang up, which increased in violence, so that the ship had to be battened down and, though she was a splendid sea boat, fears were entertained for her hull and rigging. About midnight, during the second night, it was thought by some of the older seamen that we should not see daylight again. Then once more God spoke to me. I was still unsaved. I dreaded to meet death, because I dreaded to meet a holy God. (Heb. 10:27.) Anguish of soul and regrets for the past possessed me. God was again merciful to us, our vessel was spared; we safely arrived at Spithead, and soon after were paid off. How many out of that small ship's company, have now passed into eternity!

Ah! the charms of home after an absence of nearly five years! My impressions were soon forgotten, and my convictions were stifled, and no gratitude was shown to Him who had so often spared my life.

Years rolled on, I being, by God's mercy, permitted to see them. I settled down in life, as they say, and had a comfortable home, being still in Her Majesty's navy. I became very religious, and strictly attended a place of worship, as the opportunity offered. Now came a device of Satan. I thought, as do many, that for an outwardly good religious life God would surely give me some reward. Why should He not, if I did my best? Vain thought and vain hope! I did not know then there was such a verse in the Bible as this "Strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world." (Eph. 2:12.)

Some few years later I was in a large town in the south of England, where gospel meetings were being held, and I went to them. The speaker was a fearless man, faithful to his Master, and to his hearers. I thought he was just suited for his audience, and was enjoying his plain words when one evening he made use of what I regarded as a strange and unwarrantable expression. I remember the words well, even to this day■now over twenty years gone by■though no doubt the servant of God who uttered them has long since lost their remembrance, if indeed he has long gone home. The words are these: "The most amiable lady in this town out of Christ is as near hell as the greatest drunkard in it."

What dreadful words to use, I thought; how dare he say such a thing as this! I went home highly indignant with the preacher, and, of course, gave him the cold shoulder, and prated to my wife about such manner of preaching as his; but at the sametime I was restless. Can it be true, thought I, that a religious man as I am—one who has never drunk a glass of intoxicating drink in his life, and who has lived most morally—can such an one be as near hell as a poor drunkard? No, no, the idea is too shocking!

But what does God say? “All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.” (Rom. 3:23.) I read these words, among many others, and was led to bow to the word of God. I discovered I was all wrong, and became anxious to be made all right.

Bless God, He soon revealed His Son to me as my only Saviour. I believed Him, and then could sing in truth—

“Happy day, happy day,

When Jesus washed my sins away.”

Some while after my conversion, I left Her Majesty’s service, and was, at the time about to be spoken of, in charge of a mission yacht, on her way to the Shetland Islands, to carry the good news of salvation to the hardy islanders. A steady breeze blew when the yacht was off the Yorkshire coast, which freshened to a gale, and soon after, unable to keep her course—the gale increasing—she was compelled to scud before it under bare poles. The heavy seas rolled up like huge monsters under her stern, roaring and threatening to engulf vessel and crew; and, when midnight came in all its fearful blackness of darkness, the little vessel was fast making water, and all hope of saving her was gone. Then the writer committed the small crew—not one of whom was converted! —to God, and remembered the loved ones at home. And then he stood steering the little craft throughout that long night, expecting every minute the next sea would sweep all into eternity. In that soul-searching hour he was by grace enabled humbly, yet calmly, to sing—

“Jesus, lover of my soul,

Let me to Thy bosom fly,

While the nearer waters roll,

While the tempest still is high.”

And how dear these lines have been to him ever since! Oh, what a contrast it was that night, when looking into the face of a watery grave, and standing on the verge of eternity, between the storm without and the calm within! What a contrast with his feelings on the first storm which he has narrated!

As one who has faced death, both as an unsaved sinner and as a saved man, both in view of hell and of heaven, reader, I appeal to you. Are you at peace with God? Are you reconciled to Him, and are you one with His Christ? Would death be to you a leap in the dark—going, going, where? —to spend an eternity in hell? or would it be a blessed entrance into Paradise? Why will ye be lost? For rejecting Christ, the only Saviour! Your sins may all be forgiven you, but the rejection of Christ will never be forgiven. Pardon and peace are now offered to you through the atoning blood of

God's own dear Son. Come then, now, repent of your sins, believe on Christ, and be saved. R. C.

## Amen! Hallelujah!

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ONE Saturday evening a young man, nineteen years of age, was sitting in an arm-chair near the fire. He was very weak and ill—so ill that, sometime previously, the doctor had sent a message, telling him that he must not expect to recover.

This message was a great blow to poor James. He had been looking forward eagerly to the time when he should be strong again, thinking of what he would do for himself, and for those who were dear to him. To be told now that he must die seemed very hard, and he felt it very keenly at first. It was not that he was afraid to die, or afraid to meet God, for James was a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, and knew that His precious blood had cleansed him from all sin; but he had not yet learned to trust God in everything, to trust His wisdom and His love, assured that His way is always best.

The gracious and loving way in which the “Good Shepherd” sent comfort to that wounded heart, may be understood from James’s own words on that Saturday evening. His mother was working at the table near him, and, after a silence, James looked up, and said, “Mother, do you know the meaning of ‘amen’ and ‘hallelujah’?”

“Yes, I think I do,” she replied, “but you tell me.”

“‘Amen,’ said James, ‘means so be it,’ and ‘hallelujah’ means ‘praise ye the Lord.’ Well, mother, now I can say ‘amen’ and ‘hallelujah’ for my affliction.”

Not very long after, the Lord took James to be with Himself, in that bright home above, where it will be his delight forever to shout, “Hallelujah!”—that song, commenced here in weakness and suffering, but there continued to the full praise of Him who is worthy!

Dear reader, do you know this precious Saviour? Can you say that He is yours, and that you belong to Him? Oh! you cannot think what you are losing if you do not know Him. How could you meet death without Him? Then how can you live without Him? He says to you, if unsaved, “Incline your ear, and come unto Me: hear, and your soul shall live.” And, oh! may those of us, who do know Him, learn by His grace to trust Him in everything, so that even in affliction our hearts may delight to cry, “Amen! Hallelujah!” H. L. T,

## The Spirit Striving

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AT the close of a gospel service, the preacher asked such as knew the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour, to speak to those near them about their souls. Oh! how I longed that evening to tell other; how much the Lord had done for me, but more courage seemed needed than I could muster, and the company began to disperse Left almost alone in the great building, very much depressed at my faint-heartedness, I sauntered to the door, purposing to seep grace to be a more faithful servant in the future. A woman with a little girl stock in the porch, but I was so occupied with myself that I had almost passed them, whet I felt constrained by one word, ■ “now.” This word in a moment so filled my mind that I turned to the woman, and asked if it were well with her soul.

She burst into tears, and, in her distress said that she dared not leave the place without having the question of her soul’s welfare settled, and that she was lingering in hope of someone speaking with her. Reentering the hall, we sat down, and or hearing again the glad tidings of the Saviour’s finished work, the woman with joy received Him, and went away praising God.

This poor woman was a seeker. She knew her need of a Saviour; she knew what it way to be lost; she knew something of the reality of eternity, and so she realized the truth of that passage in Prov. 8:17, “Those that seek Me early shall find Me,” and, to her joy, she learned that the blessed Son of Man came into this world “to seek and to save that which was lost.” (Luke 19:10)

Let me ask any reader, who is still undecided, to go back to the time when first the strivings of the Holy Ghost with him were known. How long ago is it? And are you yet unsaved? How often since that first awakening has the tender, pleading voice of Jesus been heard at the door of your heart? Yet, again and again, you have answered, “Not yet—not yet—a little more delay, a little more pleasure.” But what shall it be when this little more time is spent? What then, when this life is gone by? The rich man said to himself, “Soul, take thine ease,” and God’s words to him were, “Thou fool,” and he died, and was lost.

For a few moments, calmly and soberly look the matter of eternity fairly in the face. What are you doing? Resisting the Holy Ghost. Terribly solemn is the position in which you, who once were near the kingdom, stand at this moment. Sins and iniquities are piled up like a great mountain, and the wrath of God is abiding on you (John 3:36), yes, abiding on you—and yet, —oh! miracle of grace! —within your reach, as it were, are shelter, peace, and rest.

Oh, come to Jesus now—just as you read these lines—tell Him all you know yourself to be, a guilty wretch, deserving nothing but an endless hell, a sinner without strength, and with no merit and no hope but in Him, and just cast yourself, in all your helplessness, upon Him, and here is His blessed word, “Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.” (John 6:37.)

A few nights after the incident narrated at the commencement of this paper, we were speaking to one, who in answer to the inquiry if she knew what it is to be lost, replied, that she had known it years ago, and that she knew it that night. But even the thought of hell failed to arouse her from the state of indifference into which she had fallen. Time after time had the Spirit of God striven with

her, and as often had she resisted Him.

We tried to pray for her, but could not. She seemed as hard as a stone. Never, while I live, shall I forget that face with its hardened look, nor these words, "Let him, alone" ■ "Ephraim is joined to his idols: let him alone." (Hos. 4:17.) A. L. M.

## Death and His Sting

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TO the infant, “the King of Terrors,” as man terms death, is as nothing. The little one knows not what means its weakness and shortening breath, or the tears of those about its cot; but to the infant there is more than ignorance of the nature of death: it fears not death’s sting. It has not learned good and evil; it has not been long enough in a world of iniquity to have been told not to do this, or to do that. “Where there is no law there is no transgression;” and it has not lived long enough to spurn away Him who was a Sacrifice for sinners.

How different is death to the grown-up person, who knows what good is, yet does it not, who has heard of Jesus, and has rejected Him! To such a one death comes armed; he carries aloft his weapon, that fearful weapon which is the terror of the guilty, and, as the victim dies, death pierces him through and through, until the cries arising from his soul-agony are a thousand-fold worse than the groans or the pains of the feeble body. Know you, reader, what is the name of the weapon of the “King of Terrors?” ■ “THE STING OF DEATH IS SIN.”

An infidel was upon his deathbed. His servants and friends were about him, watching his end, when suddenly he leaped up, crying, “I won’t die, I can’t die!” and, staggering across the room, he fell into the arms of his attendants, and expired. The sting of death had pierced him, and its pang was terrible. For a moment, only for a moment, those about him saw the effect of the soul-pain. Perhaps they have forgotten even the scene now, but he never forgets—hapless man, for now no longer an infidel, he never forgets.

Were there no sin there would be no death for man. Men call death the debt of nature, but it is the debt of sin. “The wages of sin is death,” and “the strength of sin is the law,” for the law commands man to do what he cannot possibly perform. Then comes death to weak man, and with his sting, stabs into the soul with frightful energy, as each transgression, each act of disobedience, each time of rejecting Christ is brought to the mind.

“I once had convictions■it is too late now■I am damned,” cried one upon his dying pillow. Did not the strength of his sin, in rejecting Christ, strike the sting into his poor soul then? Hapless youth! we weep for thee. Yet why, oh why, didst thou make such a hell for thyself? Oh, how terrible hast thou made it by thy, “I once had convictions”! Would that thou in thy day hadst received Jesus, but “it is too late now.”

To the believer death has no sting. A short while since we saw a bee sting one whom we love, and on taking up the creature afterward, found it was perfectly harmless; for it had no weapon wherewith to sting us now; its weapon was left in our friend’s hand.

Thus has death lost his sting for us in our Redeemer, when He suffered and died for us upon the cross. The Just One suffered for sin. He died because of sin. His people fear not the second death, and death has no sting left for them. Death itself, once to the believer the King of Terrors, is but the entrance-gate to His presence. “Death is ours.”

## Hints to Gospel Workers

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**STUDY** your Bible, pray over it. Study the people, pray for them. Preach the word, do not preach about it. Preach to men, not about them. Be sure of the nail you would fasten in the sure place, but do not forget to hammer it in and to clench it.

**LEARN** God's thoughts from His word in secret, but when you speak of God to men, do not tell them all that you know, but only what they can understand.

**NEVER** tell men more than you know, for it is better that those who listen to your voice should read learned books than that they should hear second-hand learning imperfectly spoken.

A **LITTLE** that a man knows from the teaching of God's Spirit goes a long way, and that little is better than the much knowledge that is derived from having the best memory in the world. It is like that knowledge possessed by the rustic, whom the lost traveler meets on the moor, in a dark night, and whose acquaintance with the country brings him to his home, and is then worth more than the traveler's acquaintance with the map, which it is too dark to see!

## I Know

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UNBELIEF is a system of uncertainty and, where the future is in question, "I know not" is written upon the gateways of its wisdom. Were it possible for unbelief to banish the Bible from off the earth, all the accumulated learning of men could only state of what follows this life, "I know not what it is, or if it be." It is a very poor thing, say what men will, to be in ignorance of one's own future, and indeed not to know whether there be an eternity.

The simplest believer has, as his first privilege, the right to say, with absolute certainty; "I know," and this personal knowledge is worth more than the wisdom of a thousand philosophers. "I know" ■ I my own self know. And how is it that the believer does know? Because God has told him. And why is it the unbeliever does not know? Because he does not listen to what God says. "I know" is no presumption, for if a king take one of his subjects into his confidence, and tell him his secrets, it is the king who imparts the knowledge, and all that the man does is to receive it, and there is no presumption in receiving; but there is presumption in declining to receive. There are those who are far too proud to believe God's word, and upon their own heads lie the weight and the woe of this their folly.

"Surely I know,"

said the wise man, "that it shall be well with them that fear God, which fear before Him: but it shall not be well with the wicked." (Eccl. 8:12, 13.) Herein is no mere human opinion, but wisdom divinely given. "Though a sinner do evil an hundred times, and his days be prolonged," still in the end "it shall not be well with the wicked;" and, though all go against the believer in this lifetime, "it shall be well with" him. God has so declared, and the believer responds, "Surely I know" this! There is not a true Christian on the face of the earth who does not in his own soul say, "I know" it; it is the testimony of everyone who has faith. Now this knowledge is worth more than all the world's wisdom, and may each reader of this page possess it.

"Now I know,"

said a man, who in his day was great, but who only a few hours previously had, in the pride of his heart, despised and refused the wisdom about himself brought to him by the servant of God. The man who said, "Now I know," had been a leper, whom no power or skill in that kingdom wherein he was "a great man and an honorable" could avail to recover. But when he said, "Now I know," his leprosy was healed, and he was clean. This Naaman, the Syrian, is a picture of the sinner, who, though he be ever so great and honorable, is afflicted with the disease of sin, which no power of this world can heal.

The leper, of whom we speak, had a kingdom's might and wealth at his back, and in his king's name he had come to a prophet of God just as he was ■ a leper. A captain, and a great man was he before his king—but a leper. Thus he came in his wealth and with his servants to the prophet, but he came as he was—a leper. And whether men be kings, or princes, or beggars, when they come to the servants of God about their sins, they must needs come as they are and what they

are sinners.

When this leper came to the prophet, God sent him a message: "Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean." But the leper was proud, he had his own thoughts of the reverence due to his position, and the propriety which befitted his dignity, and the message, "Wash and be clean," was to him too simple, and the means too humble for his acceptance, "so he turned and went away in a rage." "I do not know" how to be cleansed was his position, though he had heard the way of mercy. A type is he of thousands who recognize themselves as sinners, but who despise the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, which cleanseth us from all sin—who have never been washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. The gospel to them is too simple, too truly adapted to unworthy and helpless souls, to meet their sense of their own greatness.

Being lovingly appealed to by his servants, and persuaded by them, this leper at last consented to the simplicity of the means upon which he had turned his back. He returned, went to the river, dipped himself in its waters, as he had been bidden, and lo! in a moment, even as God had said, "he was clean." Then it was he knew, then in his own person he was a witness to the divinely-granted cleansing, and he came and stood before the prophet's door once more, and made his confession, "Now I know."

"Now I know!" "Now"— being cleansed — "I," once the leper, "know in myself, and for myself, the truth of the word of God, for I am a witness thereto." Was this presumption? "Now," being cleansed, "I," once a sinner in my sins, "know" for myself that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin. Now "I know." May God grant each reader to have in his heart this personal knowledge.

"I know"

are the words of one who knew Him, of whom he spake, intimately. "I know whom I have believed." It is a great knowledge that it shall be well with the righteous, and that it shall not be well with the wicked; it is a greater to know one's own soul saved and one's own sins washed away. Most precious knowledge is this! Yes! to know this of oneself for oneself is of value unutterable. But there is yet sweeter knowledge than that of one's own sins being cleansed by the blood of Jesus, even the knowledge of Christ Himself. Paul knew Him, whom he had trusted. The Lord was to Paul Friend as well as Saviour. Death in its terrible form of martyrdom was before the path of the apostle, his body was about to be cast by the heathen he knew not where, but he knew Whom he trusted, the Lord was his Friend, and Almighty is His Name. "I... am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." (2 Tim. 1:12.)

The day of the first resurrection is not so far distant; at any hour the trump may sound, awaking the righteous who sleep—at any hour the voice may be heard calling up the living to the clouds to meet the Lord in the air. How blessed, then, in that prospect is it to look up to heaven, where Jesus is, and to say, "I know whom I have believed;" "I know" Him through His word and by His love; "I know" Him in whom I trust.

"We have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." (1 John 4:16.) Come away from the dark, dark night of unbelief—enter into the home of love.

Reader, may it be yours to say■

“Surely I know” it shall be well with the righteous.

“Now I know” I am clean through the cleansing blood of Christ.

“I know” Him Himself, Jesus the Lord, my Saviour and my Friend.

## A Marvelous Result

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“I AM the Lord thy God, that divided the sea, whose waves roared: The Lord of hosts in His name.  
And I have put My words in thy mouth, and I have covered thee in the shadow of Mine hand,

“That I may plant the heavens,

“And lay the foundations of the earth, ■”

“And ponder over what follows — consider the wonders of God’s ways and works■

“And say unto Zion, Thou art My people.” Think what a God is thy God■He works all these wonders so that He may say to and of His own, “Thou art My people.”

## Short Pieces. W P. B

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CHRIST will often give us sweet feelings and comfort to elevate and cheer us in sorrow, but not to supersede Himself.

WE constantly lose our comforts by making a Christ of them, and so using them that we may do with less of Himself.

CHRIST does not say man shall live by his feelings only, but by “every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God.”

WE often ask for joy, and forget faith, its root, as though we could have unbelieving joy; and so with love and the other graces; but it is joy and peace in believing, not apart from believing.

WE often ask for strength to believe instead of faith to strengthen, and for enjoyment to believe, instead of believing to enjoy.

## Willie's Trust

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ONE evening, as a band of young children were assembled, listening to their teacher's weekly lesson, he dwelt upon these precious words, "And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." He felt the power of the words, and repeated them again and again. Verily the Lord who gave the word that evening did cause it to accomplish that which He pleased, and to prosper in the thing whereto He sent it.

Before the teacher sat a dear little boy, who listened with earnest attention to what was being said.

Poor Willie, although he was so young in years, was no stranger to real anxiety, for his father was a soldier, and was many hundred; of miles away from old England, fighting his country's battles in Burmah.

When Willie reached home that evening he found his mother in tears.

"What's the matter, mother?" he asked His sorrowing mother simply answered "Go away, my boy."

Again Willie asked, "What's the matter, mother?" with the same result, for she did not wish to burden her precious little son with her own heart's grief.

Still Willie pleaded, "Why are you crying, mother?" until she could withhold no longer, and explained her deep anxiety for the safety of his father. Day after day she had been waiting and longing to receive a few lines from the far East, to assure her that the loved one was alive and well, but the long-expected letter had not come.

"Ask Jesus to send us a letter, mother," said Willie.

"What's the use of asking Him to send us a letter."

"Oh, mother, teacher told us tonight that whatsoever we asked in prayer, believing, we should receive. Do ask Jesus to send us a letter."

The boy was importunate, but his mother was not at all inclined to comply with his request. Then a happy thought crossed Willie's mind—he would ask Jesus himself to send them a letter from his father.

He knelt down upon the floor, and, with his elbows resting in his mother's lap, prayed aloud — "O Lord, teacher told us this evening that 'whatsoever we asked, believing, we should receive;' do please, Lord, send us a letter from father, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

Having made his childish request known unto God, Willie went off to bed very contentedly.

His first words to his mother next morning were—"Is the letter come, mother?"

"There, don't be foolish, my son: how can Jesus send us a letter from your father?"

“We asked Him to send us a letter from father, and I know He will,” said Willie, and, finding that the postman had not already knocked at their door, he pleaded so hard that his mother would allow him to go and meet the postman, and get the coveted letter, that she at length reluctantly consented.

He soon found the postman, and accosted him with, “Have you got a letter for my mother from father?”

“Who is your mother?”

“Mrs.■,” replied Willie, and the good-natured postman dipped his hand into his bag, and pulled out a large packet of letters. He untied the string, and in another minute or two, Willie was rushing homewards as fast as his little feet could carry him, with the precious letter in his hand.

“There, mother, I knew Jesus would send us the letter.”

With a joyful heart the poor woman took it from him, and opened it. It was indeed good news from a far country, for it certified that the husband and father was in good health and hoping soon to return home.

Some might be inclined to observe, “The letter would have come, whether Willie prayed for it or not.” To such a remark we would respond, “Have you never read, ‘Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength’?”

Willie’s faith was greatly strengthened by its exercise, and it made him a happy little christian. The word accomplished even more than this, for Willie’s dear mother was not only convinced by what had passed of the power of prayer, she also learned to put her trust in the living God. She can, she does thank God, who put it into the heart of her little child to pray that a letter might be sent to them.

And if the reader of this simple narrative be only a little boy or girl, yet needing salvation, may this record of Willie’s prayer and of its gracious answer, encourage all to ask of God, for He has said, “Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.”  
A.J.

## One of Jesus' Little Lambs

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LITTLE Rosy was staying with her aunt, upon the wall of whose house was a picture of an Eastern., shepherd, carrying a little lamb in his bosom.

After looking very intently at the picture, little Rosy said, "Auntie, I don't wish to grow big."

"Why, my dear?"

"Because Jesus carries the lambs in His bosom, and He doesn't carry the big sheep;" and then, looking again at the picture, she said, "Doesn't it look comfortable!"

Dear children, have you learned the tenderness of Jesus? What a happy place it is to be folded in His arms! G. S.

## The Kiss of Reverence

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“Kiss the Son, lest He be angry.” (Psa. 2:12.) This means do homage, give reverence to the Son. In the East, even the very dust where a great conqueror stands is kissed by his subdued enemies (see Psa.72:9), and it is customary to show submission to the exalted personage by kissing the skirts of his flowing garment. The second Psalm declares that Jehovah has set His King upon His holy hill of Zion, and foretells the day when the heathen and the uttermost parts of the earth shall be Christ’s possession. Now He is seated in heaven, and awaits the glory on earth of which this Psalm speaks. In view of that day comes the call, “Kiss the Son, lest He be angry,” give Him reverence and homage, fall down before His feet, supplicate His mercy, be no longer a rebel against Him. Indeed, the real meaning of the words imply great earnestness in thus kissing Him, for the time of His anger is at hand, and should the hour for finding His mercy be allowed to slip there can be no hope of finding pardon, and then the rebellious sinner must perish.

God the Father has highly exalted the Lord, and it is but the madness of unbelief to refuse submission because the Honor and glory of His exaltation is not visible on the earth.

“Be wise now therefore,” may be said to every reader of this page. “Kings” and “judges of the earth” must all bow before the Son, for “at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow.” Of this there is no question; the only question is when shall the submission to Him be made. The wise surrender to Christ on earth, now in this day of extended mercy; the rebellious wait till the day of His anger, and when the great day of His wrath is come who shall be able to stand?

## The Cities of Israel. Capernaum

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FEW passages in the gospels are more solemn than that one in which the Lord Jesus passed sentence upon the cities, in which “the most of His mighty works” had been done. Chorazin, Bethsaida, Capernaum, in these had been wrought such deeds of love and mercy as never before had been seen of men. Had Tyre and Sidon; or had the land of Sodom in olden time been like favored, they would have remained to that day. But these cities repented not and the solemn “Woe unto thee! woe unto thee!” fell from lips which would fain have blessed had it been possible. Capernaum, a greater offender even than her sister cities, exalted then to heaven, should be cast down to hell! How surely those woes were fulfilled is plain to the most unbelieving. The present deserted sites, the ruins of buildings which once were a joy, are witnesses, both eloquent and weighty, to the true words of the Son of God. Indeed so entirely have these cities passed away, that even now, despite all the research and discovery of modern days, their sites cannot be identified with absolute certainty. “The conclusion from the whole of the evidence,” writes one, “is irresistible, that it is impossible to say which (of certain sites) represents Capernaum, which Chorazin, or which Bethsaida.” With especial reference to Capernaum, the same learned writer says, “the contest between the rival claims of the two most probable spots is one of the hottest, and at the same time the most hopeless, in sacred topography”

We pause a moment to point out the solemn lesson which this confession of uncertainty should convey to our own souls. It has not been the mere lapse of years which has reduced those cities to heaps of uninhabited ruins; other cities and towns were standing then, with not half the natural resources which Capernaum had; these still stand, but what remains of that favored town? A scene of ruin and desolation; and the cause of this—its deplorable unbelief and impenitence. When we remember the words, equally solemn, which are registered in the Scriptures against the unbelief of individuals, as well as against cities and nations, have these ruins no voice for us? Happy would it be, if the fate of Capernaum or of Bethsaida should cause some yet unbelieving heart to consider, and repent, and believe!

The New Testament furnishes very little information as to the position of Capernaum in the Holy Land. Only one geographical note occurs in speaking of that city, so little do the events recorded in the New Testament depend for their value upon any local identification: “Capernaum, which is upon the sea coast, in the borders of Zabulon and Nephthalim.” Other hints there are—such as the crossing over the water “into the country of the Gadarenes” which serve to define its position with greater exactness, and there are references to the place in the writings of Josephus, which supplement the scanty particulars of the New Testament.

Capernaum is believed to have been situated on the north-west coast of the Lake of Gennesareth; and if positive certainty cannot be had, very weighty reasons can be given, for identifying it with Tell Hum, an engraving of which stands upon this page. The modern name seems to be a fragment of the ancient one. Originally (that is, in its Hebrew form) it was probably Caphar Nahum—the “village of Nahum,” or (translating “Nahum”) of “Consolation.” Scripture names

sometimes go by contraries. Jerusalem, "the City of Peace," furnished the Lord with His cross; and how little "Caphar Nahum" proved a city of "consolation" to Him, the gospels plainly show. His labors there were incessant; the result was only rejection and scorn. But, returning to the modern name, on the supposition that Tell Hum is a fragment of the original Caphar Nahum, the first syllable of Nahum has been dropped, and significant change! ■Caphar has been altered to Tell, "a heap of ruins"! No change could be more appropriate, for the scene which greets the Travelers' eyes now is indeed very different from the bright and flourishing spot of the first century. Then all was fair. Josephus has a passage, often referred to, in which he dilates with some eloquence upon the surrounding district. "Its nature is wonderful, as well as its beauty; its soil is so fertile, that all sorts of trees grow upon it..... One may call the place the ambition of nature; while it forces those plants which are naturally enemies to one another to agree together, it is a happy contention of the seasons, as if every one of them laid claim to the country." Besides these features of natural beauty and plenty, it was a thriving and populous city, having manufacturing quarters, and a fishing fleet on the adjoining inland sea. It will be remembered that it was here that Matthew was sitting at "the receipt of custom," and it was here the centurion lived, whose servant was healed. The presence of the one marks it a customs center; that of the other points to a military garrison. Changed indeed it is now. The Arabs occasionally pile up the ruins into rickety huts for themselves and their cattle, but when Dr. Thomson visited the spot in 1848 there was "not a human being in sight!" For the rest, "shapeless remains piled up in utter confusion along the shore... much more extensive and striking than those of any other ancient city on this part of the lake." Our small engraving shows the character of some of these.

Capernaum was favored as few spots on earth have been. When the Lord Jesus was cast out by Nazareth, He "went down" to Capernaum, and made it His home■such home, in deed, as He had here. It is several times called "His own city," and Mark's gospel states that on one occasion, "it was noised that He was in the house," where the real meaning of the expression is "He was at home." Here He dwelt; and to write down all that the gospels narrate as having happened by those shores, and in the cities which were built on the sloping sides of the lake, would be to repeat, perhaps, one half of the gospels. It was at Capernaum that the evangelist saw the fulfilment of Isaiah's prophecy: "The people which sat in darkness saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up." It was here that the demoniac in the synagogue was healed, and that the palsied man, "borne of four," heard from the Lord words of blessing and healing." It was by this shore that Simon and Andrew were called from their nets to become "fishers of men," and it was in Simon's house that his wife's mother was healed of her fever. It was here also that the Roman centurion's "dear servant" lay sick and that the elders of the Jews willing serve him who loved their nation and had built for them the synagogue, besought Jesus that He would heal the dying servant." It was in that synagogue, doubtless, that the memorable discourse concerning "the manna" and "the bread of God" was delivered.

One of the most remarkable of the discoveries at Tell Hum is this, the remains of a synagogue, apparently of the Roman period. If, indeed, it be that one which the centurion built, no wonder that the religious rulers spoke well of him. It is described as being a more massive work, and in a higher style than other synagogues in Galilee. It is built of "white marble, with finely carved Corinthian columns, and sculptures of the seven-branched candlestick and the paschal lamb," and over the doorway was carved a pot of manna. Had that suggested the remark of the people, "Our

fathers did eat manna in the desert,” and Christ’s ensuing discourse? It was the ruler of that synagogue, Jairus, whose daughter was raised from the dead; it was at Capernaum that the woman with the issue of blood touched the hem of Jesus’ garment, and was made whole; here the dumb man possessed with a devil was healed; here Jesus touched the eyes of two blind men, and gave them sight. These were some of His varied and blessed works. His words were equally varied and blessed; but it was here, alas! that unbelief sought “a sign” from Him, or, going further, asserted that the very miracles of mercy were wrought by Beelzebub.

We again say the result of that unbelief is seen today, and many will recall the pious McCheyne’s words, with which we close:

Graceful around thee the mountains meet,

Thou calm, reposing sea;

But, oh, far more, the beautiful feet

Of Jesus walked o’er thee!

Those days are past! Bethsaida, where?

Chorazin, where art thou?

His tent the wild Arab pitches there,

The wild reed shades thy brow.

Tell me, ye mouldering fragments, tell■

Was the Saviour’s city here?

Lifted to heaven, has it sunk to hell,

With none to shed a tear?

Ah, would my flock from thee might learn

How days of grace will flee;

How all, an offered Christ who spurn

Shall mourn at last like thee.

Jr.

## Finds a Friend. Chapter 3

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UPON finding myself alone in the forest, I reflected upon the comforts of home, and began to think that leaving it had been but the folly of my wicked heart, and I cried bitterly to the God of my fathers to take away my life. The more I lamented and prayed, the more did darkness, fear, and misery enter my soul, till, overcome with weariness, I fell asleep.

Then, in my dreams, I saw my dearly loved mother seeking me, and in agitation awoke. Though it was still night, I could lie no longer under the tree, but started on my journey. After wandering about for some time, the day began to break, and this cheered me. In a few hours, I reached a village, and asked if any Jews lived there.

The people told me all the inhabitants were Christians, and most of them Roman Catholics. "I am a poor Jew boy," said I, "traveling to a far country. I have been robbed both of my money and spare clothes, and am perishing with hunger." Immediately the kind villagers offered me meat and bread, which I received with many thanks, but, while holding the food in my hand, reasoned thus with myself, "Shall I be justified in eating bread and meat given by Gentiles?" Then the Rabbi's instructions, together with my parents' words, came to my remembrance, and I begged the pardon of the villagers, and returned the gift, saying, "As I am a Jew, and believe in Jehovah, the God of Abraham, I dare not eat the food." This incensed the people, and the man, on whose threshold I stood, pushed me out of his house.

What was I to do? I determined to destroy myself. Ten miles off the village, lies the town of Wittemberg; I took the road to it. On the way I saw a large tree, and resolved to hang myself on it, and end my misery. With this thought in my heart, these solemn words flashed before me: "He that is hanged is accursed of God" (Deut. 21:23), and filled me with terror. I cried to Jehovah to be gracious to me, and to save me from my distress and trouble; and He heard, for these words entered my soul: "I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee" (Josh. 1:5), and again, "Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither His ear heavy, that it cannot hear." (Isa. 59:1.) Thus encouraged, I went on my way, with the assurance that God was listening to my prayers.

Approaching Wittemberg, my strength almost failed me, for I had eaten nothing since the previous day, and had been walking many miles. On inquiring where the Jews dwelt, I was directed to the Rabbi; he gave me food, and sent me to several Jews, who at once helped me.

Before leaving the town I explained my difficulties to the Rabbi, and besought him to bless me. He asked me several questions, and then put his hands upon my head and pronounced the blessing: "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." (Num. 6:24-26.) Overjoyed at having obtained it, I went on my journey.

In the evening I reached a small village, and applied for a night's lodging, but having no passport, my application was refused. It was raining in torrents, and during the night I walked about the fields. The town I wished to reach was about three days' journey off; after traveling for a long time I

could still see no house, but only a cemetery. Here I lay down upon a grave, and took off my wet coat to dry in the sunshine, and imprudently hung it upon a tombstone. There were a few thalers in the pocket, which had been given me in Wittemberg. Being exhausted I fell asleep, and dreamed again of my mother. She came to me as I slept upon the grass, and besought me thus: "My child, my child, come to me I see your nice soft bed at home" I awoke, and found, to my amazement, I had been sleeping for nearly a whole day, for it was night time. In vain I tried to find my coat, seeking for it in the dark, up and down the cemetery; then lay down upon another tombstone, and so spent the remainder of the night. In the morning I resumed my search, but fruitlessly, and concluded that some passer-by had stolen it during my sleep the previous day.

I was much ashamed at going on without a coat, and the more so, as my clothes were dirty and ragged through their rough usage; I could but go forward, thinking step by step of my father's house and the comforts there.

After a time I came to a small town, where, as usual, I inquired for the Jews, and was directed to a certain house. The servant would not let me enter, for I was to all appearance a beggar, but the master saw me, and came to the door and bade me come in. Then I burst into tears, for, as I thought of my parents, it went hard to my heart to be regarded as a beggar. I asked the good-man of the house if he would give me something to eat; and this he did, saying nothing, but looking earnestly at me.

After some moments he left me, and soon returned with his wife; she too looked hard into my face. He then asked if my father's name was Lion Levinsohn.

"Yes," I answered; "and my mother's name is Brainah."

Then they made many enquiries as to my family, and having heard the answers, the lady burst into tears, and brought her children to see me, and they too wept. "I know your father and mother well," said the gentleman, "for he saved my life in 1863, during the Polish revolution."

They were natives of Poland, and had been persecuted and imprisoned in the revolution, but, at my father's instigation, were released from prison in Kovno on bail, for he was well acquainted with the governor of the prison and the chief of the police. Having obtained their release, my father induced them to leave Russia, and when they were called for, he paid their bail.

"You shall have good clothes at once, and shall be as happy as my own son," said Mr. A., and I was clothed, and fed, and made at home.

This was on the eve of the Sabbath, and, dressed in good clothes, I went with the whole family to worship in the synagogue. After the service we returned to an ample supper, and I was asked to offer the prayer and praise, according to the Jewish prayer book.

In this gentleman's house I stayed a few days, and thence wrote to my parents, telling them of all that had befallen me.

My father, addressing me as his "dear and soul-beloved child Isaac," replied as follows: ■ "We received your letter on the eve of the Sabbath. I assure you we did not enjoy any rest on that Day of Rest. As we came from the synagogue, instead of sitting down at the table, and celebrating the Sabbath, we all sat down and read your letter, and wept very bitterly. Your beloved mother fainted

several times, as we were speaking about our precious child. My son, since you left us, all things seem to be against us. In fact, in whatever your mother and I attempt to do, we fail, for our hearts are overwhelmed with trouble to think that you should suffer so much from poverty and hunger, whilst we have good houses and our servants never want anything, for which we thank the Holy One—blessed be His Name. My darling child, I shall be happy indeed if you would think of me, your father, and your mother, sisters, and brothers, and come back home. Then you will make us happy, and you will be happy too. You know how I longed to have you remain in Russia, and be perfectly trained and educated to become a Rabbi, and yet my hopes have gone. Your sister, Meitta Esther, asks me to beg of you to return, and also your little brother continually cries and asks when his good and sweet brother Isaac will come home. Indeed, my child, when they all cry bitterly for your return, I cry with them.”

What was I to do? I thought of the trouble through which I should have to pass in order to reach England, yet I felt that I must go on, till the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob would visit me; so I told my parents I felt I must travel much further, until I could find the satisfaction my soul longed for. I was sure that the Jewish was the only true religion that could save a soul, but I also felt certain that the great God was too holy to look upon so great a sinner as I, adding, I was determined, even if I traveled through the whole world, to seek satisfaction for my soul.

Mr. A., at whose house I found so kind a home, entreated me to remain with him, but I resolved to recommence my travels. Then he begged me to accompany him to the Rabbi of the town, in order that he might bless me, and we visited him.

The Rabbi asked me what had induced me to leave my native land, and requested me to stay with him, hoping that I should find the satisfaction of heart I sought. I told him of my fear of death, hell, and judgment, and said if he could do anything to drive it away I should be happy indeed—happier than the greatest king on the throne—and then asked him the same question I had put to my parents, and the Rabbi in Russia, “What must I do to be saved?”

“You must obey the holy law given us by God, through His servant, our lord Moses,” he answered; “and, if you observe all the precepts of the law, it will save you.”

“Dear Rabbi, all this I have done with all my heart and power, but the more I do, the more fears and terrors of death I have! Something tells me in my heart that all that will never justify me before God.”

Finding he could not persuade me, the Rabbi told Mr. A. he thought that hard study in Russia had injured my brain, and that I was going mad. Overhearing the remark, I replied, “Very likely it may be so; nevertheless, I must travel all over the world until I find a cure for my soul.” The Rabbi then placed his hands upon my head, and pronounced a blessing, but so softly was it spoken that I could not hear a word.

I had no thought whatever, at that time of distress, that there is a good Physician—One who can heal the leprous soul! The name of Jesus Christ was an abomination to me. Little did I know then how He gives satisfaction to the soul, and delivers them, who through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage.

Upon leaving his house, my kind friend, Mr. A., presented me with a purse full of thalers, and plenty of good clothes, and told me to write to him if I wanted help or money, adding that nothing would be too hard for him to do for me out of regard for the great kindness of my father to him in years gone by; and, with his generous help and promises, I bade farewell to him and his household, and started on my journey towards Hamburg.

## The Ganger

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“WE excavators are a bad set of men, we are the scum of the earth.” So spoke as fine and as honest-looking an Englishman as eyes could see—an open-faced, bold, strong man, a very model of the class to which he belonged, and which is so generally run down. But he would hear no apologies, nor listen to those who refused altogether his sweeping remarks on our friends the navvies. The navvy was bad, and he had been one of the vilest and wickedest of them; this he would not hear disputed. “I have sinned, and served the devil to the full of my strength and in many a county,” said he; but there he stood before his fellows, speaking, right out of his heart, of the love of Christ in dying for, and in saving him.

His wife had been like himself, which is saying as much as need be said; but somehow or other she had been led to a little out-of-the-way chapel, where a handful of earnest Christian laboring men, fishermen, and the like, prayed together, and spoke of Gods saving grace, as men alone do who realize the depths of the love of God in sending His Son to die for sinners. No set sermons did they preach, some of them could scarcely read, but theirs were words from the heart, convincing and convicting—sermons indeed, thrilling the souls of the hearers.

One evening this little company was singing and praying together, and, as they were upon their knees, the ganger’s wife could bear it no more, and she got up to go. Observing somebody leaving the place before the meeting was over, one of the men caught hold of what he said he found to be a woman’s jacket, and then quietly whisperer to its owner, “My good woman, stay a little longer.” So she sat down again; when; presently; she began to cry out for mercy. It seemed ai if the devil himself would not let loose of her, she had been a swearer and a fighter, and hell now appeared opening to receive her. But she was saved that night through sovereign grace; there was joy in the presence of the angels over her repenting soul, and the woman went home “in her right mind.”

About a fortnight after, the ganger himself came to the meeting, and, seeing him sit lingering after the greater part of the audience had left, one of the men asked him if he was seeking God. Very unexpected was the answer, given with a gruff, rough voice, and accompanied by a flashing eye and a clenched fist:■ “What have all of you been doing to my wife? that’s what I have come here about. Now, the ganger was a notorious character, and it behoved the man to whom he spoke to be careful, for, to use his own words, “I thought I should have his big fist in my face.”

A wise answer about God and eternity was rendered, and the ganger left peaceably. Indeed so peaceably that he was entreated to come again, and seek and find for himself. When he was gone out, the band of gospel workers fell upon their knees and cried to God for his soul. They looked eagerly for his coming again, and so when he reappeared, in a few days, at their meeting, one of them politely said, “Let me take your cap,” and, having accomplished this civility, he added to his courtesy the discretion of putting it upon a peg three forms off the ganger, and, sitting down, said to himself, “Now you can’t get out till the end of the meeting.” And as the little chapel filled up, the ganger and his cap were separated by three rows of persons.

As the speakers related what God had done for them, and one by one gave witness to His grace, the sweat rolled down the ganger's face. He looked at his cap and shuffled. At last, having his cap he would, though it were six forms off instead of three; so he got up and left the meeting, and went out into the open air. He said he felt faint, or something like it, which statement raised a smile, for navvies are not given to delicacy. The fresh air did not make him feel better, so in again he came. God had laid hold of him by His grace, as it is written ■ "I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore, with lovingkindness have I drawn thee."

"The devil would say to me," were his words, "when I was in distress of soul, 'It's of no use your coming to Christ, for you won't stick; you'll only bring discredit on the whole cause of religion, so you are better away from it altogether.'" But God made me to come by His grace, and I find it better and better every day!

"Another thing by which Satan tried to hinder me, was my thinking that I must feel something inside me, something take hold of me, like, as it may be, as when the excitement of drink takes a man off his senses, I only don't mean anything bad, but I thought some good thing should come into your heart which you would feel all of a sudden; and that without this I could not say I was converted. But it is not feeling, but believing, that the precious blood was shed for such as me; and, as I was one of the very worst, if I am saved, then, surely, all who are not so far down in sin as I was, can be saved too.

"We must not think that we are to have an easy time of it here," he added. "Not a bit of it. Had we a nice little garden, with fruit and vegetables in it, what should we say if someone walked in and began to pull up one thing and another? We should pretty soon be telling him to go off. Now that is as it is with Satan; he sees a Christian coming into his garden and pulling out one big sinner and then another, and he can't bear the sight. But let us get a great armful, let us have a big sheaf for the Lord."

So the ganger was brought to God, as well as his wife, and now both rejoice in Christ Jesus.

"What I tell my old mates," he said, "is this ■ Try it; try what the love of Christ to sinners is. You can but try, and then if you don't find it good, why jack it (give it up). But when you've got it you won't, for you can't, and God won't lose you or let you be lost. Now, since God has saved me, I mean, by His help, to witness for Him; and what we want is, not sermons, but a life that proves our sayings. I brought nothing but sin into this county" (Suffolk) "when I came to work here; but when I go out of it, I'll take something with me, and the county shall lose nothing by it. I'll take the grace of God in my heart, and I trust others will be saved like me. There's plenty to put up with amongst our mates, for we are a rough set; but the worst thing is what's in our own hearts. A man's self is his greatest enemy. We need all the power from God to keep us; this He'll do, but we must keep on looking to Him."

Referring to one very wet day, he said, "There were none of them about at the job except just a few, and it was too wet to work, so I got to close quarters with two or three of them. There was a time when I used to say, on a wet day, 'wet inside, as it's wet out,' and would drink and smoke my little black pipe; but I can thank God for a wet day now, for they are good days. I'll tell you why, I have exchanged my little pipe for this pocket Testament, and oh! it is beautiful. I get at it on a wet day. It's this I love now. Not that I threw away my pipe because I was tired of it ■ no, I loved my pipe

well enough■smoking was to me a besetting sin. But it is not much to do for the Lord Jesus, to give that up, after He gave Himself up and died for me. So now it isn't the pipe, it's the Testament. This pocket Testament is beautiful, and I love it."

And, considering that the ganger had been converted but a few months, his acquaintance with the word of God was remarkable. But, then, he took it as the word of God, and so read it, which is the sure way to get on in reading the Bible.

The joy of the little band of earnest men was increased tenfold by the grace of God to the ganger; and we heard him, on one occasion, give them this good piece of homely advice, which is as useful for all companies of workers and worshippers together as for those to whom he spoke■ "We are happy now, and what we want is to keep close to God, not to preach ourselves, but Christ; and may we keep the devil out. Pray God to keep the devil out from amongst us, or he'll spoil everything. The saying is, if a pig gets his nose in anywhere he'll soon have his whole body in; and this is just as it is with the devil, so be afraid of the beginnings, pray God to keep him out."

It was most edifying to hear the ganger speak of walking with God. He set the life of a Christian up as the great witness. "Make us Christ-like Christians," he would often say in prayer. While, as for the rough world in which he lived, his words were■ "Let us seek God's help to brave what the world says. If they swear at us or curse us that don't hurt us; and if it comes to getting some cracks, we are not worthy of the Master who was wounded for our transgressions, if we can't take a few of them patiently. Though, mind," and as he spoke, the cool of his face betokened that he was without doubt telling the truth, "nothing but God's power can keep me, if any man lays his fist on me, but I do pray that I may be meek and gentle like my Master."

To hear the sound, homely talk of a man who knew life without its varnish■whose lips, such being his habit, called things by their actual names was real profit. May God raise up amongst like-minded men true and devoted servants of His, for His own great name and glory; and may He give His people genuine sympathy with such men. Yes, and may the spirit of these his words, which the writer heard him utter in prayer, ring true and clear in all our hearts, who belong to Christ■ "Lord, keep us united for Thee, let no sin come in to set us in pieces. It's sin, Lord, that does this; oh! keep us right before Thee, right before the world, right in our own hearts. Keep us of one heart and soul, and let many sinners, such as we have been, be brought to the knowledge of Thy salvation."

## Not Poor, but Rich

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A DEAR man, named John Phillips, passed away, some time ago, at the age of thirty-six, after five months of great suffering. He was converted some years before his last illness. His two little children died, within a week of each other, just one year before the father's death. Dear little Lizzie, the elder one, loved to go to chapel every Sunday with her father, and it was indeed a heavy sorrow for both father and mother to be called on to part with their darlings; but after John was taken ill, and knew that he could not get better, he said that "his prayers had been answered, for he was sure that, after his death, his wife could not have supported the children, had they lived." Thus the Lord enabled him to see and own that God's way was best.

A sudden shock made him ill, a shock from which he never recovered; he broke a blood-vessel and went into a decline. He had no wish to get well again; he knew that he was going, and, better still, he knew where he was going. During his illness he frequently read the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth chapters of John's Gospel, and his wife still carefully preserves his Bible, with the worn and soiled marks made by his holding it.

One day, when John was suffering very much, a friend, Mrs. P., called to see him. As she stood by his side, she exclaimed,

"Oh! my poor fellow!"

"Do you call me poor?" he replied. "No, I am rich, and it is you that are poor, if you do not know Christ. I am rich in Christ."

At another time he said, "Do you wish me to be restored to health? I want to go. I am ready."

On the last day of John's life he said to the doctor, "I hear the trumpet sound; I shall soon be there."

His removal was most quiet and peaceful. His wife was sitting by his side, and as she looked at him he ceased to breathe, and was gone.

Reader, are you thus calmly resting in Christ? Can you, too, say that you are not "poor," but "rich in Christ"? H. L. T.

## A Mother's Love

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A STRANGE picture we presented as, just returned, invalided, from Egypt, we alighted from the train at Netley. Several of the men had had a leg off, others an arm, others were suffering from fever of various kinds. As I stood, an invalid, amongst the rest, and noticed the pleasure and excitement all were in, being once more safe on dear England's shore, I could not help wondering how many there would reach the eternal Home, and be amongst the number of those who stand in the golden street and sing the praises of Him who redeemed them to God by His blood.

Whilst such thoughts were passing through my mind, I noticed amongst the crowd, thronging the gate outside the hospital, an old woman. She had been waiting near the gate for three days in the hope that she might see her son. How she peered into every face as the men passed out of that gate! It was impossible to hinder the tears stealing down my cheeks as I gazed upon her, and thought of a mother's love.

Officers in their gay uniforms passed by first, but no notice did the mother take of them; but when the men came, in their various uniforms according to their regiments, she looked eagerly into their faces. Nearly all the five hundred invalids had passed through, and a look of despair arose upon that mother's face. She had not met the object of her love. At last the dying came. They were carried on stretchers, and the mother's eyes were fixed intently on them. Amongst these was the emaciated form of a young man, apparently far gone in enteric fever. Could this be her son? Had she found her boy at last? She bent over that dying youth and gently whispered, "My son!"

The poor lad's eye kindled; he attempted to raise his arms towards her as he exclaimed, "My mother!"

She had found him whom she had traveled miles to see, and she embraced him with all her love.

The mother's love presents a picture of Jesus, dear reader, in patient love coming from heaven to seek and to save. His eye is upon the wanderer. None are too far gone for Him, and He says, "I have found My sheep which was lost." J. H.

## Just the One for Jesus

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IT was at the close of a gospel preaching last September at LI■, on the Welsh coast, that I noticed a middle-aged lady with a curious set expression on her face lingering behind, so, taking a seat by her as the people dispersed, I asked her whether she had stayed to be spoken to about her soul, when she burst out with an intensity that left no doubt as to the reality of the soul exercise within, "Oh sir, I am without strength"

"Thank God for that," I replied; "if that is the case you are just the one for Jesus, for God declares, 'that when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly.' (Rom. 5:6.) Are you ungodly?"

"Oh sir," despairingly, "I am lost."

"Thank God again for that," I replied; "you are just the one for Jesus, for He said, 'The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.'" (Luke 19:10.)

"Well," she said, "I am lost, but I've just one ray of hope. I heard you preach last Sunday on the Passover, showing how the only place of safety was beneath the blood, and I knew I was unsheltered by it, and have been, oh, so wretched ever since; but there was one thing that you said that has been to me a ray of hope and comfort in the midst of it all, and that is, you told us that while God hated the sin He loved the sinner, and I have clung to that ever since."

And you who read these lines, how is it with you? Have you taken your place before God, and seen yourself vile in His eyes, as this poor woman did?

"Oh," you say, "I have been religiously brought up; I am not like that."

"Like what? Are you a sinner?"

"Oh yes, of course I am a sinner.; we're all sinners."

"Well, are you a lost sinner?"

"Oh, dear no, I should be very sorry to think I was a lost sinner."

"Well, then, from the bottom of my soul I am sorry for you."

"Sorry for me! Why so, pray?"

"Because the Son of Man came to seek and save that which is lost. You do not own that you are lost. There is no Saviour, no salvation for you if you are not lost."

"But do you mean to tell me that the fact that I have been religiously brought up, and have never been guilty of any great sin, and have always regularly attended my place of worship, will count for nothing?"

“My dear friend, it is not what I say or think. Unless you have judged yourself in His presence, and taken shelter beneath Christ’s blood, you are lost. But, blessed be His Name, He does not leave you there; but shows you how He has provided a Saviour for the lost, for in due time Christ died for the ungodly, and is the Saviour of all who see themselves as such.”

Well, to return to our friend at LI ■. She saw she could do nothing to help herself; she owned she was lost. Do you think God left her there? I say it with all reverence, He would not be the God of low I know Him to be if He had. No, the ray of hope, kindled by the thought that while He hated her sin, He loved her, the sinner, brightened into perfect peace, when she saw that while His righteousness demanded her death, His love provided the Substitute, who took her place and died that she might live; for “God so loved the world (sinner, fellow sinner, He so loves you!) that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever (good religious person, hardened sinner, blatant infidel alike!) believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

Reader, do you believe it? For He has “made peace through the blood of His cross.”

(Col. 1:20) J. F.

## Bible Jottings. With Jesus, Beyond Jordan. (John 1.)

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THERE is something more blessed still in John's words when, "looking upon Jesus as He walked, he saith, Behold the Lamb of God!" (vs. 36), than in the testimony of the second day (vs. 29), "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!"

For it was not when John brought out a full description of Christ's eternal Sonship (vs. 18), work on earth (vs. 29), and anointing by the Holy Spirit (vs. 33), that we find any particular effect produced on the disciples. It was when his own soul was absorbed and riveted at the sight of "Jesus as He walked," and the simple utterance burst from his lips, "Behold the Lamb of God!" that his two disciples turned and "followed Jesus."

Such was the blessed effect produced on others by the testimony of a soul absorbed in the adoration of the person of the Lord!

And now see how the Lord gratifies the Spirit—wrought desire. He "turned and saw them following, and saith unto them, What seek ye?" Where there is faith, He loves to test it; and He wanted to hear from themselves that it was not for something from Him merely, or for what He could do or give, that they were following.

Mark their answer: "Rabbi, where dwellest Thou?" And that was met by the ready reply: "Come and see." it is the delight of Christ to make us companions with Him in a land of glory.

"They came and saw where He dwelt (literally 'abides'), and abode with Him that day." We are not told where it was; but elsewhere we read it was "beyond Jordan" (ch. 10:40), a spot unknown to the world—to His own a dwelling-place.

"They came and saw... and abode with Him that day." For a complete period of time they enjoyed His companionship.

Abiding in Him, and with Him by faith, we shall have unbroken communion till we are with Him, and like Him, in the Father's house forever. But it is only as we go with Christ through His Jordan, as it were, beyond death and judgment, in resurrection life and peace, that we find what He has in store for us at the other side, where He "feeds His flock on the mountains of myrrh." J.B.M.

## A Happy Secret

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A GREAT secret is learned in Christian experience when Christ Himself is taken by faith as Deliverer and Strength day by day. So long as we try to master ourselves we remain in bondage to ourselves, but when we cast ourselves in our utter helplessness to do or to think as of ourselves one single good thing, the dawn of victory has risen upon us. Some Christians are ever struggling to be free, and to be victors; others, sensible of their utter weakness and worthlessness in themselves, seek Christ's strength, and thus overcome in His power.

## Believe

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BEING blessed with Christian parents, and taught early that there is no salvation out of Christ, I cannot remember the time when I was not anxious to be saved. I longed to feel safe, so that if Jesus came I should not be left behind, and yet, although I had heard so often, I did not know how to be saved. I thought, "The Bible says believe on Jesus Christ and be saved;" but what have we to believe? I do believe that Jesus died, but that does not make me feel happy.

At last, one evening I went with my sister to hear a minister of the gospel, and I, with my heart longing to be at rest, listened while he preached Jesus, and Him crucified for me■for me, myself■punished for me■and, believing that, I was saved. Oh, the joy of it, and the peace that came as I thanked God for His great goodness to me! How strange it seemed that I had never believed before. I should not have minded staying at that service all night thanking and praising God for His love to me.

And, although years have passed since that evening, the peace God gave me through believing on His Son has never left me. I find more and more as the days go by that "unto you which believe" He is precious. A. E. P.

## A Lesson Hard to Learn

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I AM going to tell you of my conversion. I thought I was free from the consequences of sin, from the judgment of the lost, because I was not an open sinner; indeed, as I went to church and chapel like other people, I thought I was going to heaven, as most persons think will be the case with them, whether they are converted to God or not. But all the while I was on the broad road that leads to destruction, and on the way to the bottomless pit. When God showed me that His Son, Jesus, my Lord, had borne all my sins on Calvary, I saw what it is to be a sinner.

Yes, the cross of Christ shows us how bad we are, for we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead. A., per R. S. McF.

## The Faithfulness of God

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IF the history of Jacob is one long record of faithlessness on the part of a child of God—and it is so, with the exception of the closing scenes, which were like a bright sunset after a stormy day—it is no less a long record of the persistent grace and faithfulness of God. This may be well illustrated by a comparison of the first and last recorded appearances of God to Jacob.

THE FIRST APPEARANCE AND PROMISE, “I WILL BE WITH THEE.” (Gen. 28:11-22.)

After Jacob and his mother had practiced their deception upon Isaac, the former fled for his life, justly fearing Esau’s vengeance. At Luz (Afterward Bethel) God appeared, and made him the most gracious and unconditional promises of blessing. Nothing was demanded of Jacob. The land, upon which he then lay, should be his, and his seed should be as the dust of the earth. Great promises were these to one whose portion chiefly lay in this life, but there was even more—a promise much dearer, at least to a believer, than all worldly prosperity: “I am with thee, and will keep thee....I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of.” Surely the presence of the Lord outweighs a hundredfold the possession of the cattle upon a thousand hills—ay, and the hills as well. Moses at least thought so, whose hopes, equally with Jacob, were set in the land, for he said, “If Thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence.” And as one of our own poets has sung—

“In having all things, and not Thee, what have I?

Not having Thee, what have my labors got?

Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave I?

And having Thee alone, what have I not?

I wish nor sea nor land, nor would I be

Possessed of heaven, heaven unpossessed of Thee.”

Can we not put our “Amen” to this? When Cain went out from the presence of the Lord, though he built a city and begat sons and daughters, he was not less a fugitive and a vagabond. It was night when Judas went out from his Lord’s presence—fit outward sign of the inward and gross darkness which covered his soul! “In Thy presence is fullness of joy,” said the Psalmist, and this presence is that which is sought for by every true saint of God. The promise of this presence was the crowning mercy in God’s words to Jacob. But what of Jacob? Could he accept so unconditional a promise? Immediately upon waking, he began to vow and to bargain—“If God will be with me,” and will grant me such and such mercies, “then shall Jehovah be my God.”

What if God had taken notice of Jacob’s vow, and ordered His blessing according to Jacob’s faithfulness?

Do we blame Jacob? May it not be that there are many Jacobs now, that we are as ready as he to put an “if” against God’s promises made in grace? There is a current expression by which a person, on believing God’s testimony concerning His Son, is said to “enter into covenant with God.” Well, one of God’s names is, “He who keepeth covenant.” But what of ourselves? Has there been no breach on our part? Indeed, what honest heart would deny this! Then are God’s promises annulled? Blessed be His name, never!

We briefly follow Jacob’s history. “Then shall the Lord be my God,” he had said, and we look to his life to see if this entered into his dealings. Alas! how little of that life was passed in the faith and fear of God! He fled in fear from Laban, though God had told him to go. He was in dead of Esau, whom he again deceived by saying that he would follow him to Seir, but turned off to Succoth! He built a house, where he should have had a pilgrim’s tent, and sought to sanctify it by an altar. He even suffered false gods in his house.

“The Lord shall be my God.” Such was Jacob’s vow; but when fifty years had passed since that night at Bethel and “the gate of heaven,” the review of those years gave Jacob little pleasure. “Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been,” is his own sad comment: yet God had been true to His word, notwithstanding Jacob’s faithlessness.

THE LAST APPEARANCE AND PROMISE, “I WILL GO DOWN WITH THEE.” (Gen. 46:1, &c.)

We must pass by the sharp discipline which Jacob himself had to endure, for “deceiving and being deceived” aptly sums up his life-history, and we turn to the last recorded appearance of God to him. The place was Beersheba; the occasion the journey into Egypt. Evidently some fear had taken possession of the aged man, but God knew of it. So He graciously draws near and speaks: “Jacob, Jacob!”

May we not reverently say, we seem to know the voice? Another scene rises before the mind that “upper room,” with its strange mixture of carnal contention and real heart-sorrow, and we hear, “Simon, Simon!” In both instances the natural name of the man is used, and not the divinely-given one; “Simon,” not “Peter”; “Jacob,” not “Israel.” Yet the historian had been using the name “Israel” ■ Israel said, “It is enough” ■ “Israel took his journey” ■ “God spake unto Israel.”

Surely there is meaning in this, for “Jacob” (i.e. “supplanter”) betokens the natural man and his ways; “Israel” (i.e., “he shall be prince of God”) the exalted dignity God bestows upon the object of His grace. May not God (who had said, “Thy name shall no more be called Jacob, but Israel”) have thereby designed, in the most tender way, to remind His aged and suffering servant of what he was, and to point out the grace of His own action? He might have reminded Jacob of Bethel, of His own promise, and of Jacob’s vow—a vow continually broken; and Jacob could not have murmured had God cast him off. But there is no word of reproach; “God never” (John Bunyan says) “mixes His mercies with twits.” He draws near, and says, “I am God, the God of thy father: fear not to go down into Egypt; for I will there make of thee a great nation. I will go down with thee.”

How gracious! “I will not leave thee,” is the first promise, which linked to the last — “I will go down with thee,” encircles, as with the golden girdle of God’s faithfulness, the weak life of His servant. And the reason for all this tender forbearance and grace we find in the pages of Israel’s last prophet.. “I loved Jacob.”

Fellow believer, this God is our God. Jr.

The Story of Isaac Levinsohn

## Persecuting “Christians.” Chapter 4

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IN order that I might have money enough to live upon for a little time, and also sufficient to pay my passage to England, I started for Hamburg on foot. I thought I should not suffer as before, but found, on my way through woods and fields, to my bitter experience, that money is not everything! Often, walking in the darkness through forests, I could get nothing to eat and sometimes, for days together, I live upon the fruit and berries I gathered on my way.

One morning, after having walked nearly the whole of the night, I came near a village, and sat down under a plum-tree by the roadside. As I ate of its fruit, suddenly four great, rough fellows came up, and, saying I had no business there, the tree being theirs, they seized hold of me and declared they would have me imprisoned! Seeing I was a foreigner, they guessed I had money about me, and one of them, drawing out his knife, threatened to kill me. They robbed me of all I had, and I ran off to save my life.

“Can there be a God, who sees all my troubles, and yet is silent?” my heart whispered, and for a time I really began to think “There is no God, for otherwise how could He let me sink down into this misery?”

On reaching the village, I asked as usual, if any Jews lived there. To my sorrow I was told no; but a man kindly gave me some bread, and directed me to a town, which could be reached in about eight hours' walking, where he said I should find many Jews.

Sometimes three or four day; would pass by without my seeing a Jew, and had it not been harvest time I must have perished with hunger I have lived whole days upon apples, and when going through potato fields have gathered together a few sticks and straw, and baked some. I also got an earthen pot, in which I placed sufficient potatoes for one or two meals, and cooked them on the road. Thanks to the German highways, with their beautiful fruit-trees on either side, I have been able to refresh myself, and sometimes to get quite a good meal.

On leaving one village, I was badly bitten by a fierce dog, and the wound bled so much, that had there been any Jews in the village I would have returned; but I preferred the pain to asking Gentiles or Christians for help, and, looking up to heaven, I cried out that God was too severe on me.

After walking for about three hours, my wound bleeding, and being very faint with hunger and pain, I was again tempted to destroy myself. I tore my waistcoat in half and looked out for a tree where I could hang myself, and thus end my misery. On reaching the tree I said my prayers according to the Jewish prayer-book, when, looking up, I saw the boughs laden with apples. I forgot my wretchedness, climbed the tree, and ate the fruit; then, sitting down, I rested under its shadow, repeating the words of Solomon, “I sat down under His shadow with great delight, and His fruit was sweet to my taste.”

Being weakened by the loss of blood, I was not able to pursue my journey, and remained under the tree during the night. Early in the morning I started off to the town, and went to the synagogue, where I fainted from hunger. The Jews came around me, gave me restoratives, and inquired who I was, to which I answered, "Pray first give me something to eat; please ask no questions." Then they took me to the house of a Jew, where every comfort surrounded me. Here I fell ill; the benevolent Jews did all in their power to restore me to health and by their kind nursing, with God's help I was soon well again.

Although I was weak, I determined to proceed, and, after walking a few hours; rested for the night in a corn-field, where I slept comfortably. In the morning the farmer came to see his corn, and I told him how I was situated. He very kindly offered me meat, cheese, bread, and butter, but, while being most grateful, I was unable to receive the bounty as I was a Jew.

After I had gone a day's journey, I found I had left my phylacteries in the corn-field, so I walked back all through the night, and reaches the place again in the morning. The farmer was not there, but a number of men were a work in the field. I asked them if they had found my phylacteries. They did not understand what I meant, and concluded I was mad. Then they swore at me, cursed me, and cried, "Be off, be off, or we will hang you, as did your wicked brethren, the Jews, hang Jesus Christ," and they set dogs at me, till I fell almost fainting on the ground. These people were rough, low Roman Catholics.

The farmer came to my help, lifted me up, and revived me. As I retraced my steps, I made up my mind not to go near a Christian, and, whenever I had the opportunity, to blaspheme the Christian's religion; at that time it would have given me great pleasure to have shed the blood of Christians. I prayed God to deliver me from the hands of cruel men, and to bring me into a land where I could enjoy the liberty of the true religion of Judaism, and have the power to persecute Christians as they had persecuted me.

My hatred towards Christians increased more and more—so much so that I would pass villages in which there were no Jews without stopping, and have gone from twenty-eight to thirty hours without food, rather than touch the gift of a Christian. My only means of subsistence was potatoes and fruit, which I pulled up or gathered on the roadside.

At last I came to a small town where a Rabbi lived, and he helped me and set me on my way for Hamburg, which was some days' journey. I reached a place about twelve miles from Hamburg at nine o'clock, one very wet evening, and inquired at an—inn if any Jews lived in the town. There were none, and I then begged the innkeeper to let me sit in his house during the night, as I was wet and hungry, and was too weary to walk any further. The innkeeper was a Roman Catholic, and, seeing I was a Jew, he declared he would show no kindness to that accursed people, and commanded me to leave his house at once.

I then went to the police station, and asked leave to remain there through the night. The inspector ordered that I should be put in a cell, and bade me rest there.

When the morning came I found the cell was locked up, and no answer came to my knocking at the door. At length the jailer came and said, "What is it you want? You are imprisoned, and cannot be released until the judge give you your freedom."

“I have done nothing,” said I, but no answer was given me. Presently bread and gruel were brought, and I ate the bread, but did not touch the gruel, since it was cooked by Gentiles. Prison clothes were put on me and there seemed no escape.

Sunday came, and I was ordered to attend church, but refused, saying I was a Jew.

Then the head jailer, or chief officer struck me on the face several times, and said very roughly, “You must obey the orders you receive.”

I replied, in German, “I shall not go to church by anyone’s orders; it is against my religion. I hate the churches of Christians, and I hate the Christian religion,” adding that I was a Russian subject, and should appeal to the Russian consul. “If I have done anything worthy of imprisonment, prove it. I have committed no fault, and you have no right to punish me.”

“If you are a Jew,” said the man, “you are not worthy of being found in a Christian church,” and he left me. After being kept eight days in the cell I was released, and subsequently found that the inspector had done all this just to amuse his household!

On regaining my liberty I took an oath never, if I could help it, to speak to a Christian, nor to help one, even if I saw him perishing.

When close to Hamburg, a gendarme stopped me, and brought me to a kind of barracks, where a few more gendarmes were lounging about. They asked me where I was going. When I told them to England, and that I was a Russian, they laughed at me, and one of them, who seemed to be intoxicated, drew his sword and said, “You are a Frenchman; I will kill you.”

I made no answer, and left them to do as they pleased. There was no one to help me. I thought God had forgotten me, and that I must perish at the hands of the Gentiles, and earnestly prayed God either to take away my life, or to save me from these troubles, and to satisfy my soul.

Seeing my misery, the gendarmes amused themselves by threatening my life, and otherwise tormenting me, till I fell upon the ground, crying bitterly to Jehovah, “Eli, Eli, lamah, azabhtani?” the Hebrew of Ps. 22:1 ■ “My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?”

## The Cities of Israel. Magdala

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IN our last paper, treating of Capernaum I and its district, we spoke of the contrast which exists between its past prosperity and its present desolation. The language which was used may very well be extended to apply to the whole of Galilee, and especially to the cities and villages which stood upon the borders of its lake. That part of the Holy Land was emphatically its manufacturing district. It was, in the time of the Lord, the most densely peopled region in all Palestine. "No less than nine cities stood on the very shores of the lake, while numerous large villages dotted the plains and hillsides around." The intimations of the gospels, as well as the fuller descriptions of other records, point to its past prosperity. The famous Jewish historian says (probably with some exaggeration) that the least village contained 15,000 inhabitants. It was in the midst of the bustle and stir of such a district that the Lord Jesus spent the greater part of His active life; it was from these cities that the thousands poured out to hear Him, and were fed by Him in the desert places close at hand. Here so many were coming and going that the disciples had no leisure so much as to eat.

It is difficult to realize that this district was the scene of so much human activity, for the traveler now in those parts is oppressed by "a mournful and solitary silence. Seven out of the nine cities above referred to are now uninhabited ruins; one, Magdala, is occupied by half a dozen mud hovels; and Tiberias alone retains a wretched remnant of its former prosperity." A few years ago "one crazy little boat" was the sole representative of the fleets of white-sailed vessels, which had covered the bosom of the Lake in New Testament times.

On sea and on land the same tale of desolation is told, and well may those, who love that once "pleasant land," look forward to the time when it shall no more be called Desolate but Zinn shall hp railed Hephzibah, and its land Beulah, for the Lord shall delight in her, and her land shall be married. At present the solemn threatening to Israel, in case of their disobedience, is being fulfilled: "Ye shall be plucked from off the land whither thou goest to possess it." God brought His people into that goodly and, and established them there; but when He sent His servants for fruit, it was refused; and when, last of all, He sent His "one Son, His Well-beloved," they took Him, and killed Him, and cast Him out of the vineyard. Now the husbandmen are destroyed, and the vineyard is given to others.

With reference to the only two surviving cities on the borders of the lake, it is not a little significant that we do not read of the Lord Jesus entering either Magdala or Tiberias. It is most probable that He never visited the latter at all; it was so thoroughly Gentile in its origin and elements, that He, who was not sent but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, may well have avoided it, though it lay at no great distance from His home. It was built by Herod Antipas, and named by him after Tiberias Claudius Nero. Herod resided the greater part of his time in this city, and Greeks and Romans were so numerous as to give a strong foreign tinge to the customs of the place, to the great scandal of the stricter Jews. The only mention we have of Magdala is, that the Lord Jesus, having fed four thousand men, besides women and children, on the other (the eastern) side of the

lake, sent them away, and crossed by boat into the borders of Magdala. Possibly, then, these cities never heard the words of the Lord, and thus never refused them, as did Bethsaida and Capernaum. Who will say that their survival, feeble as it is, while others have passed away, has no connection with this fact?

Magdala is situated at the south-east corner of the plain of Gennesaret, about an hour's journey—say, three miles—from Tiberias, traveling northward along the shore of the lake. It is by some supposed to be the same city as the Migdal-el of the Book of Joshua, situated in the possession of Naphtali, in which case it is an extremely ancient place, though a modern traveler has described it as “a miserable little Muslim village, looking much like a ruin, but exhibiting no marks of antiquity.” To which Dr. Wilson adds: “The houses are certainly mean enough, but we observed among them some indications of ancient ruins, both of walls and foundations.” The ruins of a watch-tower, from which Magdala received its by no means uncommon name (it is a Greek form of the Old Testament “Migdol,” tower) and which guarded the entrance of the plain, appear to remain. It was a thriving place; celebrated for its dye works and its manufactories (of which eighty were said to exist) of fine woolen textures; famous also for its three hundred shops for the sale of turtle-doves and pigeons for purifications.

The “Valley of Doves” (Wady Hamḥm) is a name still found, applied to a valley of honey-combed rocks, situated about twenty minutes' walk to the north of Magdala. From thence were brought the sacrificial birds. It was very wealthy, and its contributions to Jerusalem were so large that they had to be conveyed thither in wagons. Several Rabbis are also known to Jewish tradition as “of Magdala”; but Jewish evidence itself asserts that the place was morally very corrupt. The dye works and the traffic have passed away, but springs and rivulets abound, which render the place very suitable for such occupations, and the lake gives a plentiful supply of shell fish, which might have furnished some of the dyes.

What chiefly interests us in Magdala is the fact that from thence came the devoted woman, “Mary, the Magdalene,” as she is almost uniformly called in the gospels. She is introduced to our notice in Luke's Gospel. The Lord went throughout every city and village (that is, of Galilee), and Mary was one of certain women who ministered to the Lord of their goods. We need hardly say that there is not a shadow of evidence in the Scriptures for identifying her with the “woman who was a sinner,” spoken of in the previous chapter. Mark, in a brief sentence, states the fact of the Lord's appearance, after His resurrection, first to Mary the Magdalene, and adds (what Luke also mentions) that out of her the Lord had cast seven devils. This accounts for the devotedness of her love, shown so blessedly as she stood and watched the cross of her Lord, or, with others, carried out the last customs of those days in embalming the body, when taken down from the cross. Her love took her to the sepulcher while it was yet dark, to find, however, that the stone was rolled away, though she knew not that the Lord had risen. We need not dwell upon the Lord's appearance to the weeping woman, nor upon the precious revelation of the Father, which she, before all others, received; few of our readers can be unacquainted with these facts. She shares with Mary of Bethany this Honor—that wheresoever in the whole world the gospel is preached, the story of her love to Christ is told, for a memorial of her. Jr.

## Longing After God

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NONE but the true believer longs after God, for in order to thirst after God His Name must be loved. Amongst those, of whom the Scripture speaks as longing after God, perhaps the first in eagerness is David; the man after God's own heart.

David had seen the panting gazelle pursued by the hunters, and driven from its haunts, eagerly longing after the cooling stream. To the passionate desire of the hart for the water he compares the longings of his soul after God. "As the hart panteth" (or brayeth) "after" (or over) "the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?" (Psa. 42:1, 2.) It is customary in hilly districts in sunny lands to convey the water in covered watercourses from the hill tops to the valleys, and these watercourses are sometimes several miles long. It is supposed that the figure presents the gazelle standing over the watercourse, and smelling the water, and, indeed, hearing its rippling, but being unable to reach it.

A good sign it is when there is deep longing after God in His people. Too many are content to remain in their experience at a distance from Him, and, unlike the man after God's heart, they do not thirst for Him. Deep desire after God lies at the root of much of that spiritual prosperity which distinguishes some Christians from others. When the Apostle Paul says, "That I may know Him" (Phil. 3:10), he breathes a spirit similar to that of King David. True, David longed after God in His courts on earth, and Paul for Christ in the heavens above, but each desired the Lord Himself.

## How Little Arthur Cared for His Dido's Soul

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LITTLE Arthur sat very contentedly, with his hand in his mother's, while his father read the chapter at morning prayers. The childish voice joined in the well-known hymn that followed, and, with clasped hands and closed eyes, he knelt, as God's blessing was asked on the assembled household. Having been taught by his Christian parents not to look about during prayers, Arthur did not find out until the party was dispersing that his beloved nurse was absent. The happy, contented look passed from the little face, and the tears gathered quickly in the blue eyes, as he cried, "Oh! mammy, my Dido isn't here; she hasn't heard about Jesus today; she hasn't sang and prayed with us. My Dido will never go to heaven."

His mother took him on her knee and tried to soothe him, as she explained that nurse had gone out on an errand, and had not returned in time to come in; but that she would be with them again tomorrow, and that God would not be vexed with her, as it was not her fault.

"But tomorrow won't do," sobbed Arthur; "it must be today. My Dido will go to hell. Oh! daddy, do have prayers again, and let my Dido come in."

The father refused decidedly, saying breakfast was now ready, he was going to be very busy afterward, and had no time to lose; that nurse should not go out during the time fixed for family worship, and must not do so again. As he spoke, he rang to have the sobbing child taken away. Upon nurse answering the bell, Arthur clung to his mother, crying more bitterly, and with rewed vehemence pleading, "Now my Dido has come, do, do please, have prayers for her, daddy; she'll never get to heaven."

Vainly the father tried to explain to the excited child that nurse's salvation did not depend upon her presence at morning prayers; that the Lord had shed His own precious blood for her, and that she would be certainly saved, if she only trusted in Him. Arthur would not, could not listen, and still wailed out amid his sobs, "My Dido will never get to heaven. My Dido can't love Jesus, when she doesn't pray with us. My Dido will go to hell."

His fond mother, quite upset by her darling boy's passionate grief, which all her efforts failed to soothe, at length mingled her tears with his, and turning to her husband said, "It is of no use reasoning with the little man. He has cried till he is quite beside himself, and he is too young to understand. Just to please me, my love, do go into the drawing-room with him and nurse, and have a little more reading and prayer."

Her husband objected, saying that she was encouraging Arthur in willfulness; but at length he yielded to her entreaties, and taking the child's hand, led him into the next room, followed by nurse. Having read a short Psalm, he was about to kneel down when Arthur stopped him.

"No, no, daddy, now a hymn."

The indulgent father to avoid again distressing the child, started the hymn they had just sung. He had but reached the end of the first line when he was again interrupted by a cry of despair from

Arthur■ “Dido isn’t singing! Dido isn’t singing!”

Poor nurse, quite overcome by her little charge’s solicitude for her soul, was weeping silently. Climbing on to her knee, and tapping with his fingers on her lips, the boy implored■ “Dido, sing! Dido, sing.” Choking down her tears, nurse obeyed, and her voice joined her master’s for two verses of the hymn, and then they knelt in prayer.

As they rose from their knees, Arthur murmured in devout earnestness, “Thank God for that■thank God for that,” and sunny smiles replacing the clouds on his little face.

The fervent thanksgiving from that baby heart reached the ears of Him who, “out of the mouth of babes and suckling’s, has perfected praise.” It would have been unlike our God, who has told us to join prayer with thanksgiving, had He not heard and answered in blessing.

Long years have passed since this scene took place. Arthur is now a grown-up man, and his Dido is far away from him; but the memory of that incident has never faded from her mind, and even now she cannot speak without tears of her nursling, who cared for the safety of her soul when she thought but little of it herself. It was not until some years after she had left her young charge that she really found peace in Jesus, and could, from the depths of her soul, join in his heartfelt thanksgiving, “Thank God for that.”

Now I would ask any of you dear children, who love the Lord Jesus, is there not someone in your homes, or among your friends, whose salvation you could seek as eagerly as did little Arthur that of his nurse? I daresay you know the gospel of the grace of God much better than he did, and, perhaps, have been ready to laugh at his getting into such a frantic state because his Dido missed prayers. But don’t you think you might learn a lesson from his great love for a soul that he believed was in peril, and from the earnest efforts he made on her behalf? Will you not rouse up to see what you can do to win a sinner to Jesus? D. & A. C.

## A Child's Dream of Heaven

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A LITTLE girl, some nine years of age, was on a visit with her sister to some friends, and while there she had a dream, and a beautiful dream it was, and one which seems so real, and the impression of it takes some time to wear off the mind. The dream was about Jesus and heaven; I will relate it in the child's own words, as nearly as I can.

On waking in the morning the little girl's first words to us were, "I am so disappointed!" and, on being asked why, she said, "Oh, I do wish it had been real! "Little attention was paid to this, but on coming down stairs she sat so still and looked so thoughtful—unusual things for her—that we thought she must be ill. She neither wanted to eat nor to speak. At last she said, in answer to our questions, "No, I am not ill, but I want to be quiet and to think, for I have plenty to think about all the day. I thought when I was asleep I was at a door, and, looking in, saw someone sitting upon something like a chair; but still it was not a chair, for we had to go up steps to it. He beckoned me to Him; so I walked right down the room, right up to Him. He smiled and patted me on the cheek, and lifted me on His knee and kissed me.

"Oh, I did feel so happy, and there were so many little ones there about my size, and some less than I am. One little thing, just like ■" (naming a little playmate), was there; and all had such beautiful white dresses on. So I looked at mine, and it was quite white too! There was not a spot on any dress. I never saw such white dresses as they were.

First one child came up to Him, and He patted it; then another, and He smiled at it. Not one came to Him but He did something kind; He did not turn one away; and they all looked happy, and not one of them tried to push another. Oh, it was so nice! It was real grand!

And the place! ■ it was the brightest-lighted room that ever I was in: brighter than the sun when it shines in the middle of the day; but there was no sun, for I looked all round. I could see nothing but brightness—just like gold.

Oh, I cannot tell you what a beautiful place it was; but Jesus was the best. I did nestle to His breast, and He looked so kindly at me.

Then the children began to sing, and I sang too; but I never heard any singing like it before.

"While we were singing I waked up, and oh, I was sorry. I do wish it had been real, for then I should always have been there, close to His bosom." G. S.

## Dottie's Prayer

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DOTTIE is a fair-haired little creature of four, with very large, ever wide-open blue eyes. Not long ago, her mother being very ill, she was taken to her grandmother's, to be out of the way.

Her grandmother, who is a Christian tried to teach Dottie to pray. One evening, after the little thing had said her short prayer and was put to bed, just before her blue eyes closed for the night, she said in her small, child's voice, "Grandmother, I prayed for Jesus to be in my mother's house tonight."

Dottie's mother recovered, and that Jesus was in her mother's house that night no one has the least right to doubt.

How blessed for every house in our little village■for every house everywhere■to have Jesus in it!  
F. B■r.

## Your Father's Care

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NEED we tell you, dear children, who love your heavenly Father, that He loves you perfectly? In a family we know there are grown-up sons who are young men, and there are also some very little children, but the father loves his children alike, and cares for them all with all his heart. The wants of the tall eldest brother are very different from those of the little youngest child, but the kind parent is as much delighted to help the one as the other.

Now your wants, dear young friends, are not exactly the same as those of gray-headed Christians, but they are as important to you as the old persons' wants are to them; and be sure of this, your Father who is in heaven attends to you as He does to them. Nay, we may almost say, the little children seem to have His care shown, if not more surely, at least more swiftly, than some of the older ones in God's family, for little children can hardly bear to be kept waiting for the things they desire so well as their elders. Your heavenly Father counts the very number of the hairs of the heads of His children, since His children are precious to Him, and whether you are awake or asleep you are ever the object of your Father's care.

## How the Signalman Was Saved

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IN “Christian” England the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is well known, but how very little indeed is known of His Person. From infancy we have been accustomed to hear Jesus spoken of, and in the Sunday-school many of us learned the incidents of His life on earth, which thus became to us, in a manner, matters of history. The open Bible also is in our land—to say nothing of the profusion of literature speaking of Christ, or bearing His Name in one way or another—while the preaching of Him, and the many conversions through the power of His Name, all seem to form in our minds more than the historic fact that there has been a Man on earth—Jesus of Nazareth—who was crucified. I say the historic fact, because the knowledge of Him at one time was no more than that to the believer. Very many there are who thus know the Name, but not the Person of Him who is now the glorified Man at the right hand of God.

“Do you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ?” How vague are the answers to this question! I once asked a man, “Do you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ?” and received the reply, “Well, yes; I believe there is one somewhere.” So, when souls are convicted of sin by the Spirit of God, what has been learned about the Lord Jesus gives no peace, and too often the awakened sinner begins to devise means whereby to gain the favor of God, just as if His Son had never come to this earth to save sinners, and had never died and risen again.

Thus it was with the writer. Convicted of sin in the sight of God at the age of fifteen, I began to seek peace, but, alas, by looking for it in my own heart! Together with others, I went up to the penitent-form, and earnest men came and prayed and prayed on my behalf, now and again asking me, “Do you feel peace?” There I sat, a poor, convicted sinner, and those who professed to help were asking me if I felt peace, instead of showing me the way of salvation! Time went on, and I became a member of a religious body, attended prayer meetings, and engaged in religious work, but I knew nothing of Christ as the Sin-bearer, and His work on the cross, and so I continued struggling on against sin. Ah! only God and myself know how I fought against sin, but to find that I was utterly powerless to overcome. At last I gave up the struggle, left the profession of religion, joined the world, and sought to drown my convictions by indulging freely in the very thing which was a burden to me. I had been a religious sinner, and now became a worldly sinner again.

I married at an early age, and was employed as a railway signalman, being posted in an out-of-the-way place, where there were only ten houses. But here religious meetings were held every Sunday, and, having nowhere else to go, I occasionally went to them, where the conviction that I was a sinner again returned upon me. Once more I was exhorted, as I had been before, to give my heart to the Lord. I had no knowledge of what God was offering to me in the person of the Lord Jesus Christ, and, being completely blind to that, like the Israelites of old, I was making bricks without straw, trying to produce good works without Christ, who says: “Without Me ye can do nothing.” Some of the friends thought me truly converted, and they talked of making me a preacher; but “How shall they preach, except they be sent? as it is written, ‘How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!’” I knew not the

“gospel of peace,” and was trying to add something to what the Lord Jesus had—done, not realizing that He had finished the work, and in so doing had brought an infinite revenue of glory to God and His Father.

After a time I was removed to another outlying post, where there were none but careless men, who despised the salvation of their souls, and scoffed and jeered at the mention of better things. Here I soon found my true level. The strength of my own will was insufficient; I could not fight against my own evil nature; and, not knowing Christ as the only source of strength against sin, I sank down into unbelief. I then came to the conclusion that salvation was out of my reach, and that the work was so painful, and the path so difficult, that I would try no more. I knew I was an unsaved sinner in the sight of God, but, had anyone asked me if I believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, I should have replied, “Yes.” Had I been asked why He died, I should have replied, “For our sins.” I was far from being an atheist. I tried to get away from my convictions by becoming an atheist, but could not succeed. From a child I had believed in God, and had learned all about the Lord Jesus, and in a way had believed it, yet without salvation.

About this time, to a dear friend, also a signalman, it was given to know Jesus as his Saviour. I had spoken to him during what I may term my own “religious life,” but now it was his turn to speak to me. He wrote me an account of his conversion, and pleaded with me about my soul, for, when he saw the truth as it is in Jesus, he knew I was unsaved. I believed that what he said was true for him, but replied that our paths must now separate. I told him I had tried the path, and found it such a disappointing toil, that I preferred to hug the chains of my bondage rather than again make an attempt to get salvation, which I knew would only end in failure.

Such was the effect upon my soul of religion without Christ! I was deliberately turning my back upon Him, who was all the time calling me with an unwearied love and pity to Himself.

Again I was removed from my post, but this time to a large station. Here, with the charge upon me of a busy cabin, twelve hours each day or night, in alternate weeks, and always duty either on Sunday or Sunday night, I had no inclination, had I had the time, to go to preachings or meetings of any kind. But my converted friend did not forget me, neither did God. My friend wrote me many letters, several of which I never read, and sent me books, some of which I read, and some of which I did not look at. Yet, somehow, again and again the sense of my lost condition would come over me, and make me miserable. I replied sometimes to his letters, arguing from my own experience against what my friend brought forward, but could not help giving in whenever the plain word of God was brought to bear upon me.

Thus, unconsciously, my mind was gradually drawn, by God’s grace, from myself to His word, and then I was given to see Jesus as the only One who could save me, and I cried to Him. It was now not religion but Christ I wanted.

Then came a time I shall never forget.

I was on night duty in my cabin, and had taken with me my Bible and a book which my friend had sent me, for I had sometimes a spare half hour, when I could read a little. I was in a low key, and not much interested in what I was reading; but all at once I came to something that showed me what I had never known before, namely, that the Lord Jesus had accomplished such a work on the cross that God was fully and infinitely satisfied, and that the evidence of this is in Christ being

raised. My eye was directed to Christ in the glory above, and I saw in Him all that God required, and all for me.

I took up my Bible, and read the same thing there in John 17. My blind eyes were opened upon Christ, and from Him peace flowed into my heart, and love and joy beyond measure. It seemed as though really and literally the Lord Himself had laid my head upon His breast, that I might have the assurance of perfect rest. I was lifted up far above the circumstances of my daily toil, and the world was beneath me. There was no weariness that night, but just the full sense of His perfect love, and unbroken rest in Him.

My work went on as usual, but the peace was not broken or disturbed. He was still there, and it really seemed as though He had spoken the word again that once He did on the sea of Galilee, "Peace; be still," for even the engines and trains seemed to move gently and as quietly as possible.

At midnight, with a full heart, I raised my voice and sang—

"Abide with me: fast falls the eventide,

The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide.

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,

Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me."

I opened my Bible at Mark 9, and read the account of the transfiguration, and thought, "Surely, I have been on the Mount with Jesus tonight."

Do you speak about feeling peace? Ah! reader, if you have not known Jesus as the Man glorified, may He so reveal Himself to you, even as He did to me that night.

I went home full of quiet, peaceful joy. My wife looked at me, but neither of us said anything for a time. Then I told her what had taken place, and she quietly replied when I had done, "I saw it in your face when you came in."

And now that I knew God was satisfied about my sins, by what His own Son had accomplished, what was there left for me to do? Well, I had just to sit down in the full assurance of it all, thanking Him for it, and to learn more of His love and grace, and to learn what was His will, so that I might seek to be an obedient child. I learned that His word alone was to be trusted, and that it is the only guide, and so I asked Him continually to open it up to my mind that I might know more of Him; and He has done so.

Many and many a quiet hour have I spent alone with Him, feeding upon and enjoying Him, when shut up in my cabin on Sundays. Many and many a time He is with me there, showing me things in His word of which I had never dreamed.

I would only speak of Him and of His beauty, dear reader, and would merely seek to direct your mind to what He is in Himself. He is "the chiefest among ten thousand," the "altogether lovely." (Song of Sol. 5:10, 16) Let your eye of faith rest on Him in the glory of God, where He now is.

Do think of the fact that God is satisfied in His own Son, and asks for nothing from the sinner. God is always the Giver.

Think of those words of the Lord Jesus: "I have glorified Thee on the earth: I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do," and ask yourself the question. "Is God satisfied?" And as you reply, "Yes," ask yourself, "Then what more do I require?" P. C.

## From Darkness to Light

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THE following is the story of a conversion, as nearly as possible, as it was told me. The subject of it was a poor, ignorant man, whom it was my privilege to meet. Jesus was to him a living reality: a loving Friend. The poor man's faith was strong and clear, and his love and joy unspeakable. He had wandered far away from his home to the north of Scotland, in search of employment; but having failed to obtain any in his own trade he had turned to the selling of small wares, and so earned his daily bread.

One morning he called at my door, and, knowing him to be the Lord's, I asked him in. After some conversation he told me how he was brought to God.

"I was brought up and nursed in superstition and ignorance: I confessed my sins to the priest, and received his absolution, knowing nothing of the forgiveness of sins through the blood of Christ. But was I satisfied? No, far from it, and at times I had a yearning after something, but what it was I did not know. I had reached my thirtieth year, when, one day, walking along the streets of Limerick I heard these words: 'Jesus is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.' I think they were spoken by a lady who was passing by, but really I could not tell whether they were spoken by mortal tongue or not; be that as it may, they came as a message from God to my soul. If Jesus was the Way, I thought the Virgin is not the way to God: if Jesus was the Truth, then my life is a lie; and if Jesus was the Life, I am in death, for I don't know Him.

"I could not describe the months of misery that followed, upon hearing these words: no confessional ■no mass availed me■nothing helped me■I was utterly undone."

"I came to England, and went to a clergyman; but his consolation was less than the priest's. After that I was sent to a district visitor; but no one pointed me to Jesus. All threw me back upon myself."

"One day, after having walked nearly thirty miles, I lay down to rest in a cattle-shelter on the hill-side. I could not sleep, but, overcome by fatigue, I fell into a kind of doze. I cannot describe what I saw; but I distinctly heard my name called twice 'John! John!' 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' (John 3:16.)

"Oh! the joy and peace that filled my soul when I found, by the teaching of God's Spirit, that instead of 'do and live,' it was 'believe and live.' I fell on my knees and made the hills echo with thanksgiving and praise. From that day to this—nigh twenty years—I have been a saved man. Jesus has been such a Saviour to me Praise Him! Praise Him!"

Dear reader, the open Bible is in your hand, its words are plain to you; the texts which the poor man of our story heard, he scarcely could tell how, are lying now before your eyes. Do you know Jesus as your Saviour? He is worth the knowing. "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

(Acts 4:12.) K. R.

## The Farm Laborer's Conversion

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P. WAS a farm laborer; he had been very ill, and on his recovery a Christian friend sent him to a convalescent home at the seaside. When P. reached the "home" he said but little, and the matron did not see much of him, except at the regular occasion for morning and evening prayer and reading the Scriptures.

At about the end of a week he requested the matron to write a letter to his wife, as she was unable to read or to write himself.

"Is your wife a Christian?" asked the matron as she sat down to write the letter.

"Well, ma'am," said P., in his quaint country way, "if you'd asked me that a week ago, I'd have said she was, but I find she ar'n't. She be respectable, and reads her Bible of a Sunday, and sends the little 'uns to school, but I find she ar'n't a Christian."

"But are you a Christian yourself, P.?" inquired the matron.

"Yes, I be! Yes, I be!" replied he, earnestly.

"And how long have you been one?"

"Well, the night I came in here you read about the thief and the robber climbing up the wrong way" (the tenth chapter of John had been read that night), "and what you said about it did cut me up. I went upstairs, and fell upon my knees, and kept on asking on Him, and asking on Him. I burnt the candle out, for I felt so bad I couldn't go to bed. 'Lord,' I said, 'if I don't ask Thee right, tell me on it.' But we settled it, and I've got something here," placing his hand on his breast, "that I never had afore. I be so happy!"

Then the letter to his wife was commenced, and, after sending "respects" to one and another, P. said, "Now I want you to tell her about the Lord. I want her to set her face heavenward with me and all the little 'uns." This was done. The letter was sent, and the reply was eagerly watched for by our friend.

At last it came. His wife expressed her gladness at his being happy at the home, but made no reference to his appeal to her soul, and P. was sadly disappointed.

On the evening before he left the home, at the close of the usual meeting, he said he would like to give the Lord thanks. As nearly as can be remembered, these were his utterances, mingled with many tears, and indeed those who heard him could but weep too. "Oh! Lord, I do thank Thee for bringing me down here. You've taken my feet out of the horrible pit and miry clay and set them upon a rock. Oh Lord, I do thank Thee. Now, Lord, do save my wife and all my little 'uns, and give me grace to go back and shake hands with Mr. T. (a foreman with whom P. had not got on very well), and tell him and all my mates what you have done for me. Bless the home, Lord, do, and save all that are in it."

Two years Afterward we visited the village where P. lived, and found him rejoicing in Christ, and bearing persecution for His Name's sake.

This narrative of P.'s conversion illustrates the truth of Zech. 4:6■ "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." It is not necessary to be able to read in order to be saved. Where there is a soul thirsting for God's salvation, or ready to believe on Christ, when the truth concerning Him is heard, we may rest assured that God will bring His truth to the heart, as He did in the case of our friend P. But, oh! how much more does this increase the responsibility of those who have God's word in their hands and are able to read all that God has said to us.

During the time P. was in the home a blind woman was there also. She said that she had loved Jesus all her life, and she rained satisfied with herself without Christ. P. felt she was not right, and he used to strive to show her that she was not only physically, but spiritually blind. "Tell her it out as plain as ever you can," said he to the matron, "for she ar'n't saved."

Now each of our readers is either like the farm laborer, who felt his need of Christ, or like this blind woman who was satisfied to remain in spiritual darkness. Oh! be wise while there is time, and take your place before God as a guilty, lost sinner, and trust in the finished work of Christ for pardon and salvation. W. W. H.

## The Ground of Peace

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MANY of God's people are in distress of soul because they fail to take their stand upon Christ and Christ's work as their only ground of peace and security. The Lord has by His death reconciled us to God, and now we live in Him, who lives to die no more. "If, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by His life." (Rom. 5:10.) Not only has Christ died for us, but He lives for us. He is our security; He is our peace. It is poor consolation to look within one's own heart for assurance; let us look into the word of God, which presents Christ to us as our peace, and tells us how "much more" even than "being now justified by His blood, we shall be saved from wrath through Him."

## The Popular Road

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“THERE is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.” (Prov. 16:25.) To the truth of these solemn words testify the footsteps and the end of ten thousands of men now in eternity. The way which seems right unto a man is his own way—the path of his own self-will, pleasure, or chosen sin. To him this way seems right; it is pleasant to his eyes; it is easy to his step; it is the popular way—the way of the world—and as he takes it he exclaims, “Why should not I do as I like?”

This way Cain took. He had his ideas on religion—he brought to the Lord a sacrifice which was without blood. He cultivated the soil that bore the divine curse upon it, and by the sweat of his brow raised an offering for the Lord; and though the Lord told Cain “sin coucheth at the door” (Gen. 4:7, R.V.)—that a sacrifice was ready to his hand—Cain preferred his way to God’s way, and continued to walk upon the fatal road, the ends of which are the ways of death. Alas! thousands today go in the way of Cain.

Esau forsook the promises of God, and bartered away his future for a mess of pottage! He was hungry, and to him the satisfaction of the hour was more precious than the blessing of the future. “What,” said he, “does this birthright profit me?” (Gen. 25:32.) And, like Esau, profane peons this day sell their eternity for this hour’s pleasures. The way seems right to them, but the ways of death are in the end thereof.

The skeptic approves his unbelief, boasts himself in his negation, and at length takes his leap into the dark; the miser hoards up his gold, and dies, despising eternal riches; the procrastinator says, “Time enough yet,” and is lost. The secret of these varied forms of disobedience lies in one principle, namely, taking a way which seems right to a man, and refusing God’s word. However varied the forms of unbelief may seem, there is but one end to the path of disobedience—the end thereof are the ways of death.”

“What must I do to be lost?” said a young skeptic to an aged servant of Christ, who had been preaching on the words, “What must I do to be saved?” “Go on just as you are going, young man, and you will reach hell for certain,” was the reply. It is enough to go on one’s own way steadily, for the end thereof are the ways of death.

As men hurry on their fatal way God’s messengers stand and cry, “Return, return.” There is more simplicity in true religion than is generally allowed. The first step is to return. “What do mean by conversion?” said his colonel to a pious soldier. “The first thing is ‘Attention,’ the next, ‘Right about face,’ sir,” was the reply. Return to God, sinner. Do not think that true religion is merely to change over from the muddy side to the clean side of the way which seems right to a man. The broad road that leads to destruction has its clean as well as its dirty side, but those who are converted have returned to God. They are not on the broad road at all—they have turned to God.

It was well when the prodigal in the far country said, “I will arise, and go to my father;” but he did more—he arose, and came to his father.” Many purpose “I will arise;” of few it can be said they

“arose and came.” What should we say of the prodigal whose resolutions brought him within sight of his father’s doors, and who yet returned from that sight to his old companions hand his old sins?

Come home close to God, for this is true repentance. Rest not until you have met His eye and received His pardon. But be not deceived, for it is not repentance to shift the rags of sin for the garments of respectability while still traveling the wrong road. It seems as if in this day Satan had built not only places for entertainment but also for religious objects upon the sides of the broad road that leads to destruction, so that men may go in thither and fancy themselves what they are not. Oh, be not content with the appearance of being a Christian, but give yourself no rest until you know you are truly one of God’s people. The true Christian has his sins forgiven him (t John 2:2), he has eternal life, and the privilege to know that this life is his (vs. 13); all things for him are new.

## On Bible Study

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ON subjects divine, and therefore partaking of what is infinite, there is always a danger in attempting to class and separate into definite and human systems of division. The relations and dependencies of things are so great, that there is often much fallacy in marking out and distinguishing, and then arguing upon our own divisions and distinctions... For things divine as well as things natural blend with one another so imperceptibly, that no definite and accurate line can be drawn between them. Thus it is with the colors of the rainbow, with the seasons of the year, with the sea and shore, they mutually recede and retire and blend into each other; so that it would be difficult, and perhaps impossible, to draw any strong line of demarcation.

Allowing therefore that systems and divisions are liable to these errors, from the very infirmity of our human knowledge, which can in no way circumscribe the infinite; and therefore not depending too much on their exactness and accuracy in embracing the whole subject; we may still have recourse to them in order to arrange our ideas and facilitate our enquiries. And we may be perhaps allowed to throw these analogies into something of a scheme; being at the same time aware that they run into each other, and into other numerous and undefinable analogies not to be embraced in the same.

Shallow minds alone can rest in systems, and be satisfied with the apparent ease and clearness with which they arrange great truths; their clearness often arises from passing over all the difficulties, without diving into their depths: for system is human, and squares out the surface; the subjects systematized are of a nature divine and infinite: and contain within them unfathomable deeps. ■Williams.

## **Bible Knowledge**

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EXPERIMENTAL knowledge of God the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ is of priceless worth to the true Christian. Let him beware of the bare knowledge of the letter of the Scriptures, for this will avail him but little in the day of testing.

## The Highest Christianity

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“To me to live is Christ,” so said the apostle. No man had been so abundant in labors as he, yet not his service, but Christ was his practical life. In Christ, he had his object, motive, and power. Here is the highest Christianity, and a life that will surely be found one day to be the only life worth living.

## Waiting

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DEAR children, you know that sometimes we cannot tell why—something that we have seen long, long ago, and have even forgotten, comes back to our minds, and suddenly we seem to see again the place and the people we had, perhaps, not thought about for years. So it was with me just now, and I felt sure that it was the Lord who reminded me of a day long past, that I might tell you something about it.

It was a bright summer's day, and the boys at C School had said a great many times to each other that morning what a good thing it was that it was so fine, for this day was their speech day, the great day of all the year, and fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters might be coming by any of the very frequent trains to spend the day, and stay till quite late at night; for in the evening there were to be fireworks in the garden, and there would be a special train at about eleven o'clock to take back the friends and relations. There were about a hundred boys so you may suppose the friends and relation! were very numerous. I myself was amongst them, for I had two boys to go and see, and I knew several others besides; so I arrived as early in the morning as possible.

The little picture that came back to me just now was this. As I walked up to the old brick house from the station, I saw sitting together outside the hall door, two little boys, very much alike, like two lovebirds on a perch. They were lovely little boys, with shining flaxen hair and great blue eyes, and they looked at me very hard, and, as I came near, they turned to one another very sadly, and said, "No!" But when I was in the house, listening to the speeches, and in the great tent where everyone had lunch, and out in the playground watching the games, I forgot the little boys, and I never remarked that they were not in the tent nor in the playground.

It was quite late in the afternoon when I went into the house again; and there, sitting together outside the door just as before, were the two little boys, but they looked more sad and tired, and they seemed as though they had not moved a finger since the morning.

"Have you been sitting here all day?" I said.

Then one of them gave a great sigh, and said, "Yes."

"Why did you do that?" I asked them. "Don't you care for the speeches and the games?"

The little boys looked at me with their eyes full of tears, and said, "Mother said she was coming, and we wanted to have the first sight of her; but now we think it's no use, and that she won't come at all, but still we'll go on waiting till the very last train comes in."

And they sat down again, and there I left them, with their eyes fixed on the garden gate.

But no mother came. I do not know how it was, she was prevented from coming. It must have made her very sad when she knew that her little boys had missed the games and all the fun they had been expecting. But it must have been a great joy to her at the same time, when she found that her little boys loved her more than all besides, and had spent the whole day watching for her,

because they longed to see her.

They are grown-up men now, and, perhaps, their mother is long since gone from them; but no doubt they remember that weary day at C■, and look forward to another meeting on a brighter morning yet to come. Perhaps whilst you read this, you remember a passage from God's word which came to my mind. They are some of the verses which tell us most of the deep and wonderful love of Him who loves and remembers, when even a mother might forget.

They are meant for all those who have been saved, and forgiven through the precious blood of Christ. "Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord, when he will return from the wedding; that when he cometh and knocketh, they may open unto him immediately. Blessed are those servants, whom the lord when he cometh shall find watching: verily I say unto you, that he shall gird himself, and make them to sit down to meat, and will come forth and serve them."

Yes, there are some now who are watching—watching and longing for the coming of Jesus. They do not care for many things which help to amuse the people who do not know the Lord Jesus, and who have no longing to see His face. They get up in the morning and say, "Perhaps this is the last day that we shall be without seeing Him and hearing Him;" and when they go to lie down at night, they say, "He may come in the evening, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning." And so they wait—wait, day after day; and He will not disappoint them. "Surely," He says. "I come quickly." "He that shall come will come, and will not tarry." Jesus knows if you are one of these blessed, happy people. You cannot be, unless your sins were laid on Jesus, and then when He comes it will be a far greater joy to Him than even to you, for His love is greater far. Do not think it matters little whether you are waiting for Him now. He looks to see if any are watching and longing for His coming, and though it is not what people call "doing a good work," it is very precious to Christ.

May you be amongst those whom He will stand to serve. But what if you are not ready? For there are many to whom that glorious and blessed day will be a day of terror and despair. For then those that are ready will enter into the marriage, and the door will be shut, and left outside will be the unbelieving, and the careless, and those who are satisfied with themselves, and those who have no love for Christ nor for His beloved people. Outside will be the selfish, and the proud, and the liars, and the unthankful, and the unholy; outside will be the disobedient, and the covetous, and the boasters, and the despisers of those that are good; outside will be all the men, and women, and children, whose sins have not been washed away in the precious blood of Christ. Left behind, when God's beloved people are caught up to meet the blessed Lord in the air, and to enter with Him the Father's house■left behind to darkness, and to sorrow, and to judgment■left behind to learn what is meant by the great day of the Lord's wrath.

One day, about fifty years ago, there was a man riding along the Wiltshire lanes on a carthorse from his master's farm. Before him lay, across the horse, a sack of wheat. Slowly he jogged along, and no doubt he was thinking chiefly of all that he had to do at Devizes market, where his corn was to be sold. He had few other things to think about than his daily work, for he and his neighbors were people who had never learned to read or write, and they lived far away over the downs, and heard very little of the great world beyond.

Lately they had heard something of the “swing-rioters,” who had been collecting mobs to break all the machines, which farmers were then beginning to use for winnowing and thrashing, and who had some indistinct ideas that if they attacked the squires and the farmers, and burnt hay-ricks, and carried off poultry, they would in the end get cheap bread and land of their own, with much more besides. Had you asked them what they thought they would gain by the trouble they took, and by the damage they were doing, they would answer you, “We’s to be the gentlemen, and the gentlemen is to be we.”

Now, our friend William, who was jogging along with his sack, had plenty of sense, though he had no book-learning at all, and he had determined from the first to leave the swing-rioters alone, and get all he needed by good honest work. He was sorry for his friends who had joined them, and more particularly so now, for he had heard that the soldiers had been called out to stop the rioters, and many had already been seized and locked up in Bristol gaol, and other undesirable places. That very day, as he rode along, he saw some frightened-looking men and boys, who ran past him, and then jumped over a fence, and hid themselves behind a hedge; and as he went further he met more and more of these people, some running in one direction and some in another. Then William said to himself, “They’s the swing-rioters, and the soldiers are after them.”

And, sure enough, when William looked back he saw, a long way off over the downs, the red coats of the soldiers coming nearer and nearer. But William jogged on as before; and he said to himself, “It’s a comfort now that I have no need to go and hide behind the hedges, for I’m about my master’s business, and that they can see, and there’s no fear they’ll lock me up in Bristol gaol.” The soldiers came nearer, and they rode past William, and then they turned across the fields, where some poor men were to be seen running for their lives; and William jogged on towards Devizes, quite happy and contented.

Yes. For a few minutes he was happy and contented, and then, suddenly, he knew not why, some words came into his mind that he had heard once, long ago; he could not remember where or when. These strange words, to which he had never given a thought before, seemed to come to him now, as if God from heaven were speaking to him, and William trembled with fear and terror—a terror far greater than that of the swing—rioters who had passed him running across the country.

These were the words ■ “Then shall they begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us; and to the hills, Caverns” (Luke 23:30); “Hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb: for the great day of His wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?” (Rev. 6:16,17.) William tried to forget these words, but they would not leave him; they sounded in his ears like some awful sentence. “I am not afraid of the soldiers,” he said, “but when that day comes I shall call on the hills to fall on me to hide me. Oh, what shall I do to be saved?”

All day long he heard the terrible words; he could not forget them in the bustle of the market, and the ride home was a fearful time to him. There was no one to whom he could go for help, and if he had a Bible he could not read it, yet he believed that in the Bible he would find out the way to be saved.

Though William was forty years old, he began at once to learn to read. When his work was over, he sat at his cottage door, and called to any children who were passing. There was now a school

in the village, and nearly all the children learned to read. William would offer them halfpennies, or some supper, or an apple from his tree, and get them in return to teach him A B C.

“Ah,” he said, “Satan did try hard to hinder me, and I found it terrible work to learn to read, but I asked the Lord to make me learn quickly, and He did; then at last I could spell out a chapter in the Bible, and I went to the camp meetings of the Methodists on the downs, and I hearkened all I could to the blessed gospel, and said, ‘Lord, show me the way to be saved’; and, bless the Lord, He did show me, and now I thank and praise Him. I look forward every day to the blessed, blessed time when He shall come—that will be a glorious day to me. I shall hear Him say, ‘William, come up higher,’ and that makes me care very little for any grand things down here. It’s like comparing a little glow-worm in the hedge to the glorious sun at noon-day, when we think of the finest thing here, and Christ in glory! I get impatient for it sometimes, for the natural heart can’t wait; but He’ll leave me here as long as He has anything for me to do, and His work is a blessed thing, and I can truly say I’m happy here, and shall be happy always.

“Yes, one day, I couldn’t help it, when I was thrashing in the barn, I had to leave oil just for a minute and kneel down and ask the Lord to make the squire at the big house as happy as I am, and, bless the Lord, He has made him happy too, and we shall be with Him forever and ever.”

So now William has been made ready, for his sins were laid on Jesus on the cross long ago, and he looked to Jesus, and believed in Him, and he knows now that at the end of the road, along which he is traveling, there is one place only—**heaven itself**—and, better far, the welcome of the God and Saviour who loved him and gave Himself for him—**to be with Christ!** F. B.

## The Cities of Israel. Jericho

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WHEN the Lord Jesus, in answer to the lawyer's question, "Who is my neighbor?" uttered His parable of "The Good Samaritan," the names of the places to which He referred could hardly have failed to be very significant to His questioner. The man who fell among thieves went down "from Jerusalem to Jericho." To suppose a mere reference to the latter place as to a well-known robber-infested district, is surely to lose sight of much that the Lord Jesus meant His hearer to discern. By the two names is told the history of man's wandering from God. Jerusalem is "Jehovah-shammah" ■ The Lord is there. On the other hand, Jericho was associated with a curse, and however prosperous it might be (as it was at the time of the Lord) its contrast to Jerusalem could not fail to strike one so familiar with the Scripture history as the lawyer would undoubtedly be. In several particulars its ancient story aptly figures "this present world"; its walls, high "and fenced up to heaven," seemed to promise security against every danger, though sudden destruction came upon it; even as today, while men murmur "Peace and safety," judgment is at hand. Near Jericho flowed the Jordan, "the Descender" (the symbol in all ages of death), rushing onward to the Lake of Judgment. We do not say that the lawyer discerned these resemblances; it would be enough for him that Jerusalem was the city of God, and that Jericho had been "devoted" to destruction.

Although the name Jericho appears with a uniform spelling throughout the Authorized Version of the Old Testament, it has two distinct forms in the original, and learned men have traced these to two different roots, and have conjectured that one was the Canaanitish form, the other its Hebrew modification. The former (Jericho) seems to be connected with the name of the moon (jareach), and if so, probably points to the idolatrous worship of that "lesser light" as Bethshemesh points to the worship of the "greater." The other form became Jericho by a slight but important change, which altogether alters the signification of the word, and is usually interpreted as meaning "a fragrant odor," and may have been given with reference to the odoriferous plants which were so plentifully produced by the rich soil and tropical climate of the adjacent valley.

There has never been any dispute about the site of Jericho. A little to the north-west of the Dead Sea, the plain of Jericho stretching away on its eastern side, skirted by "the mountain" on the west, and almost within hearing of the sacred sounds which after wards arose from the Temple-mount, stood ancient Jericho. It is several times mentioned in the Book of Numbers in connection with the encamping of the children of Israel, and from Pisgah, which is "over against Jericho," the Lord showed to Moses the land, "unto..... the valley of Jericho, the city of palm trees." The book of Joshua details the familiar story of the spies, of Rahab, of the seven days' journey round Jericho, and of its final and complete ruin. The Lord had given to Israel the city, and its vast strength, which had dismayed the unbelieving spies, was as nothing before the God of hosts. The walls fell down flat, the people were destroyed, save only Rahab and those of her house who, "by faith," took shelter under the scarlet line.

The city was "devoted" to the Lord, as were all things that it contained; nothing might be appropriated by the people for their own use; and a solemn curse was pronounced upon the man

who should rebuild it—he should lay the foundation in his firstborn, and that in his youngest son should he set up its gates. In the days of Ahab, impiety had reached such a height that one was found daring enough to go against this solemn dree, and the curse which “causeless shalt not come” was fulfilled.

It should be noticed that the city itself was not cursed after this fashion, or no human hand could have rebuilt it. The curse was upon the builder, and it fell on Hiel. But the city was built, and flourished. Very soon after its second founding we read of the “sons of the prophets,” whose school was there, and ultimately it became the second city of Palestine. It was “the key” of Judaea; it was situated on the caravan road from Damascus and Arabia; it became a commercial and military center, and it formed the last “station” on the road of the pilgrim: from Galilee and Perçā to Jerusalem. It could not fail to grow and become great.

Of especial interest is the story of the healing of the water by Elisha. The situation of the city was pleasant, said the men of Jericho, but its waters were bitter. “The Fountain of Elisha” a very copious spring is still pointed out; and the general opinion is that it is rightly associated with the name of the prophet.

The allusion to the pleasantness of Jericho’s situation leads us to speak of the natural features of the city and plain. In the midst of much desolation, the district retains something of its old beauty, but the palms its chief glory have vanished. Scripture early speaks of “the city of palms,” (a designation repeated in one of the later historical books,) and from the way in which the expression is used, it may be inferred that the palm was at least uncommon in Palestine. The climate of the higher portions of the country must have been too cold for this tree, hence, the allusions to the palm tree of Deborah at Bethel, and to the palm tree of Engedi in one of the apocryphal books seem to indicate the scarcity of the tree in question. It had grown indeed on Mount Olivet (there are none there now), for from thence, in Ezra’s days, the people had brought branches for the “Feast of Booths”; it must have grown on the way from Jerusalem to Bethany, for there the multitude greeted the Lord with branches when they led Him in triumph to the Holy City. But these seem to have been the exceptions, and hence Jericho, with its grove of palms nearly three miles broad and eight miles long, especially merited the name it bore. Not a single palm now survives. One miserable specimen continued till 1835, when that, too, fell.

Jericho possesses, together with the blessing of abundance of water, an almost tropical climate. Even in winter time only the lightest clothing can be borne. “We shivered in our cloaks upon the hills,” writes Dr. Thomson. “and broiled in the shade on the plain.” The vegetation, therefore, is of a tropical character, and under cultivation the plain brought forth bountifully. Josephus (who describes the district as being the richest part of the country “a little paradise”) enumerates a number of balsams and other precious products for which Jericho was famous.

In the days of the Lord Jesus the city was flourishing. It had been the witness of stormy scenes in bygone days, even after its restoration. In the days of the Maccabees an attempt was made to fortify the place, but the forts were ultimately destroyed. Afterwards Herod the Great first plundered, and then partially rebuilt, fortified and adorned Jericho. There, when he was dying, an old man of seventy, he conceived his infamous scheme of summoning thither the noblest of Israel, then shutting them up in the Hippodrome, and giving command to his sister that immediately upon his death they should be slain. He knew that the people would rejoice at his death, and he

determined that they should have occasion for mourning! Fortunately, Salome was too shrewd to carry out her brother's command; the nobles were released, and the leaders of the people marked the day of Herod's death as "a feast day," and one upon which mourning was henceforth forbidden.

The history of Jericho since the days of the Lord need not detain us. It was destroyed by the Romans, but was afterward rebuilt, for it is known to have possessed churches and monasteries, and it had a succession of bishops. From the middle of the thirteenth century, however, Travelers have by common consent spoken poorly of the place. When Dr. Wilson visited it, it was merely a congeries of wretched stone huts, covered with thorn bushes, surrounded by fences of the same material, and occupied by a set of poor and, he was sorry to add, profligate Arabs. And Dr. Thomson, with an extended experience of the wretched villages of Palestine, speaks of the "houses, or rather huts," as being "some forty or fifty of the most forlorn habitations that I have ever seen."

Our readers are probably familiar with the mention of Jericho in the gospels. Besides the Lord's parable, already referred to, two incidents stand out strongly marked; the healing of the blind men, of whom Bartimæus was one, and the call of Zacchæus. How full of the grace of our Lord Jesus is each story! In the one, He stood still at the call of a blind beggar; in the other, He went to be guest with a man that was a sinner. And more than this—to the one, in answer to his pleading, He gave sight; to the other He brought salvation, for He, the Son of man, had come to seek and to save that which was lost. Both needed the Lord, though in different ways and to each the Lord came, as did the Samaritan of His parable, where each was. Even now, His ear is open to the cry of the needy; to the blind of heart He giveth sight; to the lost He giveth salvation. In a sense, He is yet "passing by," and our prayer for you, dear reader to whom He is yet unknown, is that ere He shall have passed He may enlighten your eyes, and that your heart may be opened to receive Him as your guest. Jr.

## Good Measure

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“GOOD measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom.” (Luke 6:38.) Such measure may be seen meted out today in Palestine. “The measurer seats himself cross-legged on the ground, and proceeds to shovel the wheat or the barley, as the case may be, into the timneh (a circular wooden measure) with both his hands, until it is partly full. Next, he seizes the measure, and shakes it strongly from side to side... in order that the grain may settle into a smaller space, and repeats the shaking... until it is full up to the brim. As soon as this is the case, he gently but firmly presses upon it with his hands, so as to drive it into a yet smaller space. Finally, having made a slight hollow on the top, he takes some more handfuls of grain, and very skillfully constructs a cone of corn upon the flat surface of the timneh, which he has now filled. He continues to build up this cone until no more grain can possibly be held, and that which he adds begins to flow over and run down.” The measure thus filled up, shaken together, and running over, is considered good measure, and the large pocket formed of the loose robe above the girdle, forms an appropriate place wherein to hold the grain, and thus it is given into the buyer’s bosom.

Give love, give kindness, give sympathy, and it shall be given you. The fire does not complain of the coldness of the winter day—it gives out its heat; neither does the candle lament the darkness surrounding it—it gives out its light. Give, if you would receive. Remember the exhortation is that of our Master.

The Story of Isaac Levinsohn

## Experience Among the Jews in Hamburg Chapter 5

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HAVING tired themselves with persecuting me, the gendarmes turned me out of the barracks, and I hastened on towards Hamburg. Arriving in that city, was astonished at the multitudes of people walking hither and thither in the crowded streets. For a while I felt lost, knowing neither where to go nor what to do.

I was more lonely and desolate, if possible, in the city than I had been in the country. Oh! how I wished I had never been born, and again I cursed my day. No one looked upon me as I paced the streets, lamenting and crying, until, reaching a large field, near the railway station, I wandered about it till utterly exhausted. Hungry and weary, without a friend near me in the world, I felt I was without the protection of God in heaven.

As I lamented my misery, a lady, with a little child, drew near, and asked me what my trouble was.

"I am very hungry, madam," I replied. "Wait a little," she said, "and I will bring you something to eat."

"Alas, I am a Jew, madam, and therefore am not permitted to eat anything made by Christians," I answered.

The lady then most kindly gave me a few marks, and also presented me with the address of a Jewish hotel. Once more the dark cloud lifted, and I felt God was merciful to me, even through the hand of a Gentile.

Before going to the hotel I determined to obtain a pair of phylacteries to replace those lost in the cornfield; for it is a matter of great importance to the Jews that every male above thirteen years of age should possess these sacred articles. Finding my way to the synagogue, I applied there for them, and my request was not in vain—a kind Jew gave me a pair at once.

In possessing again these necessaries for my devotions, my heart was filled with gratitude, and I proceeded at once to the hotel; but on arriving there, such was my poverty, that I was ashamed to enter. At last I asked permission to lodge there for the night. The manager inquired for my passport, but I had none, and could show him nothing, save my phylacteries and fringes. Finding these were perfect according to Jewish law, he came to the conclusion that I was to be trusted: added to which I prepaid my night's lodging.

In the evening I attended the synagogue, so that I might engage in public prayer with the minion (a company of not less than ten men) according to the ordinances. When in the synagogue I was most thankful to God for enabling me to reach Hamburg, and for inclining my heart to enter His sanctuary; but I was bitterly disappointed to find the mincha service over, and hence that there would be no minion in which I could engage that evening. In order to obtain the necessary number of worshippers for the minion, I went out into the street, and asked several Jews who passed by if they had already prayed, and besought those who had not done so to enter the synagogue, and engage in the service. Several came in some twenty-five—and thus my desire to engage in the

service was fulfilled.

After the minion was over, I remained in the synagogue till the third service (the maarive) should be celebrated. While sitting alone in the sacred building, I looked eastward and gazed upon the holy ark (Ha-aron Hakkodesh), over which the beautiful veil hung, having marked on it in letters of gold the wonderful word JEHOVAH. I washed my hands, drew near, and kissed the veil, closing my eyes, and praying in the Hebrew tongue to the Lord to be merciful to me: "Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me: for my soul trusteth in Thee: yea, in the shadow of Thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast. I will cry unto God most high, unto God who performeth all things for me." (Psa. 57:1, 2.)

As I was earnestly repeating this psalm again and again, the words of verse 10 "For Thy mercy is great unto the heavens, and Thy truth unto the clouds" especially impressed themselves upon me, and I began to pray that God would reveal His mercy and truth to me. Still I could not realize that His mercy was exercised to me; for the language of the law "obey or perish" was graven on my soul. What should I say unto God? There was something at that hour of which I felt ignorant, though I was convinced God would hear my prayer and satisfy my mourning soul.

Presently the congregation began to arrive in order to celebrate the service (the maarive), in which I joined, and, when it was over, I went to my lodgings.

A pleasant little room had been provided for me, for which I was truly grateful; but, on entering it and looking round, I found no mesusah on the door post. The mesusah is a small box or case containing a piece of parchment, upon which are written some passages of the law of Moses, and, according to Jewish law, it should be placed upon the door post of the room. (See Deut. 11:20.) So I begged to be allowed to sleep in a room which had a mesusah, and was given a room having a very nice one on the door post.

I heartily thanked the manager of the hotel for allowing me to change rooms; and, kissing the mesusah several times, I said my prayers, thanking God for His goodness, and then fell asleep.

From Hamburg I wrote to my father, who replied most tenderly, grieving over my misfortunes and hardships, and begging me to return to Russia. He related my mother's dream about me, and gave the greetings of my brothers and sisters, all of whom begged me to return home. My father also put me in communication with the ruler of the synagogue, to whom he had sent money on my behalf.

This letter filled me with concern lest my parents should break their hearts for me, and I determined not to refer to my circumstances again, neither to let them know more of my sufferings.

The ruler of the synagogue gave me forty thalers, with which I bought some good clothes and replaced my ragged garments.

When I returned to the hotel comfortably attired the people looked surprised, and they treated me quite as a different person from what they had done when I was in my worn-out attire.

One day, as I took my afternoon walk, I met a young man wandering about in a very dejected state. I pitied him much, having been in poverty myself a few days ago. I found that he was from the town of Kovno, Russia, the same town that I had come from myself, but his family I did not

know.

Moved with compassion towards him, I invited him to the hotel, ordered dinner, and asked the manager to let him lodge there. Hearing that he had a desire to go to England, I was pleased, and thought he would be a companion for me, so I gave him five thalers to buy new clothes.

We became quite affectionate friends; went together to the synagogue, and I was much pleased to find him very earnest in his prayers. I felt more and more attached to him, and looked upon him as my own brother, saying, "My happiness shall be your happiness, your trouble my trouble." Then the manager allowed us to share one room; and the more I knew of this young man, the more my affection seemed to increase toward him.

Imagine then my horror one morning when I arose, and could not find any of my clothes! even my boots were gone. I opened my pack, and discovered all I had possessed was gone. I had been robbed of my money, and was almost naked. Hearing my lamentation, the manager came up. He was amazed when he saw my plight, and did not know what to think, but said my "friend" had left the house early in the morning with a large parcel. To console me the manager got me some old clothes, and promised all the help he could.

## Lizzie

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LIZZIE was sixteen years of age, tall and, beautiful. She had lost her mother, but God had raised up a kind friend for her in her cousin, who did almost a mother's part towards her.

One warm day in March, while at school, Lizzie threw off her winter clothes, and the weather changing suddenly, she took a chill. The doctor looked seriously at her case, and a nurse was sent for. After some five weeks of illness a physician was called in, who pronounced Lizzie's state to be very critical; expressing his fear that she could live but for a month or two, therefore she was taken from school and sent to her home in Scotland.

As her kind cousin was in Switzerland, Lizzie had to take the long journey accompanied only by her nurse; but God was watching over her. The nurse was comparatively a stranger to her young charge, but it was well for Lizzie that she should have this journey alone with her, for she proved the best of friends, as will presently be seen.

Edinburgh as reached in safety, and the Lizzie became quite bright and cheerful at the prospect of seeing her relatives again. The doctor, under whose care she was placed advised a rest of a few days in that city before she resumed her journey. This was the opportunity for the nurse to speak to her of Jesus, for during their stay at Edinburgh they were almost alone. She lifted up her heart to the Lord for grace and wisdom to speak aright to the dear girl, and then asked her, should the Lord be pleased to take her away, whether she was ready to meet Him. Lizzie was silent for a short time, and then looking up very earnestly, said■

"No, I am not ready."

"You know you are a sinner, dear?"

"Yes" she replied; "but I don't feel much about it. I have tried to be good." Then the nurse replied very gently, "But our trying to be good apart from Jesus is sinful in God's sight. He calls our goodness filthy rags. Oh, my darling girl, think for one moment of what it cost God to give up His dear Son■His well-beloved, and the One who always pleased Him■to come down to earth and to be mocked and spit upon, and rejected by man. Have you never thought of it? Our sins caused those nails to be thrust through His hands and feet; and our sins wrung from Him that bitter cry, 'My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?' Our sins were the cause of it all. Yet He went through it all because He could not do without the thoughtless sinners whom He loves. What do you think of it?"

"Oh! I wish I were saved," replied Lizzie.

"Jesus is waiting to save you; 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' Oh! darling, take God's gift now."

Then the nurse offered Lizzie her Bible■which she took■and then explained that just in the same way as she took the Bible from her hands, so she should take God's gift of salvation, and thank

Him for it, adding, "It is so precious to be able to say, 'He loved me and gave Himself for me.'

Lizzie seemed weary all that day; and scarcely spoke to her nurse, who feared that she might be offended.

The following day the journey was resumed, and Lizzie's home, where her grandmother and two younger sisters lived, was reached. The excitement of seeing them tried the sick girl very much, and for some days after her arrival she was quite prostrate.

The family doctor thought she could not live very long, but said she must not be told how ill she was, as it might hasten her end. So the nurse was bidden not to mention her real state to the patient, but to buoy her up, and make everything bright.

This was more than the nurse could-bear. She did not think the dear girl was saved, and most earnestly she asked for divine guidance in her difficult position. In a few days Lizzie's cousin was expected, and the nurse felt she could not leave her young charge with relatives who would not tell her, her real condition, so she resolved to break it to her herself.

Very gently she asked Lizzie whether she was ready to meet the Lord, should He call her from this world.

Lizzie burst into tears. The nurse interpreting this to mean that she was not ready; again eagerly questioned her as to whether she was really trusting in Christ.

For some time Lizzie could not answer, but at last she said, "Yes, dear nurse, I can now say I am saved;" and you can judge of the joy this gave the nurse, more particularly when she learned that that conversation of Edinburgh had led her to cast herself upon the Lord, to tell all to Him, and to trust alone in His precious blood for the washing away of her sins. Lizzie wept much, and the nurse felt sorry she had let her know she was dying.

"Oh! I'm not afraid to die," said Lizzie; "but I weep because I have done nothing for Jesus. It is so mean. I would like to have lived to tell others about Him."

"Let not this distress you," said the nurse; "you can begin at once. There are your grandmother, your two little sisters, the servants, and your dear sailor brother, who is coming home, and your other brother."

This comforted Lizzie, and as the nurse learned afterward, she was not slow to follow out her counsel. You may be sure that the nurse and her charge were now closely attached to each other. They used to have such sweet talks about the Lord Jesus and about "going home," in which the young girl learned the truth that the sting of death has been taken away for all who trust in Jesus, who died and rose again and that death is to the believer but falling asleep, since the Lord Jesus puts His own to sleep as does a mother her child.

Lizzie used to have severe fits of prostration, and when these were coming on she would whisper to her nurse, "Sing, dear,

'Safe in the arms of Jesus,

Safe on His gentle breast;'"

or other sweet hymns of comfort, and she would then lay her weary head upon the nurse's arm and listen.

The time soon came for the nurse to leave, for Lizzie's cousin had arrived. It was a bitter parting, for the Lord had entwined these two hearts closely together.

The kind cousin now took the nurse's place and the invalid suffered very much, but bore her pain patiently, resting upon that word, "His banner over me was love." (Song of Sol. 2:4.)

At last the time came for Lizzie to "depart to be with Christ." In the afternoon of the day before she died she said to her cousin, "Darling cousin, I think I am just going to die. You have been good and kind to me. I shall meet you again in heaven. Oh! do not cry for me; I am very happy; I am going to Jesus. Call Gran, Willie, Agnes, and Margaret."

When her grandmother came in, she said, "Gran dear, I am going to die. I know it, but I am quite happy. You must meet me in heaven, gran."

"I hope to do so, dear," replied her grandmother.

"Oh, gran!" said Lizzie, "you must."

Then to her brother Willie she said, "I am just going away from you, Willie, but oh! do not cry; I am quite happy. I am sorry to leave you all. I would like to have lived, but I am happy. Jesus has saved me. Oh! Willie, do not live as if this life were all. Once I did so, but I was led to cast myself upon Jesus, and I have felt safe and happy ever since."

Then she spoke to him of the temptations he would meet with in his ship and in the world, and bade him take Christ now as his Saviour, and then in His strength resist the temptations. "You must never forget my words, Willie."

To her absent brother James she sent her fond love, adding, "Tell him to take Jesus as his all now."

"Darling little things," she said, turning to Agnes and Margaret, "Lizzie is going away from you to heaven—to Jesus. Don't cry! Lizzie is quite happy. You must love Jesus, and be dear, good children, and never disobey Gran. Don't forget what Liz said to you before she left you."

She sent her love to her governess, to her dear nurse, and to all her schoolfellows, and asked that they should be entreated not to think only of this life.

She bade the servants good-bye, and, having spoken earnest words to them, said, "Now I can speak no more. God has given me grace to say this to you all. I think I am just going to sleep in Jesus now."

But she had still to say, "Thy will be done!" The dreadful pain and heart spasms returned. "O Lord Jesus, take me!" she cried; and her cousin prayed, too, that if it were His will, she might be taken without further suffering.

Soon afterward she said to little Agnes, "Sing, darling." The little sobbing creature looked at her cousin, as much as to say that it was impossible.

“Try, darling—for Lizzie,” said her cousin. Immediately the lovely childish voice burst forth with her little evening prayer■

“Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me!

Bless Thy little lamb tonight;

Through the darkness be Thou near me,

Watch my sleep till morning light.”

and the words seemed now suitable for the one who was nearing the darkness of death. Perhaps the little one had never sung that hymn so well before. It was most touching to hear it.

From that time Lizzie had no more suffering. She slept much, awaking only at times. Her kind grandmother and cousin shared that night’s watching. In the morning the latter was alone with her, holding her hand. Lizzie awoke, and said, “I am so tired, cousin. You do not know how tired I am. I think I shall sleep in Jesus now.” She nestled her head upon the pillow, as if she were going to sleep again; her cousin saw a light pass over her face, and Lizzie was gone!

“Oh, Lizzie, are you gone?” cried she Lizzie had indeed just fallen asleep in Jesus, as she had said. Her cousin, writing of this Afterward, said, “I never saw death so completely robbed of its sting.”

Her brother came home when he heard of her death, and when he saw his sister, beautiful in death, he exclaimed, “Oh, darling, how lovely! I cannot even cry for her. Yes, she is just sleeping in Jesus.”

My dear young friends, perhaps you have been touched by the simple story of Lizzie Perhaps your eyes are dimmed with tears but, oh, you must not stay there! I want you each one to trust yourself to Lizzie’s Saviour. He is waiting to save you now. Will you do as Lizzie did — tell Him all the sin and folly of your hearts, and then trust Him to wash all your sins away in His precious blood? If you do He will save you. How dreadful if you should die without believing in Him! But if you do believe, your hope will be His coming again to take you to be with Himself forever. Jesus has very many on the earth who have been washed in His precious blood, and they are alive, and seeking to live for Him who did so much for them. Will you join their number by taking Jesus as your Saviour now? God grant that you may! and then you can live for Jesus, as Lizzie wished to have done.

“The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.” (1 John 1:7.) W. W. X.

## Saved by Grace

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FROM a boy George Field was a ringleader in all mischief, and, if there was anything to be done requiring courage, George was always sure to be there.

One Sunday morning, George's father threatened to punish him, so the boy determined to escape for the day, and got a boat and sailed down the river. But the boat ran on the mud, the tide ebbed, and there the truant had to remain for hours; and, while alone in the quiet of the long day, he could get nothing into his thoughts but heaven and hell.

When George was about eighteen years of age he came to me, saying he was tired of the way in which he spent his life. Then we took lodgings together, and attended the same chapel, being favored with the preaching of a most earnest christian minister. Here the Spirit of God took hold of George, and he was truly convicted of sin. For sixteen months he was in deep trouble of soul, but, because of his love of evil, he would not yield himself up to Christ.

Oh, my readers, are there any of you raining in the terrible danger of eternal punishment just for the sake of enjoying some paltry little sin? Oh, for Christ's sake, give it up, repent and do works meet for repentance.

At last the truth, dawning like a ray from heaven, came into George's soul, and he was himself astonished. He had been listening to these words, "What wilt thou do in the swellings of Jordan?" and was praying earnestly for salvation, when what seemed a light from heaven appeared to him, and in that light One whom he conceived to be Jesus Christ, surrounded by glory.

From that time his life was changed. The light of the truth, which in God's loving mercy had shone into George's heart, began to burn very brightly in the neighborhood in which he lived. As he had been a zealous servant of Satan, he now became a very earnest and energetic young disciple of Christ. In less than six months from his conversion all his old companions said, "If there was ever a Christian in the world it is George Field." More than one blessed the day they met him, for God was truly with him.

The young man is still living an earnest and useful life, serving his Master with all his heart in the salvation of souls.

This is a very simple story, but it is true in all respects, and is written in the hope that some young man will be led to follow in the same way the Lord and Master, Jesus Christ J. W.

## A Contrast

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RABBI JOCHANAN BEN SACCAI was dying. The president of the Sanhedrim “the light of Israel,” “the right pillar of the Temple,” was passing away; the “light” was going out, the “pillar” was crumbling His disciples came to see him, and, to their amazement, the old man burst into tears “Why such signs of fear?” asked they.

“If,” replied he, “I were now to be brought before an earthly king, who lives today and dies tomorrow, whose wrath and whose bonds are not everlasting, and whose sentence of death, even, is not that of everlasting death, who can be assuaged by arguments, or perhaps bought off by money I should tremble and weep; how much more reason have I to do so, when about to be led before the King of kings, the Holy One (blessed be He), who liveth and abideth forever, whose chains are chains for evermore, and whose sentence of death killeth forever, whom I cannot assuage with words, nor bribe by money! And not only so, but there are before me two ways, one to paradise and the other to hell, and I know not which of the two ways I shall have to go, whether to paradise or to hell: how, then, shall I not shed tears?”

Can more heart-breaking hopelessness than this be conceived?

About four years before this, a former disciple of another famous Jewish doctor, Rabbi Gamaliel, “the glory of the law,” was brought face to face with death. How or by what means it would come upon him he knew not; he was then already a prisoner, and death only would break his chain. It might be that, as a freeborn citizen of a Roman town, the ax of the lictor would release soul from body; it might be that dressed in the skin of beasts he would be thrown to furious dogs; it might be that dipped in pitch he would be set light to a torch to lighten Nero Cæsar’s garden! Yet in a letter, perhaps the last he wrote, he penned these words—

“I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing.”

You know the writer of this triumphant passage: Paul the Apostle, once known as Saul of Tarsus. What a contrast to the dying fears of Rabbi Jochanan! On the one hand, utter hopelessness; on the other, unbounded confidence. Do you know what made this difference what gave the apostle such joy in view of his “departing”? It was the knowledge of Christ. “I know whom I have believed,” writes Paul, in that same epistle, “and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.” And He, whom he so knew, is the “Saviour, Jesus Christ.” (2 Tim. 1:12) He was going to meet Him, whom he, like Rabbi Jochanan, calls “the King of kings,” the only “Ruler of princes;” but he knew Him also as his Saviour, who came into the world to save sinners, of whom he, Paul, was the chief. He was going, not to a stranger, nor to a God who filled him with fear, but to One well known, ardent believed in, and loved! His confidence, be it remembered, was not in his works, nor in his having fought so good a fight it rested in Christ, who

had shown mercy to him, though he was chief of sinners.

On the other hand, the solemnity of Jochanan's dying fears becomes much intensified, and the lesson to us far more pointed, if it be the case (as is affirmed by learned men most competent to decide) that he is the John ■ "Jochanan" being simply the Hebrew form of that name before whom, together with Annas and Caiaphas, the apostles Peter and John were brought. (Act: 4:6, etc.) Then, sitting as judge, he had marveled at the boldness of these unlearned men, the disciples of Jesus. Then had he heard declared that in that Name alone is salvation ■ that "there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." He had heard, and how full of blessing, had he but received it! But alas! Jesus was again "set at naught."

Who would be bold enough to say that the remembrance of that solemn hour was not present to the dying man? ■ an hour in which then had been set before him the "two ways, one to paradise and the other to hell." His dying tears could avail nothing to reverse the decision he then made, and he passed with terror into a dreaded eternity.

Probably some who read this will fervently desire that their last end may not be like his Remember the cause of the contrast in these two men—that one had received and known. Christ, the other knew Him not. The "two ways" are before you now; into which one will you turn your feet? Think not that you may safely leave it till a dying bed; if at your peril you do so, you may be brought face to face with eternity and the eternal God, and He may be as terrible to you as to Rabbi Jochanan. Now in His love He sends forth the good news of salvation through His beloved Son. Oh, reader, do not slight it! Jr.

## Perfect Security

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TROUBLE of soul had been so severe in the case of A■ since God by His Spirit had awakened her to a sense of her need of salvation, that for some six months she had been forbidden by the doctor to read her Bible or attend to religion, lest she should go out of her mind. She believed she was hopelessly lost, and held by the power of Satan in darkness from which she should never escape. As A■ was thus in her despair a Christian friend, Bible in hand, stood by and read these words of Scripture: "My Father, which gave them Me, is greater than all; and NO one is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand." "Neither shall ANY one pluck them out of My hand." His Father's hand■His hand! No one, no man, no devil, can snatch from such hands as these!

These words were words of deliverance to poor A■; before them the dark clouds of unbelief rolled away, and the power of Satan over her spirit was overcome. Peace and rest became her portion.

Read, dear anxious soul, these wonderful words: ■

My sheep hear My voice, and

I know them, and

They follow Me: and

I give unto them eternal life; and

They shall never perish,

Neither shall any one pluck them out of My hand.

My Father, which gave them Me, is greater than all; and no one is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand.

I and My Father are one (John 10:27-30).

These are the Lord's own words to you, trembling believer. The hand of God the Father, and the hand of God the Son, hold you. Yours, despite your fears, is perfect security. F.

## Words to Workers

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“WHATSOEVER thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.” (Eccl. 9:10.)

“Be not weary in well doing.” (2 Thess. 3:13.)

“In due season we shall reap, if we faint not. As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith.” (Gal. 6:9, 10.)

## Where's My Mates?

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MANY years ago some men I knew had a very narrow escape from being suffocated. They had been sent to paint the badly-ventilated compartment of a large iron ship in course of building at Millwall. Finding the iron walls very wet they at once made a large coke fire in order that they might be able to get on with their work, meanwhile they sat down, while the iron was drying. It was not long, however, before the fumes of the coke brought on, first drowsiness and then sleep, till all the men were completely overcome.

The duty of the time-keeper led him to the place, or, without doubt, they would all have perished. He could see but one man and, getting no answer from him, went up to him and shook him, only to find him insensible. In a moment he guessed what had happened, and half dragged, half carried the man to the fresh air upon deck. Signs of returning consciousness soon occurred in the man, who opened his eyes. After a little while he was able to speak, and these were his first words, "Where's my mates?" This led to a search, and presently the rest of the half-suffocated men were brought up to deck and restored to life.

The first thoughts of the man brought back to life were for his companions—he sought their safety—and a parable lies herein for the Christian, who may well inquire, "Where are my friends?" Though too feeble himself to do anything to help them; the rescued man breathed his earnest whisper for them, and without his longing inquiry they would have perished.

Who that is saved himself may not breathe a similar desire for his unsaved friends? And the desire, coming up from the depths of his soul, will surely arouse longings and purpose of heart in others. Is it nothing to us that we are saved, rescued in our sleep of death out of eternal darkness, awakened to see what our danger was, and to rest in knowing what our salvation is? Oh! Christian reader, be in earnest for your friends and relations, seek their salvation, and may we all learn our lesson from the painter of the iron vessel at Millwall, as he used his first returning power towards the rescue of his companions. J.M.

## The Ground of Confidence and the Strength of Our Security

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FROM the very earliest times God's only way for sinful men to return to Himself has been by a sacrifice. "Without shedding of blood is no remission" ■no forgiveness, is a truth inscribed upon the ways of God with fallen men of all ages. While the faith of all saints of all ages gives clear witness, that through the shedding of blood lies the path for sinful man's pardon and justification.

Abel approached God by sacrifice: he brought the lamb of his flock for an offering unto the Lord, and was accepted. After the flood, Noah's altar of burnt-offering caused a sweet savor to arise heavenward, which the Lord smelt, and because of which He blessed the earth. The father of the faithful built his altars and consumed thereon his sacrifices, and thus it was with the patriarchs, until God gave to Moses the laws concerning a system of continual sacrifices, which were to be presented to Him by His people Israel.

Thus, for the thousands of years which elapsed from the fall until the coming of Christ, a crimson line■a blood-stained pathway, as it were■is visible along the course of time. When the Lord was here He testified that through His death everlasting life should be received (John 3:14.), and that by His death He would draw men to Himself (12:32). And now, since He has died, and risen again, and ascended into heaven, the Holy Ghost witnesses, through the written word, that we are "sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once—for—all" (Heb. 10:10), and that "the blood of Jesus Christ God's Son cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John 1:7.) Through Christ's sacrifice and blood is the only way whereby sinful men may be pardoned and accepted of God.

When God was about to bring Israel out of Egypt He gave them, in the words recorded in Ex. 12:13, both a sign for their confidence and the secret of their security in the blood of the paschal lamb. "The blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are" ■this was the sign for their confidence: "and when I see the blood, I will pass over you" ■this was the secret of their security.

"Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us;" His blood, once shed upon Calvary, is the sign for our confidence.

That which the sacrifices of the patriarchs and of Israel foreshadowed has been fulfilled. Jesus Christ the Son of God has died; His blood has been shed. The blood of the paschal lamb was to be a token to Israel in their houses where they were, and they were forbidden to go out of their houses until the morning; therefore their token, as they awaited their freedom, was out of their sight. We do not see our token, but the blood of Jesus shed for us is the sign that salvation is ours, and thus we rest, and so await the morning of our joy.

There are Christians who look for a basis of confidence in other things, and not solely in the blood of Christ's cross, and they live a life of uncertainty. We heard once of a Christian who was brought to what he had reason to believe might be his dying hour; indeed, as the doctor stood over his bed, he said five or ten minutes would decide whether it should be life or death. At that solemn moment this Christian had no experience of joy in Christ; he was in a heavy state of soul, and as he

overheard the doctor's statement, he said to himself, "In ten minutes I may have passed out of time into eternity I feel no touch of Christ's hand at till: moment, how then shall I go hence? I wit go with this text, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.'"

There is no other sign for the believer than Christ's blood. He has died, and since He has died all who trust in Him have, by grace, the privilege of resting in the sign which God has given for their confidence■the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son.

Beyond the divinely given token for our confidence, God tells us His regard of the atoning blood, and herein lies the secret of our security.

"And when I see the blood, I will pass over you." There was surely a divine intention in the fact of the people of Israel being constrained to keep within their houses on the night of the Passover. It was not God's will that they should be continually looking at the lintels of their houses to see if the blood was really there; their responsibility was to do what God had bidden them do in sprinkling it, and then to trust His word to them about it. But God's eye rested upon the blood■ "And when I see the blood■"as if to teach us that God sees in the blood of His Son what human eye can never see.

We often measure the value of the blood of Christ by our sense of need, but God sees therein that which is infinitely precious to Himself; and, because of what Christ's sacrifice is in itself, there is absolute security for all who put their trust in Him. The strength of our security is God's own infinite satisfaction in the infinite worth of the blood of the Lamb. We believe what God tells us respecting the value of Christ's blood, but God sees the efficacy of the blood. Our confidence may fail, but we are secure, since God is glorified by the blood of Jesus. Our tremblings or our boastings are not salvation, but the precious blood alone, which God sees, and by virtue of which He passes over the sinner.

Now, if for all time the only way to God for a sinful man was by sacrifice, eternity itself shall prove that by the blood of Christ alone sinners stand before God. When the eternity of blessedness shall dawn upon all the children of faith, the ceaseless songs of heaven will attest the self-same truth, as every voice swells the song, "Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood."

## A Memory of Childhood

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I SHOULD like to tell you a little story about my mother, dear children. She has gone home to God now, but her example and teaching have not died out, and through these, she being dead yet speaketh. On looking back at my childhood's days I often think how naughty my brothers and I were; and how we tried our gentle and loving Christian mother, who so seldom lost patience with us.

There is one little family incident which occurred when I was about five years of age, and which was very strongly impressed upon my childish memory at that time.

It was one Sunday afternoon, when our nurse was out and our mother was confined to the sofa by indisposition. We children were left in an adjoining room to learn a hymn, but instead, we all marched off to the nursery, and thence proceeded to the bed-rooms, which were deserted in the silence of the Sunday afternoon. Here we began to play at making gipsies' tents by pulling off the clothes from the beds, and were in the midst of a most exciting game of mischief when, to our dismay, who should appear on the scene but the mother we thought so snug and secure upon the sofa. Quietly opening the door, she stood a moment, fixing her eyes reproachfully upon myself and my eldest brother. She then led us by the hand into her room, and very tenderly explained to us the sanctity of the Lord's day. Then, making us all kneel down, she prayed for each by name; offering such a prayer as mothers only can; for it was mingled with tears. This very much surprised us; my eldest brother, who was seven years old, could not help throwing his arms round my mother's neck, exclaiming, "Mother! mother I don't cry, and we will never do it again."

Our respective ages at that time were seven, five, four, and two years, so we were all little ones. Our mother held the Lord's day in great reverence, and she longed that her children should also Honor it, even in little things, and when we saw her tears we felt our disobedience was a sin against God which could even make our mother cry.

Dear children, if you have a good mother, do not vex her: and if your mother does not pray for you, will you pray for her? My dear mother has gone to the grave, but, as long as memory lasts, to me she will never be dead.

When my mother was nearly eighty-three years of age she was enabled to spend her last Sunday upon earth with her family as usual. She had always been fond of hymns, and had taught her children to love them, too, and after retiring to her room for the night, she heard the sound of music and of singing of hymns, so she came down-stairs again, and joined with us in singing■

"I'll soon be at home over there,"

and— "Many are the friends who are waiting for me."

In a day or two we had to part! When told she would soon be in paradise, she gently answered, "I know that."

“Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you,” was the motto of my dear mother’s life. She sought God in youth, and He was faithful to her in age; she realized the truth of the promise, “Them that Honor Me I will honor;” for she did Honor God, and God abundantly honored her. She died surrounded by loving children. RHODA.

## Because I Love 'Em Both

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I AM going to tell you a little story of Susie and Willie. Susie is six-years old and Willie four, and they are very great friends. They play together and learn their lessons together, and share their little pleasures. Susie cannot bear to have a toy unless her brother has one like it, or otherwise he must share hers. They are inseparable companions; in fact, they protect one another in difficulty and danger; and if Willie cries Susie is sure to cry, too, from sympathy. Susie is a black-eyed, merry, thoughtless little girl, wild and restless, though very affectionate. I am sorry to say it is most difficult to persuade her to be quiet enough even to listen to the most simple and beautiful of Bible stories, for her eyes, head, and feet are never still for a moment, and her restless little mind is busy only with what surrounds her. Very different is it with Willie: he is a quiet, solid looking boy, and he ponders over what he hears, and tries to work out his difficulties by questioning his mother. Willie most certainly loves the Lord Jesus, and knows that he will go to heaven, and, as he is devoted to Susie, of course he wants her to go, too.

One day Willie asked her, "Shall you go to heaven by-and-by, Susie?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, in a careless tone; "and shall you go there, Willie?"

He answered, very seriously, "Yes."

"But why shall you go to heaven?" Susie inquired.

"Because I love 'em both: Jesus, because He died, and God, because He let Him."

How thankful Willie's mother was to hear this answer from the lips of her child, for she was sure that it must be the Spirit of God who had taught her little boy. You know that He teaches very little children, and opens their understandings just the same as He does the understandings of those who are older in years.

Dear children, can you say with Willie, from your heart, that you love both the Lord Jesus and God His Father? I hope you can, but, at any rate, let me tell you that it is quite certain that God loves you, and that Jesus bids you come to Him. God loved you so much that He sent His only Son to die for your sins, and the Lord Jesus was willing to come and bear all the punishment our sins deserved. He was spit upon, scourged, and cruelly treated by men, and upon the cross God turned His face away from Him, because "He was made sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." Jesus loved us so much that He bore all these things for us, and now, if you believe in the great love wherewith He has loved us, you will love Him in return, and say with Willie, "I love them both: the Lord Jesus, because He died, and God, His Father, because He sent Him." "We love Him because He first loved us." M. W.

## Make His Paths Straight

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WHEN the Messiah, who was “born King of the Jews” (Matt. 2:2), was about to be made “manifest to Israel” (John 1:31), God sent His messenger before His face, crying, “Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight” (Matt. 3:3).

This call, through John the Baptist, and its meaning were well understood by the people of Judea, for in those days, as in Isaiah’s, and as now, when a great personage is about to travel across Palestine men are told off to prepare his way. The loose stones that ordinarily bestrew the roads like stumbling-blocks, are removed—the rough places where the weather has worn off the soil, are made smooth, and the broken-down parts of the roadway are built up. When the messenger of God proclaimed the coming of Jesus, the Messiah, the paths were never truly made straight, for the stumbling blocks remained about the way, and men were not ready in heart for Him.

While His kingdom tarries, may we not take up the cry, “Make His paths straight”? Away with pride and self-sufficiency; let there be true repentance, for the heart that would receive Christ in His gentleness and love needs to give all Honor and reverence unto Him.

The day approaches when, coming in His glory, the call will ring out, “Go through, go through the gates; Prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones!” for Israel shall yet be glorious, and the nations of the Gentiles shall fulfill this service for her, because Israel’s King shall reign in Zion: “Behold, thy Salvation cometh; behold, His reward is with Him, and His work before Him!”

## The Cities of Israel. Bethany

OF the many places in the Holy Land which have acquired an undying interest through their connection with our Lord Jesus Christ, few have a stronger hold upon the heart than the “wild mountain hamlet,” Bethany. Unknown in Old Testament days, it has no ancient record to make it famous. It is not associated with any triumph of arms; it has no fame as a place of commercial activity; nor did any of the great ones of Israel spring from it. Yet, apart from all these things, it has acquired an almost unrivalled interest, because it was the scene of so much that moves the heart in the history of the Lord. At Bethany (and, we may almost say, there alone) He found a home. Though to Nazareth belongs the Honor of His upbringing, in His later days it cast Him out; Capernaum, His “home,” received not His words; Jerusalem, which should have been His court, the center of His kingly glory, repulsed Him with the cry, “Away with Him!” “We have no king but Caesar!” but no such unhappy memories cling to Bethany’s name. There dwelt the little family which Jesus loved (Martha, her sister, and Lazarus) and there, during the last week of His life before the cross, He passed the night, after the day of ministry in Jerusalem.

These feelings attach also to the hill upon which Bethany stands. Mount Olivet is mentioned in Scripture with so much that possesses intense interest. It is one of the mountains “round about Jerusalem” the one nearest the city and seems to overhang it in such a manner, that, from the hills which lie on the opposite side, it is not easy to distinguish between the outline of the village on its summit and that of the city buildings and walls. Up this hill, in olden days, David, together with his mourning followers, had passed “by the ascent of Olivet, and wept as he went up.” That is the only occasion on which it stands markedly out in the Old Testament, and interesting as that is, the occasion is eclipsed by what happened in the days when “Great David’s greater Son” sojourned in the world. It was upon Mount Olivet that He was sitting when His disciples questioned Him concerning the overthrow of the Temple, the signs of His coming, and the end of the world (age). Then followed His solemn words, in full view of the Holy City and Temple, concerning the woes that should come upon that city and her land, and concerning His own appearing.

Still more affecting it is for us to remember the Lord’s agony in Gethsemane, the garden whither He was wont to resort. This hallowed spot lies to the north of Bethany, and is likewise on Olivet. It possesses an interest second only to that of Calvary, because there the blessed Lord tasted grief surpassed only by the Cross. “His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground.” It was the witness also of His betrayal and seizure, the rude binding with cords, and the leading away like a common malefactor.

Yet this, the scene of His humiliation, was near at hand to the place whence He was “received up into glory.” On that fortieth day after His resurrection, He led out His disciples as far as to Bethany; “He lifted up His hands, and blessed them. And it came to pass, while He blessed them, He was parted from them, and carried up into heaven.” It was the last glimpse that the loving eyes of the disciples caught of their Lord; His hands, once “nailed for their advantage to the bitter cross,” now outstretched in blessing, till the cloud received Him out of their sight. Tradition “sadly at fault”

■points out the place of His ascension at Et Tur, and a church has been erected over the place, but it is difficult to believe it to be the true site. It is a most public spot, in full view of Jerusalem, and therefore very little in harmony with the retirement which accompanied most of the ways of the Lord, and especially with the privacy which marked His actions during the forty days when He appeared, not to all, but to witnesses chosen of God. Furthermore, and chiefly, it does not agree with the gospel narrative, for it lies only about half way to Bethany. But wherever the exact spot may be, we know that somewhere on this hill it was that the Lord gave the final charge to His disciples; then earth relaxed its hold, and heaven stooped to receive Him, the cloud receiving and hiding Him from mortal eyes, till the day shall come when “this same Jesus” will return in like manner.

Nor must we forget that Bethany was the witness of those two solemn occasions when the Lord was moved to tears. The story of the raising of Lazarus is a familiar one, yet ever fresh, and we marvel at the wondrous union in the Lord Jesus, of Divine power and glory, as the Resurrection and the Life, with the true and perfect human feelings which expressed themselves in tears.

It could have been only a little later than this that Jesus was again at Bethany, partaking of the supper which the sisters had made for Him, and was anointed by Mary “against the day of His burying.” Then came the journey to Jerusalem; the accompanying multitude from Bethany those who came from Jerusalem, and so all passing down the road, “now a rough, but still broad and well-defined mountain track, winding over rock and loose stones; a steep declivity below on the left, the sloping shoulder of Olivet above on the right, with fig trees below and above, here and there growing out of the rocky soil.” With shoutings of joy and words of welcome the multitudes went on, the ground strewn with garments and branches in His Honor, and amid all the outward signs of a triumphal procession; but as they went down the hill, He, “when He beheld the city, wept over it.” He knew what lay before it; the things which belonged to its peace had been brought to it, but in vain, and soon would judgment fall!

The scene from the hill, as the descent is made from Bethany, has been often described. It is only on that road that the full view of the city in all its beauty of situation bursts upon the eye. One writer says: “Probably the first impression of every one coming from the north, the west, and the south, may be summed up in the simple expression used by one of the modern travelers■ ‘I am strangely affected, though greatly disappointed.’ But no human being could be disappointed who first saw Jerusalem from the east.” Another says: “The beauty of the situation of the town is seen from it (Olivet) to be of a surpassing character. Even in its present widowhood, as observed from this mount, there is something peculiarly imposing’ and interesting.” And it should be remembered that such impressions are caused by the city as it now is, after repeated desolations have fallen upon it. The Lord beheld it clothed with all the glory of its brightest days—a glory so soon to be lost!

The village of Bethany (which is now called El Azarieh, an Arabic modification of “Lazarus”) is described by John as being “nigh unto Jerusalem, about fifteen furlongs off.” It lies beyond the Valley of the Kidron, up the hill side of Olivet, in an easterly direction, inclining a little to the south. “It is at present a dirty Arab village of about thirty small hovels, but its situation is beautiful and peaceful. A considerable number of fruit trees■olive, pomegranate, fig, and almond■adorn its neighborhood.” Its name, as commonly interpreted, seems to refer to this abundance of fruit■ “The House of Dates.” Tradition, which as a rule spoils all that it touches, points out to the traveler an

old ruin as the house of Mary and Martha; close by is the house of Simon the leper, and near at hand the reputed tomb of Lazarus! The former two may be dismissed without any consideration. Of the tomb of Lazarus it can only be said that while there is nothing in its structure or position which can be said to militate against the tradition, on the other hand, the tradition itself cannot be traced further back than the fourth century. At that time a church—no longer existing—was standing over the tomb: this latter, at the present day, is reached by a descent of about twenty-five or twenty-six “slippery-steps,” and is “a wretched cavern, every way unsatisfactory, and almost disgusting.”

In concluding, we add the following interesting passage from a work previously quoted: “By one of those strange coincidences, whether accidental or borrowed, which occasionally appear in the Rabbinical writings, it is said in the Mishna that the Shechinah, or Presence of God, after having finally retired from Jerusalem, ‘dwelt’ three years and a half on the Mount of Olives, to see whether the Jewish people would or would not repent, calling, Return to Me, O my sons, and I will return to you; ‘Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call upon Him while He is near;’ and then, when all was in vain, returned to its own place. Whether or not this story has a direct allusion to the ministrations of Christ, it is a true expression of His relation respectively to Jerusalem and to Olivet. It is useless to seek for traces of His presence in the streets of the since ten times captured city. It is impossible not to find them in the free space of the Mount of Olives.”

The Story of Isaac Levinsohn

## Efforts in Hamburg to Earn Money to Get to England. Chapters 6

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MY object being to reach England, now that I had respectable clothes, I engaged myself to work in order to save up some money for the journey. First I went to the railway station, and begged permission of the station-master to be allowed to carry luggage for the passengers, The first passenger who engaged me gave me two very heavy parcels, which I carried for about two miles. He then asked me into a public-house, and offered me some beer, which, as it was made by Christians, I refused. He then took up the parcels and bade me be off, and, when I demanded my few pence, declared he had already paid me. Of course, I would not go away. Finally, he called a policeman, and gave me in charge.

I was taken to the police station, and, after a few hours, was brought up before the judge, and was carefully examined. The prosecutor appeared, and was asked several questions, when the judge expressed his opinion that I was innocent, and inquired if anyone in Hamburg would testify to my character. I referred him to the manager of the hotel, and a policeman was at once sent for him. The manager came forward, and declared I was an honest and respectable youth, that frequently he had tried me by placing money in different parts of the house where I passed, and that I had always brought him both money and articles of value which were lying about.

Having heard this witness, the judge found me innocent, and sentenced my accuser to four months hard labor, for false accusation. This made me feel that God had not forsaken me, even though the Gentiles might be cruel to me, and I went forth thanking Him for revealing the truth of the matter to the judge.

This experience at the railway station led me to seek other employment, but for some days I could find nothing to do, and again began to suffer from hunger; for I could not procure food at the hotel, having money sufficient only to pay for lodgings.

One day I cannot forget. I was walking the streets and crying to God for help, when at my feet I saw a parcel of papers. These were evidently of importance to their owner; whose address was on them. On restoring them I was rewarded, and thus was enabled again to obtain a meal, for which I thanked God.

Shortly after this a gentleman in the synagogue asked whether I was a pious Jew, to which I replied, I tried to be so, and earnestly wished to be more and more pious. The gentleman then said if I was willing to work he would employ me; he gave me his address. And I remained in the synagogue to pray and to thank God for His lovingkindness in turning the heart of this gentleman towards me in a strange land. He engaged me as a porter, and I remained some little time in that service, but as I could not save sufficient money out of my wages to obtain a passage to England, I engaged myself to a Jew, and became his servant, selling milk from house to house.

My occupation of milk-boy did not free me from misfortune, for one day a mischievous lad threw a rat into the milk-can and ran away. This disgusted me exceedingly, and knowing that, according to the law of Moses, the milk was polluted, I poured the contents of the can into the street, went to my

master, and reported the unfortunate event. To my surprise he was exceedingly angry with me; told me that I should have pulled the rat out of the milk instead of pouring the milk out of the can, and, having done so, should have gone on selling the milk!

“This,” said I, “the Jewish law forbids, so I could not do it.”

But, Jew though he was, he declared I must pay for the milk, or else be discharged without any wages. I returned to the synagogue to pray, and cried to the Lord for help, but none came.

Again I had to wander about Hamburg seeking work. My soul was filled with sorrow, and the more time I devoted to prayer in the synagogue the more did misery fill my soul. I thought of my beloved parents and the happiness of home, and knew not what to do.

Returning to my lodgings I took out in; Hebrew Bible and read these words, “Now the Lord had said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father’s house, unto a land that I will skew thee” (Gen. 12:1), and consoled myself with the history of Abram, for he had had his trials till he reached the land of Canaan. And I prayed God to help me to obey His voice, and to enable me to go where He wished.

But such were my sorrows that I could not realize I had obeyed God’s voice in leaving home, and in suffering through my wanderings, yet nothing would induce me to return to Russia. I would rather have died than return there. On, on, I felt I must go, until I had found the true satisfaction, which I knew not where to find.

Whilst thinking of my unhappy condition I adopted the language of Jeremiah, feeling his words were the exact experience of my own soul. “Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflict& me in the day of His fierce anger.” (Lam. 1:12.) My position in Hamburg was worse than it had been in the woods and fields, for there I had the hope of reaching Hamburg to encourage me to go forward, but, being in the city, I had no hope left.

I said, “The Lord of Israel has turned from me, and I must perish.” I was weary of praying, and thought prayer was in vain, yet I was compelled to continue to observe the Jewish ritual and its ordinances; but I looked upon God as a stern executor of justice, rather than as being most merciful and gracious.

While in this miserable state of mind and circumstances, a lady, who was well acquainted with my family at home, met me, and at once begged me to return with her to Russia. She offered to pay all my traveling expenses, and showed me the utmost kindness. But I was firm, and said I would travel over all the world sooner than return to Russia. Then with all her power she began to persuade me, but I said I would rather die, miserable as I was, than cease seeking after that for which my soul longed.

Leaving the lady, I went to the synagogue, and there found a gentleman, who gave me temporary employment. I was then sixteen years of age. My employment only lasted a short time, and again my trials began, and I felt like the prophet at the brook Cherith, for I was far removed from all who knew me—neither father nor mother, brothers nor sisters—alone, and, though in the busy city, in solitude. And now once more my source of obtaining a livelihood was gone, my Cherith was dried up. Finding me in a very low state, my employer most kindly said he would retain me in his house

as a servant, and I kissed his hand and wept for joy. I thought within myself, "When the brook Cherith dries up God prepares a Zarephath."

I began now to think what could be done in order that I should reach England, and wrote to my father, informing him I was comfortably situated in the house of a good, and pious, and rich Jew, but that I desired to visit England, and hoped he would send me means for the passage. My father reminded me of my education and of my advantages, and implored me, for the love of my parents, to have mercy on him and my mother, and to return home. He enclosed the money I had asked for, and his letter was full of tenderness. I knew not what to do upon the receipt of this letter, yet return to Russia I COULD NOT.

I remained in Germany over the Feast of the New Year, and, when in the synagogue poured out my heart to God, imploring Him to guide me and to lead me in His truth, although it was quite unusual for me to pray my prayers save those in the Jewish prayer book.

## God Loves Sinners

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SINNERS do not believe that God loves them, but it is true nevertheless. We do not by nature love God, hence we doubt His love to us. I have two reasons for knowing that God loved me when I was a sinner—first, because the Bible says, “God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us” (Rom. 5:8); second, because I am now saved; and if God had not loved me when I was a sinner, I should never have been saved at all.

The way in which I was brought to God proved that God loved me before I loved Him—yes, even when I was an enemy to God. More than twenty years ago, one Sunday evening, I was on my way with some companions to spend the evening in the back parlor of a hotel, and on our way we came to the entrance of one of the largest Protestant churches in a city in Canada, where an earnest preacher was gathering crowds to hear him, many of whom had been stirred up about their own souls, and some about the souls of others. For some unaccountable reason, we stopped at the door, and finally went in. The church was crowded, and the service was so far advanced that the preacher had begun his discourse. As my parents were believers, and I had heard the gospel often preached, I knew both the scripture and the gospel in my head, better perhaps than most unconverted people. Nothing struck me particularly in what the preacher said, except his earnest denunciation of righteousness, and of sin in every shape.

As we could not find seats, we remained but a short time, and retiring quietly, proceeded to the hotel, where we ordered what we wanted, and lit our pipes. Presently one of our number began to jeer at what the preacher had said, whereupon I undertook to reply, saying, “Well, if we are on the way to hell, what he said is true.”

A dead silence ensued, my companions looking at me with astonishment, and the jeerer, with contempt. I do not remember what followed, but we soon separated, and in a short time I was alone, on my way home.

I can now plainly see that I had taken my first step on the way to God. My own words were used by God to pierce my conscience; and from that time I was convicted of sin. I was irresistibly led to read my utterly neglected Bible, and night after night retired to my room, instead of going out as formerly with my friends. All perceived the change, but no one spoke to me, for I kept them at a distance by my own reticence, though God was speaking to me. I knew there was salvation to be had, and wanted to get it, but thought it was out of the question for me to take it as I was. I hoped first to get rid of some at least of the moral filth with which I was conscious of being covered, before I could presume to “take salvation.”

Setting about trying to reform my ways, I found old habits were stronger than resolutions, and failure and disappointment brought me to my knees in prayer. At last, one Saturday afternoon in February, instead of a snow-shoe tramp as usual, was pacing Thy room in longing desires after salvation. James’s “Anxious Enquirer” had been given me by someone, and while it had afforded me some satisfaction at the time of reading it, it gave no lasting help. At length I stopped, and said

to myself, "Can it be for me, just as I am?"

This was what God was waiting for, for instantly a voice in my soul replied, "Yes," and I was filled with joy. Then for one moment I looked at myself and said, "Is it possible?" and my joy departed, but only to return the next moment as in confidence in God's word, and by His grace in simple child-like faith I rested on His "Yes."

Then I sat down to the table to find two scriptures, which came to my mind, but where they were I scarcely knew; one was "Father, glorify Thy name;" the other, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus," and at length I found them. In my search for these passages I came upon John 17, which I read through, and for the first time the tears came, for God's love to me had reached my soul, and my stubborn heart was subdued by His marvelous grace abounding over all my sins, and I knew that I was saved. I could not have told you the real meaning of the work of Christ, or how I was saved, dear reader, but the love of God was shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Ghost which was given me.

Sorrowfully do I confess it, I have often grieved that Holy Spirit since that day, and thus have lost the sense of God's love, but it has never changed, and "we love Him because He first loved us."

Where are my companions of that night when we entered the church? One has gone out of this world, without giving the least hope in his death—he whose remarks provoked my reply, "If we are on the way to hell, what he said is true."

Oh, depth of mercy, to reach even me! Sinner, would you know mercy for yourself? Then place yourself before your God, who knows you through and through. From the first beat of your infant heart, when you were ushered into this world of sin, His eye has been upon you, and now by these words which you are reading, He beseeches you to be reconciled to Himself. The enmity is on your side, not on His. God is love!

J. J.M.

## That Word Eternity

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ONE cold October evening, a young man was aimlessly wandering along the busy thoroughfare of a northern seaport, utterly dejected, sin-sore, and heart-weary. He had come to that blessed point where the sinner and Saviour meet—**an end of all trust in self.**

A few months before, this young man had been of the gapest of the gay. The world and sin had held him captive. But one evening, in company with some godless companions, when returning from the theater, he had to pass through a square, in the center of which one of the Lord's messengers was proclaiming the glad tidings of a free and full salvation. Laughing and jeering they passed on, but one word had caught this young man's ear, and that word was "ETERNITY!" Ever since, whether mixing with his gay companions in their drink and song, whether in the crowded workshop, the busy thoroughfare, or alone, whether waking or sleeping, that one word—**"Eternity"**— kept sounding like a death-knell in his soul. An eternity there must be, he said; an eternity there was. Where should he spend it? How soon should he be ushered into it?

But surely, he thought, God would be merciful if he gave up his old life, his old companions, his old sins, and from henceforth led a different life. So he altered his whole course of behavior, and tried to reform, but his efforts in that direction proved a failure—even while he sought to change his ways, his past life rose up against him; and then, as he remembered how God had said that nothing that defileth shall ever enter in, he cried, "Oh! that I knew where I might find Him." Such was the burden of the cry from this sin-stricken heart, on the evening we have referred to, as, all unconsciously, he turned his steps to the place where God had first spoken to his soul.

Hark! what words were those? Not eternity, with its terrors to him, no; but words of balm and healing to his weary soul were those he heard, as, standing rooted to the spot, the sweet refrain—

"Him that cometh...Him that cometh...Him that

cometh to Me,

I will in nowise...I will in nowise...I will in

nowise cast out" ■

fell upon his ears. Jesus Himself had said it—**"Him that cometh to Me I will in nowise cast out,"** and through these words did this young man find rest, peace, and joy. Oh, it was rest and peace indeed for him, as he came to Jesus with the simplicity and trust of a little child that lays its weary head upon its mother's breast.

Eternity has now no terrors to him, but is to his soul burdened with joy, for he looks forward to spending its endless days with his loving Saviour.

Dear reader, where! oh, where I will you spend eternity? Jesus loves you, He gave Himself for sinners. He is now waiting to receive you. Why delay? Cease from trying to better self; come, just as you are, to the Lord Jesus Christ, and in coming you shall find rest and peace. K. R.

## Brought Into the Knowledge of Salvation

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IN December, 1875, a draft of nine hundred soldiers arrived at Gibraltar to strengthen the garrison. Amongst the number was H., a man of fair education, who had been brought up strictly and religiously. When H. had first enlisted he was shocked at the bad language commonly used by the soldiers and he had inwardly resolved to keep himself separate from their ways, and never to disgrace himself by bad conduct, but alas his resolves were like all others made without God's help■they were soon broken.

He thought that, in order to get to heaven at last, he needed merely to say his prayers, and to attend church regularly, taking the sacrament on special occasions, and of course abstaining from drunkenness and swearing. But, after his enlistment, by degrees his prayers at night dropped off, and at last he was surprised and shocked to hear himself swear One bad step leads to another. H. was soon an adept in all kinds of wickedness.

At the time our story commences he had left his old comrades, and had arrived at Gibraltar, where his former good resolutions came again into force. He could not forget his pious mother's last words to him on the night of her death, when he was a boy of seven years old, and the Sunday-school hymn, which the family then sang together■

"Here we suffer grief and pain,  
Here we meet to part again,  
In heaven we'll part no more."

As the chorus was sung by the surrounding children the mother joined in, and the last words H. ever heard her utter were these■

"Oh! that will be joyful, joyful,  
When we meet to part no more."

And now that he was a grown-up man, as he paced about the "Rock," his mother's last words rang in his ears.

The old memory made H. determine to begin to say his prayers again, and to attend church regularly, but, alas! in one short month his resolutions had all broken down and he was as far off the kingdom of God as ever. He had yet to learn that his good works would not save him, and that unless he was born again, as the Saviour has said, he could not even see the kingdom of God.

H. got, through his bad ways, into disgrace, and one day, because of misconduct, he had to do work as a mason's laborer at an officer's house, and it was at this moment that the Lord commenced His work with him, and in a strange way.

At the officer's house there was a servant girl, who H., in a jocular manner usual to soldiers, asked to go out with him for a walk on Sunday evening. The girl's reply in broad Scotch, was, "Do ye na' regard the Sabbath?"

H. with mock humility replied, "Oh yes, certainly," when the girl said, "Gwa to kirk, then."

"I will go," said he, "but on one condition, that you will look at me and wink now and then."

Sunday night arrived, and for the second time in his life, H. attended a service other than that of the Church of England. Very scant attention did he pay to the prayers, being occupied with his nodding, and this continued until the text was given out, when the minister, who was a very old man, began to preach extempore. H. had not heard that kind of preaching before; he turned round to listen, and soon forgot his nonsense, nay, even the church itself and everything around him, his whole soul being riveted with what the minister said. He longed to know that which the aged man was pressing on the people, a personal meeting of the sinner with the Saviour.

At the close of the service an invitation was given for private conversation in the vestry to such as were anxious to know for themselves that of which the sermon had treated. Oh! how H. longed to be a Presbyterian, for he had the idea that the invitation only referred to acknowledged members of the congregation, and therefore that, as he was not one, the minister would turn him out. He hung about the chapel for some time that night, and for three weeks after he was often at its doors listening to the singing at the various meetings, but was afraid to go in. In the day time, he collected all the tracts he could lay hands on, and studied them, hoping to get happy that way, but reading them did him no good. He had no thought of reading the word of God, and seeking God's way of salvation.

One night as he was looking through the window of the church at the few inside, a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a voice said, "Won't you come inside, chummy?" The speaker was a private soldier.

H. replied, "Oh! I have been longing to get in there for weeks, but I am not Presbyterian."

The soldier told him the meetings were open to all, and he and H. went in, and at the moment the two men entered, these words were being sung■

"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

The character of the meeting was new to H. and at the close the minister and a Christian officer asked him if he were saved.

Never having had that question put to him before, and not so much as knowing what they meant, he replied, "I do not know." All he knew was this: he was wretched and miserable since the Sunday night he had heard Mr. C. preach. The two Christians then tried to show H. the blessed truths of God, but he could not understand them, and after some months' attendance there he thought he would try another place, and see if the people of a chapel could save him.

Here, at the first interview with the minister, he was told that no one could know if he were saved until he died, and that it was presumption for anyone to say he was saved. "Ah!" thought H., "I now have got to the right place at last," and immediately he said to himself, "I will belong to this

religion." So he began to work hard for salvation, but this did not give him peace, indeed, he grew more wretched than ever.

What was he to do? One minister told him it was a believer's privilege to know he was saved, another said it was presumption for anyone to say he was saved. Between them both he was wretched, yes, sometimes so desperate was he that he flung his religious books away, and dived deeper into sin than ever. But sin did not give him peace, and he had to come back to seek salvation, but broken-hearted.

Once he went so far as to read an infidel book, and to try to convince himself for a time that there was no God; but infidelity gave him no peace, and he became more wretched than ever.

This state of things lasted for three years, and H. describes this period as the darkest time of his life. At the close of these years of misery he felt he was too bad to be saved, and that there was no hope for him whatever. And then it was that in his misery he took his Bible down from the shelf and bethought himself that he would hear what God says. The book fell open at those wonderful words of Jesus: ■ "All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me; and him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." (John 6:37.) These words cheered H's downcast soul. He felt he could go on and seek Christ till he really found Him.

About this time H. became acquainted with another soldier, a corporal, who was not only a Christian, but well instructed in the Scriptures. This man read his Bible, and believed what he read. He told H. most emphatically that he himself was saved, and that he was privileged to know it. He proved this from the word of God itself, and showed H. that when the Saviour said, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out," He really meant what He said.

Then, for the first time in his life, H. really believed that the Lord Jesus had spoken to him, and at that hour, as a poor sinner, he put his trust in Him. He thanked the Lord for His words, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life" (John 5:24.); and also for the words of the apostle, "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God." (1 John 5:13.)

Since that day, now long years ago, H. has rejoiced in the saving knowledge of the precious blood of Jesus, which cleanseth from all sin.

The blessed Word of God is written not to leave us in dreaded uncertainty, but to give the believer to know that he has eternal life, and that a gracious God means him to know it also. J. H.

## Lost

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SPRING with its charms had come; the trees, dressed in their soft, tender green, shone in the bright sunlight, and everything around seemed glad. But the heart of A■ was like the cold winter's day. "I am lost, lost! I do not think it is any use trying to be saved," she moaned.

A■ had every reason to feel happy; the friends with whom she lived were God's own children; she seldom mingled with any but Christians, and by some she was considered converted; but A■ felt very differently. She knew she was not the Lord's; she knew that if she died she would have to spend an awful eternity with the lost.

Many times had A■ heard God's servants proclaim the glad tidings of salvation, and as many times she had turned a deaf ear to the offers of mercy. Now she said to herself, "I have sinned away my day of grace; God has often pleaded with me, but I would not hear."

The spring of which I write came, but it brought no joy to A■; she needed the Sun of Righteousness to shine in her heart.

While she was in this desponding state of heart, some special services were being held in the town where she lived. One evening she went, and the evangelist, with great earnestness, set forth the gospel of the grace of God, but A■'s heart only grew more desponding. "I have refused so often, it is of no use now," she thought.

The service ended, A—moved to leave the room, when someone touched her, saying■

"You are not happy."

"No, I am not," she answered.

"Then stay and have a talk about these things."

"It is of no use; I have sinned away my day of grace."

But A■ sat down again, and the evangelist quoted the words in 2 Cor. 6:2 "Now is the accepted time;... now is the day of salvation." He repeated them twice with great emphasis, and a ray of hope sprang up in A■'s heart.

"Can you say 'I am a sinner'?" he added.

"Oh yes," exclaimed A■, "I am lost, lost; I have refused the message of salvation so often and■"

"Then, as Christ said to the woman of whom we read in Luke 7, surely He says to you, 'Her sins, which are many, are forgiven.'"

"Is it true?" asked A■.

"Yes, God cannot lie. Jesus Christ died for sinners."

“Oh yes, I must believe it. What love! He died for me;” and A■’s heart filled with joy.

“Now,” said the evangelist, “read this verse: ‘Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.’” A few words of prayer, and A hurried home to tell her friends of her newfound joy.

Dear reader, have you yet learned that you, if out of Christ, are lost like A■, “dead in trespasses and sins”? Oh, be warned in time; it is no use trying to save yourself, it will be a miserable failure, as A proved; but as a lost, guilty, hell-deserving sinner, look to Jesus Christ, who died for such. God grant that you may believe, and you shall find peace and joy in believing. A. M. P.

## God's Terms

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“WELL, George,” said we to a fellow-workman, early one morning, “when you get that little bit of work done, spare a minute, and let us talk of the things of God’s word.” George was a seeker after salvation, and he said he would be very glad to have the opportunity.

Looking to God for the right word, He gave this■ “When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly.” (Rom. 5:6.) Now it is the word of God that God uses, by His Spirit, to open the eyes of men’s hearts, so, writing out the text upon a piece of paper, we thrust it into George’s hand when he came for the talk.

“This is God’s estimate of you, George—without strength and ungodly; now do you accept God’s terms about yourself?”

With the tears upon his cheeks, he said, “Yes, I do; that’s me.”

“Now will you take the last part■ ‘Christ died for the ungodly’■and will you put in your claim just because He died?”

George was enabled to do this. He is now a happy Christian, anxious after the souls of his friends who know not Christ. R. S. McF.

## Christ's Cross and Our Cross

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CHRIST'S cross was His own, and none but He could bear it. Upon that cross was made by Him full and complete atonement and satisfaction for our sins, and as in that work He bore all the burden, so He has had, and ever shall have, all its glory.

It is perhaps merely an act of forgetfulness on the Christian's part that leads him to speak of his bearing Christ's cross. The cross the Christian has to bear is his own cross: "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me," the Lord says. (Matt. 16:24.) The burden of this cross is a man's own—particularly and peculiarly his own, though borne for his Master's sake. The Lord may appoint the cross, and He will fit the burden to the back of the bearer. He has His own ways of wisdom, which none can equal, and He knows exactly what is the suited cross for each of His people.

The Lord's way to the cross was upon the path of rejection and of shame, and He calls His disciples to follow where He has trodden, and no faithful disciple need distress his heart as to what his cross shall be, for but a few steps trodden in the pathway of the Lord will make clear what the cross to be taken up is.

## What Is It to Have Everlasting Life?

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“HE that hath the Son hath life.”

Not he that hath a good character, position, or religious training, nor he that hath joyful feelings in his heart, hath life—no, but he that hath the Son. The words are simple, and their meaning is plain, yet too few believe or understand them. Numbers of really earnest people spend years of their lives in seeking to obtain life by amending their character or by making religious efforts, and forget or act as if no such words were in God’s book as these■ “He that hath the Son hath life.”

A lady in high position in society, and who had attended numbers of fashionable churches in her day, when three score and ten years of age, in reply to questions as to true religion, evidenced no more knowledge of the fact of life in Christ than one among the so-called “lapsed masses”; her whole notion of merit for dwelling with God in eternity being her own ladylike behavior as an English woman. Neither her intellect, education, nor position had ever taught or brought to her this truth■ “He that hath the Son hath life.” Whether high born or low born, there is no difference—man fails, too often, to grasp even the bare meaning of the letter of the words, “He that hath the Son hath life.”

Some while ago, we were sitting by the bedside of one of England’s brave fishermen. Tom was sick■indeed, he had been struck for death. Often in his prime had he faced the storm and risked his life without a moment’s hesitation, for fear had but a little place in his heart. And now Tom was about to pass into eternity.

“Don’t fret for me,” said he, as we sat upon the box by his bedside, which supplied the place of a chair; “I’m all right; I don’t fear to die.”

“No, Tom,” we answered; “but it is not a stormy sea you have to face tomorrow, you are not just going out in the life-boat to some wreck; you are going to face God.”

“Why are you so nervous about me?” Tom broke in; “I’m not frightened; I’m all right, I know. Don’t trouble about me, for I don’t like to see you take on so, for you’ve always been kind to me.”

Now Tom had lived a life of utter indifference to God. He had spent his hard-earned money in drink, and as we were talking with him about his future, his little children were running about his room bare-footed, while upon the very walls of the cottage where he was dying was written poverty■poverty of Tom’s own making. He had not lived the life of a high-born lady, but that of a never-fear English fisherman, and he saw no more sin against God in his course of life than did the lady referred to see in hers. Neither the one nor the other apprehended the fact that in Christ, and in Christ alone, man has everlasting life; and that without Christ, man is dead in sin.

Poor Tom! True, he had no fear of death before his eyes, but whether he ever understood, through the teaching of God the Holy Spirit, that “He that hath the Son hath life,” before he passed into eternity, is more than we should dare to say.

Now, mark the words ■ “He that hath,” not, shall have; not, hopes to have, but hath. What does this signify ■ “He that hath”?

In every-day life we should make no difficulty in explaining what hath means, for hath means hath. He who has a sovereign in his hand, has it there; and he who has a home, has one. To have is to possess. And he who has the Son has Jesus for himself.

Here we shall not wait to explain, for by so doing we might draw off the reader’s mind from the real issue ■ we prefer to ask a question. Have you Christ for yourself? Do not spend your time in inquiring whether you have a good, a religious name, or good works, or happy feeling; but diligently search and see whether you have Christ. Is He your own Saviour?

“He that hath the Son hath life.”

Get very close to your heart, beloved reader Do not inquire or seek to test yourself as to whether you have life, but listen to the scripture which declares, He that has the Son has life. To ask yourself, “Have I life?” will be but a stumbling block in your way. Have you the Son? if yes, then you have life, everlasting life, life in the Son who is the Life.

Too many, whom we cannot doubt are children of God, fail to progress in the Christian path, because they stop to see whether life is theirs, instead of rejoicing in the Son whom they have, by grace. If you believe on His Name, He is yours. If you trust Him, He is yours. Occupy your heart with Him who is yours, not with so much as a question whether life is yours. To have Jesus is to have all. Life is yours, because you have the Son.

“And he that hath not the Son hath not life.”

Thus sharply is the dividing line drawn. On one side or the other of the line all stand. Mark well, it is not written, he that hath not good works, or hath not bright experience, hath not life—no, but he that hath not the Son. Of what value will be position here, if you have not the Son? Of what worth will it be not to fear in the hour of death, if you have not the Son, for he that hath not the Son hath not life.

Must we inquire what it is not to have? Does not the man who is penniless not understand what it is not to have? Does not he who is without a home know what it is to be homeless?

May God, by His Spirit, open our eyes to see that life depends upon our having the Son; and that not to have the Son is to be in the state of death.

## A Pleasant Holiday

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“I HAVE taken his advice,” said a Christian to us the other day, “and given myself a holiday, For the last two days I have not worried about other people’s misbehavior, nor the many questions that were weighing down my soul; and I have had such a bright time with Christ in my heart that I feel quite another man.”

Come, Christian, give yourself a holiday of this sort, it will do you immense good, and after a little of this relaxation you will be fit for serving the Lord Jesus Christ.

The Story of Isaac Levinsohn

## Comes to England. Chapter 7

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WHEN the Feast of the New Year was over, I purchased a ticket for Hull, leaving Hamburg on Tuesday, September 19th 1871.

On reaching England I found myself in a strange land, and amongst people whose language was entirely foreign to me. It was the eve of the Sabbath when the boat arrived there, and I walked about the shore, not knowing what to do, for I could neither speak nor write English. At length I went into the streets, and coming to a bookseller's shop, began to speak to the people in German. Finding this of no use I tried Hebrew, then Russian, and then Polish, but not a word did they understand. So I thought I would make myself understood by writing, and said several times, "Gib mir ein pen." The people in the shop thought I begged, and they offered me a penny. So I showed them a shilling, and wrote with my finger upon the counter. They then guessed my meaning, and brought me pen and ink. They did not understand the German words I wrote, but one of them fetched a gentleman who understood German, and he kindly interpreted for me. I desired to buy an English-German and German-English dictionary, to carry about with me, so that if I had anything to say I might find out the words, write them down on paper, and then by showing what I had written, manage to make myself understood.

My first want was to know where the Jews lived, for I was anxious to rest on the Sabbath day, according to the Law. So by the help of the dictionary I made my question known to a young man in the shop, who very kindly took me to the house of a Polish Jew, and he welcomed me, seeing I was a stranger.

Very pleasant it was to be addressed according to the manner of the Jews in Russia, Poland, and Palestine, with "Shalem alachem" ■Peace be unto you!

I asked him where I could obtain lodgings, and he allowed me to remain with him. In the evening he led me to the synagogue where the Sabbath service was celebrated. This Jewish brother was very pious, and observed every precept of the oral law.

I was very anxious to keep the Great Day of Atonement in London, and obtained permission from the Rabbi at Hull to travel on the afternoon of the Sabbath, in order that I might reach London on the eve of that day; and arrived in the great city on the following morning.

On coming to the London docks, I resorted again to my dictionary, and wrote out a few words, explaining that my desire was to reach a Jews' lodging-house. I showed this paper to a lad, and he took my parcel of clothes, and led the way. He walked on for some time along the winding paths of the docks, but whither he was going, of course, I knew not. At length we came to a court, at the corner of which there was, as I afterward learned, a public house. Beckoning me to wait a while, the lad went into this building. I waited a long time indeed, but the lad never came out again! Then I began to suspect I had been robbed of my parcel, and went into the house. I noticed that there were several doors to the house, and was sure the lad had got away through one of them with my belongings.

I stood in the public house for some time, not knowing what to do, but managed to make myself understood by the aid of my dictionary and paper, and then a young man offered to lead me to a lodging-house in Spitalfields.

How relieved I was on reaching the lodging house to find myself once more amongst Jews! They rewarded my guide for his trouble, and spoke kindly to me, and, on my informing them of the way in which I had been robbed, they said, "Oh! you must expect this in England." I replied, "Then I shall not stay in England long."

As it was the eve of the Great Day of Atonement, I was anxious to observe all the rites according to the Jewish customs which relate to that holy and solemn season. My first anxiety was to obtain the necessary sacrifice. Having some money, I asked my new friends to procure a cock to be my atonement. This they did in haste, for it was growing late. Then, according to Jewish custom and law, I offered certain prayers, and presented the bird to the Shochad (a man whose duty it is to slay the sacrifices) for him to kill it on my behalf, and to shed its blood for my sins.

These words are used on the occasion:

"This is my substitute; this is my commutation. This cock goeth to death, but may I be gathered, and enter into a long and happy life, and peace!"

As the bird was being killed, and I watched its blood flow, and saw its dying struggles, I felt deeply moved. My sins were the cause of its death, and I wondered deeply in my soul, "How can the blood of this bird cleanse me from my sins?"

Oh! how little did I think that I should ever believe and rejoice in the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, which cleanseth us from all sin. (1 John 1:7.)

Here it should be mentioned that, ever since the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, and the dispersion of the Jews, the Talmud teaches that every male must offer a cock, and every female a hen, in sacrifice for the Great Day of Atonement, these sacrifices being substituted for those commanded by Moses. The reader will remember how the solemn sacrifices for sin, on that great day, are recorded in the sixteenth chapter of Leviticus, when the blood of the sacrifice was carried into the Holiest of all, and how on God's acceptance of the atoning blood for the sins of the people, the High Priest came forth, and so all Israel beheld through him the proof, that their sins had been atoned for. But the Jews today have neither Altar nor Holy Place; instead of the priest they have but the Shochad, and instead of the sacrifice appointed by Moses, they have but those taught by the Talmud. Indeed, one of the most touching parts of the Atonement Service for the Synagogue, appended to the description of the former glories of priest, and temple, and service, is this constant refrain, "Happy the eye which saw all these! but verily, to hear only of them afflicts our souls."

After the blood of the bird is shed, the offerer, in devout prayer and thanksgiving, lifts up his heart to God for the atonement wrought for him, taking it as a matter of course that his sins are put away. Then he takes up the sacrifice, which is subsequently eaten by him as a peace offering, the thought being that his sins are put away by the blood of the victim, so that he can feed upon the sacrifice in peace before God.

The sacrifice being killed, I went to the synagogue, where, washing my hands and taking my shoes from off my feet, I began the appointed prayers. And there I rained for that evening and night, and also for the whole of the following day—the Day of Atonement.

After the services I returned to my lodging, and, as I had been fasting since the previous day, I enjoyed my meal. Yet as I sat over my supper I could not but think of the innocent creature which had been killed for my sins, and was not able to satisfy myself as to how God could require the blood of a poor bird to atone for my iniquity.

I was by no means at peace with God, though was eating what the Jews observe as a peace offering. I expressed my feelings on this anxious question in a letter to my father, which I lay before the reader:—

“I am now in London, with my health perfectly established, for which I thank God with all my heart. I would also inform you, dear father, that I worshipped on the Great Day of Atonement in a synagogue, among our brethren, the English Jews. On the eve I procured a cock, as you always do, to be killed as an atonement for my sins; I could hardly spare the money, but was glad to do so, knowing, as you have always taught me, this is the desire of JEHOVAH, our God. You, will, I hope, truly pardon me for troubling you, but I wish to tell you all that crosses my mind; and in my difficulties I want to tell you only, and then I shall be satisfied. I offered the cock to the shochad, and when it was killed, I was surprised and amazed, for although I have witnessed it at home every year, I never felt more solemnized about my soul than on this occasion, and never felt more deeply about the atonement which is to take away my sin.

I can hardly imagine, beloved father, why God expects the sacrifice of the creatures, which are killed for me and for others who have sinned.

“Indeed, my dear father, I think that God has not been pleased to manifest unto us all His truth; but I suppose all these difficulties will be made plain to us when the Lord, our Messiah, comes, and takes us unto Himself to make us happy forever, and when the Gentile nations of the earth shall perish.”

Having one great object on my mind—the study of the law—I visited several Jews, and begged them to teach me the ways of the God of Israel. They granted my request, but the result was very unsatisfactory; yet I blamed my own depraved heart, and laid the failure of the Jews to speak peace to me, to the corruption of my soul.

I was so uneasy and unquiet that I began to ask various persons privately if they were happy in their souls, but the answer was always “No,” and this perplexed me very much.

My means were now becoming exhausted, and I was anxious to obtain employment to earn my bread. Just at this time a letter, enclosing money, came from my father, and this enabled me to purchase good clothes, and being respectably attired I was successful in obtaining a Siltation.

## The Cities of Israel. Cana of Galilee

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FOR all that we know from the Scriptures concerning Cana — “where Jesus made the water wine” — we are indebted to the Gospel according to John. Even the information which that evangelist gives is of the scantiest kind; his only geographical note—added each time he refers to the place—is, “of Galilee.” Intimation is indeed given that it was situate on higher ground than Capernaum, for Jesus “went down” to that place, and such expressions are admitted by all to be wonderfully accurate. We are therefore dependent for the identification of Cana—a place so interesting to us, because it was there that the Lord Jesus wrought the beginning of His miracles and manifested forth His glory, — upon the traditions which have come down to us, supplemented or corrected by the discoveries and conjectures of modern Travelers. We have had occasion, in previous papers, to point out what an untrustworthy witness Tradition is; that unless she is supported by independent testimony, her word must be received with mistrust. In this instance she has attempted to identify two places with the scene of the miracle, and the Scripture testimony being so small, as has been pointed out, it is no wonder that the question is surrounded with some uncertainty.

About four miles to the north-east of Nazareth, twenty-five from Capernaum, and on the direct road from Nazareth to Tiberias, lies the village of Kefr Kenna. The gospel narrative seems to show that Cana, wherever it might be, was situated within a day’s journey from the city with which the Lord Jesus was so familiar—Capernaum. The miracle of healing the nobleman’s son will be recalled by many of our readers. The child was at the point of death at Capernaum; the father journeyed to Cana, where Jesus was, reaching that place, probably, at about seven o’clock in the evening—for we believe that John always uses what is called “Roman time,” that is, our ordinary reckoning from midnight as the beginning of a new day—and seeing the Lord, heard from Him the words, “Thy son liveth.” It would be too late for the return journey that day, and faith could rest; but on the following day, “as he was now going down,” his servants met him with the joyful tidings (unconsciously echoing the Saviour’s words), “Thy son liveth.” And, in answer to his question, he found that it was “yesterday, at the seventh hour, the fever left him.” From these circumstances it is evident that Cana was not more than a day’s journey from Capernaum. The village of Kefr Kenna meets this demand satisfactorily enough, and thus satisfies almost the only requirement suggested by the Gospel.

A long space of time elapsed between the writing of the fourth Gospel and any allusion to the place by Travelers, and others, which might help to identify it. The earliest known is that of one Willibald, who, in the latter half of the eighth century, while passing from Nazareth to Tabor, visited Kefr Kenna, and, in the account of his travels, referred to the tradition which identified that with Cana of Galilee. A twelfth-century allusion is also known: then another long gap of time occurs until the beginning of the seventeenth century, when Kefr Kenna was again claimed by Quaresmius as the New Testament Cana, though this traveler admitted that there was a rival site. From that day until recent years this tradition has held sway, when its accuracy was questioned by Dr. Robinson, and the claims of the other site were urged with great force by him. Unmindful of the

criticism and objections of modern Travelers, the Kefr Kennaites hold on their way, and not only do they point out the Greek Church, built “to mark the site of the house where the marriage was held, and the miracle wrought,” but “two large water pots of stone are standing in the church, which the priest, with much gravity, tells you are part of the six that had been used at the marriage, the other four being underground!” This last part of the story is the more remarkable, because when Dr. Thomson, at one time, visited the place the fragments of the six water pots were shown to him, while to go back still earlier, to the visit of Willibald in the eighth century, only one pot remained, though, during the Crusade, the six jars were taken to France!

The other claimant to the Honor of being the true Cana is Khurbet Kana, or Kanael-Jelil. It was once a village; it is now a mere ruin, lying a few miles nearer to Capernaum than its rival, situated on high ground, and so, like Kenna, meeting the demands made by the gospel narrative. It has no church and no monks to urge its claim; the tradition identifying the place with Cana can only be traced back to a more recent time than that which refers to Kefr Kenna, but if its name really be “Kana-el-Jelil,” that alone strongly appeals on its behalf, for it is an exact representation of the Hebrew original, and is moreover found in the Arabic version of the Scriptures as the equivalent of Cana. In fact, “Kana-el-Jelil” turned into English is literally “Cana of Galilee.” This identity of name is the strongest argument of those who place Cana on this site, and indeed it would be well-nigh convincing if we could be certain that the village does bear the name. But Dr. Thomson, while inclining to the belief that this is the true Cana, admits that only one of the many inhabitants of the neighborhood, to whom he directed his enquiries, “had ever heard of the word Jelil as a part of the name, and,” he adds, “from the hesitancy with which this one admitted it, I was left in doubt whether he did not merely acquiesce in it at my suggestion.”

Kana stands on a nearly isolated hill, which rises from the margin of the Plain of Buttauf—probably the great Plain of Zebulon—facing the south-east. Ancient cisterns and tombs are still to be traced on the hill-side, and a solitary fig tree recalls (on the supposition that Cana stood here) the story of the Israelite in whom was no guile, Nathaniel. As to the name itself, it is probably derived from the Hebrew, Kanah, “a reed.” At the end of the plain, above which the village stood, a marshy lake is sometimes formed, the waters stretching for some distance over the country, its “oozy, spongy end” lying across the traveler’s path, rendering the journey both difficult and dangerous. From the reeds which grow in such a soil, and which may still be seen close to the ruins of the village, the name would naturally come.

From a similar cause Kanah, in the tribe of Asher, took its name.

One explorer says that “the ruins cover the summit and sides of a small spur that runs out from the main ridge, and consist of rock-hewn cisterns, the walls of houses, a large building, perhaps a church, and several tombs; they are of far more importance than has generally been supposed, and cover a large area.” It is only right to add that Dr. Thomson (whose long residence in Palestine makes his evidence very valuable) says, in the latest edition of his work, that “a careful examination of the site led to the conclusion that there were never more than fifty houses in the place.” They are built of limestone, shaped after the common fashion of the country, and not one is now inhabited. The place is totally deserted.

In the present state of the evidence we must be content with uncertainty. And we can be truly thankful that this uncertainty in no wise touches the value to our souls of the incidents recorded in

John's Gospel, the scene of which was laid at Cana. If that place is lost to us, its blessed and happy memories abide; we can still see Jesus at the marriage feast, a Guest indeed, yet enriching those that were gathered together with "the good wine," when all other had failed; we can still hear the nobleman's importunate supplication and the Lord's gracious answer. And these have their lessons for us: earthly joys will fail and pass away; have we tasted of those which Jesus gives ■ "the best"? Or has the sense of need, such as the nobleman had, and which the Lord only can meet, driven us to Him?

With reference to the miracle of turning the water into wine, the Scripture adds, "His disciples believed on Him"; and it says with reference to the nobleman," himself believed, and his whole house." Happy are we if we, too, have believed in Him, and have learned in any measure the fullness of the glory and the grace which Jesus displayed at Cana of Galilee!

## Epistles

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IN these days, when the postman's knock is heard daily, if not hourly, at our door, it is difficult to think of the time when the receipt of a letter was a rare event. But such was the case, we know.

The first letter of which we read in the Bible was that which King David sent to his general, Joab. In the Old Testament there are messages sent by God through His prophets, besides other communications of His; in the New Testament we find letters or epistles.

You know there are different kinds of letters or epistles in the New Testament—some are written to private persons, others to companies of Christians, while others are written to God's children generally. In the private letter we find matters spoken of which relate to the things that happened to the recipient of the letter, just as when our close friends write to us giving us advice and counsel. What they write relates to our difficulties or dangers, or may be our own private character.

Has God now ceased to send epistles or letters to men? No, for though He does not send any more epistles by the hands of His inspired servants, He sends out hundreds, yea, thousands of epistles, nevertheless. What are they? Some are boys, some are girls, some grown-up men and women! How can a boy or a girl be a letter? Just in this way. When you read your father's letter to you, you say, "This is my father's mind put down upon this sheet of paper, written with pen and ink," and so when a Christian boy or girl comes to any one, that child is read just like your father's letter, and it is said, "That child is really a Christian, for what he says and does shows what Christ wishes to be said and done."

The apostle, in his epistle to the Corinthians, said they were "the epistle of Christ... known and read of all men." (2 Cor. 3:3.)

Now when you see the postman going his rounds, and dealing out the letters entrusted to his care, remember, dear Christian boys and girls, that you are Christ's letters yourselves, sent by Him to people, that reading you, they may see how beautiful Christ must be.

## An Answered Prayer

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A CHRISTIAN nurse was, some time ago, engaged to attend on two children—one a baby, the other a boy of six, named George. After a little while, she asked George if he knew who God was.

“Yes,” Georgie said; “He lives in the sky.”

“And do you know that God loved us so much that He sent Jesus to die, in order that we, though so naughty, might go to heaven?”

“No,” answered George, for no one had ever told him that God is love. “That was good of God,” said the child. “Do tell me some more about it.” And this the nurse gladly did.

A few days after, Georgie (who slept in his nurse’s room) woke her up, saying, “Oh, nurse I have the toothache. Will God make it better if I ask Him?”

“Yes, dear, I am sure He will.”

There was silence for a time, while the nurse and child both prayed that God would take away the pain. Then the boy said brightly, “Nurse, it’s gone! God has made it better because I asked Him.” And thus little Georgie began to know that God loves and listens to the prayer of a little child.

Dear children, God is as ready to answer your prayers as He was Georgie’s, but do not forget first to ask Him to teach you to believe in your heart that Jesus died for sinners, and when you indeed believe, then you will find it easy to go to God in all your trouble or pain, for you will be quite certain that God loves you, and loves to listen to you and help you.

“Have we trials and temptations?

Is there trouble anywhere?

We should never be discouraged;

Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Can we find a friend so faithful,

Who will all our sorrows share?

Jesus knows our every weakness;

Take it to the Lord in prayer.”

## Afraid to Die

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IT was the time of the visitation of that terrible scourge, the cholera, and people were dying every day in frightful numbers. The young and old alike fell victims, some being ill only a few hours. There was a general panic, and it was surprising to find how all the places of worship were crowded. Alas, many were at meetings one evening and dead, if not buried, before the next. In the village near to which little Rosie, the subject of our narrative, lived, there had been but few cases; although in a town, a few miles distant, hundreds had died.

One hot day in August, Rosie put on a light dress and set off to take a long walk with her aunt. She came back feeling rather tired, but, after supper, retired to rest apparently quite well. About one o'clock in the morning, she awoke with a strange feeling of pain and faintness. She managed, however, to drag her aching limbs across the corridor to her mother's bedroom, and, with some difficulty, succeeded in awaking her parents; but even as she did so, the sickness and pain were so overpowering that her father and mother had to carry her back to her room. And then, oh, what a scene occurred! The child was prostrate with agony, sickness continued without a moment's intermission, and cold sweats bedewed her shivering limbs. The rosy face was as pallid as that of a corpse, and nothing seemed to afford the slightest relief.

Hours passed by, and the little girl grew weaker and weaker, but her pain of body was as nothing to the agony of her mind. Rosie was the only daughter of pious parents, and many times had the Holy Spirit striven with her, but she had resisted Him. She used to reason in the following manner: "I am healthy and young, and a long life is no doubt before me. Why religion? Some people who profess to be Christians look so gloomy that I do not want to be one of such. I like fun, and mine shall be a merry life; if I had true religion I am afraid it would oblige me to give up some of the things of which I am so particularly fond."

Poor child! she had never come to Jesus, and now she lay trembling on the brink of another world. "Afraid to die." As she lay perspiring with pain and groaning with anguish, how earnestly did she cry to God, "Oh God, for Christ's sake do not let me die now; I am afraid to die, I am not saved. And oh! I cannot believe on Thee now, I cannot think for pain. Oh! Christ, please to let me live, and then I will serve Thee." There were groans between each whispered word, and still she prayed.

It was a night never to be forgotten; though young the child knew her sins made her quite unprepared to stand before God. The knowledge of His holiness gave her deep distress; for Rosie had been taught at an early age to read the Bible.

Perhaps our young readers may imagine that little Rosie was a great sinner. Certainly, in her outward conduct she was not so; she was naturally of a merry disposition, so that her love of fun and frolic often brought her into trouble, yet she was a lover of truth and honesty, and had a thorough contempt for all sorts of meanness and deception. Also, she was far more obedient to her parents than is the case with many children in these days of want of reverence, and of

rudeness to elders, but Rosie's sins stood before her revealed in the light of an awakened and affrighted conscience. She knew herself vile, and that she had not been washed in the blood of Christ.

Oh! how Rosie promised to love and serve God, if He would let her get well again. God who is rich in mercy, heard her cries and spared her life; gradually the violence of the disease abated, and she recovered; but ma' none of my young readers ever know such an agony as Rosie suffered on that awful night.

You may ask, "Did Rosie become a Christian upon her recovery?" We answer. "Nothing is so deceitful as the human heart;" the word of God declares, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Rosie's promises of amendment were all made in her own strength, so that she found it impossible to keep her vows.

While the terror was still fresh upon her mind, she was indeed more serious than usual; but as her health and animation returned, she neglected prayer, and did not give herself up to love and serve God. "Oh!" does some kind reader exclaim, "will she be lost at last?" We joyfully answer, "No," for two or three years after her illness the Lord Jesus sought and found His lost sheep, and brought her penitent to His feet. She then gave herself to the Lord to be His forever. She heard the Saviour say, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out;" so the child believed His words, and they became an anchor to her soul, sure and steadfast. How could she be afraid? for the Bible declares that heaven and earth shall pass away, but not one jot or tittle of God's word shall fail.

Rosie is very fond of the words, "It pleased the Father that in Him should all fullness dwell." She has tasted some of that fullness. She has found in Christ strength in weakness, joy in sorrow, help in distress, comfort in loneliness, and a sweet resting-place when weary and tired. She does not now fear death, for she believes in Him who hath said, "I am the resurrection and the life," and "Because I live ye shall live also."

Little reader, are you a Christian? Have you come to Jesus for salvation? If death were to stare you in the face would you be afraid to die? "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4:12), but the name of Jesus.

Rosie is living, and this day bids me tell you children that, ever since she was brought to Jesus and found her all in Him, He has been to her "the chiefest among ten-thousand" and the "altogether lovely." And all through the more than twenty years since she has known Christ, He has been manifesting His sweetness in many ways until this very day. She would rather part with all she has on earth than part with the Saviour.

Oh! my dear children, come at once—today, and He will make you happy. R. C. C.

## Condemned Already

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WHEN on board ship, off Calcutta, in the year 1861, bound for dear old England, our passengers consisted of “time expired” soldiers of various regiments, who had served during the Indian mutiny. In addition to the military, we had a good many soldiers’ wives and children on board.

One fine morning, when out of sight of land, I observed several strange faces appear on deck; they were convicts, sent home to England to undergo different periods of penal servitude for insubordination during the mutiny in India. They were mostly fine young men, and, from their appearance, would not have been taken for what they really were. The greatest kindness was shown them by nearly all on board, more especially by the soldiers’ wives. “Let us treat the poor fellows kindly while they are with us” was the language of the greater part of those on board; indeed these men wanted nothing which kind hearts could procure for them.

The long voyage round the Cape in a sailing vessel is very monotonous, unless the passengers, by the captain’s permission, find means of enlivening the days as they pass. This we did in various ways; we had music, singing, and dancing, in all which amusements the convicts took the lead. Their behavior surprised me very much, for they seemed the happiest of the men in the ship.

How they sang, how they danced! They were foremost in every amusement and frolic, and yet they were convicts, for they had been tried, found guilty, and sentenced, and their “irons” were between decks.

Seemingly they forgot the fact that they were “condemned already.” I marveled at them, although in one sense I was just as foolish and thoughtless as any of them; still I was not a convict, for I was on my way home to wife and children, while they were on their way to prison. However, in spite of the doom that awaited them, the convicts seemed happy. Was it with them, as it is with many, a short life and a merry one?

I pitied the convicts, but when God in His mercy saved me through faith in Christ Jesus, I saw in them a complete picture of myself, and I remembered the words of our Lord Jesus Christ, “He that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.” (John 3:18.)

The law of England had condemned the convicts, and justly so, if they were guilty. The word of God had condemned me because I was guilty. Yes, the awful sentence of God is written against everyone who is out of Christ ■ “condemned already.” In those days I called myself a Christian, but in truth I was a rebel in heart against God, a rejecter of His grace, and a neglecter of His great salvation, “having no hope,” and being “without God in the world.” And thus it is with every reader of this page who is out of Christ; he is condemned already, he is on the way to judgment, though he spend his voyage of life, as did the convicts on board our ship, dancing and singing and merry-making.

Dear reader, if you do not believe on the Lord Jesus condemned already—condemned joy by God, whether awake or asleep, in joy or in sorrow, in prosperity or in adversity, nay, in life or in death, you are under the wrath of God, if not in Christ. Do you know it? May the Spirit of God open your eyes before they are closed, no more to open until in the presence of the great Judge, to be cast out of that presence into outer darkness, there to weep over your madness and folly through a lost eternity.

One afternoon, near the cook's galley, sat a man whom I had not seen before—a fine-looking fellow in the prime of life. I asked him who he was.

"I am one of the convicts," said he.

"What were you in the regiment?"

"I was sergeant."

"How long are you sentenced for?"

He looked up, and his eyes filled with tears as he said, "My sentence is for life. I do not care so much for myself, it is my poor wife and children. Separated from them for life—how shall I bear it?" Poor fellow! his grief affected even me, and I turned away to hide my feelings.

Dear reader, if you remain under the condemnation of God, in your unbelief, your sentence will not only be for the term of your natural life, but oh! it will and must be for all eternity. What do you think of such madness as yours, if you any longer neglect so great salvation?

Our voyage at length came to an end, and we sang, "Home at last"; and it would have done your heart good to have seen our happy faces, after four months and six days at sea, on now finding friends, and those dear to us, almost within speaking distance. Every one of our faces beamed with gladness. But not so with the convicts. They became miserable as we came so near home. It was no home for them. The dancing and the song had ceased, the delusion had vanished from their souls, and the heart-breaking reality had burst upon them. How solemn were their faces! The sentence passed on them in India was soon to begin, and, once within the prison walls, there would be no escape. So in like manner will it be with all who will not accept the complete salvation of God, in God's time and in God's way. His time is now, His way is Jesus.

I wonder, if our kind-hearted Queen had sent a free pardon to those poor convicts whether they would have made light of it. Think you they would have ridiculed her messenger, and have laughed at the worth in which the pardon was written?

What would the sergeant, who had been sentenced for life, have said to an offer of mercy on condition of his pleading guilty for his offense against his queen and country? Would he have spurned the offer? Nay, would not he, poor man, have fallen upon his knees, and from his heart have cried, "Guilty, guilty"? But God offers you pardon this day, and what have you done, O man, condemned already? Have you not scoffed at His messengers, or at least treated them with contempt, while His written word has been to you but an object of ridicule or indifference?

How dare you carelessly thus drift on towards eternity, knowing yourself to be "condemned already"? How will you face the righteous Judge in your sins? How account for it to Him that,

having heard of His free grace in Christ, you have never accepted Him for your Saviour? I beseech you, delay not to settle this momentous question. J. D.

## Save! Save!

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SHALL not easily forget hearing these words, "Save! save!" as they reached my ears when one day I was crossing Chelsea Bridge. They came from a youth who, with many others, was bathing in the Thames; his strength had failed him, and he was drowning, and oh! it was indeed fearful to see him struggling, in the vain attempt to regain the shore, which was not many yards off.

Although he was in the midst of his companions, none of them offered him any assistance, when by joining hands they might easily have saved him; but they all made for the shore, and left him to the mercy of the river. Some of the men from the bridge ran to his assistance, but, alas! it was too late.

Oh, how different it was with the Lord Jesus! He did not hesitate to come all the way from heaven to save sinners, but gave Himself up for our sakes to the death of the cross.

Now no earnest cry of "Save! save!" escapes His ear. "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." (Rom. 10:13.) Reader! you, are in peril of everlasting death; there is none who can save you except Jesus. While there is yet opportunity, oh, cry to Him, "Save me! Save me!" and you shall not cry in vain. L.L.

## None Other Name

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“THERE is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved” (Acts 4:12), than the Name of Jesus. “None other name;” His is the only and the glorious name of Saviour, and “whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins.” (Acts 10:43.) Reader! Is it joy to your soul that there is none other name than His whereby you may be saved? Have you given Him the glory for His saving grace and power?

## Misers

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YOU have had many happy death-bed scenes told you in these pages, and a grand testimony they are to the power of the Holy Spirit to lift the one who is rejoicing in Christ Jesus above suffering and weakness, and freeing him from the terrors of death.

Today, however, I am going to tell you of a very miserable death, and I trust the terrible story will speak a word of warning to you, not so much in view of your death as in exhortation as to your present life.

Come with me to an old house in a back street of a great American city. An air of mystery, as well as of poverty, hangs over the place, which, until the day I invite your visit, has been shunned by the inhabitants of the adjoining houses. Now, in spite of the intense cold, an unusual throng of people hovers around the hitherto deserted building. The door, which for many years had been kept jealously closed against all intruders, is thrown wide open, and, though no word of welcome is heard, the crowd presses into the cheerless dwelling.

We enter with the first corners, and passing quickly through the filthy passage, littered with rubbish and hanging cobwebs, we reach the kitchen. Oh! what a dreary place it is! The piercing wintry blast shrieks through broken panes in the window, and howls down the chimney, unopposed by any bright ascending flame. We shiver as we step across the dirty, uneven floor, looking around in vain for any occupant of the forlorn abode. Wait what lies on those old sacks in the corner? Well may we shrink back, our blood running cold as our horrified gaze falls on the almost skeleton bodies of two old men. Torn shirts and ragged trousers fail to conceal the gaunt, wasted limbs; there is no need to tell us that life has been some days extinct in those sunken eyeballs. Oh, horrible sight! What does it all mean? Why were those aged men left thus to die, without food, or clothing, or warmth? Was there no eye to pity, no heart to care for them, that they perished thus, alone and forsaken? Who is to blame when, at the coroner's inquest, the verdict is brought in "Death from starvation and cold"? You will hardly believe me when I tell you the startling fact that there was no one to blame but themselves, and yet so it was. This awful end had come to them while surrounded with wealth, as was fully proved on searching the house.

But, before we go further, let me give you a few details as to the past history of the pitiable inmates of that miserable dwelling. Its owner, in younger days, had been a prosperous man of business. God had allowed him to succeed in what he put his hand to, and he had become a man of wealth. But, by one of those strange wiles by which the god of this world torments those under his power, he contrived that the love of the money, and not its use, should fill the heart of the unhappy man. Instead of enjoying such comforts as his riches could have supplied, the miser lived in the utmost misery and want, that these riches might accumulate. Clad in rags, shabby and forlorn, he hobbled about, collecting his rents and interest money, which he bore home to conceal in chinks and crannies of the old house. By what strange infatuation, or chain of circumstances, his companion came to share his miserable life, and thus participate in his terrible end, I cannot tell. All that is known is that they lived in a state of apparently abject poverty together for a period of upwards of

twenty years.

We turn from the ghastly sight in the kitchen, and, mounting the creaking stairs, find the coroner's clerk, with a searching party, examining the bedroom of the old miser. Squalid poverty and dirt seem here again to reign supreme. Yet, as we gaze on the comfortless-looking bed, with moth-eaten coverlet, and worn time-discoloured sheets, where we picture the feeble, restless limbs of the avaricious old man vainly seeking rest, we discover a tarnished silver dollar. "Ah!" you exclaim, "if only he or his friend had gone to the nearest baker with that one piece of money, this dismal fate might have been averted!" Yes, indeed, that one neglected piece of silver raises its silent testimony to the mad folly which caused the awful death of its owner. Alas! we find accumulated proof of his guilt. Hanging on the footboard of the bed is a bag containing 945 dollars in gold coin; then we come upon another with 500 dollars; then a roll of dusty paper containing forty more gold pieces, and so on, and so on, until, sick at heart, we turn from that bed and its many witnesses to the insane infatuation of him who for years had lain down there in cold and hunger, while his gold and silver cankered around him.

As the darkness and piercing cold suspend the search, the clerk clears the house, and carefully locks and bars the door. We have no sympathy with his tone of triumph, as he tells us they are bearing away 94,715 dollars from that room alone. Shuddering with horror, we walk away, our hearts heavy as we think of the old miser and his comrade, lying in their dirty rags, starved and frozen, in the midst of treasures of silver and gold and wealth incalculable.

My reader, let me ask you, are you a miser? "No, indeed," you answer, "far from it; I spend my income only too quickly, and have no upbraiding bags of gold hanging about my room." And yet, pardon me, like him of whom we have been speaking, you may be perishing with treasures around you which you are neglecting to use, and which may for all eternity rise up in judgment against you. Are you yet unsaved? Perhaps, uneasily, you own you are; you have known it for some time; you have not liked to face the fact, but it does come to your mind at times, and a voice that will not be silenced tells you that you have not peace, pardon, life, as others whom you know possess. You own the sore need of your soul; there are moments when it truly troubles you, and then you wish you had the joy and satisfaction that some whom you love, rejoice in.

Dear reader, is this the case? If so, and you are awake to the fact that you are in want—aye, ready to perish with hunger, have you heard nothing of the "bread enough and to spare" of the Father's house? (Luke 15:17.) Has no report reached your ear of the "riches of His grace" (Eph. 1:7), who is "rich in mercy" to the needy sinner (Eph. 2:4)? Then why, oh! why do you not say, "I will arise and go to my Father?" "Why sit ye here until ye die" (2 Kings 7:3) of soul-hunger and thirst when so ample a feast is spread for "whosoever will"? Are you not, while neglecting this great salvation which God has brought so nigh to you in Christ Jesus, repeating in your soul's history with awful intensity the horrible story of this miser? Are you recklessly drifting on to an eternity in hell, careless, it may be, of solemn warnings from the evangelist—trampling, perhaps, on the loving counsels of a father, the tender pleadings of a mother, or the gentle voice of a little child that would seek to win you to Jesus? Oh! if it is so, dare you say you are no miser? Are you not, like him, perishing of self-willed hunger and misery, and that, too, when within touch of everlasting riches? What were his neglected sacks of gold compared with these neglected riches of eternity? Alas! alas! over how many millions in hell might not the verdict, pronounced over those skeleton bodies,

knell forth of self-destruction, soul-starvation, while surrounded with all the boundless wealth of the love, mercy, and grace of God? D. & A.C.

## I Wish I Could Find Peace

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ONE day not long since, I called at a friend's house, and in course of conversation, referred to a man who had lately found peace through faith in the Lord Jesus. A young lady present said, "I wish I could find peace," and this gave an opening to speak more directly to her concerning her soul. She had been seeking peace for months past, but said she was a great sinner, and feared it was now too late for her to be saved.

Opening my Bible, I turned to 1 John 5:10, and read slowly, "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself," adding, "You have not the witness because you have not believed fully: yet listen, He that believeth not God, hath made Him a liar, because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son." How sad it would be if you should make God out a liar; it is impossible for God to lie, but you treat Him as if such could be the case, because you have not believed the record that He gave of His Son. If you do not believe what God the Father has written or recorded about Christ, His Son, you treat Him as a liar, and this is most sorrowful.

If I wanted a little book which you were willing to give me, when you offered it, I should accept it at once, and not say, 'Oh, I wish you would give it to me, I am in earnest about it.' I should insult you by speaking thus, in allowing the thought that you did not mean me to have the book you had offered me. Now see the eleventh verse of this same chapter. 'This is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life,' not shall give it some day, but hath given it already. You do not want by discrediting God, to make Him out to be a liar, do you?"

"No," said the seeking, burdened one, "and I will not."

"Then will you take God's word as it is written? Will you receive Jesus now?"

"Yes," she replied, "I will now, but I feel no change."

I told her that did not matter at all, for we are saved when we take God at His word, as to Christ's having fully satisfied Him in respect of our sins, adding that in Ephesians we read, "After that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of pure inheritance" (ch. 1 and 14). "If I put my Bible in my pocket," I continued, "I am not always feeling to find whether it is there, yet I know it is, and fetch it out when needed. So after we have believed, we do not worry because we do not at all times feel alike, but we know Him in whom we have believed, and that He is faithful."

Presently she said, "I have taken it now."

I replied, "You need not be anxious, for the happy feelings, as we call them, may come very soon. God says you are saved because you trust His word. Which would you rather have—eternal life on God's bare word, which cannot pass away, or feelings you regard as happy without eternal life?"

My young friend at once said, "I would much rather have eternal life on God's bare word."

“You are right,” said I. “Now God will take you at your word, and if He please may keep you without the happy feelings you desire for some little time. Simple faith in His word pleases Him more than anything else can do, so you must trust Him fully, and never mind about the feelings. We are saved through trusting His word.”

“I can see it now,” said she, “as I never did before.”

Her friend, who was deeply interested in her, was rejoicing at these last remarks, and asked her if she could rejoice now.

Her reply was, “I feel thankful, and the next time I come to see you shall be much happier than I was when I came today. I can trust God now, and I did not do so before. I thought it all depended upon how I felt.”

Much more was said on the wonderful subject of grace freely given by God, and I noticed that our young friend marked all the texts we looked up (John 5:24.; Acts 13:38; John 1:28; Rev 20:17), and soon after we parted.

When I next met her she was resting on the same written unchanging word. E. P.

## The Word of God

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“THE word of God is quick (or living), and powerful.” Let the Christian never forget this. God’s word is His word; it is not like man’s opinion or judgment, but it is divine reality. And this word it is which is living, yes, as truly living today as on the day when it was first spoken. Men’s words wear out, but the word of God abides forever. It is powerful, energetic, full of strength and vigor, and sharper than any two-edged sword. The best way to attack infidelity and every form of evil is to preach God’s word. Let there be faith in God’s word, and we may rest confident that God will do His own work by it.

## Christian Blessing

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(Eph. 1:3-7.)

LET the true Christian meditate upon the present and abiding favor of God to him in Christ, for he is blessed now while on earth in the midst of a thousand contrary influences, With ALL spiritual blessings.

Even though he may apprehend but very, very few of them, and though he may often lament his poverty and his sense of emptiness, all are his, and his now. These blessings are not of an earthly kind. They are not of the basket and the store, neither are they of bodily health, or of temporal prosperity. They are the Christian's

In the heavenly places.

They are enjoyed by faith on earth, and as the Christian is more and more Spirit-taught so he more and more enjoys these spiritual things. As he by faith dwells in the heavenly places so does he perceive the blessings. But whether he has the enjoyment of them or not, all the spiritual blessings are his, for they are his

IN Christ.

They are not vested in himself, or handed to him for his own custody, but they are his solely IN Christ, and therefore they are absolutely secure.

Now, what is the measure of these wonderful gifts, bestowed upon the Christian by the God and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ? How shall he test the greatness of their marvelous lengths and breadths? By one measure alone—by the free will and pleasure of God Himself. God's grace alone is the explanation of the all, of the blessings, or of the reason why the blessings should be ours. No human will, no human thought had to say to these things, they are all of God.

All the spiritual blessings wherewith we are blessed in the heavenly places in Christ are ours, According as He (God) hath chosen us in Him (Christ).

God's choice is our exultation. He hath been pleased in choosing persons—men, and women, and children—in Christ to please Himself. We can but stand amazed as we behold the manner of His love. Now this His choice being in Christ, we are not chosen for our good behavior, or for our attractiveness to God — far, far from it—but we are chosen out of the depths of God's own will. Moreover, the choice was made Before the foundation of the world.

Yes, prior to time and to man's creation, before paradise and before the fall, God had His wonderful purpose respecting eternity in His mind. Ah! how little is God apprehended as God by feeble man! "Before the foundation of the world." How small do these words make the world appear! God hath chosen us in Christ. How important, do these words teach us, are the saints thus chosen greater than the world which passeth away; and how immeasurable the grace that chooses, and the glory that shall be theirs so chosen!

What was the end God had in view in thus choosing us in Christ? He had His own deep purpose in this His will. Here is the reply:

That we should be holy and without blame before Him in love.

God planned concerning His creatures that some should stand before Him as children, holy, for He is holy, without a fault in His light, and at rest before Him in His love. God is light; God is love. We shall be holy and blameless before Him in His light; we shall in love be before Him in His love.

Fear is natural to the human heart whenever God is present to man in His holiness. At the sound of His voice in the garden, Adam and Eve, fallen from their first estate, hid themselves. And so it has been ever since with men. But God will have His children before Him in love; there will be no wish to hide oneself from Him in the glory. There will be no fault in us in the coming day for God's eye to rest on, and no sin in us to make us tremble at His presence; hence ours will be holy and happy, as well as everlasting, liberty before Him.

But while perfect joy will be thus ours, none the less will glory be our portion. Our God and Father has

Predestinated us unto the adoption of sons.

The glorious portion of sons of God is our destiny—sons in glory, worthy, by grace, of the glory wherein we shall shine. The term child arouses thoughts of affection—that of son, not only those of love, but also thoughts of glory and honor. What a contrast awaits the Christian! He, who here is weak and despised, has a nobler destiny than even that of the angels. Great and glorious as they are, the adoption of sons is not theirs; no, God has reserved this for the beggars of the dunghill, the outcasts, the poor and needy souls, whom He has found upon this earth and fitted in Christ for everlasting Honor. Yet, as we ponder over this grace and this glory, we rest upon the words—By Jesus Christ to Himself;

For of God, and in and by Christ, are all our blessings. Not only are we blessed in Christ, but our blessings become ours by Jesus Christ. The Lord Jesus has wrought out the work whereby we, in nature so far off from God, and by nature so sinful and at enmity to God, are brought nigh. He has come from the heights of heavenly glory down to the low estate of man upon the earth, and has associated God's children with Himself, and made them sharers of His glory as Man risen from the dead. This exalted portion, fellow Christian, is that of all saints—none is left out. Each saint is a child and a son, and all shall before long appear in glory before their God and Father to the praise of His glory.

And in that glory, as its wonders are beheld, of which we have so faint a conception here, we shall each learn more and more deeply that all is of grace—God's own infinite grace—all is "according to the good pleasure of His will,

To the praise of the glory of His grace, Wherein He hath made us accepted in the Beloved."

## Overwhelmed!

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THE heat is excessive; everyone is complaining, except those who have too much to do to think about the weather. In the room where these words are penned, our candles have turned limp, and have bowed over till their wicks are facing the mantel shelf! These limp and overcome composites will give no light! They are overwhelmed by the heat, and for all practical value are disposed of! As they hang down, each one facing and making obeisance to the other, they seem to say to the writer, "If you require light in such melting weather as this, you must find some more solid stuff to give it than we are made of—we are exhausted; we have given up all ideas of future usefulness, and therefore we cannot give you light."

Whether there is anything specially weak about our composites we cannot tell, but their condition is a parable to us, saying, "Do not give up light-giving because of the furnace; let not sorrow and distress so melt your heart that the purpose for which you are left in this world is missed by you, and thus, instead of seeing your good works and glorying your Father who is in heaven, men say of you—See that Christian, he is as much under the power of circumstances as a man of the world; he says he has a Father in heaven, but he does not look like one who believes in a Father's love."

## You Are Going to Be Summoned!

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IN my early school days, long before I reached my teens, such an inordinate love of fun was in me that my dear father often told me I should one day get myself into sad disgrace.

My father's fears were only too well grounded, as the following incident shows. In going to school I had each morning to pass a neighbor's house, the inmates of which were notoriously late risers. One morning, when passing their house with two of my schoolfellows, one of them threw a stone upon the roof, and then we all ran off as fast as possible around the corner, not being discovered we thought. A little while after, when passing the house in company with two other boys, the window blinds being still down, I imitated the example of the boys, and then, upon turning the corner, related our fun to an older schoolfellow.

The next time I saw this boy he came towards me with a very serious manner, and said, "Ah! you are going to be summoned!" and I found that the neighbors I had disturbed had looked out just as he was passing by, and that he had "told on me." He seemed to delight in the prospect then before me, but I was horror-struck at the thought of being "summoned."

The news spread like wildfire among the boys that I was to be summoned, and I did my utmost to conceal my fears by forcing a laugh or by saying something droll. I succeeded so far that I overheard two boys in conversation saying, "A. is going to be summoned, but he doesn't care a bit."

Could they but have seen me weeping when alone, they would have been fully convinced that A. did care, and that he was more alarmed than they gave him credit for. Lest the truth should come out, I dared not venture one word of explanation at home why the frolicsome schoolboy had suddenly become melancholy and without appetite.

Some days having passed by, my fears gradually diminished, and I began to hope that all would blow over. My surprise and confusion can therefore be better imagined than described, when one thy, before all at my home, my father suddenly taxed me with the mischief. Yet what a relief it was to me to find that, though he knew all the story, he loved his little son just the same. He did not tell me that he had pleaded for me with the neighbor, but his manner set my mind at rest.

This little incident of early days seemed to foreshadow a really great event in my life: a few years after the occurrence just related, I found myself in danger of being summoned before a tribunal where I must needs answer for my many sins. Oh! how I dreaded to meet the Judge. I knew that He had a perfect knowledge of all my thoughts, and words and ways, and that before Him I should be utterly unable to attempt any sort of defense. The knowledge of this so terrified me that even now I can remember my knees knocking together with fear, lest I should be suddenly called into His presence, to await the dread moment when I should receive my just condemnation.

I knew not then what a joyful surprise was in store for me, but the report reached me that He, who had been hitherto the special object of my fear and dread, loved me with an everlasting love, and

that He had given His own Son to die to save me from the consequences of my sin and folly. I am sorry to add that at first I esteemed the news too good to be true, but He who loved me was very patient, and eventually I believed and received the truth as it is in Jesus, and now I rejoice in the assurance that there is “no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus.”

Youthful or aged reader, sooner or later you will be summoned before your Creator. Will it be to receive a reward■a “Well done, good and faithful servant”? or will it be to receive a sentence of condemnation? He who knows all, even to your secret thoughts, loves you notwithstanding all, and is willing to save your guilty soul.

“He that believeth on Him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.” A. J.

## Little Bertie

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BERTIE was a noble-looking little fellow, just six years and seven months old. He ran about in the fields, and was full of fun and frolic. How little did we imagine that our merry, sprightly nephew would so soon be called away from his loving parents and his chatty little sister, and go to that world of which he was so fond of singing.

A few minutes before he died, Bertie called his mother, and said to her, "Mamma, I am going to die: Jesus has sent for me." He then kissed his father and mother, and uncle, and aunt, and his two little sisters, and sang the hymn■

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high."

After singing that beautiful hymn, the dear child quietly fell asleep in Jesus, passing away without a struggle, and so shall he be forever with the Lord. R. C. C.

## The Cities of Israel. Tyre

WE cannot, in strictness, call Tyre “a city of Israel,” for though it seems (together with Sidon) to have been allotted to the tribe of Asher, it was never conquered by that tribe, and was never in subjection to Jerusalem. We include it in these papers because of the place it has in the evangelic narrative. Tyre is there several times referred to, though all the occasions seem to be reducible to three events: first, the coming of a great multitude from “the sea coast of Tyre and Sidon” to Jesus as He stood “in the plain.” to hear Him, and to be healed of their diseases; secondly, the reference to the sister-cities on the occasion of pronouncing the woes on Chorazin, &c.; and lastly, the healing of the Syro-Phoenician woman’s daughter.

At the time of this last mentioned event, the Lord Jesus was near Tyre, and apparently sought for retirement, for He entered into a house, and would have no man know it. But “He could not be hid”; the anxious mother, whose young daughter had an unclean spirit, found Him. The silence of the Lord; so unusual with Him when the pleadings of distress sought an answer, and the strangeness of the reply which He at last gave to the woman, have perplexed many. Yet the reason for this apparent exception to His usually gracious manner, is really to be found in the situation of Tyre and the nationality of the woman, ■ of which reason, indeed, the gospel gives a clear intimation in the words of the Lord. To His disciples He said, when they urged that He should send her away, “I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel.” We cannot too distinctly bear in mind that this was indeed the mission of the Lord, however much more extended may have become the acting’s of His grace consequent upon the refusal of His mission by Israel ■ that is, since the Cross. Son of Abraham and of David, it was to the seed of Abraham and to David’s people that He came, though they rejected Him and denied His claims. Blessing has indeed come to us, “though Abraham be ignorant of us, and Israel acknowledge us not,” but for that blessing we must urge other pleas than those which during the ministry of the Lord might be put forward by a Jew. As long as God in His wisdom was pleased to make national distinctions, and to give to Israel the Honor of being a “peculiar people” unto Himself, so long would God’s Son observe those distinctions. It seems, then, that the name the woman invoked ■ “Son of David” ■ should not have been used by her. Bartimꝰus might lawfully use it, but this woman was a Greek or “heathen,” one truly (in the later language of the apostle) “an alien from the commonwealth of Israel, a stranger from the covenants of promise,” even as she was “without hope” ■ that “Hope of Israel,” which was the theme of psalmists and prophets, and the earnest desire of the faithful in Israel. Such, too (we add), are we. And when she owns this of herself, assenting to the Lord’s distinct enunciation of the difference then still existing between Jew and Gentile, and pleads only for a “dog’s” portion, it is then that she receives the blessing she sought, even according to her desire. And thus this incident, which seems to stand alone in the pages of the gospels, is found to be fully as precious as any recorded in those pages. For it is the only instance there set down of such blessing being received by a heathen; while in this respect it was like the answer to the “great faith” of the Capernaum centurion ■ that by a word, and at a distance, the afflicted child was healed.

We ask you, dear reader, have you acted as honestly as this poor woman giving up all pretense of claim on God's mercy, and pleading only His grace? Do you, in response to His statement of your distance and sinner-ship, answer, "Truth, Lord"? There is no other way of blessing.

All who are familiar with the map of Palestine will remember that Tyre is situated on the coast of the Mediterranean Sea, on that long, narrow strip of land lying between Lebanon and the sea the southernmost part of Phoenicia, of which it was the chief city. The city is of undoubted antiquity; it is mentioned in the Book of Joshua as "the strong city Tyre," or Tzor (margin). The name signifies "a rock," and is probably taken from the broad reef of rock on which the city stood. There is no doubt that it was originally an island; but a causeway between the island and continent having been made by Alexander the Great, the action of the sea in the deposition of sand, &c., has widened that connection to such an extent that at the present day every sign of Tyre's insular nature is obliterated. The connecting isthmus is now about half a mile wide. The prophet Ezekiel, however, speaks of Tyre as being "in the midst of the sea," and Josephus, referring to the exchange of cedar and wheat between Solomon and Hiram, king of Tyre, says that the latter asked for corn on the ground that the Tyrians inhabited an island.

The island was not of great size, being scarcely a mile in length, and in breadth somewhat shorter than its length. Space being therefore limited, the houses were built in a manner which, familiar though it is to us, was strange to Eastern eyes stories were piled one above another, recalling the aspect, says an ancient geographer, of the gigantic mansions of Rome.

The early history of Tyre is mixed up with fable; only when we reach its connections with Israel are we sure of our facts. The command given to Israel to exterminate the Canaanites of course included the Tyrians and Sidonians, but, as is well known, Israel stayed its hand, and settled down with its work undone. Thus we read: "Neither did Asher drive out the inhabitants of... Zidon...; but the Asherites dwelt among the Canaanites, the inhabitants of the land: for they did not drive them out." There is no record of war at any time between Tyrians and Jews, and, when at last Tyre is brought prominently into notice, it is as a helper in great and mighty works which were going forward in Israel. First of all, Hiram (who was "ever a lover of David,") sent to David "cedar trees, and carpenters, and masons: and they built David an house." Afterward the still mightier work of the house of the Lord was undertaken, and Hiram (who on his mother's side was of Jewish stock the tribe of Naphtali) was again requisitioned. "He came to King Solomon, and wrought all his work." His name is associated with the pillars and chapiters, the checker work and chain work, the molten sea and the oxen, the pots, the shovels, and the basins all these were made of "bright brass" the molten sea of Jehovah. A great friendship seems to have existed between the kings, and between their peoples; their navies went to sea together; Solomon made Hiram a present of twenty cities (which, however, greatly displeased the receiver) and the latter sent six-score talents of gold to Solomon. Moreover, Solomon took to himself wives from the Sidonians, which, as before explained, is the larger expression, including Tyrians as well as Sidonians. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Tyre had ever retained its idolatry. With most impure and licentious rites it had worshipped, among other gods, Ashtoreth, "the queen of heaven" the Syrian Venus, the Goddess of Love. Was it strange that Solomon's heart was turned away from the Lord, and that he placed among his "new gods gods that came newly up" the Phnician Ashtoreth? It is recorded of Solomon's younger days, that he "loved the Lord;... only (most solemn word!) he sacrificed and burnt incense in high places." When he was old his heart was altogether turned

away “after other gods.” Who can tell whither the beginnings of evil, when once allowed, will lead us?

Passing down the stream of time, we meet, in the prophecy of Joel, with the first intimation of heart burnings between Israel and Tyre. The latter had sold the children of Judah and of Jerusalem to the Grecians. Amos, also, is an herald of punishment on Tyre, because it had not remembered “the brotherly covenant” ■probably an allusion to the intimate relations with the early kings of Judah. Isaiah, too, still later, takes up the parable against the Phoenician capital “her own feet” should carry her afar off to sojourn. It sustained sieges by Shalmaneser, and by Nebuchadnezzar, but its fortunes were not greatly affected by the hardships of war till a third siege, laid B. C. 332, by the famous Alexander. First of all, he summoned the Phoenician cities to submit; all did so except Tyre, and Alexander set himself to reduce that city. Ever victorious, he succeeded here, after seven months’ labor, during which he united the island of Tyre to the continent by an enormous causeway. Blockaded north and south by fleets, attacked from the mainland by the army, Tyre fell; and, after the barbarous fashion of the time, its defenders were put to death, and 30,000 of its inhabitants were sold as slaves.

Even after this it recovered, and in the time of our Lord it had a large measure of prosperity■not so great as before, it is true, yet Jerome, a Christian writer of the fifth century, speaks of Tyre as “the most noble and the most beautiful city of Phoenicia.” In the seventh century, it surrendered (with all Syria and Palestine) to the followers of Mahomet. In 1124 it was captured by the Crusaders, but in 1291 it endured a siege from the Saracens, and one day the Tyrians fled in their vessels, leaving their city undefended. The blight which everywhere falls where the Crescent rises, fell on Tyre; it never recovered this its last capture. Partly by the destruction which the Saracens then poured out upon the place, and altogether in fulfillment of the prophetic word, it became a heap of ruins, and the aspect which now meets the eye is such as to indeed call up Isaiah’s exclamation, “Is this your joyous city, whose antiquity is of ancient days?” Even the ruins are scarce, for they have been worked as quarries to supply building stone for other places! In calm weather many granite columns can be seen on the bottom of the sea, and occasionally beautiful remains have been met with in excavations, but that is all; for the rest, it is an “insignificant village,” a “wretched roadstead,” “an empty harbor.”

We have not space to speak of Tyre’s ancient wealth and prosperity. Indeed, we could only set down on this page that which is much more fully given in the Scriptures, and we especially commend to the reader’s attention the 26th, 27th, and 28th chapters of Ezekiel. The riches and the beauty of Tyre are fully described there, as well as the pride and boasting begotten of those possessions. The whole world was laid under contribution to pour its treasures into her, the “mart of nations.” Every precious thing, whether of natural produce, or of the work of man’s hand, went to enrich her, but her heart was lifted up by it. She is fallen now: “her walls” are “destroyed,” “her towers” are “broken down,” the dust is scraped from her; she is made like the top of a rock. Very literally has it become “a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea.” Recent attempts have been made to revive the city, but they are vain. “Thou shall never be any more” is the word of the Lord God, and this word cannot be broken. Jr.

## The Fuller

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THE fuller rendered garments clean and white, and in his work he used nitre or soap, and he trod upon the garments or beat them. Thus were impurities removed and stains cleansed away. Allusion is made to this when the Lord God says to sinful Israel, stained and defiled by sin, “though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before Me” (Jer. 2:22), for the efforts of man cannot remove the stains of sins or efface the defilement of evil from him. No art or effort of the fuller can render the soul white in the sight of God.

When the Lord shall come to the earth again He will, says the prophet, be “like fullers’ soap” (Mal. 3:2), for He will Himself cleanse and fit His ancient people for His presence.

On the mount of transfiguration Jesus’ “raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow; so as no fuller on earth can white them.” (Mark 9:3.)

He was seen for a moment arrayed in heavenly brightness and regality; for a moment the kingdom of God was beheld in power. No human hand gave that whiteness to His robes—snow-white, and heavenly in splendor; the glory and the purity they declared were beyond all human power to produce.

“Who may abide the day of His coming? and who shall stand when He appeareth?” (Mal. 3:2), for holiness becomes God’s house forever. How shall the stains of sin be taken away, and man be rendered fit for the light. Who shall stand arrayed in white robes in the radiant courts of glory? No earthly whiteness will avail for heaven. Only such as are washed in the blood of the Lamb is the answer, and His blood washes whiter than snow. In that day the Lord’s people shall walk with Him in white—in heavenly brightness and in garments exceeding white as snow.

“These are they which came out of (the) great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.” (Rev. 7:4.)

The Story of Isaac Levinsohn.

## Enters a Protestant Church. Chapter 8

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ONE day, during the factory dinner hour, I passed by a Protestant church, the door of which was open, and, tempted by curiosity, I entered. There were no pictures nor graven images there, as I had been accustomed to see in the Christian churches in my native land, and, though I did not understand the service, yet its simplicity struck me so much that I almost began to think I was in some kind of Jewish synagogue, and not in a Christian church at all.

On returning to my work, I could not forget what I had seen, and at length asked one of my friends if he had ever been in such a building.

“What! in a Christian church?” said he. “I have never been into one, and never mean to do so. I hope you have not been into such a place; now, have you?”

I was afraid to confess, yet dared not deny, and was therefore slow to answer. My friend’s suspicions were aroused, and I was obliged to tell the truth, adding that I could not see what harm I had done. Upon this my friend began to curse me for saying a word in favor of a Christian church, and made me promise I would not enter one again.

A few days passed by, and once more, in my dinner hour, I passed by the church, the door of which was again open, but I dared not break my promise, though I felt a great desire to enter the building. I stood in the street, watching the door, for the hour, and then returned dinnerless to my work.

For the rest of that day I regretted not having gone in, and for some time after I remained in a low and melancholy state. At last I made up my mind that go to the church I would, and see for myself what it was like, but determined to keep my movements secret. Many times did I attend the service, and was much impressed by the solemnity and earnestness of the preacher, and the manner in which the service was conducted, and how I wished I could understand the words that fell from the lips of him who spoke so fervently!

One day there sat not far from me in the church a gentleman, whom I took to be a Jew. I was afraid he was an agent sent by my friends to spy me out, and I trembled lest I should be discovered, and that my father should hear I had been into a church of the Christians, whom he detested and hated with all his heart, even as I did. However, observing the gentleman reading the prayers, I was relieved, and judged he was one of the worshippers.

When the service was over, I remained a few moments in the pew. When this gentleman caught sight of me, he at once made his way to me, and addressed me in Hebrew, saying, “Alla Jehudah, achi?” (“Are you a Jew, my brother?”)

I was startled, and, seeing he was indeed a Jew, thought, after all, this is not a Christian church, but the place of worship of some new sect of Jews—perhaps the reformed Jews.

I answered him, "Ani Jehudah" ("I am a Jew"), whereon he shook hands with me, and commenced speaking in German. He gave me his address on bidding me farewell, but I destroyed it, lest my Jewish friends should see it.

Several days passed by, and, hoping to see the gentleman again, I made my way once more to the church, and there found him, as before.

On the service being ended, he again spoke to me, asking what my circumstances were, whence I came, and who were my parents. He was so kind and generous in speaking with me that I opened my heart to him, and told him exactly why I had left my native land, and how that I sought to be saved, and to know the God of Israel. I explained to him how that since I had left home my soul had been cast down—that ever since I began to seek the truth I had but felt I was lost—adding, "I know I want something, but do not know what it is."

"Are you going mad?" said he.

"If the truth be told, I am mad," was my reply.

Then he smiled, and said, "I hope you will get much worse."

Surprised and pained at the unkind answer, I asked him what he meant, upon which he said that a few years ago he had been in the same state of mind, that he had left his native land, Austria, and his father, mother, relatives and friends, and that he did really nearly go mad for misery of soul, but that he now thanked God for that madness, for God had given him wisdom and everlasting satisfaction.

Now for some years I had been seeking for rest of soul, and here stood before my eyes, for the first time, a man who could say he himself had everlasting satisfaction. My whole soul was filled with intense desire to know what he meant—what it was that he had, which neither my parents nor my Rabbi in Kovno, nor my friends in Germany or in England possessed. "Tell me all about it," I cried.

He then propounded several questions concerning the Messiah, which I had often wished to understand. He also quoted several portions of the Holy Writ, which had ever seemed to me hard to explain. In fact nearly all his questions were the very same as those I had put to my Rabbi in Kovno and to my beloved father, and which neither of them could satisfactorily answer. All this filled me with astonishment, for I was in the presence of a man who had evidently had the same difficulties as myself, and I was very pleased in thinking I should now have these difficulties cleared up.

This gentleman then bade me explain the saying in the Talmud, "They of the school of Elijah have taught that the world exists for six thousand years—two thousand void (without law), two thousand with law, and two thousand the days of Messiah." "Now," said he, "four thousand years have long gone by, and the last two thousand have nearly gone. Where is Messiah?"

I prayed him to tell all he knew of the mystery of Messiah; upon which he called to my mind the prophecy of Isaiah, especially chapter 53., relating to His rejection, and also many others which speak in the same way of the Redeemer of Israel.

All that this gentleman said interested me deeply; but when he asked me to give him my address I refused, being afraid my friends should discern the manner of conversation I had had with him.

He then asked me to call upon the Rev. H. A. Stern, assuring me I should enjoy his conversation, and I promised to visit that gentleman.

The reader will doubtless remember how this devoted minister for Christ suffered for Him in Abyssinia so many years.

One morning at half-past eight, I called upon Mr. Stern, and told him of my interview in the church with my Jewish friend, and how I had promised that I would present myself to him. Mr. Stern took me into his study, and during a conversation which deeply interested me, the gentleman whom I had met in the church joined us, as did also some others.

Mr. Stern then said he would read a chapter from the Bible. His devoutness impressed me greatly, for before reading from the sacred writings, he and the rest knelt down; I did not, however, do so, such an attitude being contrary to the Jewish customs relating to prayer. The prayer was offered in the German language, and it excited me considerably, because Mr. Stern began by addressing himself to the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. He proceeded to express in his prayer the deep sinfulness of the human heart, acknowledging how impossible it is for any man to obtain favor in God's sight by his own power, and concluded by owning to God the Father that the only way to Him is through Jesus Christ His Son, who says, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

I could have repeated almost the whole of the prayer when it was ended. After this the Bible was opened, and passages were read and observations made, when again all knelt down, as prayer and thanksgiving were rendered to God.

My mind grew confused. I had never before witnessed anything so simple yet so truly devout; never before had I seen men in real intercourse (as it seemed to me) with the living God. I could but look upon the earnest and pious countenance of Mr. Stern with feelings of reverence, just as I should have done had I gazed upon a great prophet, even an Elijah. Indeed I felt a peculiar attraction towards him, and wished he were a friend of mine, and that I might hear him address me as a son.

Here I confess that, though I have mixed all my life with pious people, both Jews and Christians, I never before nor since have seen anyone who appeared to me so holy and so humble as Mr. Stern. Now he has gone to rest, but I shall be grateful to him for all eternity. Oh! if all Christians lived such lives as his, the world could not but see in their light the reflection of Him who is the Light of Life.

## Old Perry

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OLD Perry was seventy years of age, and, as far as could be gathered, he had no very fair history behind him. In all those three score years and ten he had lived utterly without God in the world, and had never been into a church or a chapel, except, upon his being married, and this was an occurrence which had taken place twice during his life. Both Perry and his wife were sadly fond of the public-house, and in his younger days he had been a practiced hand with his fists. But God, who is rich in mercy, saved the old man, and this is how it came about.

Old Perry had a grandchild, who used to come to the children's services, where the singing of the hymns so captivated her young heart, and so filled it, that she could not help singing these sweet songs at home. Her childish joy in the hymns interested the old man, and she said, "Come and hear for yourself, grandfather!" But Perry could not be persuaded to venture into any building where any kind of religious service was conducted. However, he came to the open-air meetings held near the pier, and there, after awhile, he felt at home. He gradually drew nearer and nearer to the speaker, and became a regular attendant. And more; one Saturday night he surprised the friends at the mission hall with his appearance, and fairly astonished the handful who met at seven the next morning at the early prayer meeting, by presenting himself first at the door, with his life-burden of seventy years.

For twelve months after that day, every Sunday morning, Perry was always first at the door; and the lady who resided on the spot said, "I often tried to be before him, but whenever I began to unbolt the door, his cough was a signal that he was waiting outside."

If ever the old man had an opening to choose a hymn, he invariably selected—.

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,

Let me to Thy bosom fly, While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high."

This was his favorite, and no marvel, for the words were so cheering and appropriate.

"Other refuge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,"

are splendid words for old age, while for the many sins of his long life what more encouraging language than this■

"Plenteous grace in Thee is found■

Grace to cover all my sin;

Let the healing stream abound;

Make and keep me pure within."

Though for months old Perry loved this hymn and its words of salvation, he could not confess he was saved. But he loved to sing■

“All my trust on Thee is stayed,

All my help from Thee I bring.”

He usually rose at three in the morning to attend to his employment at the gasworks, and he said if he got up early six days for an earthly master, he could also get up one day for the heavenly Master. Nor was this all; his situation necessitated occasional Sunday work, but when he began to seek the Lord he paid another man to do his turn of the necessary toil, so that he might not miss a single opportunity of hearing the good news of God’s love to him.

A Bible-class was held on Sunday afternoons at the mission hall, and to this old Perry loved to come. The—history of Peter most especially interested—him, and at the class, as at the prayer-meeting, he would seldom fail to say, “Let us sing Jesus, Lover of my soul.”

At length old Perry was missed, and it became known that he was ill. Then a message came from him, asking that someone would visit him, and our friend who tells us his story learned that he had, had a sudden illness and was dying. Entering his room, she said, “Well, Mr. Perry, I hear you are dying.”

“This bean’t a dyin’! I’s’e passing from death unto life,” was the old man’s confident reply.

At length God had given him full assurance. He could now speak of his conversion in terms strong and true, if quaint and original.

“It seemed,” said he, “as if Jesus came into my heart, and the devil went out. Glory to Him! He has saved the old prize-fighter, Tell the people about it, but tell them not to wait till they be seventy.” Then, as his heart grew happy in the love of Christ to him, he must have a song, so he said, “Sing to me! Sing ‘Jesus, Lover of my soul.’”

“I can’t,” replied our friend, whose heart was too full for joining in a song.

“Then I will,” whispered old Perry; and the voice, that had often sung wild songs, sang, as it were with dying breath, of the “nearer waters” and the sheltering bosom One verse, however, was not enough; the second followed, and then the third■

“Thou, O Christ, art all I want,

More than all in Thee I find,”

till the whole of the favorite hymn was gone through.

The old man became a preacher to his former companions and neighbors, repeating much that he had heard in the Bible-class “Yes, I remember, He looked upon Peter Loving Jesus, to look on him. I am just like Peter, and Jesus has looked upon me He let Peter preach that sermon of his, and three thousand got saved■don’t I wish I could see three thousand saved!■and when he was in prison, the Lord sent to let him out. Good and gracious Jesus!”

The lessons of the Bible-class were not forgotten certainly, neither was the early prayer-meeting. “Don’t let that stop,” said he to his lady friend; “if you are all alone, you pray yourself.”

He wished his body, when he died, to be brought into the hall; but “no black, mind no black.”

Six months had passed, during which the old man was confined to his bed, suffering greatly, but never murmuring, when one Sunday a band of singers went to the street where he lay waiting for his call home, and sang outside his house■

“Jesus, Lover of my soul,

Let me to Thy bosom fly.”

The old man was so delighted that he had the windows opened, and joined in the song. It was his last song on earth. The next day a band came from the bright home above to carry away old Perry, as the angels did Lazarus, and thus the oft-repeated prayer was fulfilled■

“Safe into the haven guide;

Oh, receive my soul at last.”

Crowds came to old Perry’s funeral, and as in the hall the now silent singer slept, a farewell hymn was sung, telling of that Lover of souls who had called another weary soul to His bosom. Nor were there many who could keep back the tears as they thought how sweetly the poor old prizefighter of seventy years of sins had been saved by grace, and they rejoiced in his joy■ “absent from the body, present with the Lord”■as these lines of his favorite hymn swelled through the hall—

“Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all eternity.”

W. L.

## No Secrets Before God

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WHEN I was stationed at Bermuda, a draft of young soldiers was sent out to join my regiment. Amongst them was a smart corporal of good appearance and courteous manners.

The color-sergeant of the company to which he was posted had married a few years previously, at Gibraltar, a respectable young woman of that place, her mother being an Italian. Prior to the regiment leaving Gibraltar, the mother gave her daughter three old-fashioned gold rings, which were valuable as heirlooms, as well as for their antique designs.

Shortly after the corporal joined the company one of the rings was lost; a few months elapsed and then another, and soon after the last disappeared. The corporal had frequent recourse to the quarters of the color-sergeant, but everyone thought him such a nice fellow, that not a shadow of suspicion was cast upon him. Not long after the disappearance of the third ring the corporal went to bathe in a quiet cove in the island. He did not return; search was made, and he was found drowned. He had become entangled amongst some fishing lines, which he could not have noticed when entering the water. On his effects being examined, a small parcel of old calico was found in his knapsack, and very carefully wrapped therein were the three gold rings!

Now nothing but sheer covetousness could have induced this man to take them; though he had done the wrong, he acted in a most plausible manner, offering sympathy to the owners for their loss, and showing much interest in their hoped for recovery. Surely his conscience must have smitten him, smooth as were his manners! It is written, "There is nothing hid that shall not be known." It was God's purpose, no doubt, that this matter should be brought to light in the way it was, and we place the record before our readers by way of warning. We may be able to deceive one another, but God we cannot deceive. "There is not a thought in our hearts but, O Lord, Thou knowest it altogether."

Is there a secret sin wrapped up in your heart, that you could almost wish even the eye of the Lord could not discern? How futile! He searches the heart, and tries the reins, and knows the inward thoughts of man, and, in His own way, He will bring to light every secret, however hidden it may be. VICTOR.

## Is God Willing to Save?

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“OH! that I might know that God is willing to save me,” cried a poor suffering woman.

“Save you?” it was replied; “willing to save you? Why, what better evidence can you have of God’s being willing to save you than that of the gift of His own Son, and of the Son’s suffering and death, that He might save you? Free forgiveness, free justification are great favors, but Christ is greater than all these gifts of God, and He embodies all, and in Him, by faith, we have all. How, then, in the face of all these things, and knowing the truth of them, can you dare to doubt the willingness of God to save you?”

“Ah, yes, but then I feel■”

“I see where you are,” it was replied, “you want to make your feelings the warrant of your faith. You are to come and take Christ and His salvation as a free gift, without money and without price;” but if you are to purchase it by feeling how can it be free?

If I were to offer a man a million of money upon the condition that he received it freely as a gift, and then consented afterward to receive but a farthing for it in return, what I gave would not be a gift. The farthing I received would spoil it. So if God gave you salvation upon the ground of, or in exchange for, your good feelings, it would no longer be a free gift. You would be entitled to it, and the purchase-money would be your good feelings. Do not thus insult God, but come now, in your true character as guilty and lost, and stoop down and drink of the water of life freely.

“Honor God by believing His word, and prove that He is willing to receive you, for thus it is that we do prove the willingness of God to receive us, for is it not written, ‘Thy people shall be willing in the day of My power?’ And when we are made willing to be saved by Christ, to doubt whether God will save us is as absurd as it would be for a man who had fallen into a pit, and whose friend was lifting him out, to say, ‘Oh, I wish I could know that my friend was willing to lift me out of this.’”

These words sank into the heart of the poor woman, and led her to see that her very willingness to be saved was an effect of God’s own grace, and proved His willingness to save her, and, by faith, looking away from self and her own feelings, and resting only upon Christ for salvation, she found joy and peace in believing, and received the assurance of her interest in God’s salvation and unchanging love.

Reader, do you wish to know whether God is willing to save you? Examine and ask yourself if you are willing to be saved by Him in His own way, by the acceptance of a full and free salvation in Christ by faith. If so, your very willingness shows that God is willing, for your willingness is but the effect of His own grace. Throw yourself upon the finished work of Christ for acceptance with God, and having done so, believe, upon the warrant of God’s own word, that God has received you, and that His salvation is yours, and assurance, joy, and peace in Christ, shall be your portion both now and forever. W. P. B.

## The Young Servant

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KATE was a young servant—she was a Christian, and on the day of which I write, she stood in her little bedroom putting on her hat and jacket to run an errand for her mistress. But Kate's face, reflected in the mirror, was not at all a happy one.

"Kate! Kate!" called her mistress, "are you not ready?" Kate obeys the summons and is soon on her way.

It was a lovely morning, and Kate had not walked very far before her usual good temper returned. "How wrong of me," she said to herself, "to grumble because I have to leave my work to go and inquire after poor Miss S. I do hope she will be better this morning," and as she thus spoke a sad look crossed her face "for they say she is dying; but if she loves Jesus, she won't be afraid, I know."

Kate had found out a little of the love the Lord Jesus had for her, but she had not learned to leave everything with Him, and thus to overcome the impatience that arose in her heart because of her little trials and troubles.

Let us now look into the house where Kate is desired to call. A lady is seated in one of its windows, watching her with a heart full of bitterness. "Why," sighs she, "should my daughter bear such suffering, and this servant-girl look so happy?" Then rising from her chair she goes to Kate, saying, "You come from Mrs. E., I believe, to inquire after my child. Perhaps a fresh, bright face might arouse her; I should like you to go in and take your message yourself."

Kate, who had frequently come to the house to make enquiries, followed the lady upstairs, full of wonder why she, a little servant maid, should have such an honor paid her.

When they reached the bedroom, the lady left Kate standing just inside the room, saying she would return shortly. Kate fixed her eyes on the pale, wasted face of the dying girl; she had not before seen such a sight. Was she asleep? she wondered. No, for, opening her eyes, the invalid said, half to herself, half to Kate, "I'm so weary, oh! so weary." In a moment all Kate's timidity fled; her heart was filled with pity for the sufferer, and going over to the bedside, she bent down to that weary looking face and said, softly and tenderly, "Do you not know that Jesus will give you rest? He offers it to you now, He says Himself, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'" Then becoming very bold, she took up a Bible near, and turning to Matthew 11:28, read its precious words slowly over again.

"Mark it for me," said the sick girl, "and tell me more about Him." In the few precious moments thus given, Kate told the dying girl all she knew in her heart of Jesus and His love, and as she simply declared what a Saviour Jesus was to herself, the invalid exclaimed, "I see it; how good of Him!"

There was no time for more, the lady returned, and Kate went home with a wondering heart: Two weeks passed by, and once more Kate was sent to the house, having meantime heard of the death of the young lady.

In answer to her enquiries, one of the servants said Miss S. had died very happily. "She wasn't the same after your visit. I suppose you are to have her Bible; she left it for you," she added.

As you read this true but simple tale, think, dear young Christian friend, to what high service the blessed Master may call you, and how cheerfully you should enter by any door He may open for you, where you may, in your own simple way, speak lovingly for Him. J. P.

## About Faith

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Do not occupy your heart with inquiring how much or how little faith you may have, but think rather of Him in whom you trust. The more we know of our God and our Lord, the firmer will be our faith. There may be as considerable a danger to the prosperity of our faith, by our efforts to gauge its quantity, as there is by looking at our feelings and joys instead of to Christ. Testing what sort our faith is, is not faith in God, but a form of self-occupation.

## On the Way Home

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A SHORT time ago a Christian gentleman, accompanied by a friend, was driving home from a mission meeting, one of a series that had been held at a village some miles distant. The evening was well advanced, and, after they had driven some little distance, they overtook a youth, walking slowly, and with an air of utter weariness and dejection. The gentleman pulled up, and asked, "Where are you going?"

"I am on my way home, sir."

"Have you far to go?" "No, sir, just to B■." "Well, it is not worth while giving you a lift for that short distance," said the gentleman, to which the young man replied, "Oh, no, thank you, sir, I'll easily walk," and so the gentleman drove on.

But he was impelled, surely by the Holy Spirit, to stop after he had gone on some little distance, and looking round he found the lad running close behind. Waiting until he came alongside, and feeling sure he was dejected and sorrowful because he was not sure of heaven being his home, the gentleman said, "Are you really and truly on your way home?"

"No, sir, I am not," was the honest confession; and then, as he was asked to get into the trap, he added in a tone of anguish, "I must get saved; my sister was saved last night, my brother the night before, and I am left out!" "Well," said the gentleman, "if you are willing to be saved, Christ is far more willing to save you, you have but to go to Him just as you are." Without another word the lad fell on his knees and cried, "Lord Jesus, take me as I am; I am unworthy, but Jesus died■Jesus died."

The plea was sufficient, the prayer was heard and answered. After a few minutes' silence he said to the two Christians, "I am saved; won't you praise the Lord with me?" And they did praise the Lord; for making a halt, they knelt by the wayside, and beneath the starlit sky their praises re-echoed in the courts above. After they had exchanged farewells, the lad cried, "I am on my way home now, I'll go praising Him."

Reader, there are two ways■one to the home above, the other where there is weeping and wailing. On which are you going? Jesus died for you. God is "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." (2 Peter 3:9.) K. R.

## Not by Chance

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SOME little while ago, a lady entered a small stationer's shop in an out-of-the-way village, and asked for a cardboard box in which to send some flowers to a friend in London. The shopkeeper, who happened to be busy, hastily turned out some boxes, and, finding an empty one, gave it to the lady and thought no more of it. About two months afterward the lady again entered the shop, and recalled the circumstance to the shopkeeper's remembrance. She said that in the box was a gospel paper, and thinking that the picture upon it might please the child of the friend to whom she was sending the flowers, she let it remain in the box. She added that her friend, in writing to thank her for the flowers, said she could not tell how thankful she was for the gospel paper. For a long time past she had been troubled about her soul, and could not shake off her despondency; indeed, so troubled did she grow that her husband was much disturbed at her melancholy. The picture attracted her attention, and she read the paper it illustrated, and by it God showed to her that what she needed had been accomplished for her, that the work of Christ on the cross had procured pardon and forgiveness. She was led to believe on Jesus, and now rejoices in Him and His blood.  
S. P.

## A Happy Example

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ONE spring morning, on a common lying at some distance from gardens, we observed a bee flying heavily, and almost pressed down with the weight of sweetness and beauty it had gathered. Over its sombre-colored body sparkled the silver and golden dust it had brought away from the blossoms where it had found the sweetness it had sought.

Happy example of a Christian, laden with the sweetness of heavenly things, and adorned with excellencies gathered up in searching after the beauties of God's word!

## Needing Christ

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THERE are three classes of persons familiar to the evangelist—one composed of such as do not want Christ; a second, of those who want Him but in part; a third, of those who want Him altogether.

We read in the ninth chapter of Matthew's gospel these words of the Lord: "THEY THAT BE WHOLE NEED NOT A PHYSICIAN," (ver. 12).

And these words relate to the first class of whom we have spoken. Who, being in sound health, needs the physician, seeks his advice, and places himself unreservedly in his hands? The strong and hearty do not require him, neither do they trouble themselves about him. And so it is spiritually with a very large class of men—they do not need the Great Physician, they seek Him not, and far less do they put themselves into His hands. They are not sin-sore, and sin-sick. They are, as they consider, well and strong in soul, and they concern not themselves about the Lord Jesus Christ.

As the gay crowds pass by the physician's door without a thought, so do these pass by the Lord Jesus Christ; they may have heard of Him in His wonderful healing greatness, but their hearts are filled with the fair things of life, and need Him not. "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." Poor heart-broken sinners do need the Lord, they long after Him, they pray for His mercy, they hope in Him for good, and none that hope in Him shall hope in vain.

But there is another class than that of those who do not need Jesus; it is composed of such as feel their need but partially. Sick they are, but not hopelessly so in their own ideas. They are as people who first try a little of their physician's remedies, and then try a little of their own; they have not given themselves up entirely into his hands to be made whole. In the things of life, such people are seldom very ill, or at least they do not regard themselves to be so. Certainly, in the things of everlasting life, such as try a little of self and a little of Christ do not realize their true condition. They would mingle law and grace together; they would try to make into one, these two words, the "This do, and thou shalt live," of the sinner, and the "It is finished" of the Saviour.

To such Jesus says—

"NO MAN PUTTETH A PIECE OF NEW CLOTH UNTO AN OLD GARMENT." (Matt. 9:16.)

The new, or raw, unwrought cloth is hard and unyielding, firm and strong—the old garment is flimsy and pliable: hence the two will not combine. The new will have its own way despite the old being willing to accommodate itself. "That which is put in to fill it up taketh from the garment, and the rent is made worse."

Alas, for such as spend their lives in trying to mend themselves with religion—yes, with the Christian religion—shall we say, with Christ? The Christian faith is most unyielding nothing must be added thereto or diminished therefrom; while, as for Christ Himself, it is, and ever must be, with Him, all, or not at all. All Christ, or no Christ—all thy hope in Christ, or no hope in Christ—all thy salvation through His name, or no salvation whatever—for "there is none other name given among

men whereby we must be saved.” Nevertheless, men are for patching up themselves—they are for putting a piece of new cloth into their old garment. A respectable old garment of several years’ age is over their shoulders, and they say, “Christ shall come in here and there, and be used to cover up the holes”! But He is unyielding in the extreme—God is unyielding; there never shall be one sinner stand in the glory arrayed save in Christ—the patchwork garment is dishonor to His glory. Indeed, if these people had but the eyes to see, they would discern that by placing Christ beside themselves, their sins, their shortcomings become more evil to the sight than ever—the rent is made worse.

It is sad enough to be one of that class which does not want Christ; it is sadder still to be one of those who dishonor Christ by only wanting enough of Him to fill up, as they see them, the gaps and rents of an imperfect life.

Salvation is near at hand for the needy sinner; he may have everlasting mercy even this day, and this great truth is presented in the chapter from which we take the verses we are considering, for, “while He spake these things to them,” two remarkable instances of the need of Him occurred, and of His mercy. A father begged Him to come and lay His hands upon his child, who was dead, assured that by the touch of Jesus she should live. And as Jesus went to bring life to the dead, a poor helpless woman, who had had a sickness upon her for twelve long years, sought the Good Physician.

Let us observe her need and her faith. She had in her heart these words: I SHALL BE WHOLE.

“If I may but touch His garment, I shall be whole.” She was hopelessly sick and she came to Him for entire healing.

Deep need and precious faith are here—the two prime necessities for the soul who would know perfect healing. The deeper the need the more certain the seeking after Jesus; the simpler the faith the surer the finding of Him. Her need was her impetus, her need forced her to Him. Neither the throng nor the disciples could stop her reaching forth her hand to touch the hem of His garment. Find Him she must, and find Him she did, and finding Him she found all she longed for, and much more besides.

She came to Him for healing and she was healed. She was also comforted and assured, and this she did not expect. “Thy faith hath made thee whole,” Jesus said to her, and established her heart before Himself. Surely it was worth while having been sick for twelve years to be healed by Him in such a way.

Her healing and her faith are a voice even this day to those which are sin-sick. Try Him, needy soul, try the Good Physician, and He will make you whole. To feel one’s sins, to long for salvation, is a gracious symptom that there is yet hope. To need the Good Physician is a proof that He is not altogether unknown: while to seek Him, as did the poor woman, is most certainly to find. “As many as touched were made whole.” Will not you stretch out your hand just now, weak and trembling though it be?

## The Cities of Israel. Shechem

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WHERE is Sychar? One would have anticipated little difficulty in finding a reply to this question, for the evangelist John rather particularizes when he speaks of the place: "Jesus... cometh," he says, "to a city of Samaria, which is called Sychar, near to the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph. Now Jacob's Well was there." The site of Jacob's Well is unquestioned ■ "absolutely undisputed," says one writer; it is one of the spots made sacred by the Lord's presence and words ■ a spot which few Travelers to the Holy Land omit to see. It has been measured and scaled in the most accurate fashion, it has been described with pen and pencil, but the site of Sychar, the city or town near to the well, is a question still unsettled. For a long time it was (and by some still is) identified with the neighboring Shechem. It has been sought to account for the great variation in name, by conjectures which are at least ingenious and interesting, even though they rest on no historic foundation. One such attempted solution is this, ■ that the name was changed (after a fashion common among the Jews) to describe the habits of the Shechemites, Shechem being displaced by Shiccor, "drunken." Another and more probable guess is, that Sychar is derived from the Hebrew Shecker, (in sound not greatly removed from Shechem), that is, "a lie," and that this name was given with reference to the false worship of the Samaritans, who worshipped "they knew not what." In support of the former of these changes, appeal has been made to Isaiah, who speaks of the Ephraimites (Ephraim being Israel, whose capital was at Samaria) ■ as shiccorim "drunkards." With respect to the second, a passage in Habakkuk is cited, in which the words moreh shecker, a "teacher of lies," are supposed to contain an allusion to Moreh, a name borne by Shechem and its district. But these are in no sense proofs, though put forward as such.

Yet other guesses there are, which only prove the difficulty of establishing the identity sought. Jerome anciently thought that Sychar was a copyist's error for Sychem ■ a conjecture abundantly disproved by the existing manuscripts of the New Testament. Some see in it a "proverbial mispronunciation of the period"; while a very improbable suggestion is, that it is from sacar, "to hire," with reference to Gen. 33:19, which speaks of Jacob buying (Kamah) a field from the children of Hamor, Shechem's father!

Against this identification it can be urged (a) that there is not a scrap of historical evidence which removes these guesses out of the region of mere conjecture ■ that is to say, no trace survives anywhere of Shechem having borne the name of Sychar; (b) that it is difficult to account for the Samaritan woman journeying from that city to Jacob's Well, a distance of nearly two miles, when Shechem itself contains an abundant supply of water. It has been attempted to meet this objection by urging the love which Eastern people have for particular wells, and by the "probability" that the ancient city was larger, and extended nearer to the well.

This probability has some countenance given to it by a local belief that Shechem occupied a portion of the valley on the east, beyond the limits of the present town. We also mention (c) that when Stephen referred to the ancient Shechem he gave it the form of the Greek Old Testament, Sychem, and not Sychar, and (d) that Eusebius, a Christian writer of the fourth century, says that

Sychar lay to the east of Neapolis■i.e., Shechem.

Attention has, in recent years, been called to a village named Askar, situate about half a mile to the north-east of the well, and within sight of it. Slight difficulties there are in the way of accounting for the change of name in this instance, especially as regards its new initial, but this has been conjectured (we have nothing better) to arise from a contraction of Ain (“a well”) before the original name, and that it signifies “the well of Sychar.”

Certainty there is not, and at present we must be content to confess our ignorance and to wait for light which future days and further research may cast upon the subject. We purpose giving a few particulars about Shechem, which for so many years has held the honor of being the Sychar of the New Testament. Apart from this, it is interesting because it is the only home of the few Samaritans, (that is, in faith,) who survive to this day.

Shechem (which is situated in Mount Ephraim, between Ebal and Gerizim) came first into view during the passage of Abram into the land of Canaan. It was there that he built his first altar to the Lord, and to it he returned after the unhappy visit to Egypt. To Shechem came in safety his grandson Jacob, and there he bought the parcel of ground which he afterward gave to his son Joseph. There, too, he built his altar, “Ei-Elohe-Israel,” and there also occurred that sad chapter in the history of his family which he remembered with regret upon his dying bed■the relations of his children with the Hivites, and the slaughter of Hamor the prince and his son Shechem? And this suggests the question whether the city took its name from the son, or the son from the city. In all probability the latter, remembering that the city is called Shechem in the history of Abraham, though it is, of course, possible that the historian may have given the city the name by which it was known in his days. Its signification is a “shoulder” or “ridge,” and it is most likely that the city was named with reference to the “shoulder” of the heights upon which it was built.

Shechem afterward frequently appears in the history of the patriarchs and of the children of Israel, but our space will not permit us to trace the many references, nor to set down the many incidents of which the city was the scene. The hiding of the strange gods under the oak at Shechem by Jacob, the burial of Joseph’s bones in the ground which became the inheritance of his children, the covenant made between Joshua and the people there, the appointment of Shechem as one of the six cities of refuge, Jotham’s parable of the trees which sought a king, and the succeeding stormy days through which Shechem passed, in which “all the evil of the men of Shechem did God render upon their heads” ■all these, we think, are known to the reader. Here, too, it was that Rehoboam, Solomon’s son, was made king, and that, upon his ill-advised threatening to make the yoke of the people heavier, the cry was raised■the note of revolt against David’s house■ “To your tents, O Israel!”

Shechem seems to have been for a time the capital of the revolted kingdom, though Samaria (not then built) afterward took that honor. In all probability the city of which we write shared in the deportation, when the king of Assyria carried Israel away into his land, and that it was repopled by the Cuthims and Babylonians who were sent by that king to dwell in the cities of Samaria, instead of the children of Israel. These people, the writer of the Book of Kings graphically tells us, “feared the Lord, and served their own gods.” The after-history of this city is little distinct from that of Samaria. It appears to have been destroyed during the Jewish war, and to the city which sprang up on the old site Vespasian gave the name of Neapolis (“New Town”), which has become

transformed to the modern Nabulus, or Nablus.

The city is placed in a most beautiful district, and, as one well says, "Travelers vie with each other in the language which they employ to describe the scene that bursts here so suddenly upon them on arriving, in spring or early summer, at this paradise of the Holy Land." Jewish travelers, who have been disappointed with the mournful and barren aspect of the land which is so dear to their hearts, find pleasure in this spot, discerning here the features, well-nigh obliterated from every other district, of "the land that floweth with milk and honey." "There is no wilderness here," says Van de Velde, "there are no wild thickets, yet there is always verdure, always shade, not of the oak, the terebinth, and the caroub-tree, but of the olive-grove, so soft in color, so picturesque in form, that, for its sake, we can willingly dispense with all other wood." Then, having spoken of what is peculiar to Shechem—the pale blue or gray mist which arises from the plentiful supply of water, softening down the hard outlines of an Eastern scene, and giving those atmospheric tints which add to the charm of the landscape—he goes on: "And so you advance under the shade of the foliage, along the living waters, and charmed by the melody of a host of singing birds—for they, too, know where to find their best quarters; while the perspective fades away and is lost in the damp, vapory atmosphere." Even Mahomet, contrary to what we might expect, sings its praise: "The land of Syria is beloved by Allah beyond all lands, and the part of Syria which He loveth most is the district of Jerusalem, and the place which He loveth most in the district of Jerusalem is the mountain of Nablus."

As already mentioned, Shechem, or rather Nablus, is now the only place where the adherents of the Samaritan faith, (that strange fruit of Mosaic ritual grafted upon simple paganism,) can be found. Narrow and elusive as ever, they drag out a wretched existence, persecuted by the Moslems and hated by the Jews. They number only about two hundred, — a figure at which they have stood for the last fifty years. We hope to speak of them more particularly in our next number, when Samaria will be the subject. Jr.

## A Child's Peace and Joy

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ROSE was suffering greatly, the first time we made her acquaintance; but we found there was more than bodily pain trying her, for Rose was longing for peace with God. The dear child, when in health and strength, had been awakened to a sense of her need as a sinner, and when we saw her, she told us, with eyes full of tears, how she longed to know that she was saved. About a month afterward she found the peace for which she sought ■she was enabled to receive the Lord Jesus Christ, and thus the blessed gift of eternal life became hers. The peace she had was calm and deep ■nothing seemed to ruffle it; her spirit dwelt in the very sunshine of God's love.

Provided with the bare necessities of life, Rose would exclaim from her bed of pain, "Oh, I often think of all my comforts, and how wonderful it is that things seem sent to me just when I want them!" The dear child was confined to her bed for more than three months, and was able only to lie in one position, yet the sweet smile of contentment ever rested on her countenance... "It is so nice to think that Jesus knows all I have to bear!" she said to us once.

During her sufferings our dear young friend found great joy in the texts, "In all their affliction He was afflicted"; "We have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities;" and such was the love of Christ to her in her heart, that, throughout her illness, no murmur was heard to escape from her lips, and her patient, gentle spirit was truly an example to all around her.

She liked to look on some large printed texts just opposite to her bed ■" God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away"; "So shall we ever be with the Lord" ■and she would point to them, and say to her mother, whose heart was sad for her child, "It won't be always so." When she lay awake through the night, because of her pain, she told us she would long for the dawn that she might read the texts: "For, though I know them by heart, I like to read them much." She would tell us, "Sometimes in the night, when the pain is very bad, I just pray to Jesus and then it seems better;" and again, "Often when I am awake alone all the texts seem to come to me." On another occasion she said, "I do so like that text, 'The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.'" (Rom. 8:18.)

It was on a May day that Rose said to her mother, "Mother, I have seen Jesus, and He says my place is not quite ready; I must wait a little longer, and I am quite willing to wait." The following day she was very quiet, but remarked to a friend that she did wish she could have been the means of bringing someone to Jesus. Very early the next morning she called her mother, and said, "I am going now, I know it. Jesus has come for me. Don't you see Him? He is here." Then holding out her arms she said, "Yes, Jesus, I am coming." She seemed to see the Lord with her mortal eyes, and then turning to her father she said, "You won't forget, father; it is simply trusting in Jesus—you want peace, settled peace." Then about five minutes before her brief life on earth was ended, she said, "Trust Jesus," as if she wanted to leave that as her last word. She had said to her father a day or two before, "Dear father, the father who never said an unkind word to me, take me in your

arms," and lovingly he folded his darling girl to his bosom; then she said, "You will have my texts to look at when I am gone."

Some pure white flowers and forget-me-nots were lovingly placed around her as a last token of affection; meet emblems were the former of her gentle spirit, "washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb," and the latter seemed to bid her gentle loving words live in the memory of all who knew her May her last loving appeal, "Trust Jesus," find an answer in many a heart; may her dire be fulfilled that she might be the means of bringing someone to Jesus. G. L.

## Nothing Too Small for the Lord

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SHE sat in the school-room, with many children around her, busy at their lessons. Some looked in earnest, others were trifling; but our little maid's face wore a puzzled look—her sum would not come right. The large dark eyes glanced wistfully up at the window—no help was there; and yet was it that bright little sunbeam peeping in which sent the trustful look into Rosie's eyes?

What are the girls smiling at? See! they are nodding and whispering together. Two small hands have covered her eyes as the little girl murmurs, "Please, dear Lord Jesus, help me to do my sum; I cannot do it alone. Amen."

She had forgotten she was in school—she had only thought of her difficulty and where she could get help, and now, as her willing hands again take up the pencil, a flush spreads over the little face at the sight of her laughing companions. "But I don't mind," thought she; "they don't know Jesus is near, or they would not act so."

The sum was easy now; the trust was not in vain. As the teacher looks over the little maid's slate, she smiles and says, "Quite right; you are a good little girl;" and the child whispers, "Thank you, dear, dear Lord Jesus." A. P.

## The Burden

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THE Bible often speaks of burdens. Each of us also knows something about burdens, and it all depends upon what the burden is, whether it is or is not pleasing to us. A heavy basket of apples would be quite a pleasant burden to some, while a little boy or girl carried upon the shoulder would be a charming burden to others! But a great weight of care or sorrow is a sorrowful burden for all who have to bear it.

King Solomon had seventy thousand men that bore burdens, whose daily work it was to carry the loads appointed them for building the Temple, and he chose for this laborious service men from among the strangers in Israel. In erecting the house of the Lord, whether in Solomon's or in Josiah's reigns, we read of the burden-bearers told off to their important, though insignificant, duty.

We remember how that Pharaoh forced Israel in Egypt to the severe labor of bearing burdens, and how that he afflicted them with them, till at length the Lord Himself made Israel free, and said, "I removed his shoulder from the burden." (Psa. 81:6.) Great was that day of freedom for Israel—not only because they were then no more slaves, but because in and by their freedom this word of the Lord was fulfilled in them, "Ye shall know that I am the Lord your God, which bringeth you out from under the burdens of the Egyptians." (Ex. 6:7.)

The Lord Jesus speaks to us of the burden-bearer in a passage well known to us all: Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest... My burden is light." Did He utter these gracious words with a bearer of burdens, so familiar to the eye in Palestine, before Him? The traveler sees nowadays the hammal pressed under his heavy load, which seems almost too great and too weighty to be carried. The hammal is a porter or carrier. He has a strong rope, which he arranges around his load, and each end of which he holds in his hands, and thus, with the amazing pile upon his back and shoulders, he staggers along the slippery stone paths of Jerusalem! What a picture of the sinner under the weight of his sins—yea, with the load piled up upon him, and weary and heavy laden with it How glad would such an one be to have a burden-bearer—how welcome would rest be to his heavy laden soul! Now the Lord takes away the burden of sin, for He has carried our sorrows, and He has freed us from their weight.

We said that some burdens were pleasant. Jesus says, "My burden is light." Love makes the burden light. The Lord Jesus came to do His Father's pleasure, and it was a joy to Him to do it, and herein He is graciously pleased to be to us an example.

If we read about the service of the Levites (Num. 4), we find they had burdens to carry—different sorts, but they all had something to carry. Very precious things did they bear, some more precious, as we should suppose, than others, but all equally necessary for the service of the Lord. Their burdens were their honors, for ordinary Israelites were not appointed to this sacred service. So it is even today: God calls forth His people to carry for Him some sacred burden in His service, and it is an honor to be appointed by Him for the work of His glory, whatever the particular service may be.

The Story of Isaac Levinsohn

## Almost a Christian. Chapter 9

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I WENT again to my Jewish friends, and said I wished to return to them and to learn the trade I had begun, and they accepted me, on condition of my utterly refusing to have anything to do with Mr. Stern or his agents. So I gave up going to him, and changed my residence to be out of his way. But I remained exceedingly miserable, and the words would come to me, "What doest thou here, Elijah?"

All the first night after this promise I could obtain no sleep, but lay awake thinking of the awful condition of my soul, and of the doom that awaits every unsaved sinner. Every moment seemed like an eternity, and I could not shake off my fears. "In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep failed on men, fear came upon me, and trembling; which made all my bones to shake." (Job 4:13,14.) This state of terror continued for some few days, and the Jew, with whom I was, thought me mad. At length I could bear it no longer, and, leaving my work undone, ran off to see Mr. Stern.

He greeted me with a smile, and, when I told him my Jewish friends had pronounced me to be mad, he kindly said, "Never mind, the God of heaven will satisfy your soul."

I cried out, "What must I do to be saved?" "Believe in the Messiah," he replied. "You must be born again," he added.

"What! be born again? How can I be born again?" said I. He calmed me by saying I should yet be a follower of the Messiah, the Lord of life and glory.

By Mr. Stern's advice I entered the home for Jewish Enquirers, where I employed every moment of my time in studying the Holy Scriptures, and several learned enquirers, who were also there, helped me in my difficulties. During my residence in the home I received a letter from my father, who wrote: "Whilst I am glad of your inquiring after knowledge and truth, I feel that the dangerous doctrines, taught by many, may lead you away from the only path given to men in which to walk; depend upon it that all who walk in any other path will perish. The doctrine Mr. Stern teaches is nonsense; he is only a meshamad (that is an apostate). When you see the so-called Rabbi, tell him to wash his brain first, and then to teach doctrine. The religion of our ancestors cannot change—**even a God cannot change it.**

"The coming of Messiah is not to be of humiliation nor of repentance, but of victory and infinite glory and dominion. He shall sit upon the throne of His father David and make Israel happy forever; He shall have regal power, and be arrayed in glory and splendor. Such, my child, shall be our Messiah, who will gather together all the tribes from all parts of the earth when the trumpet shall be blown. Then there will be a universal gathering together of the Jews, and a return to Jerusalem, the name of which is as dear to us as our very lives, and then once more shall Jerusalem be the beauty and the metropolis of the globe.

“Hold fast, my beloved Isaac, to the religion of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, which is our religion. JEHOVAH-TZEBAOTH is our God, and He will redeem Israel in His own time and pleasure. Be sure the days of Israel’s glory are near.”

This was in 1871, but my father’s letter did not answer my difficulties; Jehovah will certainly fulfill His word about the reign of Messiah over the earth, and about our beloved city Jerusalem, even as my father had said; this I knew, but how was I to be relieved from the distress of soul which had overwhelmed me? I wanted to be saved myself, and such was my despair that I was, tempted to doubt whether Messiah had ever come.

In writing again to my father, I expressed my perplexity about the sins of Israel for many generations and the prophecies of the Bible, and then, turning to my own darkness if heart, added these lines, omitting the lame of Jesus■

“I heard a voice I knew not say,

‘Come unto Me and rest;

Lay down, thou weary one, lay down

Thy head upon My breast.”

Again I visited Mr. Stern’s house. He was not at home, but Mrs. Stern begged me to tell her my business if it were of importance. In broken English I said I wanted to know, where to find real satisfaction for my soul — how to please God, and how to obtain the pardon of my sins. She replied with them words, “The blood of Jesus Christ, God’s Son, cleanseth us from all sin.” (1 John 1:7.; I did not at all like what she said, for, despite my misery and my anxieties about the Messiah, I hated the name of Jesus, and treated it with contempt. As I look back upon those days, I am filled with wonder at the infinite mercy and grace of the One whom I so hated and despised, and I am amazed that He should be so good to me, and that by His sovereign grace He should now be precious to my heart.

“Jesus, I love Thy charming Name,

‘Tis music in my ear;

Fain would I sound it out so loud

That earth and heaven might hear.”

Once more I poured out my perplexities to my father: ■ “Dear father, in your last letter you say, ‘The days of Israel’s glory are near....’ I remember, when you used to teach me the holy law at school, you said the great day of Israel was nigh, and now, though some years have elapsed, you still say the same. I cannot help thinking Messiah has disappointed Israel.

“If, as you say, with many of our holy and blessed Rabbis, the coming of Messiah be not of humiliation, nor of repentance, but of regal power, how can the writings of the holy prophets be true? Our great prophet Micah says, ‘But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto Me that is to be Ruler in Israel.’ (ch. 5:2.) Surely Messiah, the temporal Ruler of Israel, would not be born in the insignificant village

of Bethlehem, but in the glorious city of Israel. Our sublime prophet Isaiah says, 'Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? For He shall grow up bore Him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see Him, there is no beauty that we should desire Him. He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from Him; He was despised, and we esteemed Him not. Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed.' (chs. 53:1-5.)

What a mystery is this! If this refers to the Messiah, surely He cannot be a king upon earth arrayed in splendor and glory.

My mind is full of thoughts about the difficult passages, which seem to upset all the doctrines you taught me.

"Again I read the words, Thus saith the Lord the King of Israel, and His Redeemer the Lord of hosts; I am the first, and I am the last; and beside Me there is no God." (Isa. 44:6.) How can this be? From these words do we not understand that God Himself must be the Redeemer? Surely this is a mystery—a wonder of wonders: Oh! that our eyes might be opened, and that we might have revealed to us the infinite and glorious mystery of Messiah!

"You cautioned me against the teaching of Rabbi Stern. Candidly, in the fear of God, I cannot help loving him for the truth's sake. He speaks to my heart, which melts by reason of the tenderness of his teaching. He reads the Bible in the holy Hebrew tongue, and explains it oh! so sweetly. As he spoke the other day of the holy law, and showed that under it we are under its curse, for its language is obey or perish, I could but weep. He has directed my mind to the character of the Messiah, to His love, tenderness, mercy, sympathy, and compassion, and has repeated to me these words which were spoken by Him whom the Christians believe to be the Messiah, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' This is just what we need, and for myself, ever since I can remember, I have been weary and worn. Oh, how I long for rest, and to have the realization of the pardon of my sins!

"I pray that Jehovah will condescend to visit us with His salvation."

My father entered into much correspondence with me. A few sentences from one of his letters I now bring before the reader: "You refer in your last letter to the tenderness of Mr. Stern's teaching, but remember that the devil always attacks in tenderness, promising nice things. Oh! Isaac, Isaac, Isaac, beware lest your soul be destroyed by the so-called teaching of the meshamad!

If the Author of the Christian religion was characterized by the love and mercy of which you speak, your Jewish brethren as a nation, would not have to suffer as they have done. For what persecutions have they not undergone in Spain, France, Italy, England, Germany, and Russia? These nations are called Christians. Where is the tenderness of Christians? We in Russia see what their tenderness is! Do not think that whatever appears truthful is of necessity true: the lion may be dressed as a lamb; and the devil can, and often does, appear like a saint.

“Do not despair Israel’s glory is near; Israel soon shall be gathered together. The Messiah will come to reign over His people. Every heavenly blessing be yours.”

I could but tell my father that I did not wish to be of the Russian religion, though it might be called Christian, for I had seen enough of that while in Russia, neither would I bow down to images or pictures. None of these things are real Christianity; and here let me ask the true Christian to consider what every devout Jew must think of churches given over to such idolatry, whether the church be in England, Germany, or Russia! It was only the other day a Jew said to me, speaking of a “Protestant” church in this country, “I went into one of your churches, and what did I see? Men dressed up neither in men’s nor women’s clothes, with candles, and images, and pictures! Is this your religion?”

The Jew hates idolatry in every form; the teaching of his Bible makes him hate it, and because of the idolatry in many Christian churches, he despises the Christian religion. No! none of these things are true Christianity.

I told my father I had found a different kind of Christian religion in England, and one which abhorred idolatry even as does the Jewish religion.

In another letter I said, “Since I last wrote, I have determined to discover the answer to the great question, ‘Is Christianity true or not?’ and have therefore studied the Bible only, and the result is I am sure, unless Christianity is the true religion, the God of our fathers has not spoken the words of the book we call Holy the Bible.”

“I have been presented, too, with a truly wonderful little book called The New Testament.’ It gives the life of Joshua the Messiah, and I now say, if Joshua the Messiah has not come, I do not believe He ever will come.

“The whole life of the Nazarene is remarkable. His life was pure and holy. I will gladly send you this book called ‘The New Testament,’ and you will find His life was wonderful indeed! If you do not believe in the Nazarene, what answers can you give to the miracles He performed?

“Once more I must tell you the feelings of my heart. I am almost a Christian, yet as I write my heart is sad, for I can see you reading this letter, and, filled with sorrow and anger, saying ‘Away with Isaac, away with him!’ Yet I must speak. The Messiah has come, and I believe in Him, and, although our Jewish brethren consider it a disgrace and a shame, I cannot, I must not be ashamed of Him.

I have not yet made a public profession of my faith in Him, yet in my heart I believe.

“Please read the book I send you, and examine the Holy Bible. My prayer is that the time may soon come when the veil shall be taken away from the eyes of our beloved nation, and when the words of our holy prophet Zechariah shall be fulfilled, ‘They shall look upon Me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for Him, as one mourneth’ or his only son; and shall be in bitterness “or Him, as one that is in bitterness for his firstborn.” (ch. 12:10.)

## Why Not Decide for Christ Now?

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IN relating my conversion, you must know, dear reader, in the first place, that I always felt interested in religious matters, and even when a mere child used to listen intently to sermons, and can well remember many things which I then heard.

One night, when about twelve years of age, I asked an old lady, with whom I was staying, how people got to heaven. She replied that when I was older I should understand. "But," said I, "suppose I die whilst I am a little girl, what must I do?" To this I received no answer. I wondered what would happen to me, for that was all I could do.

When about fifteen years of age I went to live with some relatives who did not believe that we are saved by Jesus and His blood. They did not believe Jesus to be the eternal Son of God. Their ideas at first shocked me, but my friends were kind-hearted and excellent-living people, and gradually I got to think as they did, and for awhile was satisfied, or thought I was. However, an uncle of mine, a sincere Christian, was grieved that I should receive such views, and, to show me the truth, he would write me long letters, enclosing lists of texts proving Jesus to be the Son of God. I used to reply by sending equally long letters, with texts which prove Jesus to be the Son of Man. This was easily done, for our Lord is both Son of God and Son of man. From everlasting He was Son of God, and since some eighteen hundred years ago, when He came to this earth, He became Son of Man. This correspondence went on for some time, when my uncle lent me two books, and I read them both, and looked out all the texts again, and saw so clearly that atonement is the doctrine of the Bible, that I never again entered any religious assembly where the evil doctrine I had listened to was taught.

I then wandered from one place of worship to another, truly like a sheep without a shepherd. Very miserable was I at times, while at others I was happy enough, for I was pleasantly situated as regards this world, and, though I was not happy in my heart, still I did not wish to be a Christian. Hence, very often, after hearing earnest men of God preach, I would try and freeze over, and so I resisted the strivings of the Holy Spirit.

The turning-point with me came through my Christian uncle and aunt inviting me to their house. One Sunday I can remember it as though it were yesterday my uncle was too unwell to leave his room, and before I went to the service he asked me why I did not decide for Christ. My reply was, I wanted to do so, but did not know how, adding I did not wish to decide at once, for the world was pleasing to me, and I was afraid that my friends would ridicule me.

Well, I went to the church, and heard a sermon, the effect of which in me, thank God, will last through all eternity. The text was this: "If thou let this man go, thou art not Caesar's friend." The preacher showed that we all have our "Caesars," and that we are ready for their sake to reject Christ.

All my props were knocked down. I had been trying to persuade myself that if I did nothing specially wrong, God would forgive me in His mercy for the rest of my faults; but now I saw that by

the works of the law no one can be justified before God, and that I stood a ruined, undone sinner before Him; how wretched I felt I cannot describe.

I knew my dear uncle would ask me, on my return, how I liked the sermon, and could I say I liked that which had made me so wretched? I said it was a good sermon, and thus escaped further question. When the night came on, I felt I should be alone with God, and dreaded lest He should take my life and send my soul to perdition.

A few days after, when I was at a prayer-meeting, a verse of a hymn was read which I shall never forget■

“There shall come a night of such wild affright

As that none besides shall know,

When the dead shall wake, and hearts shall quake

In the depths of deepest woe.”

“Yes,” thought I, “that is, how it will be with me, for I am lost.” Goth however, was answering my uncle’s prayer.

The following Sunday we were all at church, and my uncle, who knew a little of the state of my mind, induced me to remain for private conversation with the preacher. I had made up my mind, previous to coming to the service, that when the minister pleaded with unbelievers, I would tell God I believed and remain unbelieving no longer, and this I did, but without realizing any peace. Presently the minister came down the aisle, and I half wanted to run away, but wished still more, thank God, to stay. The good man of God addressed me by saying, with a kindly smile, “You want to be a Christian, do you not?”

“Yes,” I said, “I do.”

“I suppose you want to feel you are one?”

I again answered, “Yes,” thinking as I spoke, “And how can I be one without feeling it?”

“Well,” said he, “you must take a thing before you have it; you must believe before you can realize.” He then showed me these words, “Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us.” (Gal. 3:13.)

“There,” said he, “you see it is all done; now you only need faith to believe. I will teach you what faith is,” he added, and putting his hand into his pocket, said, “I have a pencil in my hand; do you believe it?”

“Yes,” was my reply.

“But you have not seen it, why believe?” “Because you say so.”

“Ah, my dear child, this is how you must treat God■ just take Him at His word, because He says so, not minding if yet understand or not; just leave that to Him who will make all things clear in His own good time.”

I thought a little, and then looked up, and said, "Then I will take it just as it is." I said no more, but he understood, and God knew my heart, and so did my dear uncle, by whose side I sat, as silently he was thanking God for His mercy to me.

This is how I was converted, dear friends, and let me add that my darling brother, whom I had dreaded to tell of God's favor to me, lest it might raise a barrier between us, was rather glad than otherwise■ indeed, he was more a help than a hindrance, and eventually he, too, came to Christ. He is now with Christ, where I hope to meet him, there to praise God through endless ages for His wondrous grace in saving me, a poor, lost, undone, guilty sinner.

This happened many years ago, but since that day I have realized that Jesus died for me, and that my soul is saved, and, when asked the reason why, have given this assurance, "Because God says so."

J. D —I.

## Guided by God

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MY friend, J. W., was considered by many Christian people to be a peculiar young man, and peculiar he was, in one sense, for he was one of those whom God sets apart specially for Himself. (Psa. 4:3.) At the time of my acquaintance with him in Manchester, in 1877, he was about twenty-six years of age, and was then passing through a season of the most severe trial. One after another of his family had been taken away suddenly from him, and many other afflictions were upon him, but his trials brought him very near to God.

I never knew a man who realized more fully the presence of God, or who believed more simply the Word of God. He seldom cared to speak of himself or of his troubles, but, seeing that the Lord was performing all things for him, he was content.

J. was most zealous in the Lord's work, but very particular to know what was the will of God concerning him. He had no special gift for public speaking, nor was he highly educated, but he was a man of power in prayer, and was greatly used to the conversion of sick people.

He believed it to be the privilege of the children of God to be indeed led by the Spirit of God, and frequently would he quote these words, "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God" (Rom. 8:14), and in the simplest manner he expected to be led by the Spirit, and so waited on God till fully assured that he had His mind.

A striking instance of this occurred one Sunday afternoon, when, with others, we were inviting young men from the streets to come into our Bible class. J. suddenly left us; he had gone away to find a secret place for prayer. In about an hour he returned, but seemed troubled. After the Bible class, we had a tea for workers, and J. left the table, retiring to a private room, again to pray, I discovered. Later on in the evening, I inquired the cause of his apparent trouble. He told me that a strong conviction had seized him, which he could not shake off, that the Lord required him to go to Chester. He therefore decided not to return home that night, but to sleep near the station, that he might the more conveniently take the early morning train.

Two years previous to this he had been invited to conduct some special services in that city, and great blessing had followed, and a month or two before the Sunday in question, he had been invited to go again, but could not do so.

He arrived at Chester early, and on reaching the house of his friends learned that the preacher, who was to have taken the services, had been seized suddenly with illness, and that the Christians, being greatly perplexed, had on the previous Sunday, in the afternoon, at about the time of my friend's trouble of mind, and when he was praying for guidance, called a special prayer meeting, to pray that the Lord would send J. W. among them. And now, to be sure, he had come, and the Lord had answered their prayer!

Strange to say, if he had gone home on Sunday evening as usual, instead of sleeping near the station, a letter would have been waiting for him in the morning, from his friends in Chester,

explaining their difficulty, and asking him, if by any means possible, he could come to them.

I do not offer any criticism on the matter, but vouch for the truth of it.

Sometime after J. W.'s visit to Chester, he spoke to me of going to some lonely place, where he knew no one, so that he might spend a few days with the Lord. This we had often talked of doing together, and had hoped to have arranged it later on in the year. Much to my surprise, one evening he informed me he was going off by himself the next morning, for he felt that the Lord had something to teach him. He must needs go immediately, but he could not tell where he had no idea, for the Lord, he said, had not told him.

I heard no more of my friend till five days after his departure, and this is the account which he gave to me of himself: ■

“The morning after I left you, I took a ticket to the village in Wiltshire, where I had once before lodged in a widow’s cottage.

All seemed well, and I felt confident of having a good time there with the Lord, as I had had on the previous occasion. During one part of the journey, there was only one young man with me in the carriage, and I got to close quarters with him, and soon we were down upon our knees together. The Lord saved him there and then.

“Soon after this I began to ask myself, if I had any special reason for going to the same village I had previously visited, and began to fear it might be self-pleasing, instead of the Lord’s guidance; so I decided that, if the train stopped again before reaching the place, I would get out. After that I felt happier about my path. In a little while the train stopped at a small roadside station, where there seemed to be no village or town. However, I got out, and, as my custom is, spoke to the first person I met about his soul. He was a commercial traveler, and did not appear to care to talk about these things, and said he must cross over to the other side as his train would soon be in. I said, ‘Yes, dear friend, I hope you will get on the other side, you are not safe where you are,’ and leaving him, turned round to see where I had arrived.

“The station-master informed me that there was no village or town within five miles of the station, and as I had only a small handbag with me, I went out of the station, wondering why I had come there. There was no house in sight as I walked down the road, but after a little while I came to one, having a large vegetable garden attached to it.

Somehow I could not pass by, but felt that I must go to that house and inquire if all within were saved.

“In response to my knocking at the door, I was invited to come in, but on entering did not see anyone. A woman’s voice from an upper room cried out, ‘Come in, and come upstairs; I cannot come down.’

“This seemed strange, and I remained where I was, till the woman invited me again, saying her son was dying, and she could not leave him. So I went up, and the moment I reached the top of the stairs, she exclaimed, ‘Are you a messenger from God?’

“‘Yes,’ I replied, ‘I am.’”

“Upon which she said, I am so glad you have come; my only son is dying, and he is not saved—do, please, pray with him.”

“I now began to understand why the Lord had sent me to this out-of-the way spot. The poor young man was indeed dying, and he was still in his sins. I prayed with him, read to him, and sang some hymns, but he remained in the darkness of unbelief. The widow, for such the woman was, then gave me a little room, where I could have private prayer, and there I remained until the evening. On saying I wished to go on my journey, she pleaded with me to stay, for there were no houses in the neighborhood, and she did not like to be left alone with her dying son. She offered me a bed in an adjoining room, and so I agreed to remain.

“In the middle of the night she called me up, saying her son wished the stranger to read and sing to him again. I arose and came to his bedside, and this time, as we cried to the Lord, the young man suddenly saw the truth, and received joyfully the Lord Jesus Christ into his heart. He said he was not now afraid to die, for his sins were all pardoned, and Christ had received him. He was filled with joy, but was rapidly sinking.

“Seeing that he was dying, I hastened to the station-master, and he dispatched his boy on the widow’s horse for the doctor, who arrived in time just to tell the dying man that his end was near.

“‘I am quite ready,’ was the reply; ‘Christ has pardoned my sins, and I am resting in Him. I am not afraid to die now.’”

“Some short time after this the young man passed away, and I left the house, continuing my journey, after prayer as to which way the Lord now would have me go.

“Towards evening I reached a large village, and on entering it overtook an old lady with a basket on her arm. ‘What buildings are these, with high spires and the like?’ said I.

“‘Oh,’ she replied, pointing to them, ‘that one is the parish church, that is the Wesleyan, and that is the Baptist chapel, and the one yonder is the Congregational;’ and, she added that she was going to the Congregational chapel, where some mission services were being held; so I went with her.

“The place was well filled, and after the sermon, numbers of the people were in tears, but the minister seemed to have no power to deal with seeking souls, and remained on his knees, and did not even dismiss the congregation. After some time I went over to him, and asked him if he did not think it would be better to close the service, and announce one for prayer for any who might care to stay. He agreed to this, and asked me to do it. So I dismissed the congregation, and commenced the prayer meeting; and a most wonderful time we had. More than a dozen people found the Lord that night.

“The meeting over, the people began to inquire who the stranger was. One said that I must be a Methodist, because I seemed to know how to manage meetings of that kind. I answered their questions, and when they heard that I knew no one in the place, I immediately received about a dozen invitations for the night, and was puzzled to know which one the Lord would have me accept.

At length I decided in this way: I asked who had the largest family of unconverted sons, and went home to a family where there were four sons—two converted and two unconverted.

“After the other members of the family had retired for the night, the sons and I had a Bible reading, and one of the two unconverted youths was saved before we went to bed.

“Next morning the minister called round to see me, as he thought I would like to visit some sick people with him. The remainder of the day was spent alone with God in the woods.”

My friend continued his journey to a neighboring town, and was there also used to the conversion of souls.

There can be no doubt that we miss untold blessings, and find ourselves constantly perplexed, and even bewildered, because we neglect to trust the Holy Ghost to guide and direct us in our path of service. Common sense, sound judgment and logical reasoning cannot take the place of the direct leading of the Spirit. A. G. P.

## “Is Not This a Brand Plucked Out of the Fire?”

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DURING the summer months of 1886 I was often asked by a Christian mother to visit her son, a pensioner of the Royal Artillery at Guernsey, who was in a decline, Although I often sought an opportunity to speak to him, and daily passed his house on the way to my office, as often did he avoid me. But one day I came upon Robert G. as he was sitting in the heat of the sun upon a wall, from which he could not get away easily, so I at once spoke to him about his soul, and told him, if he responded to the “come” of the Lord Jesus, He would keep him safely, and give him to know the certainty of being saved, and of having eternal life, and also that He would give him the enjoyment of beholding “what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God.” (1 John 3:1)

Robert stopped me rather abruptly with ■ “Ah! it is too late! too late! I have been bad ■ very bad ■ and it is too late.” I at once told him that it was not too late—that Christ Jesus had come into the world to seek and to save the lost—but Robert only replied, “Too late, too late.”

The ice being broken, I visited Robert daily, reading and praying with him, but only to find him become more miserable and unhappy. The weight of his sins, and the thought of his soon having to appear before the judgment throne, filled him with despair. One day Robert was weaker than usual, and in deep distress, and while praying by his side the blessed presence of the Good Shepherd was realized in a peculiar manner. Then I took the poor, feeble body in my arms, and cried to God, and wept for Robert’s precious soul, till at last I felt constrained to say, “Oh, Lord, I cannot let him go till Thou hast saved him!” Then, as we both wept and prayed, Robert whispered, “I will, I will,” and that moment he cast his all on Christ, his sins were forgiven, and he was accepted in the Beloved.

After this Robert’s cup was as full of joy as it had been previously of dread and misery, and for three months his joy was delightful to witness.

In the month of November his end was evidently drawing near. As his mother watched by his side during the night he raised his arms in ecstasies of joy, crying, “Come, Jesus, and take me home”; also affirming that a chariot of glory was waiting for him. His face, though his pain was great, beamed with joy. On the afternoon following, at two p.m., he was seated in bed, struggling for breath, and in great pain. When I saw him he at once recognized me, and said, “Pray.” We specially pleaded with the Lord, if it were His will, to take away the excessive suffocation and the pain, then quickly left the room. In the evening, on calling again, his mother said she had never seen prayer answered so quickly before, for no sooner had I left than Robert requested to be laid down, and the pain departed.

When Robert caught sight of me he again cried, “Pray.” After prayer he looked eagerly towards a particular spot in the room, and smiled, his face lighting up as if with a foretaste of heaven’s glory. This he did a few times, and then three times he said, “Pray,” and three times we knelt in prayer. He then said, “Sing,” and we sang with broken voices.

Always, as you think of Robert, remember him as a brand plucked out of the fire (Zech. 3:2), and may you, with him, come to Christ, and find everlasting peace and joy. J. H.

## The Echo

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“TIME enough yet!” cries the sinner in his health and strength. “Too late, too late!” echoes Satan, as the sinner lies upon his death-bed.

## Here Am I; Send Me

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THE following lines will encourage some we trust, to seek divine guidance in serving the Lord. Our friend, from whose letter we quote, is an invalid, a very great sufferer and blind, her loss of health and sight being due to over strain in former years. One day when calling upon her, we encouraged her, with the sense that, almost prostrated as she was, still God had a place for her to fill in His harvest field.

She obtains the help of a friend to whom she dictates her letters, from one of which we now quote—

“You will, I know, be pleased to hear that the Lord has been blessing me, in a very special manner. At the commencement of the new year I pleaded with Him for the souls about whom I had long been anxious, and as I realized my own weakness, I thought of the good advice you gave me the last time we met, when I was speaking of my inability to do anything like work for the Master. You told me that God could use even me and that I must just trust in Him, and watch for opportunities for service. This is just what I have been doing, and the Lord has given me the joy of hearing several souls receive the truth as it is in Jesus.”

The opportunity soon arose, for our invalid friend was invited to spend a few days at a town, some little distance from her home. In relation to this visit she says: ■

“One of Mr. B.’s sons was the first this year He said, that it was not what I said, that influenced him, but what I did not say How I praised God for letting me thus witness for Him.” Here let us interpose the remark that God can use the witness of patience and of meekness in suffering to awaken a soul, even as He uses actual word: spoken.

“The next was a woman, who came to assist Mrs. B. in her household. I have been praying for this poor woman for more than two years, and the gracious Lord, for His name’s sake, heard my prayers, and not only saved this woman, but her three grown up daughters were also led to believe on Jesus.

“To further add to my joy, I received a letter from a young man to whom last month I had sent a gospel magazine, with a letter I had dictated to him; and from his reply I learned that God had graciously used this feeble effort to work out His own purpose. Upon receiving the magazine last month, I felt that I must send a copy to that young man, and did not wait to hear it read to me, for I was sure it would be the right word; the young man is a railway signalman. Praise the Lord for His goodness! Nothing can make me so happy as to realize His favor.”

We believe this simple record will encourage some of our dear readers, who Love the Lord, to use the opportunities He gives them for serving Him P.

## Long Suffering Love

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THE Lord “is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.” So does the Spirit, through the apostle Peter, testify, and this gracious testimony of His long-suffering runs through the record of God’s ways with man from the first.

When the wickedness of man had reached to such a height that “it repented the Lord that He had made man on the earth,” He still sent the warning to forsake evil, for Noah was “a preacher of righteousness;” and in those dark days God, though saying His Spirit should not always strive with man, waited in long-suffering “while the ark was a preparing.” Thus were “120 years” given to men before the flood, but in vain, for, when at length it came, it swept them all away.

Sodom and Gomorrah had their warnings, for “just Lot” was a messenger among them—a poor messenger of the holy God, it is true—but nevertheless a testimony to the sinners of Sodom.

We look at Israel and behold God’s long-suffering in its tenderest character. God had “nourished and brought up children, but they had rebelled” against Him. Messenger after messenger did He send them, warning them not to do the abominable thing that He hates, but His messengers were despised and His prophets persecuted or slain. Thus did long years pass by—God beseeching, man refusing mercy. And at length, when Israel lay stricken and perishing because of their sins, even then did the Lord bid Ezekiel, “Say unto them, As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?”

The Bible opens out to us a succession of gracious stories of God’s long-suffering wit! sinful men.

And to this day our God is the same. He deals with individuals in long-suffering love. How many years has He borne with us individually! We heeded none of His counsel, and would none of His reproof, but He was “long-suffering to us-ward,” and at length He subdued the proud heart, and brought the rebel sinner to His feet. Hence the Christian is a living witness to the unrepentant of God’s exceeding kindness and forbearance, and can out of his heart’s own experience appeal to the sinner to turn from his evil ways.

“Why will you die?” Why will you choose death before life? Why will you harden your heart against God’s tender love? Shall the gift of His own Son remain as nothing to you? Shall the wounds and sufferings of His Son have no voice to your heart? He died the Just for the unjust, to bring us to God will you despise His death? Is this life worth more than everlasting life? Is this world’s wealth a richer prize than riches toward God? Have you an arm like God? Can you brave His anger? Beware, sinner! for as the longest summer’s day must have its end, so will this your day of opportunity be eventually no more. But if you will refuse God’s pardon and mercy, remember there is no back door to heaven. There is no way of escape, save the way God has made, now mercy may be yours; but if you refuse His voice, and so die, you will never hear mercy’s voice to you through all eternity. The door of mercy now stands wide open, and you may enter in; but presently it will be shut, and when the night comes it will be everlasting darkness—without hope, without

escape.

The Story of Isaac Levinsohn

## Altogether a Christian. Chapter 10

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MY soul was now perfectly satisfied that Jesus of Nazareth was the Messiah of Israel, and also the Saviour of all men, who truly believe on Him. But I could not possibly realize that He was my Saviour, and that He had redeemed me; and this filled me with sorrow. I was convinced that none but Jesus, once crucified, now exalted by God to His right hand in heaven, could save my soul; yet when I remembered how I had hated—yes, how many times I had cursed that holy Name, I could not believe He would extend His mercy or His salvation to me.

Mr. Stern comforted me; he assured me the more sinful I felt, the more certain he was Jesus the Lord would pardon me. He often knelt and prayed with me, and his prayers sank deep into my heart. “If Christ does but pardon my sins,” said I, “I must make a public profession of His Name, and of my faith in Him.”

Mr. Stern requested me to write him a letter expressing myself openly and this I did, upon which he appointed a day for my baptism—Sunday, February 4th, 1872.

My desire to publicly confess my faith in Jesus of Nazareth made me long for the day to arrive, but my heart was still burdened with thoughts of my beloved parents cutting me off from them. I wept bitterly at the prospect of being cut off from the love of my beloved mother, and the temptation became very great, but, thanks be to God, He enabled me by His almighty grace to triumph. I read these words of Jesus—“He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me” (Matt. 10:37), and, as I considered the great love of my parents toward me, I considered also the unutterable love of Jesus. I meditated upon the manger in Bethlehem—the carpenter’s shop in Nazareth—the hall of Herod—the scorn and the mocking of Jews and Gentiles—the crown of thorns upon His royal brow—the rugged nails piercing His hands and feet—the spear opening His side—and, more, the grave wherein His holy body, that never saw corruption, was laid; and—as I thought of His love, I asked myself, “Can there be greater love than this?” The words of the hymn were certainly in my heart—

“Alas and did my Saviour bleed?

And did my Sovereign die?

Did He devote that sacred head

For such a worm as I?

“Was it for sins that I had done

He bled upon the tree?

Amazing pity! grace unknown!

And love beyond degree!”

On Friday evening (the Jewish Sabbath), February 2nd, 1872, I visited Mr. Stern, who engaged with me in earnest prayer; and also on the evening of the Lord's day, on the morning of which Jesus my Redeemer arose from the dead, I renewed my devotions in the house of my true Christian friend.

The service was conducted in Hebrew, and I received Christian baptism in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. A large number of Jews attended the service, drawn together by curiosity.

After the service was over they followed me, throwing stones and old slippers at me, reproaching me with bitter things, so that I was very glad to escape to the "Home." Yet, as I looked at the crowd of Jews following me, I could but pray for them. They were my own people according to the flesh. "Lord, have mercy on them, for they know not what they do."

One evening after this I visited an old Jewish friend, who opening the door shook hands warmly with me. Then he inquired where I lived, and what I was doing. I hardly knew how to answer him, for to confess Jesus I knew would offend him, while to deny Christ I dare not. Then these words of His came to my mind, "Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me and of My words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when He shall come in His own glory." (Luke 9:26.)

"What do you think of the 'Messiah?'" I inquired of him.

"Do you believe in the impostor?" he cried.

"Whom do you call an impostor?" said I.

"Why, Jesus Christ."

"My friend, you may call Him so, but He is my own blessed Saviour and Redeemer," I said, and I sought to show him the truth.

My friend then spat in my face, and commanded me to leave his house, slamming the door upon me. This was a great discouragement, but I prayed for grace and courage.

A few days later I met a young Russian acquaintance; he was so delighted to see me that he fell upon my neck, in the middle of the London street, and kissed me. After a little conversation, he found I believed in Jesus, and in a moment his whole manner towards me changed. "Away, you dog! Away you wretch!" he cried, and spitting in my face he turned away.

No one has a just idea what trials a Jew who really becomes a Christian, has to pass through. I received several threatening letters, warning me of death unless I gave up Christianity. The following instance will show the intense hatred the Jews have against any one of their number who becomes a Christian. I called upon a family of pious Jews, after I had become a Christian, and introduced the subject of the Messiah to them. They did not speak of His name like others, and were apparently kind towards me, asking me to visit them again and again, which I did with pleasure. But I began to suspect something was wrong, and felt I must be on my guard. One afternoon a young Jew met me, and promised, if I would vow not to declare his name, that he would tell me something of importance. He then said a plot had been made to poison me in the house of this old friend, and that I was to be offered a glass of wine, which would be my death.

God thus intervened and spared my life and I realized the truth of the words of Jesus “They shall put you out of the synagogues: yea, the time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think ‘that he doeth God service.’ (John 16:2.)

But far more bitter than the hatred of the Jews in England, and their attempts on my life, were the letters I received from my home. My beloved father wrote: — “Oh, woe is me! woe is me! you have filled us with eternal shame and disgrace. Since we heard that you are a believer in the bastard we have not ceased to weep. Cursed is the hour when I was married! Better far had it been if I had been born a stone and not a man! Woe is me! bitter is me! Will you not have mercy upon us? Oh, do be mindful of us and repent and turn away from the Christian faith. Think of your father and mother sisters, and brothers, whose days you have darkened.

“Remember, my beloved Isaac, you cannot find a father or mother in the world. I cannot rest because of my sorrow. Oh, Isaac! Isaac! Isaac! through you I shall never be able to enjoy heaven. What is my life? ■better had I never been born. Your mother has become a different being since she heard the dreadful news. Your brothers and sisters, oh! would it not be better for God to take their lives away than to leave us to go in old age in shame to the grave? My prayer is that God may cut off our whole family, rather than we should live in the misery you have brought upon us, or else I pray God to cut you off.

“What is the hope of a Jew but to have his good sons in remembrance in after generations? But woe is me! for the remembrance that I brought you up will be shame and eternal disgrace.

“Your brother Hessel is most prosperous in the province of Grodno and Kovno, but when I think of you I wonder why the Lord God has cursed me with such a curse.

“...It was on the feast of Purim that we received the bad news. Imagine how we received it! Your mother became sick and sightless; I fell fainting to the ground; all our children stood about weeping and lamenting. Then many people gathered around us; they lifted me up from the ground and called me to life, asking what had happened. What answer could I give?”

“Your mother prays each day to God to end her life, and wishes every minute she were dead, for her son is meshamad.”

“...You have yet time to repent, and then, at least, you will be saved in the world to come. Return home and become a pious Jew.

“But if you will not do this■if you will not repent■then we will have nothing more to do with you. We want neither your money nor your photograph; nay, we will not count him to be our son who has become a meshamad.

“If you do as I write you, may great happiness be yours, and may God bless you, but if you do not, then farewell I farewell! farewell I am not your father, your mother is no longer yours, your sisters and brothers are no longer your relatives, and you can no longer claim the name of a Jew.”

My sister wrote in the same pitiful strain, “Dear tender and loving brother, have compassion on us and let us not be covered with shame and everlasting disgrace. Remember, we are only children; destroy not our world. Oh! pour not out our blood in shame, for we are your little sisters, and your brothers are young children.”

I wrote some twenty-five letters to my father after receiving this last one from him, but he never answered them, and the last he would not even receive, and it was returned to me.

How can my anguish be described upon receiving this last letter from my father, for my parents were dearer to me than my life. Yet it was so—my parents, for whom I could shed the last drop of blood, had cut me off. But it was necessary, I had to take up my cross and follow Christ my Lord. Oh! how I have wept when at my work as I considered the state of my beloved parents.

My brother wrote to me in the same strain, concluding his letter thus: “Once more. Do turn! do repent! but if you do not, then good-bye, good-bye forever. Never shall we know, never shall we wish to know, anything about you, either in this world or that which is to come.

“Unless you repent and become a Jew I ask you not to write to me, for I count you to be dead and would to God that it were so. I must tell you that our darling brother Jonah Abel is dead, and that we are all convinced that had you not sinned against the great God, by turning away from Him, our house would not have been visited by the angel of death. Remember that our beloved Jonah Abel has died because of your sins. Oh bitter, bitter is our life! One has become a meshamad, the other has died. Would to God we all had died, or else that you might be cut off by death.”

But most affecting to me of all was the letter of my mother.

“... I ask you, darling Isaac, to consider the step you have taken, for remember you soul will be damned forever. Oh! how grievous to me to think of my child, my own flesh and blood, for whose happiness I would sacrifice all that I could, damned—eternally damned! Better, it were better, if the Almighty had dealt with me as with Lot’s wife; better if I had never been born than to live to old age to see my most beloved son fall into the hands of the devil and be forever lost.

“Isaac, through your perversion, I fear that our family will also be condemned, for there will always be a curtain between the throne of God and our family. Think of your loving and tender mother and your devoted father, through you cursed by God I think of your two little sisters clothed with everlasting shame and disgrace. They are even now ashamed to go out in the open street, for the children of the neighbors cry after them ‘Sisters of Isaac, the meshamad.’

“If you refuse my advice, and do not turn, I am no longer your mother. Do not write again to me unless you repent, and if you do not, I shall not want to think of you, but my prayer is, may you repent, or, may God take your life and ours.”

## The Cities of Israel. Samaria

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THE city of Samaria cannot boast a great antiquity, like the neighboring Shechem, or the rival capital Jerusalem. It was only after the break-up of the kingdom, and during the wild days which preceded the reign of Ahab, that the city came into existence. About the year B.C. 925 the father of Ahab (Omri) bought the hill upon which the city stands from Shemer, and built thereon a city, which he called after Shemer, "Shomeron." This name, having traveled through Chaldee and Greek, has at last reached us in its Latin form "Samaria." Derived from a root signifying "to watch," the name means "a watch mountain," or "watch tower," and most aptly describes the place in question; but that it was given with reference to Shemer, and not on account of any natural peculiarity, plainly appears from the Scripture; and it is natural to conclude that the "Samaritans" take their name from the city and land of Samaria, though it has been asserted that they were called "Shomerim" (i.e. "Samaritans") from being "watchers" or "keepers" of the land under the King of Assyria, or of the law of Moses, as against the Jews, who added to the Canon the later sacred books. The Samaritans admit only the Pentateuch.

What was written in our last paper as to the beauty of Shechem, applies, to a great extent, to Samaria. These cities are distant from each other only about six miles, in the same hill-encircled basin, and the district of Samaria partakes of the characteristics of the Vale of Shechem. It will be remembered that Isaiah speaks of the "glorious beauty" of Ephraim. Its beauty is diminished now, though it has not entirely disappeared. "It would be difficult," says Dr. Robinson, "to find in all Palestine, a situation of equal strength, fertility, and beauty combined. In all these particulars it has greatly the advantage over Jerusalem." Its strength lay in this—that the hill sprang from the center of a deep, broad valley, with steep, though accessible sides. It therefore lent itself readily to fortification, and thus was at a great advantage in the sieges which it afterward sustained.

As already mentioned, the city was built by Omri. Here he was buried, and Ahab, his son, reigned in his stead. Under the reign of this evil king, and during that of Jeroboam II., the city flourished. We read of the ivory house which Ahab built, while Amos, when predicting the overthrow of the city, used language which could only apply to a state of splendor—winter and summer houses, and houses of ivory, and great houses. The denunciations of the prophets were severe, for along with magnificent buildings intended for his own use, Ahab had built a temple and altar to Baal; he made also "the Asherah,"—the image or symbol of the Phœnician goddess, Ashtoreth. Samaria is even called "The City of the house of Baal."

Samaria became the capital of Israel, and its history is interwoven with that of the kingdom. It was its lot, as the chief city, to be often in a state of siege. Twice did Ben-hadad King of Syria, attempt to take it; the first time ended in the defeat of his army, notwithstanding that thirty and two kings were with him; the second occasion was that famous time when the Lord caused the besieging host to hear "a noise of chariots and a noise of horses, even the noise of a great army," and the Syrians fled, the four leprous men being the evangelists of plenty to the famished people. A third attack was made about 170 years later by Shalmaneser, King of Assyria, but not until three long

years had passed did the city at last succumb, and then was it that the inhabitants were taken away, and Babylonians and Cuthims (the ancestors of those known as "Samaritans") were put in their place. The city revived, but again did the hand of war devastate the fair spot, for John Hyrcanus, the brother of Judas Maccabæus, displeased with injuries which had been inflicted upon a colony of Jews by the Samaritans, "besieged it," says Josephus, "with a great deal of pains." Even so, it was not captured for a year, but when it fell, "he demolished it utterly, and brought rivulets in it to drown it, for he dug such hollows as might let the waters run under it: nay, he took away the very marks that there had ever been such a city there." This was in B.C. 109.

We must pass over unimportant points in its history, till we come to the days immediately preceding the birth of the Lord, when Herod the Great rebuilt the city, and gave it a new name, "Sebaste" (which is the same as Augusta), in honor of Augustus Cesar—a name which survives in the present "Sebastiyeh." Herod's alterations and improvements were most elaborate: round the city he built a wall twenty furlongs in length, and in the midst of the city a very large temple to Caesar. By this greatness he intended to preserve the name of his patron Augustus; to make the city more eminent than it had ever been before, but "principally," says the Jewish historian, "he contrived that it might at once be for his own security and a monument to his magnificence." It had now become "not inferior to the most famous cities." Its splendid temple, the elegance of its buildings, and the strength of its citadel were all governed by the thought, "that he might leave monuments of the fineness of his taste and of his beneficence to future ages." So again writes Josephus, and it is striking to turn from his elaborate descriptions of such wealth and splendor, and the vain desires of the ambitious Herod, to the accounts of all that survives of the once beautiful city. "Miserable," "wretched," "insignificant," are the epithets bestowed by various travelers upon the village which still clings to the hill. Especially striking is it, if we bear in mind the oft-cited prophesy: "I will make Samaria as a heap of the field, and as plantings of a vineyard: and I will pour down the stones thereof into the valley, and I will discover the foundations thereof." Of the city which was standing when these words were uttered, we may almost say that of course no sign survives; of all the magnificence of Herod several columns remain; these, by the traces of their beauty, help to heighten the sense of the surrounding desolation. What they originally formed is very uncertain; they run in a double row, as shown in our woodcut, forming an avenue 150 feet wide, each pillar distant from its neighbor about eight feet. Further research will perhaps discover their use, for it is only in comparatively recent years that "Sebaste" has been brought to light. Relics of the ancient city—such as coins, gems, bronzes, are frequently found in the rubbish, "and," says Major Wilson, "there is perhaps no place where a richer harvest awaits the future explorer."

Turning from Samaria to the Samaritans—a handful of whom still survive at Nablus—we repeat that beyond question they took their name from Samaria. Josephus says expressly that they were "called Samaritans, by taking the name of the country to which they were removed." Idolaters in heart and practice, they professed Judaism on account of the lions sent by the Lord among them, winning the scornful name bestowed upon them by the Jews— "Lion-converts." From the first, bitter animosity existed between Samaritans and Jews, a national feud at first, afterward religious, when, assisted by apostate Jews, the Samaritans built a temple on Mount Gerizim, and brought their ritual into outward conformity to the Mosaic laws. When the Jews were in adversity, the Samaritans denied that they were of kin to them, "and then," dryly says Josephus, "they confess the truth," but when good fortune befell the true descendants of Israel, they pretended to derive

their genealogy from Joseph. Very shameful was their behavior in the days of the persecutor Antiochus; to him they sent a letter, thus: ■ “To King Antiochus, the God (!) Epiphanes, a memorial from the Sidonians who live at Shechem.” After denying all kinship to the Jews, and affirming that they were “aliens from their nation and from their customs,” they beg that their temple, “which at present hath no name at all, be named the Temple of Jupiter Hellenius”!

Can we altogether wonder at the contempt in which the Jews held the name of Samaritan? Nor has the feud yet ceased. When Dr. Wilson visited Nablus and took up his quarters with the Samaritans, he was asked by the Jewish Rabbi why he made his abode with “the despicable Samaritans.” A satisfactory answer was given, and three of the Jews actually accepted an invitation to visit Dr. Wilson at his temporary home. When the Samaritan priest saw them coming, he called out, “Who told these brutes to come hither?”

At Nablus, then, may still be found the descendants of the ancient Cuthims, in number about two hundred, arrogating to themselves the name of “Benk Israel■the Children of Israel,” and asserting that their priests are descended from Levi, and the rest of the people from the two sons of Joseph. They have a synagogue, and among their treasures are certain extremely ancient copies of the Pentateuch■not a translation, but the Hebrew words are written out in Samaritan characters. One very famous copy there is, exhibited once a year to their own people, but very jealously guarded from, and only on rare occasions shown to, non-Samaritans. This, they assert, was written by Abishua, the great-grandson of Aaron; it is kept in a silver case, having a red satin cover, lettered with Samaritan inscriptions, and embroidered in gold. Our small woodcut shows this copy. Their Pentateuch differs in some thousands of places from the Hebrew text, but none of the variations are so shameless as the substitution of “Gerizim” for “Ebal,” in Deut. 27:4. — a substitution made to support their claims for “this mountain,” as the Samaritan woman called it when speaking to the Lord Jesus.

There is something very melancholy in the rigid adherence to the Mosaic law which these people exhibit, for they have no right to ordinances which were given to Israel. They are Gentiles by descent, to whom no covenant was given, and they have no discernment of the typical and spiritual import of the sacrifices and ordinances which they observe. We know that in our Lord’s days they expected a Messiah; now, they say, “The Messiah is not one of our terms, but we do not particularly object to its use. We still expect a great instructor and guide, whom we call Hathab, to appear in the world.” This is in expected fulfillment of Deut. 18:15. When questioned about the sacrifices, they could only return the heathenish answer, “God likes blood: because in blood there is life “They observe circumcision, and the Mosaic Feasts■New Year, Atonement, Pentecost, Passover, Tabernacles, &c. — all the rest they refuse. At the Passover of this present year the ceremony was duly observed on Mount Gerizim, seven lambs being slaughtered at sunset the blood was sprinkled on each tent, and the flesh, after being roasted in a furnace, was at midnight eaten in haste, with unleavened bread and bitter herbs, the Samaritans being girded and with staff in hand, as was the case with Israel at the exodus.

So these poor people go on, with high pretensions, yet wretchedly ignorant, and, as of old, worshipping “they know not what.” But, after all, we fear that their case is not greatly removed from that of many in our own land. There may be much outward attendance on Christian ordinances and forms of worship, yet how many, alas, stop at those external acts! “God is a Spirit,” said the

Lord Jesus of old to a Samaritans (and His words are as true today as then), “and they that worship Him must worship Him in sprit and in truth.” (John 4:24.) Jr.

## Called Suddenly Away

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NOT very far from the house in which I live, there is a row of cottages, and a few months ago, if you had peeped into one of them in the evening, you might have seen seven bright, happy-looking boys gathered round the fire, the youngest of whom was quite small. One morning, after the elder ones had gone off to work or to school, the mother of these boys went out of her cottage to fetch some water from the pump, leaving the two youngest children playing on the sofa, out of the way of harm, as she thought. Think, then, of her horror when, on returning to the house, she heard terrible screams coming from within. On opening the door, she found her darling little Tom enveloped in flames, while some matches lying upon the floor beside him told their own tale. In vain did the little fellow's hands battle with the cruel fire, and, before the poor mother was able to extinguish it, little Tom was terribly burnt.

Only a day or two had the dear boy's mother the privilege of watching tenderly and lovingly over him, and of seeking to soothe his sufferings. God did not leave the child to suffer long, but took him away, giving the mother, in His tender love, to know that, at least, towards the close of his little life all pain was gone.

Four of Tom's brothers, with their father and mother, followed the tiny coffin to the grave, and a touching sight it was as they stood around the body of their little brother, and saw it laid to rest until the voice of the Lord Jesus shall awake him from his long, long sleep.

The mother's deep and earnest longing is that the account of the sudden death of her dear child may rouse others to a sense of the danger they are in if they are not ready to go, and may lead them to come to Christ whilst they can still do so.

Oh! dear young friends, as one who stood so lately by the little grave, and who feels at least in some measure the solemnity of such a warning, I do beseech you to come now to the Lord Jesus, who still says so lovingly, "Him that cometh to Me I will in nowise cast out." Believe on Him, and you will have the deep joy of knowing that neither death, nor life, nor things present, nor things to come, can separate you from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. E. C. R.

## If Jesus Were Here!

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IT was early in March—the first really warm as well as sunshiny day we had had; and one by one, as they made their bows and curtsies on leaving after morning school, the children asked, “Will you go a-walking today, governess; will you go a-walking?” “The sun’s shining,” pleaded some; “there’s violets down in the Coombe,” said others.

The eager faces of the children, the sunshine, and the promised violets won the day, and the wished for “Yes,” was said. Then so great was their delight, and so demonstrative were they in their expression of it, that you would have thought, had you suddenly come amongst them and heard them, that they had just been promised a “tea” or some such favorite children’s treat.

When our various little duties allowed we set out. A quick, bright walk was out of the question, for so many quite wee things wanted to come too, and it always seems so hard to forbid them. Four or five of these seized hold of my “frock”■as they call one’s gown■the instant I was down the steps; and there was nothing for it but to take our pleasure slowly.

As we walked along, little Blanche, a dark-eyed child■one of those who held my dress■looking up in my face, said, “Tilly says she would like if Jesus was here, and so does Bertha.”

As I looked down and met the truthful, wistful expression of these children’s eyes, which seemed to say, “That’s all that’s wanting to our present joy,” I could but think, “How few there are who wish for Jesus when their cup is full of earthly joy!”

I knew a young girl who, having lost her mother in early childhood, had only known a father’s love. Her father also died. The girl was stronger than most to bear sorrow alone, but she found it was not easy to carry her joys by herself. For years after her father’s death, whenever anything happened which made her particularly happy, her first thought and impulse was to write and tell it all to him. It is just so we should feel towards the Lord Jesus if we loved Him at all as we ought. And to those who love Him in this way He comes even now, and in a way which only He and they can understand, and shares and doubles all their joy.

Most children, I fancy, think that if Jesus were really here it would spoil all the pleasure. It is such a mistake. I think when He comes “little ones” which believe on Him and love Him will look up as brightly and happily in His face as you, little reader, do in your father’s, when he comes along while you are having a game.

A little girl in Scotland was one day sitting deeply engrossed with some toys, when her father came into the room, and asked her if she should like to go with him the next day to Edinburgh. She rose instantly, with an exclamation of surprised delight, let her toys fall all about, and ran into her father’s arms. To go to Edinburgh, and with “father,” meant new and far more splendid toys. So with those little ones who are alive and rain unto the coming of the Lord: they will gladly quit their earthly play to go back with Him to heaven, where there are pleasures for evermore.

He will be here soon, for He says, "Behold, I come quickly!" If He came now could you look up in His face with joy? Would you be glad? Not unless you have had your sins taken away through trusting in Him as your Saviour, believing that He died to save you. Have you done this? E B■r.

## With All Your Might

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WHATEVER your hand finds to do, do it with all your might. Be whole-hearted over your work; keep your soul in it. Whether it be work or play, do what you do right earnestly. Do not be an indifferent, sleepy sort of boy or girl, for life is too valuable to be lived save with a purpose.

And this "with-all-your-might" way of doing things is most important to the Christian boy and girl. A half-hearted Christian never gets on. God is not to be served acceptably with anything less than a whole heart. Depend upon it, the reason so many young Christians fail in their Christian cause, and turn back for a season into the world, is that they are not heart and soul given up to Christ and His work. When indifference to Christ begins to creep into the heart, it is the time to tremble, and to pray for His strength that there may be true earnest purpose for Him.

## Rejoice, O Young Man, in Thy Youth

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A VERY religious young man was once lodging in my house. One day he brought into his room a glass case, containing two figures, representing Christ and the Virgin Mary, and also a censer for burning incense, together with a row of beads. He evidently hoped by the use of these things to render his heart fit for God; but I felt that, if he had had Christ dwelling in his heart by faith, he would have wanted none of them.

How to approach the subject of eternity with him I did not know, but, feeling assured that he had come into my house to obtain a blessing from God, I knelt down in his room and asked God to save him. I continued to cry to God for the young man's soul, though I could not speak to him personally.

One morning, upon entering his room, I found, to my great surprise, that the images had been removed from the glass case, and, after some little while, I rejoiced to observe that the case, too, had been taken away. Week after week went on, but I was still unable to speak to him, though I felt sure God would answer prayer for the young man's soul.

This young man, notwithstanding the use in his private devotions of the religious objects mentioned, entered into all the gaieties of the world, for he had no satisfaction within his heart — he had not received from the Lord Jesus that living water, which is a springing well within those who possess it.

One evening he came into my sitting room, and told me he was going to a ball.

"You make a verse of Scripture press on my mind, sir," said I.

"Tell me what it is," he replied.

"I will find it if you will read it," was my answer.

"Well," said he, "you give me the chapter and I will see if I can find the verse."

So I handed the Bible to him, opened a the eleventh chapter of Ecclesiastes.

"Is it the ninth verse?"

"Yes, it is," was my answer.

"Ah! that verse has condemned me many a time," he remarked, and he shut the Bible and went out—not, however, to go to the ball, but to tell his companions that he could not accompany them.

God had spoken to his soul, and had awakened his conscience. The words of the Lord rang in his ears, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things. God will bring thee into judgment."

Most miserable did the young man look for some time, and he kept out of my way as much as he could for several days. After that, one evening, he came home very unwell, and asked me if I could give him something to relieve him. I told him that I thought it was God's hand making him feel the realities of eternity, at which he sighed deeply, and did not reply. He then asked me to read some portion of the Bible to him, so I turned to different portions which I thought would meet his spiritual need. After this he would come to my sitting-room nearly every evening, and would throw himself down in a chair, groaning, without saying a word, and I would then read passages of Scripture to him.

This state of despondency of soul continued on him for some weeks, when one evening he came in with a radiant face, exclaiming, "I see as you do now; it is a finished work wrought by Christ on the cross for my sins." He knew, by the teaching of God the Holy Spirit, that his sins were all put away by that most blessed work of Jesus, and henceforth, need we say, he no longer required images to help his soul. "I do not know how to bear such joy," he added.

He asked for a suitable scripture to place upon the wall of his bedroom, and this was selected, "Your sins are forgiven you for His Name's sake." (1 John 2:12.)

"You are quite sure this is true of you?" I inquired, upon which, raising his voice, he said with great earnestness, "Not a sin I ever committed will rise against me."

After God gave this young man peace, he suffered persecution and contempt from his former companions, among whom, in the strength of the new life God had given him, he shone brightly, and God was with him for blessing to some. One of these, a boy of thirteen years of age, was saved through his speaking to him of the grace of God. This lad was won by the love of Jesus. The young man gave him a text-book for daily use, in which he had written the text, "Your sins are forgiven you for His Name's sake." "I know that," said the boy. "And how do you know it?" inquired the young man. "Because two months ago you told me of His love," was the reply. It proved that, while the young man had been experiencing in his soul the realities of God's pardoning love in Christ, he had been the means of leading this dear boy to truly believe in Jesus.

His heart's desire now is to declare the gospel of God's grace to poor sinners far and wide; and to tell of the precious Saviour, who suffered on the cross for his sins, and for all that believe on Him.

Dear reader, do you know God's pardoning mercy for yourself? True religion does not consist in outward things, but when a sinner really believes in Christ he is forgiven, and not only forgiven, but there is in him a fountain of life, and joy, and peace, and this it is of which the Lord Jesus speaks when He says, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." (John 4:4.) F. T.

## A Test for the Heart

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THE day is coming when each of us must stand before God, when the world wherein we lived and sorrowed and rejoiced will be no more. It is but a little while, and this great end will have come; the pleasures of this life are but for a season, and its distresses are passing swiftly away; let us then ask ourselves, How shall it be with us in eternity? What account shall we render to God?

The way in which we answer this question this present moment gives a very fair index to our future. For some answer it with a shrug of the shoulders, others with a heavy sigh, while a few can say, "He who will sit upon the judgment seat, hung for me upon the cross. He is my Saviour and my Friend."

## A Fisherman's Story

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I LIVED a careless life, without any thought for my soul, until after my marriage, when, through God's grace, my wife being awakened to concern for her salvation, she began also to care for mine. It was one Sunday evening, some fifteen years ago, when she first begged me to go with her to chapel. Though I refused in a hardened spirit, no sooner had she gone and left me to my thoughts, then I became oppressed with the sense of my sinful and ungodly state. How I wished I had gone with her! I was so wretched that I thought the time would never pass before she returned. I could not keep my misery to myself, and, on my wife's return, told her how I felt, and asked her to pray for me. This she said she could not do, as she did not know how to pray for herself.

"Well, then," said I, "let us both kneel down together," and in my poor, ignorant way I poured out my first prayer to God, if those poor, dark words could be called prayer. My past life came vividly before my eyes, and the memory of my sins seemed to tell me that, if I continued as I was, I must reap the wages of sin, which is death. I made a vow, God helping me, from that time to forsake my evil ways, and to endeavor to lead a Christian life. "Lord, help me!" I cried, and continued thus praying for help for three months. I thought every day I was becoming better, but at last I found that praying would not save me.

I was at that time master of a smack, called "The Elizabeth," belonging to my parents. They offered to spend a hundred pounds on the vessel to get her ready for pleasuring in the summer if I would take her. I knew that pleasuring would compel me to work on Sundays, and this my conscience condemned; but, unhappy about it as I was, I had not the courage to refuse my parents' offer, so I accepted it, and daily asked God to deliver me out of this vessel and give me another berth. I did not see that I was disobeying His word by accepting the offer, and had no right to expect Him to deliver me by a plan of my own devising. Day by day I was engaged unrigging the smack to prepare her for the pleasuring, which occupation took about a fortnight. Regularly as morning came round, as I passed the Droit Office at six o'clock, this thought came into my mind, "Here I go to my work again, and the Lord has not delivered me," and then I feared I was not praying aright, so God would not help me to live a Christian life. This added to my unhappiness. At last the 24th of May came round, when it is the custom to fire a royal salute. I was inadvertently too near, and some of the powder from the first gun that was fired struck my shoulder, and laid me senseless.

When I came to myself my first thought was, "If that charge had killed me, should I have escaped hell?" I could not answer my own question, as I lay helpless on a bed in the hospital, thrown out of work. God, however, had not only delivered me from Sunday work, but He was bringing me to see that all my righteousnesses were as filthy rags in His sight, and on that sick bed He brought me to the end of all my self-righteous attempts to save myself.

Several Christian people visited me, and they all said one and the same thing. It was only by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ that I could be saved. This troubled me, for I could not understand what they meant, that I had only to believe. One day, as I was lying upon my bed, I

stretched out my hand and took up the Testament, and something seemed to say, "If you want to be saved, believe that Book," and while lying there the Lord revealed Himself to me, and I was enabled to take Christ as my own personal Saviour, and I am happy to say from that time, He has enabled me to seek to follow in His footsteps.

I could not tell anyone how good He has been to me, and how He has heard and answered my poor prayers. He has always given me double what I have asked Him for, and of this I will give you one instance.

Once I was very badly off, and had not a shilling of my own, As I knew it would trouble my wife, I did not want her to know it, so I went down to the rocks and asked the Lord to give me a shilling. You may say it was a strange place to go to ask for a shilling, but I wanted it sorely, and I knew my Heavenly Father was acquainted with all my trouble. I had no sooner asked for the shilling than my eye was directed to a piece of drifted lead lying among the rocks. I picked it up, and, taking it to the town, sold it for two shillings; my prayer was answered twice over. I have never been so poor since then, and I can say I have reason indeed to speak well of Him and to bless His name. Let me just ask you, who read this story of mine, to put your trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, and you will be as happy as the young fisherman. R. W.

## All Right a Week Ago

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A FEW years ago, some gospel services were being conducted in a tent, in a small town in the south-west of Scotland, and, during the weeks that the meetings continued, the power of the Lord was present to heal. Many turned from their idols to serve the living and true God, and to wait for His Son from heaven. Believers were also aroused, and among others was one who had been converted some three years. Meeting me one day, he pressed me to call and see his wife, who was unconverted. This I promised to do, and shortly afterwards called at his house, and had a talk with the woman, who was anxious about her soul. It was a pleasant privilege to point out to her the way of salvation. The waters of truth were to her thirsty soul as is good news from a far country. She heard, and believed, and in believing the report the arm of the Lord was revealed to her. Her doubts and fears vanished, and she was made free.

Six days afterward, she looked in upon a neighbor who was lying ill in bed; the conversation turned on the question of salvation. Her neighbor was full of fears, but the young convert joyfully told her that she had got rid of all her doubts and difficulties, to which the neighbor could only reply, "You are well off."

The day following, while at the dinner-table, it came with power to me that I should call on this woman, who had been converted the afternoon of my first visit. I found her sitting on a stool in the middle of the kitchen floor. She was suffering from some illness, and on inquiry I found she had had a severe fright a year before, and had several times since felt her heart weak. She said she was so ill that she purposed going by the train, in the course of an hour, to a neighboring town, to see a fresh doctor.

I again asked how it fared with her soul. With a beaming countenance, she replied that it was all made right a week ago. Some more happy conversation followed, and then I left, glad to find her resting sweetly in the Lord.

She became seriously ill soon after my leaving her, and in two short hours she was in eternity! On her way to the railway station she had fainted, and was carried home, when she very soon fell asleep. Thank God for her testimony, that it was all settled a week ago.

Reader, is it settled with you?

## A Vain Hope

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ONE stormy winter's night, a vessel was observed off Whitby, making signals of distress. Immediately the life-boat was launched, and her brave crew hastened through the white waves to the rescue. Off Whitby's rock-bound coast many a noble vessel has been dashed in pieces when the wild north wind blows. This vessel proved to be a small fishing smack, and her crew were speedily got on board the life-boat, all except the captain. The smack was his all and he refused to leave her. "She's not so bad," he said, declaring he could manage he himself, and would get her off in safety yet.

There was no time for parley in the terrible storm, therefore, though with reluctance, the life-boat was forced to return without him, and reached the shore in safety. The storm continued to rage, its fury increased, again the life-boat pulled off, and tried to reach the smack, but the efforts were in vain, and when morning dawned, and the storm had cleared away, the body of the captain was lying stiff and cold under the rocks.

Everyone who is out of Christ is on a sinking ship, which may go down at any instant. Now, just this moment, as came the life-boat to the ill-fated vessel, to you are come the mercy and salvation of God. Can you weather the storm? Say you, like that captain, "I am not so bad, I can manage for myself"? You will find to your cost that your reckoning is false, and that your hopes will perish.

Oh! surrender yourself to God's mercy while yet there is time! Give up all trust in your own efforts, and flee to Christ while yet you may. The life-boat is even now waiting, you have only to step in, for "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." A few more hours, and it may be too late. Now your loving Saviour is calling, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." It will profit you nothing to know that Christ is an Almighty Saviour, if you do not come to Him for yourself to be saved.

The life-boat could not save the one who would not quit the sinking ship and trust himself to her, but all who stepped on board were saved. The boat was strong enough to bear them, and the Lord Jesus will save you just as you are, so wait not a single moment.

R. B. Y.

## From Cloud to Sunshine

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G. W. was an interesting and amiable young man of about twenty-two years of age. His mother was a most godly, unassuming Christian, whose spirit and example constantly appealed to his conscience as to the reality and beauty of true religion. She also frequently spoke to him of the importance of seeking an interest in the Saviour and of living in the enjoyment of His love, and thus being prepared for whatever the will of God might send. The influence of his mother's word and example often touched G.'s sleeping conscience, and he frequently determined to alter his ways. Under the influence of such feelings as these, he left his home and accepted a situation in which he was very comfortable, and gave satisfaction to his employers. Here he continued for some time, and we heard but little of him or of his state of mind; when suddenly to our surprise, we were informed that he had returned to his home dangerously ill, and with this news came a message that he would be glad to see us as soon as possible.

On calling, we were astonished to witness the great change already effected by the disease in G.'s appearance; his face had lost its glow of health, and was thin and pale—the finger marks of death were apparent upon it. The doctor informed us that G. could not be here long, and very anxious was the poor fellow about his health, as he strove to keep up a hope of recovery from the disease, under the influence of which he was fast passing away.

In relation to his state before God we could not get a word from G.; his lips were closed, but his eyes gave expression to great depression, anxiety, and unrest. After reading and speaking to him of the Saviour's love, and engaging in prayer, we had to leave him without the slightest knowledge of the condition of his soul. This state of mind continued for some time, for, though G. was very grateful for our visits, and attentive to all that was said, his face only expressed his continued anxiety and sorrow. At last, after many visits, we discovered that he was in great distress of soul through conscious guilt and that he was in deep fear of death. The way in which, in days of health, he had slighted the monitions of conscience, and the influence of his mother's example and words, all came to his mind. Again we brought before him the gospel of God's grace, and its divine adaptation to his condition as guilty and lost, but still had to leave him in darkness and fear.

The next time we called to see him, the moment we entered his room we saw a great change in the very expression of his face. The look of anxiety, fear, and distress was gone, and that of a sweet peace and bright hope had taken its place, and, as he warmly grasped our hand, we said, "You do not look like the same being."

"Well," replied G., "after your last visit I looked to the Lord, and cried to Him to teach me. As I thought of what you said, how that God presents Christ to me and salvation in Him, I was helped to receive Him, and then peace and joy overwhelming sprang up in my heart, and have continued there ever since. My fear of death is gone, and I am ready to depart and be with Christ."

How glad we were to share in the joy of this youth we need not say. His case was indeed a beautiful and practical illustration of the truth of the Saviour's own words: "Whosoever drinketh of

the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life"; and "I am the light of the world: he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

As our young friend drew near to the end, he was too weak even to lift up his head from his pillow, but grasping our hand, and looking brightly up, he said, "My joy in Him is as full as ever, and I long to be with Him."

To his mother he said, "If it were the Lord's will, I should like to live to serve Him, but He has given me the honor of serving Him in suffering, and I long to go and be with Him to serve Him above."

In this blessed state of mind he continued to the last, when his face brightened up with the light of a never-ending joy, as he fell asleep on the bosom of his great Saviour and Lord.

Speaking with his mother of her son, she said what a change she had witnessed in dear G.'s face since the time when the fear and terror he could not hide were written upon it; adding that after he had found Christ, and was led to rest in Him, his face had seemed to her as bright as an angel's. As she thought of it she was filled with joy and gratitude to the Lord, who had heard her prayers, and had so blessed him.

This same joy can be yours! Are you living under the sense of guilt and in the fear of death? Look to Him of whom it is written: "There is forgiveness with Thee, that Thou mayest be feared... and with Thee there is plenteous redemption." Look to Jesus, who invites the weary and heavy laden to come unto Him for rest. Do as the young man did—obey the invitation of Christ, and, by faith, accept Him as your present and everlasting Saviour, and then not only will peace be yours, but the spirit of love, liberty, and sonship, filling you with joy unspeakable and full of glory. W.P.B.

The beloved writer of this paper has been taken from the regions of clouds to that of eternal sunshine. The last few weeks of his sojourn here, his mind dwelt much on the Father's house above, and seasons of joy in communion with Christ were frequently his, so much so that he would exclaim, "I can't understand why I have been so favored lately, unless it be the preface to the book; and my Father means to take me home soon., His toils and sufferings for Christ have come to their end, concerning which he would often say, "I would go through them all over again for Him."

"From the conflict and the battle,  
To the home where strife must cease;  
From the storms of life's rude ocean  
To the port of endless peace."

## Jesus Paid It All

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A YOUNG friend of mine had the following remarkable dream. One night she dreamt she was on her way to the promised land■to the place which, the Lord said when here; He was going to prepare for those that love Him. Whilst pursuing her long weary joey she at last espied the great gate, on which, when she arrived, she found written, "Knock." This she did twice, but the gate did not open; again she knocked, but no answer. Someone, however, appeared from elsewhere, whom she took to be Satan. He said, "You must pay to go in there;" to which she replied, "Jesus paid it all." And at these words the gate immediately flew open, and she entered the beautiful place; and while walking there awoke to find it only a dream. C. M.

## Today, If Ye Will Hear His Voice

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GOD saw His ancient people Israel languishing in Egypt, the land of bondage, and He pitied their misery and distress, and sent His messenger to them, promising them deliverance from their bonds, and rest in a land flowing with milk and honey. After a season, the time came when Israel was delivered from Egyptian slavery, even as the Lord had promised, and they became pilgrims journeying to a better land. They had left behind their Egyptian toil—slaves to Pharaoh again they never were—but their pilgrimage became a test to them, and the wilderness through which they journeyed proved to them a path as difficult to tread as they had found the toil of Egypt difficult to endure.

In Israel thus journeying to the promised land we have a picture of such as bear the name of Christians, who have set out to the heavenly country, and who are, in a spiritual sense, pilgrims through the wilderness of this world. In our land alone there are more than six hundred thousand of such—the number of the men of Israel who left Egypt—for churches, and chapels, and places of worship, possess in them a large host of professors of Christianity who avow themselves as on the way to heaven. The Scripture does not overlook this host, as the third and fourth chapters of the Epistle to the Hebrews indicate. But how will the wilderness of this world test them? What shall be the end?

A man may be delivered from heathenism or gross wickedness, and become a professing Christian, and yet never be saved in the end. A child may be brought up in the Christian faith, grow up to maturity, live a moral life, and die at an old age, respected in his religious circle, without finding Christ for himself. What will the end of the professors of Christianity be? Will it be heaven? In plain words, a man may have so much of the Christian religion as shall make him a respectable and honorable member of a Christian community, and yet fail altogether of having Christ in his heart.

“Unto the end” ■do we read twice in Heb. 3. How many make a fair start, how few labor on “unto the end.” How many begin with deep impressions, in how few are the impressions daily deepened. How many begin with their faces to the better country, how few have their faces brighter with the love of God and the joys at His right hand, as year by year of their wilderness course rolls by. “Unto the end” ■ “if we hold fast the confidence and the rejoicing of the hope firm unto the end.”

We remember well the time when, in years gone by, readers of this magazine, being then children, told us of their desires for Jesus and for God. Those children are now grown up to be men and women. Have they forgotten the early days of their lives? Alas, too many of them are now heart and soul in the world-professing Christians though they be. They cannot say, “We hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end.”

“Today, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts.” Let not the pleasures of the world, or the deceitfulness of sin, so affect your heart that His word shall not be heard. Sin is so deceitful, that when we read the Bible, hear sermons, or are addressed by our own consciences, we have the

way of hearing so much or so little as pleases ourselves, and not of hearing just what God says. "None are so deaf as those who won't hear." It is the wish not to hear that keeps so many insensible to God's call. If ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts for a heart subject to God is the best ability for hearing His word.

Professing Christian, inquire of yourself what will be the end of your present course. Be in earnest with yourself, for to profess and yet not to possess Christ, is but trifling with His Name.

The word preached to Israel, telling them of a land of milk and honey, did not profit those who reached not Canaan; and the reason is, that word was not mixed with faith in those who heard it. Thus is it with the gospel today, which is a sound familiar to thousands, but avails for none who hear it and yet believe not. Sad beyond expression will be the lot of those who, having heard of the good things to come, yet fail of them, and receive them not. What will the bitterness of those be who have been told of God's love and of Christ's sacrifice, of free salvation and everlasting peace, and who yet have mixed faith with none of these things?

Most earnestly, beloved readers, who are professors of Christ's Name, do we plead with you to make sure of the reality. "Today, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."

## How Do You Read the Bible?

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IT is easy to fall into the habit of reading the Bible as if it were a book like other books, and to forget practically that, save as God the Holy Spirit teaches us while reading it, we cannot spiritually understand what we read. Every time we open the Bible we should read it in order to be taught of God. By reading it with the intention of mastering its truths in our own strength, we forget our true place in relation to the word of God, and by such pride forfeit the favor of divine teaching, for God teaches the teachable, not the self-sufficient.

## The Texts and the Flowers

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FOR the last few years it has been my custom to take a small bunch of spring flowers with a text card attached, to each house in a district where I visit. The flowers are greatly prized, and in some instances the cards are preserved from year to year. One beautiful day in spring, having, in company with some friends, visited a lovely valley some distance from our town, we came back with stores of primroses, violets, and bluebells, sufficient for sixty bunches; and, having attached a text to each of them, they were distributed among the houses as usual. There were some bunches left, and I was considering what to do with them, when something seemed to say distinctly, "Take them to the cottage hospital." Now as this was fully two miles away, and the day was very hot, being tired, I began to excuse myself, when again the words sounded in my mind, "Take them to the cottage hospital." The flowers were fast drooping, so I thought, "I can hardly offer the sick people these miserable-looking flowers, for they will be still more withered when I get to the hospital in this heat," and then, for the third time, the words sounded close to me, "Take them to the cottage hospital."

Then I thought, "This is not my work, but God's. He surely bids me take His flowers and His messages of mercy to this special place"; and at once I started off. On reaching it I met a young girl who had belonged to my Bible class, and begging her to place the flowers in water to revive them, and then to give them to any who might wish for them, I went my way.

Some months afterward I again met this young girl, who had recovered her health, and was in service. During conversation she suddenly said, "Will you take some more flowers and texts to the cottage hospital? You do not know how much good those did which you took before. I wished I had had a few for every patient. It was so strange, but each one said, after reading the text attached, that it was just the very message that suited her need."

These were some of the texts: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee" (Isa. 41:10); "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee" (Heb. 13:5); "Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me" (Psa. 1:15).

It was by no design on my part that these verses were left, but most of the texts written out referred to sin and its cleansing; such portions of the word of God being, it seemed to me, most suited to those for whom they were intended, and as I visited their houses the people took the flowers they preferred without any reference to the texts. Was it not, therefore, God's own ordering that the texts, so suited to His weary, suffering ones, should remain? And did He not certainly intend to make them a blessing when He guided me to the hospital quite against my will at first? This little incident teaches us that in God's sights nothing is too insignificant to carry out His gracious purposes. T.

## A Letter From the Far West

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IT is a long time since I had the privilege of writing to you, my young friends, but you will be pleased to have a few more lines from the "Far West." Life here is very different from what it is in Old England, and our Sunday congregations would appear very strange in your eyes.

At one time we assemble in a low-pitched room, called a bunk-house, situated immediately at the foot of high mountains. Wooden bunks, piled one upon the top of another, are attached to the walls, very much after the fashion of the berths in a ship. The listeners, who are quarrymen of various nationalities, are some smoking, and others lying down. A party of these are noisy, while not a few, under the influence of whiskey, are cursing me as I tell them of God's love to sinners.

At another time, after traveling a long distance out on the prairie, the only place I find in which to preach to the ranchmen and their families, who have come in wagons from miles around, is a small wooden building, called a shanty, through the opening cracks of which the wind whistles uncomfortably. In this room for several Sundays an attentive little company gathers together to hear of our Lord Jesus. Some of the hearers are Christians, but, living, as they do, far from any town, they seldom have the opportunity of public worship, or of listening to the gospel.

One old lady of this company wept as she shook my hand and wished me God-speed, for she said the meetings reminded her of her old home and friends in the Eastern states, and of the many happy hours she had spent there. In that wee shanty, in which all who came could not find sitting or standing room, I have reason to hope that more than one soul was converted to God, and found peace and joy through believing in Christ.

In most of the mountain hamlets, it is difficult to get the people to assemble to hear the gospel; for they have been so long unaccustomed to attend any religious service that they have become altogether careless. They totally disregard the Lord's Day—indeed, many scarcely know when Sunday comes round. At one place, on arriving at the school-house, where I had been announced to preach, I found, instead of an audience, some twenty boys and young men, as wild almost as the ponies they rode, assembled for horse racing. But in this spot, by repeatedly calling at the houses and farms, and by sending messengers through the glades to the people, they gradually came round. First the children came, and very pleased they were with the story-books with pictures which I gave them; then the young men and women followed, and when a few weeks had passed, the parents and older people came, so that at last we had quite an earnest congregation.

So far as we now are from home and our old beloved friends, you cannot wonder if we often long for the privileges we used to enjoy in England.

A few months since an interesting incident occurred here. About thirty years ago, a cruel father, who lived in the south of London, forsook his home, taking with him his little boy of two years of age, whom he had secretly removed from his mother's care. He went to the docks to sail for America. This man had for a long time neglected his home, and had treated his young wife and baby most cruelly. Little Fred, as the child was named, cried very much to be taken back to the

mother, but his hard-hearted father paid no heed to him, but sailed with him to America. On the voyage the father quarreled with a sailor, who so seriously injured him that, soon after their arrival in America, he died. The baby-boy, Fred, was placed under the care of an uncle and aunt, who taught him to call them father and mother; but after a few years they died also, and poor Fred was left alone to earn his living.

Years of hardship passed over him, during which time much rough treatment fell to his lot. He determined to start for the "great West," and journeyed as far as the Rocky Mountains. There, by perseverance and industry, he was enabled to provide himself a home. He purchased horses and implements, and set up in business for himself, and became settled in life. The great longing of the boy, through all these years, had been to hear tidings of his mother, for the aunt and uncle, before they died, had told him his history.

One day Fred called upon us, told us how he had been taken from his mother when a baby, and asked if we knew anyone of their name in London, and begged that we would make enquiries after her.

The particulars were so meagre, and the chances of finding his mother so remote, that we gave but little hope. Thirty long years had passed since Fred had been carried on board ship and brought from London to America, and we thought most probably his poor mother had died of grief years ago. And, even if she were alive, it seemed impossible that she could be found. However, seeking God's guidance, we wrote to one of the London newspapers, gave the few particulars we possessed, and requested the editor to insert the inquiry, and this he kindly did.

Six weeks after this, Fred rushed into our house one morning, exclaiming excitedly, "I've found my mother. She saw your letter in the newspaper, and wrote off at once. Here is a letter from her. Read it."

The touching letter was in disjointed sentences—evidence of the excitement under which it had been written. It narrated the facts in detail of the loss of her little Fred, whom, as she said, she had long thought was lost to her. The sequel is soon told. Fred sent his photograph to his mother, and with it money, begging her to come over at once to him. In about five weeks Mrs. B. arrived, and who can describe the feelings of those two hearts, at meeting after so long a separation! It must have been in some respects, similar to that of the father and prodigal son, of which we read in the fifteenth chapter of Luke's Gospel. Yet, whilst we can imagine somewhat of the intense joy of the mother and son, it is but a feeble picture of the love that God has towards us, and of the joy He has when a soul accepts the Lord Jesus Christ as his or her Saviour, Yes, and when a little girl or boy, too, comes to Jesus.

In my story you saw that both the mother and son equally longed to find each other; but the Bible tells us that it is God who is seeking the sinner, whilst the sinner does not seek after God. How strange! God is beseeching sinners to receive pardon and peace and eternal life, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, who died to put away our sins. C. G. D.

## The Cities of Israel. Jerusalem

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THE antiquity of Jerusalem is very great, if it really be (as Josephus affirms) the Salem of Melchizedek, for we have now to add to the two thousand one hundred and seventy-seven years, which he gives as the period of its existence, the eighteen hundred which have passed since he wrote "The Wars of the Jews."

If it bore the name of Salem in Abraham's day, it had become changed by the time that Joshua led Israel into the Promised Land; it was then known as "Jebus," and the name of the Jebusites is a familiar one in the list of nations to be expelled by Israel. The name of its then reigning king reminds one of the ancient Melchizedek ■ "Adonizedek," Lord of Righteousness ■ but there the likeness ends. He attacked Gibeon because of its covenant with Joshua, but the battle ended in the rout of the Canaanites. Though allotted to Benjamin, Jebus was not taken, but after Joshua's death Judah attacked it and set it on fire. It would appear that this capture was only partial, for farther on in the chapter we read that Benjamin did not drive out the Jebusites, but, says the sacred writer, they "dwell with the children of Benjamin in Jerusalem unto this day." Probably it was only part of the city, the Mount Zion of after history and a stronghold, which was so retained by the Jebusites. Later on it was called "the city of a stranger, that is not of the children of Israel."

The "stronghold of Zion" did not come into the possession of Judah till David himself took it after he was king. It hence received the name "The city of David," which must not be confounded with the like New Testament title, by which Bethlehem is meant.

We can only touch upon the changes which grew up under the hands of David, and of his son, Solomon. The work of the former seemed to have reference chiefly to strengthening the city. "He built round about," says the Scripture, which apparently refers to the wall. According to Josephus, Solomon "built the walls of Jerusalem much larger and stronger than those that had been there before," and set great towers upon them. One great event in its history was the bringing thither the ark of God, and setting it in its place in the midst of the tabernacle that David had pitched for it. From that moment its dignity was wonderfully heightened. It was now not merely "the city of David"; Jehovah's Name was there; it was "the mountain of His holiness." The desire of David's heart, however, was forbidden him ■ the building a house for God to dwell in. The site was secured by him from Araunah, the Jebusite king, and he stored the materials for the work, but the honor of building the Temple was reserved for Solomon, who carried out that grand work, and further adorned the city with his own palace. We can hardly conceive the glorious appearance and wealth of Jerusalem ■ "a city, in the palaces of which all the vessels were of pure gold, where spices, precious stones, rare woods, and curious animals were accumulated in the greatest profusion; where silver was no more valued than the stones of the street, and considered too mean a material for the commonest of the royal purposes" ■ such a city, and in such times of peace as Solomon enjoyed, furnished no unworthy type of the glory which yet awaits it under the reign of the true Solomon ■ the Prince of Peace.

Of course, the beauty of Zion did not consist merely of its architectural adornments. Its situation was striking, ■ “beautiful,” is the Psalmist’s word. It stood on the edge of one of the highest, tableland: of the country. Only from the south, where Hebron rose higher than Zion, was there a descent to the city, on every other side the hill ended abruptly, while the journey from every point but the south was an ascent, and “going up” to Jerusalem was no mere figure. “It must have always presented the appearance,” writes one, “beyond any other capital of the then known world, ■we may add, beyond any important city that has ever existed on the earth, ■of a mountain city, breathing, as compared with the sultry plains of the Jordan or of the coast, a mountain air; enthroned, as compared with Jericho or Damascus, Gaza or Tyre, on a mountain fastness.” Upon its appearance when viewed from a distance we do not dwell this has been already touched upon in a previous paper on Bethany. But no modern descriptions are more eloquent than the touching exclamations of the ancients. How lovingly did the Jews of old dwell upon its strength and its beauty “Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever,” is the assertion of its strength. “Comely as Jerusalem,” is the simile in Solomon’s Song of Solomon “Zion, the perfection of beauty,” “Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth,” is the language of various Psalms, and these last two expressions Jeremiah has brought together in his sad Lamentation after its desolation, showing their proverbial character: “Is this the city that men call ‘The perfection of beauty,’ ‘The joy of the whole earth’?”

With Solomon’s death came a change. Rehoboam was of a different temper from his father and his grandfather. Not that Jerusalem depended for its prosperity or its decline upon the abilities of its kings. We shall do well to mark the reason of its downfall; it is a lesson to our own souls. “When Rehoboam had established the kingdom, and had strengthened himself, he forsook the law of the Lord.” For this reason the Lord “left him in the hand of Shishak,” king of Egypt. The Egyptian host came up against the city; Rehoboam made no resistance, and the city was stripped of its treasures.

We cannot closely follow its chequered after history; remarkable among other things for the number of times it was besieged. “In the fifteen centuries which elapsed between these two points (namely, its capture by the men of Judah and its destruction by Titus), the city was besieged no fewer than seventeen times; twice it was razed to the ground, and on two other occasions its walls were leveled. In this respect it stands without a parallel in any city ancient and modern. The last of the sieges related in Scripture was that under Nebuchadnezzar. A vassal to Babylon, Zedekiah had been made king by Nebuchadnezzar, but the former broke his oath and rebelled, and the city was invested, taken, set on fire, and utterly destroyed, its beautiful Temple sharing in the desolation. So desolate was it, that an enemy spoke of it as the “heaps of rubbish which are burned.”

In time the Babylonian power was broken, the Persian took its place, and, in exact fulfillment of the prophetic word, decrees were made authorizing the return of captive Judah and the rebuilding of the beloved city. Under many adverse conditions the work was carried out, the wall was restored, and a temple built. Upon the fall of the Persian power, Alexander the Great marched up to Jerusalem, and was met by the priests in full priestly garments. The new ruler treated the Jews most kindly, and gave them permission to enjoy their own laws. Passing over the period which elapsed till the days of Herod, though that period was eventful enough, we find that in the year B.C. 39, Herod, who had been appointed king by the Romans, laid siege to Jerusalem at the head

of a Roman force. The besieged made a resolute defense, and though Herod commanded a proclamation to be made that he had come for the good of the people and the preservation of the city, they relaxed none of their efforts to hold their own. After sometime the city fell, and then the Romans, incensed at the time lost, fell upon the inhabitants like "a company of madmen," sparing neither man nor woman, old or young. It was by Herod's own personal intervention (he fearing that such ravages would only leave him king of a desert) that the slaughter was arrested and the Temple preserved. In the hands of Herod many improvements were made fortifications and public buildings were built, but, greatest work of all, the Temple was rebuilt, ■the Temple with which our Lord was familiar, and which was, as the Jews reminded Him, forty and six years in building. It was in no spirit of adoration, such as moved David to the work, that Herod carried out his wonderful operations, though he asserted that by so doing he intended to make a thankful return to God, after the most pious manner, for what blessings he had received from Him. But Josephus is probably nearer the mark when he says that Herod intended it to be for "an everlasting memorial" to his own name.

In splendor and beauty this Temple, "adorned with goodly stones and gifts," equaled, if it did not even exceed, the Temple of Solomon. It was a mass of marble and gold, having the appearance at a distance of "amount of snow, fretted with golden pinnacles." Some of the stones employed were of an almost fabulous length-some as much as seventy feet long, others forty-three feet high. To such stones as these, and to the buildings as a whole, did the disciples call the attention of the Lord: "What manner of stones and what buildings are here!" "Seest thou these great buildings? There shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down."

Such was the sad answer of the Lord, and too soon was the prophecy fulfilled. Only forty years passed and the sorrows fell. The horrors of that time it is impossible to conceive; the besieged, rent by internal dissensions, fighting one against another; famine fighting against all; while outside the city walls the legions of Rome irresistibly, if slowly, moved on from point to point, capturing first one position, then another, laying hold of the miserable wretches who sought to escape from the city, whipping, tormenting, and crucifying them, nailing those they caught, says Josephus, "one after one way, and one after another, to the crosses by way of jest; when their multitude was so great, that room was wanting for the crosses, and crosses wanting for the bodies." At last the city fell, and fire and slaughter did their horrid work; the glorious Temple was burnt, thousands of persons were killed, and thousands more taken captive. For it had been an accession to the distresses of the time that the siege began just as the whole country had come up to Jerusalem to the Feast of Unleavened Bread, and the city was thronged with people.

Since that day, the city has been trodden down of the Gentiles; but the end is not yet. The prophetic word makes it plain that still further distresses await it, but glory is in store as well, when its sorrows shall have ceased and Jehovah's King shall be set upon His holy hill of Zion. How long, or how soon that maybe we cannot tell, but to Jew and to Christian this famous city must ever be of surpassing interest, to the latter, at present, even more than to the Jew. For it is the city that Jesus loved; the city over which He wept, and outside whose gate He died. There, too, will He reign gloriously; the promises of blessing shall be as exactly fulfilled as have been its woes; Jerusalem shall be "safely inhabited," and its name shall be called "Jehovah-Shammah"■ "the Lord is there." Jr.

## The Story of Isaac Levinsohn

## Becomes a Preacher of Christ, the Son of God. Chapter 11

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AT this period of my life, I attended the services held in a Baptist chapel, at which I found great blessing to my soul. One evening it fell on me to engage in prayer. It was the first time I had opened my mouth in public, and I felt as ashamed of myself as if I had committed a crime, and during the rest of the prayer-meeting was very much cast down. However, the minister, in whose chapel I was, in his closing prayer, besought the Most High to prepare me to go forth and preach the gospel of His Son. This prayer surprised me greatly, and I did not think it would be answered.

When the meeting was over, the minister, in conversation with me, told me it was his conviction that I was to go forward and preach the gospel; but I was ignorant of the English language, and could not feel that his conviction had any weight with me. Months passed by, and I continued to attend the same chapel, and began by degrees to feel the importance of doing something to glorify the Name of my Saviour. I commenced teaching in the Sunday-school, and afterward, with a friend, began visiting the poor and infirm inmates of Bethnal Green Workhouse, and when thus engaged, joy became unspeakable, for I found my labor was not in vain, for a poor old woman on her dying bed declared from her heart that my poor words had been blessed to her soul!

Seeing the Lord was pleased to use me, I felt it a joy and a duty to testify for Him wherever I could do so. There was a Jewish family in Whitechapel with whom I had a conversation respecting the promised Messiah. An intelligent young man, then present, anxiously listened, and I told him how the Lord had dealt with me since I left my native land, and how I had been brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. We spent some hours arguing from the law. He expressed a wish to go out for a walk with me, and we discussed the coming of the Messiah for a long time, and then went into a coffee-house, where I obtained a private room. I proposed to my young friend that he should kneel down and pray, but as kneeling in prayer is against the Jewish custom, he refused. However, I knelt down and prayed in the German-language.

I then introduced this young man to Mr. Stern, under whose instructions he remained for some months, and afterward, to my great joy, he made a public confession of the Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord had blessed me to one of my brethren after the flesh, to a Jew. Upon this I felt that I must go amongst the Jews, preaching to them Christ crucified and exalted, whether they would hear or whether they would forbear.

I visited several synagogues, and entered quietly into conversation with the Jews on the Messiahship of Jesus Christ, but, upon their finding out that I was a Hebrew Christian, they turned me out. This did not discourage me, for I felt that but a few months previously I should have done the selfsame thing.

I was also able to visit the London and the German Hospitals, and in the latter I found special encouragement. There I lighted on a poor Jew, a German, who was lying in bed, and who had no one to say a kind word to him; he was pleased enough, in his loneliness, for me to speak to him. Whenever the hospital was opened to visitors, I saw him, and took him little presents, and after a

while he would listen to me about Jesus, the Messiah. Some two months passed by, and then he expressed his firm belief in the Lord Jesus Christ, and his conduct testified that he had received the grace of God in his heart.

At last the icy hand of death touched him; but before he died he declared his faith and joy in Jesus, the Saviour, who had so marvelously revealed Himself to his soul. The poor man's gratitude to me also, for being the instrument of his conversion, was such that my heart raised another Ebenezer, and overflowed, for the Lord had given me the honor of bringing into the flock of Christ another of the outcasts of Israel. The joy that filled me on seeing that the Lord would use so feeble an instrument to accomplish His great purposes in the conversion of my brethren, made me determine to use all my energy to proclaim Jesus and His love.

The question now arose, "What shall I do next"? and I often used the prayer of the Apostle Paul, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do"? Should I go to the heathen, and tell them of Christ, or should I go to the Jews in distant lands? I felt very much attached to England, and more and more disinclined to leave the shores where I had realized the sweet liberty Britons enjoy, and especially the freedom to serve God as conscience dictated. After a great deal of questioning with myself, I decided I would go to New Zealand. A free passage was offered me, and I prepared for the voyage, in company with two young men who had been inmates of the Operative Jewish Converts' Institution.

However, when calling upon Mr. Stern to tell him my purpose, he so strongly advised my remaining in England that I could but follow his counsel. As he had been to different Darts of the East, and had preached the gospel to different tribes and nations, I felt his advice was not that of an ordinary peon. So I continued my visits to the London and the German Hospitals, and to the Bethnal Green and the Luke's Workhouses, and labored as far as I could in the slums and the public houses of the East end of London, remembering that to England my steps were directed by a loving God, and that in England I had been led to a knowledge of Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour. These early efforts were much blessed, both to the conversion and the refreshment of souls, and also to my own spirit.

About this time I was requested to preach in a Baptist chapel at Hackney. It was a great ordeal, and I trembled as I stood before a large assembly, for I was young, and perhaps younger in the truth, than any of the congregation.

This was my text, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ" (Rom. 1:16), and during my address the Lord stood by me. Approval was shown by the hearers, and my sermon being over, I was charged, in the name of my Master, to go forth to preach the gospel of God's sovereign grace. Since that eventful night I have preached continually, and, although I have often feared the brook would dry up, God has ever supplied me with words. I was engaged in secular employment during the day, and, after business hours, traveled to different villages preaching, or occupied myself in studying the Scriptures. I rejoice to record the faithfulness of God, and the truth of His promise, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

The reader will understand that my knowledge of the truths of the New Testament was of a limited character. My experience of Christianity was that of a new-born babe. However, the Holy Spirit is a patient teacher, and little by little He led me on into the deeper truths of Scripture. I was satisfied I

knew Jesus Christ as my Lord, my Shepherd, and my Friend, and, although at times I have had to pass through dark clouds, and have been tried by unbelief and fear, I have, by God's grace, not failed to rejoice in Christ Jesus, and in His all-cleansing blood.

## Lost Within Sight of Home

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A FEW years since, a young Caithness fisherman married a girl of his native place and of his own station in life. They were both followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the union was a happy one. The North Sea fishing season came round, and John, our fisherman, with his father, sailed for the fishing ground, and from time to time the young wife heard from her husband of their good success. Thus many weeks wore away. At length the season was closed, and the young wife heard that the boat was able to return, and that she might expect the absent ones home on a certain day.

The morning of the expected day rose bright and calm, and as the time wore on the young wife ascended the steep and high rocks over-looking the bay, and eagerly scanned the horizon for a sight of her husband's sail. By and by she saw a speck, and as it came nearer and nearer she could make it out to be her husband's boat. The little craft hastened on, and she could see the men on board, and descried her husband's form. Then as she waved to him, he responded, for they were close enough to recognize each other.

Just at this instant a sudden squall blew up. It struck the boat and caught the sail, and swinging it round with terrific force, the boom struck John and swept him overboard insensible. Without a moment's delay the boat was put back to the spot where the accident had occurred, but not a trace of John could be seen; he had sunk never more to be seen. He had perished new land, in sight of home, in sight of his beloved wife, nay, within sound of her voice!

Bitter were the wails and many the tears that flowed for the young fisherman, and we can hardly restrain our grief as we think of him and of his young widow. We would not narrate this sad story without an object. We have come to the year's end once more, and the tale tells us of the numbers who are perishing eternally—perishing every year within sight and sound of salvation; perishing, we might say, within sight of home; perishing with an uplifted Christ before their eyes; perishing with the sound of the gospel in their ears; perishing with the word of life in their hands, and perishing willfully because of unbelief. Thousands died in sight of the Ark, though all had been warned and entreated. Thousands upon thousands perished in the wilderness—perished because of unbelief. “With whom was He grieved forty years? was it not with them that had sinned, whose carcasses fell in the wilderness? And to whom swore He that they should not enter into His rest, but to them that believed not? So we see that they could not enter in because of unbelief.” (Heb. 3:17-19.)

Your vessel is nearing the eternal shore! Lo! there stand loved ones, and they seem waiting to greet you. Almost you can hear their voices, for memory brings back the welcome sound. Shall you meet them and be forever at peace and rest when this brief voyage of life is over, or shall it be with you—lost within sight of home?

Friend, make sure of salvation. “He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on Him.” J.H. J■G

## Are You Saved

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AN aged woman once put this question to the writer, who had been telling her of Christ's love, "Do you know that you are saved?"

"Yes! I know my sins are washed away by the blood of Jesus, and I have everlasting life because I believe in Him," was the reply.

"I would give the world if I could say that," answered the aged woman, as the tears ran down her furrowed cheeks.

"You may say it before you sleep tonight, for my Saviour is waiting to receive you, and the blood of Jesus Christ God's Son cleanseth us from all sin."

"That is just what I want, but I am not good enough to come. I have tried and tried, and I seem to get worse instead of better."

The two walked on together, as this aged one—who was evidently under strong conviction—told how she had gone to hear preacher after preacher, seeking peace, but finding none; trying to make herself better, and finding all her efforts vain, she was just on the point of yielding to despair.

Gladly did we take our aged sister by the hand, as it were, and lead her to Jesus. The difficulty was to get her to look away from self and her own efforts, and to trust only in the finished work of Jesus.

"Oh, but you don't know what a sinner I've been," she moaned.

"No, I do not, but Jesus does, and HE came on purpose to save sinners, therefore He will save you." "But what must I do? How can I make myself good enough to come to Him?" she urged.

With earnest prayer for the Holy Spirit's help, we quoted passage after passage of God's Word, until at last the light flashed in upon that troubled soul, and as the sun was setting that summer's evening, the Sun of Righteousness arose and chased the mists of doubt and fear from the troubled heart.

Oh, you who are waiting to become more worthy before coming to Jesus, Jesus "came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance," for "they that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."

"Let not conscience make you linger,

Nor of fitness fondly dream;

All the fitness He requireth

Is to feel your need of Him.

This He gives you,

'Tis the Spirit's rising beam."

R. B. Y.

## Once Too Often

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A FRIEND of mine went to see a young man, who lay dying. He knew him as one with whom the Spirit had often striven, but who had as often rejected Christ. Upon my friend asking the young man what was his hope for eternity, so soon to dawn upon him, he answered■

“I am too bad to be saved now, so I will just take my chance with the rest.”

After lifting up his heart in prayer that the Lord would give the right word to the young man, my friend said, “Whom did Jesus come to save?”

“Sinners,” was the ready reply.

“Are you a sinner?”

“Aye, a sinner of the deepest dye.” “But,” added he bitterly, “I know all you are going to say to me; it is of no use. Christ by His Spirit strove with me over and over again, but I rejected Him once too often, aye, just once too often,” he repeated. “I might have been saved; but, mark you,” said he, “I don’t blame God■God is a loving God, God is a just God. I might have been saved, but now■but now■.”

These were the last words he spoke; consciousness came on, in which state he lay for some days, and then passed away, Oh! reader, take warning, do not trifle with convictions. You may reject Christ once too often, and the bitterest drop throughout all eternity will be: “What might have been.”

Another death-bed scene of one very dear to me is now before me. A young man in all the strength of early manhood is laid down upon what he felt to be his death-bed. He, too, had put off accepting Christ, but now he realized that there was no time to lose. The offers of mercy were still his, and he must close with them at once.

Yet, what was he to do? what atonement could he make for the sins of the past?

A Christian friend opened up to him the “Way of salvation” in all its wonderful simplicity. He drank in every word, and in a tone of infinite relief said, “Is that all? Have we nothing to do?”

“Nothing; all is done simply through Him.”

“Then I am saved; all is done. Saved■saved” he exclaimed. “Oh! that I had known sooner.”

After prayer, in which he heartily joined, my friend left him rejoicing in the Lord.

Subsequent visits proved the reality of his faith and joy. He said once, “You never told me it was anything like this. Oh, no! one half has never been told me. Eternity in its countless ages will go on unfolding more and more of His grace and love.”

His only regret was that he did not come to Christ sooner, and give Him the health and strength of his early youth. "Saved, but nothing more," he used to say sadly. "But what a salvation!"

Dear reader, salvation is once again presented to you. Do not neglect God's mercy; words cannot tell you the joy to be had in Christ, but come and see for yourselves. I know you, too, will say, "The half was never told me." K. R.

## All Sin

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“How much sin will Christ’s blood wash away?” inquired a deeply anxious sinner of a Christian friend. His soul was upon the border of despair, his sins were before him mountains high, he longed to be saved, but feared there could be no hope for him. “How much sin will the blood of Jesus cleanse away?” replied his friend. “ALL sin, for God says in His Word, ‘The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.’” (1 John 1:7.)

ALL sin, every sin. Not one left out, all cleansed away, all gone.

See those rows of figures upon that slate; they form a sum representing millions and millions. Regard these millions of figures as the number of your sins, and now take a sponge and cleanse the slate. Where are the figures now? They are gone, no trace of them is left; so the blood of Jesus Christ, God’s Son, cleanses us who believe from all sin; not one is left for God to view.

How much sin will the blood of Jesus cleanse away? ALL sin, “all sin,” replies God’s own word.

## The Old Lighthouse Keeper

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A FEW months ago I wanted to get an easy-chair re-caned, and was directed to an old man in charge of the lighthouse, about a mile distant from where I live. On his bringing the work home we had the opportunity of a little chat together. He told me he had had the care of the lighthouse for just twenty years, and that during all that time he had not gone to bed at night. Part of his duty was also to cross the river and light the large lamp at the end of the pier, and sometimes when it blew hard, the waves would roll over so strongly that he could not get to it.

Having lighted the lamps he sheltered himself in a little wooden hut on the beach, which in the cold of winter occasioned him much pain from rheumatism.

This brave old man of eighty years of age, seeing he was getting old, and thinking he might have to give up the charge of the lighthouse, set to work, and learned the trade of chair-mending when he was seventy-seven, so that he might earn his own bread.

“Well, as you have plenty of time for reflection at night, what are your thoughts of Him who is the Light of the world, and of yourself, for very soon, perhaps, your lamp of life will go out?” said I, after hearing my old friend’s story.

The old man’s face brightened up into a happy smile, and his eyes seemed to lose their dimness, as he said, “I am justified through the Lord Jesus Christ, who died for me and put away my sins. The Lord gives me strength to work by day, and to perform my duties by night.”

What a lesson this old man teaches us! He had many privations, much bodily suffering, and domestic troubles, but he was happy in his Saviour’s love, and lived in the faith of being justified through the blood of the Redeemer.

Let us, old or young, learn to put on a cheerful courage, looking to the Lord for guidance and counsel, being able to say with the Apostle Paul, “I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content,” and “I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.” VICTOR.

## A Good Soldier of Christ

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..... "As I feel a little stronger this afternoon, I have propped myself up to try and comply with your request, and tell you a few incidents concerning my conversion. You wish that I should tell you how the Lord brought me to Himself, and I will most gladly do so, as briefly as I can.

"I have been a soldier, and served my Queen and country for twenty-one years. I was in the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, and in one of the campaigns on the northern frontiers of India, against some of the rebel Afghan tribes. During all this time I never received a scratch. This shows the wondrous mercy of the Lord towards one who way indeed all those years a reckless and wicked sinner.

"From other dangers, too, I was graciously preserved, for during the fourteen years of our stay in India, my regiment, the 71st Highlanders, was attacked three times by the Asiatic cholera, and hundreds of our men were swept away in a short space of time. Many, to right and left, fell by my side, taken away as in a moment, while I, hardened and careless, thought not at all of the mercy which preserved me alive, but rather boasted of my good luck in escaping while so many were stricken down.

"In January, 1873, I left the army and returned home, still a servant, yea, a willing slave to Satan, and I lived on in my wickedness until, early in the following year, Messrs Moody and Sankey came to England. In March they visited Glasgow, and I, like a great many, went to hear them, not from any desire to hear or to receive the gospel, but to gratify my curiosity, and perhaps have a good laugh at the Yankee buffoons, as I called these dear men of God.

"Mr. Moody spoke on the text, 'Thou art the man,' and the Holy Spirit made me feel even while he was speaking, that I was indeed the man who had sinned against God and done evil in His sight.

"That night God arrested me in my wickedness, but it was three weeks before I found peace, and my distress of soul during that time is indescribable. At last I was led to see the light through reading the fifth chapter of the first epistle of John, especially the tenth verse, 'He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself: he that believeth not God hath made Him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son.'

"Since then I have enjoyed peace with God through faith in His dear Son Jesus Christ, and I may say that from the time when I was first brought to trust in the Lord Jesus I have had grace given me to live and labor for His cause and for His glory, and I can also say that during my two years of affliction I have found my dear Saviour more precious than ever. I have truly known His presence with me to strengthen me upon the bed of languishing, and now I am watching and waiting for my dear Lord to come and take me home."

These lines were penned with difficulty as the writer lay propped with pillows on his bed of pain. The hand that wrote them is now still in death. Let them speak, then, with authority, as the last message sent by one who, while speaking of himself as "very feeble■my lungs almost gone,"

could say that by God's grace he was "ready and waiting," either for the coming of the Lord to take him, with all His redeemed ones, to be with Himself forever, or, "if the Lord does not come before, to pass at one step from earthly sorrows to heavenly joy and glory: absent from the body, present with the Lord."

## Final Words

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THE closing hours of the year call us to think of the last moments of our sojourn on earth, and appeal to us to consider our latter end. Let, then, all other matters be banished from our minds as we each one ask ourselves, "Am I fit and ready for eternity?" Many a friend has passed away from our side this year; time, this life, and this world are to them now things of the past; for them eternity has begun. "How would it be with me" ■let each inquire "should I be now in eternity?" The way the tree falls, it lies; there is no repentance beyond the tomb■at least no repentance to salvation; for though men may lament misspent lives and neglected opportunities in eternity, never again can life be lived, and never again will the opportunity for salvation be given. "Now" ■not in a future state "now is the day of salvation."

In the solemn exhortation of the second chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, we are shown, how great a thing the word of salvation is, spoken first by no less a Messenger from God than His own Son, and confirmed by God to the hearers by miracles and wonders wrought by the Holy Ghost. This word of salvation comes again this day to each reader of these pages; hereby he is reminded of what God has done through His Son to save men. Shall this word slip out of your mind, dear reader, as water escapes from a leaky vessel? Drop by drop it runs away, until all is gone! So, sentence by sentence, little by little, does the gracious word of salvation vanish from the heart, mind, and memory of many of those who hear it! But what is the end of these thoughtless souls? Let this divinely asked question be the answer: "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" Mark, it is not to the infidel or the apostate that this solemn exhortation comes, but to the trifler with God's word■the neglecter.

To neglect so great salvation is to perish forever.

Let us place together, as a final word to our readers who have not yet decided for Christ, these two texts "Now is the day of salvation."

"How shall we escape if we neglect so great Salvation?"

See, dear friend, on the one hand the favor of God extended to you this day. Now is the accepted time. Now you may have all the blessings of salvation. Now the precious things purchased by the blood of Jesus may be yours. Will you repent and turn to God, and receive His salvation? On the other hand, if you will still delay and put off the reception of His Christ, how shall you escape?

## Fear Not

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OVER and over again in the Old Testament these words, "Fear not," come like a soft breeze upon a weary summer day to our longing souls. "Fear not," saith our God to us in our trials and our anxieties, our difficulties and our dangers. "Fear not!" is a motto for life and for death, and one which at the end of the year we may well make our own.

How these words must have cheered the saints of olden days, as they fell from the lips of Isaiah when he was denouncing the sins of Israel! The ways of that nation were evil continually, yet for such as trembled at His word, Jehovah could and did say, in tender compassion, "Fear not."

And in the New Testament, how often does Jesus whisper to His disciples, "Fear not." Upon the stormy sea, when clouds and darkness had closed around their tempest-tossed boat, or during the distresses and anxieties of the little flock, we hear Him saying, "Fear not." And as we behold Him in His glory walking in the midst of the churches, and detecting their backslidings, still, to such as lie low at His feet, His gentle voice is heard, "Fear not."

Christian, do you tremble at His word, and yet confide in Himself? Fear not, though the billows roll and threaten to engulf thy frail skiff; fear not, be the trials of life what they may; fear not, though the church around be indeed the scene of the Lord's judgment; for Jesus says to thee, "Fear not."

This is a personal word, of personal comfort. My fears are my own fears, and though we all may have similar fears, the fear that makes men panic-stricken is their own individual terror. The Prince of Peace says "Fear not;" and should the King of Terrors approach the bed, the sweet smile of Jesus' face shall subdue death into but a shadow, for He lives to die no more, and His assuring comfort to the weakest saint is ■ "Fear not."

## Arm Yourselves

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“HE suffered, being tempted.” In Him there was no response from within to the ceaseless appeal from without, and says the Scripture to us, “Arm yourselves likewise with the same mind: for He that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin.” Our poor hearts are always ready to throw out tendrils to clasp the things of this world; but if we suffer we do not sin. Suffering is not sinning. This conflict goes on to the end, and so we are bidden, “Arm yourselves with the same mind.” B-k.

The Story of Isaac Levinsohn

## The Story Ends. Chapter 12

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THIS story must now be brought to an end and the reader will please bear in mind that, between this chapter and the last, several years have passed by. Isaac Levinsohn is no longer a youth; he is a happy father at five children, and has a loving partner in his wife. The desire of his heart is realized, for his present position enables him to go to all parts of the kingdom, preaching Jesus Christ and Him crucified, and gives him the opportunity for relating God's gracious ways with himself and with many, yes, very many, of the nation of Israel.

Thus far has the Lord led me, and as I cast a retrospective look over the years that have gone by, I thank my God for every difficulty and every sorrow I have undergone, and for His peace which passes all understanding, which, even this day, fills my heart. He has made my dangers, adventures, journeys, hungering's and weariness, yes, my every trial to become an occasion of thanksgiving. I cannot cease to thank God for enabling me to settle in this land of civil and religious liberty, and in delivering me from a country of cruel despotism. But what is this compared with that great liberty into which I have been brought, even the sweet freedom of the Gospel of God's Son, which He give! to all who come to Him, whether they be Jews or Gentiles. Oh! how I long that my Jewish brethren might learn to put aside every form of self-righteousness, and, casting aside the burdens of Rabbinism, simply trust in Jesus, who is abundantly able to save.

But this chapter is especially written in order to recount some of God's gracious ways with my family in Kovno. Great changes have taken place there during the last three years, caused by the bitter persecutions against the Jews, which have broken out in various parts of the Russian empire, Thousands of Jews have been driven out of their homes, and from scenes of comfort and affluence to perish in misery and want. Great fires have been maliciously ignited, and the houses of many Jews—indeed, at times whole villages inhabited by Jews—have been burnt, and the poor people have been cast out, almost naked, to starve and to perish. Around the burning ruins cruel mobs have gathered, and while witnessing the conflagrations they have mocked the cries of the innocent children and the tears of their mothers as they were driven out, where, they knew not. In the face of this wickedness, let English Christians ask, "How can the Jews in Russia have any kinder thoughts of the Christian religion than I used to have?" for these persecutions are inflicted upon the Jews simply because they are Jews!

Yet "the wrath of man shall praise Thee." (Psa. 76:10.)

Ten years had passed away since I had heard from my dear family, and at length my longings, my yearnings, my prayers for news from my home were answered. But, alas, what news! My father had died a victim to the persecutions, my precious mother was a widow, and, with my two young sisters, was brought to desolation.

How to act or what to do I knew not! Would my mother accept any help from me? Would she so much as receive a letter from her son, who for ten years had been cut off, cursed, and considered as dead? However, my duty was plain, and I wrote:" My dear mother, — I have heard of your

terrible calamity. Remember, that God is wise, loving, and righteous. Oh! if I knew how to comfort you, how gladly would I do so, I would then endeavor to cheer you.

“My dear mother, for ten years I have been compelled to be silent. Will you now allow me to offer you a few words of sympathy, for my heart bleeds for you?”

“How mysterious are the ways of God. He has called you to be a lonely widow. May it not be, dear mother, for some wise and good purpose? When I think of you, my precious mother, and my dear young sisters, whom I cannot help, I feel sure that He, who is a Father unto the fatherless and a Husband to the widow, will not allow you to live unprotected and unprovided for, but will give you succor.

“I am very anxious to help you, will yet allow me the pleasure to do so, and let me do my sacred duty to you as becomes a son? Of the little that I have you shall have a part. You shall not want. I will rather deny myself in order that my precious mother may be provided for. If I have only one penny you shall have half of it, and I am sure that my God will supply all my needs. I enclose.... notes, which you will be able to exchange anywhere, and will joyfully send you.... every month.”

I was impatient to receive a reply. At last it came, and with what feelings did I read the words written in my mother’s handwriting! “My dear son, ■Your sweet letter came to hand when your sisters and myself were at prayers over the grave of your sainted father. We were there for several hours, prostrate, and crying that his holy soul might intercede for us, three lonely women. My eyes were nearly blinded with much crying as we lay prostrate upon the sacred soil, under which rests your precious father, and my sweet companion, husband and all. Oh! what am I without him? Life is not worth living. Oh! why has not God taken me first?”

“Opening your letter, your dear sisters read it with me. We were all overcome, and we all burst out crying and lamenting, and when we came to ourselves we three vowed that the God of your fathers should be our God.

“Your letter, my dear child, has almost made me brokenhearted. It is a mystery to me that you should show me such kindness, when I think that you are a Christian and have been one for some years. I never thought that a Christian would show kindness to a mother in distress, more especially in my case, as I consider how we have acted towards you, for we have disowned you, and erased your name from our family register, pronouncing you accursed and a meshamad.

“If we had seen you on the streets of Kovno starving, and in the greatest misery, we should have naturally rejoiced■we should not even have offered you a morsel of bread, or a cup of water, and yet, as soon as God has visited us with trouble, you are coming forward to be a saviour unto us. You certainly, I must confess, exhibit a better spirit than what any of us would have shown.

“My dear son, whom I considered dead, is after all alive! I thank you for your sweet words of comfort and offered help. The notes are to hand, and they are indeed a most acceptable gift. God Himself reward you.

“Yet, oh! how I wish I could be sure that my son Isaac still feared God, the God of Israel. I fear you have forsaken Him. Seek His face now. There is no God like unto Jehovah, the God of Israel.”

A fresh opportunity was thus opened to me for corresponding with my mother. I began to realize that although her terrible troubles were almost more than she could bear, probably they would become the means of her blessing. While rendering temporal help, I began at once to send her, in one form and another, the words of truth. I translated a sermon on "Christ our Passover," and sent it to her, with a letter from which the following sentences are extracted: "I wish to explain that which seems a mystery to you. You are surprised that I should want to help you. It is strange to you that I, your son, should show kindness to you, my own mother. Is it not the duty of every son to help his mother? especially is it not mine to help her who, from my earliest days, has brought me up with tears and prayers?"

"I know you do not understand my profession of Christianity. You have no doubt an idea that the religion I have embraced is as the religion of the Christians whom you see in Kovno. These people are Goyim (idolaters), whose lives are unworthy. But I am not a Goy (idolater); I worship the God of Israel; Jehovah is my God, and none other God do I serve.

"The true Christian religion is a different thing entirely from what you see. True Christianity ennobles a man and makes him pure, true, and holy. It teaches people to love one another, and to forgive even their enemies, and although you have for years disowned me because I am a Christian, yet I have never forgotten to pray for you, my dear mother, and for all my kindred.

"Had I not been a believer in the Messiah, and influenced by His beautiful teaching, very likely the door of my heart would have been shut against even you, and others with you. The remembrance that I was cut off by you, and cursed, might, perhaps, have caused me to turn a deaf ear to the sad cry of even a mother, but were I guilty of such conduct, I should be unworthy to be called a Christian, a name you cannot understand, but one which, thank God, is known here.

"I have a magnificent example before me, when I think of the last words of the dying Jesus of Nazareth. When He gazed from the cross of shame and anguish upon the multitude who triumphed in His death, He prayed, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' When I think of Him, and know that He is my Saviour, how can I help loving Him? This Jesus is the Saviour of the world. To Him every knee shall bow. The more I think of Him the more I must love Him. I cannot describe to you my joy through trusting and loving Him."

My mother replied as follows:—

"My dear boy, ■A. thousand thanks for your kind letter with the sermon by Rabbi Spurgeon. He must be a man full of earnestness, and I cannot help but think that he is as earnest in his religion as your sainted father was in his.

"My dear child, I never in my life thought the Christian religion could make men so good and true as you tell me they are.

"The sermon I have read and lent to others, who have read it with much interest.

It almost bewilders me. Concerning the teaching and interpretation of the Passover as given in the sermon, is it really true?

Can it be true? It seems too good to be true. If it is true, how is it that the wise in Israel know it not? Why does not our God, who can do wonders, reveal it unto us and somehow make us believe in it,

so that we shall not doubt it?

“I should much like to enjoy the happiness and peace which you tell me faith in the Messiah gives. Pray for me, my dear child.”

Such words, coming from my dear mother, filled me with gratitude and with hope that she might speedily be, not only as she seemed to me, near the kingdom, but in the kingdom.

Through my communications with my mother and my sisters, much prejudice previously existing in the hearts of many of my Jewish friends and relations had been broken down. Nor is this all; my elder and only brother visited England with strong hopes of setting me right, and of bringing me back to the Jewish fold. But he soon became convinced of the truth of the gospel, and now, for Christ's sake, is ready to suffer the loss of all things, even to that of wife and children.

Beyond this, I have received visits from my two dear sisters, to whom I preached the gospel as well as I could. May God open their hearts to receive His truth!

Several old associates, friends, and distant relatives, having heard of my conduct to my mother, were so surprised at such behavior coming from a meshamad, that they visited me, and expressed their desire to learn the difference between me, as I was, and as I am now, and I now know of several among them who profess loyalty and love to the Lord Jesus Christ.

Now I must conclude, and as I meet with Christian brethren in various denominations, my heart triumphs in witnessing that Christ reigns among all who love Him in sincerity, and I am encouraged in seeing so many Christians praying for the peace of Jerusalem, and rejoicing in what is being done for the conversion of the Jews. But still I cannot but mourn over many who, indeed, love the Lord Jesus Christ, and who wait for His coming, but who hardly ever give a serious thought concerning the spiritual welfare of my poor brethren according to the flesh. I marvel why Gentiles whom God has made His children are not filled with a hallowed enthusiasm for Israel, and especially so in this day, when He is leading so very many of His nation to Christ—yes, when even the persecutions in Russia, which have driven so many Jews to England, have been used by God to the salvation of their souls and their everlasting reward.

Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved.

## Decision

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THE time will surely come when each one must decide whether his or her life shall be given to God or used in the service of the world. It is utterly impossible to live both for the world and for God, and the life spent in the endeavor to serve both God and mammon is ever a failure and a disappointment.

Many of our readers were but a few years ago children, and several, the children of Christian parents. They loved the hour spent over the Bible, and the pleasant words of Scripture were sweet to them. Have the last three or four years made a difference to them? Has the necessity of going out into the busy world changed their early simplicity? Think over it, dear young friends! For not a few forsake their piety on leaving the shelter of a parent's house.

Fight the battle of life you must, each one of you. Will you enter the strife decided for Christ, or shall the world be your master?

As the elder son of Isaac his father, to Esau pertained the blessings of birthright. Heirship was his. But on a day the temptation came to him; would he part with these privileges for a present enjoyment? He was returning hungry from the chase, when he saw a mess of pottage in his brother's hand, and, being faint with hunger, he naturally asked his brother for the food. Ungenerous Jacob tempted him. He said Esau might have the food if he would sell his birthright to him, and for the gratification of the moment Esau gave up his heirship. He yielded, saying, "Behold, I am at the point to die: and what profit shall this birthright do to me?" That act was his ruin. God speaks of him as a profane person, throwing away for a morsel of food his birthright. Once cast aside, those privileges were never to be recovered. No heart-burnings, no tears, could ever bring again what he had despised and rejected.

Now, the testing day will come to each one, and frequently in the case of young people brought up in the Christian home, it comes when they enter the world and see for themselves its varied attractions; "What profit shall this birthright do to me?" they are ready to say; and they give up the good which is to come for the pleasure of present enjoyment—they surrender Christ for the things of the world.

Yes, the test will come, and you will be called to make your decision, and upon your decision, your future will depend. We have seen those who, like Esau, threw aside the blessing for the present moment's gratification, lamenting upon their death-bed the folly of a wasted life, and grieving over the painful fact that they had no opportunity to serve Christ on earth. Saved indeed were they by God's great grace, but saved as by fire—their life-work burned up, consumed by the judgment of God as dross and utterly unworthy.

Moses, like Esau, was the heir to great things, but the great things in his case were of a worldly nature. He had been brought up by Pharaoh's daughter, and the day came when it was necessary for him to decide between the heirship of Egypt's glories or the path of suffering with God's despised people. He gave up the glories of earth, and chose the affliction of Israel; he gave up

present things of honor to take hold of present things of shame. No doubt many of his companions ridiculed his choice, but Moses stands before all time as one of the noblest of God's people, and in heaven his name is recorded in highest honor, for we read of the victors there over the world's greatest power—antichrist himself, singing “the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb.”

One step often marks out the path of life and decides our everlasting future. The downfall of Esau may be traced to his desire for the “morsel of food,” for which he sold his birthright; the glory of Moses may be traced to his decision in refusing, when he was come to years, to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter.

These lines are addressed to our young friends, who themselves will soon be “come to years.” May they each one follow the noble example of him whom we have mentioned, and may prosperity be theirs for time and eternity!

## Moment by Moment

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THE young Christian, as well as the old Christian, needs to trust in Christ moment by moment. Saved indeed he is by Christ, and therefore safe forever, but the need of every moment calls for continued help and strength from the Lord, and these Jesus can give to all who ask Him. Do not leave Him out in your work or in your play, but make Him a Friend in your heart for all things. Surely if our Father in heaven has numbered the very hairs of our heads, no concern of ours is too small to bring to Him. The truly happy Christian is he who is continually coming to Christ for daily help and counsel, as in natural things the truly happy child is that one who makes his parent his friend and confidant.

## To Our Schoolboy Readers

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MY dear young friend, you must not think that an old, gray-haired man seeks this opportunity of writing to you, for that is not the case by any means, as my school-days only lie about eight years behind me.

One evening in the month of November, 187-, a group of schoolboys was passing along a certain street of the town of I■, when they were attracted by the sight of a very large gathering of people, eagerly listening to an earnest, touching address delivered by a well-known Scotch evangelist. The boys drew near, were interested, and at the close of the outdoor meeting, proceeded with the people to the hall, which was crowded to the door. In a corner of the hall, close to the speaker, sat the boys. At the beginning of the address the attention of one of them was riveted, and as the plan of salvation was unfolded and God's love revealed, God so touched this boy's heart that, as the evangelist described Jesus upon the cross dying, "the Just for the unjust," the little fellow became quite unconscious of the throng around him. He seemed to see the dying Jesus unloose one of His nail-pierced hands and, bending down, look upon him with eyes all tender and full of love, saying, as He offered him His wounded hand, "Take Me as your Guide and Friend through life." Ah! that tender appeal won his heart, and by faith he laid his hand in that of Jesus, saying, "Lord, I take Thee; be Thou my Guide."

So ends my tale. Why, you ask me, do I tell it to the schoolboys? Because I believe that as you live a schoolboy so will you live a young man, and as a young man so an older one. Therefore, seeing what importance is attached to your schoolboy life, I want you to come to Jesus now, and find Him to be your Friend and Guide. Oh! what a Friend He will prove to you. I have known Him as such for nearly ten years, and what a precious Friend He has been to me, even the "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." Therefore I say again, do give Him your heart. "Son, give Me thine heart." Do come to Him, for it does not matter how young you are. "Him that cometh to Me, I will in nowise cast out."

Should my reader be a father or a mother, may I ask that this my story be read to your schoolboy son? or, if my reader be a sister, kindly read it to your brother, joining with me in the earnest prayer that, even as the Lord was pleased to deal with me, so may He deal with your loved one. J. G.

## A Little Child's Temptation

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A FEW years ago a mother bought some oranges, and, placing them in a drawer, bade her children not to touch them without permission. A day or so after, the youngest girl went into the room where the oranges were, and she thought within herself, "I will just open the drawer and look at the oranges." By so doing she fell into the snare, for she could not resist taking one or two of them out. Then, putting them into her pocket, and covering them over with her hand kerchief, she skipped downstairs as if nothing were wrong, But the child's heart was heavy, and when only half-way down the stairs God spoke to her through her conscience; she felt she had sinned, and a voice within her said, "You have done wrong. Satan is your master."

This brought the little girl to a sudden standstill■ her heart began to heave with fear■and in a moment she was upstairs again, when, stamping her foot down firmly, she said, "Get behind me, Satan: you won't be my master now," and in an instant the oranges were out of her pocket and back again into the drawer.

With a lighter heart she hurried downstairs, and, going straight to her mother, told her what she had done. Her mother's heart was lifted up to God in gratitude for the acknowledgment of the wrong by her little daughter, and she thanked Him for the victory.

As soon as her elder brother came home the little girl must needs tell him also how she had disobeyed, and how she had owned her fault, for this brother was a teacher in a Sunday-school, and the little girl felt that he loved God. Dear young friends, God says, "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." Beware of the first wrong step! Had our little friend obeyed her mother, and not looked into the drawer, she would have been safe from the temptation into which she was ensnared, but of which God gave her the victory. G. A. S.

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