

FROM
PETTICOAT LANE TO ROTTEN ROW,
OR,
THE CHILD OF THE GHETTO.

BY
ELIZABETH WHEELER,
Author of "Great Beyond." "Jewish Converts." &c.

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FROM
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CHAPTER I.

THE SEDER NIGHT.

THE Passover moon was gilding the roofs of the dwellings in one of the busiest parts of London; a lane that in former years was graced with flourishing trees, but where now the seething crowds of humanity compete for the bread that just keeps body and soul together, except in some cases where thrift and perseverance have amassed at times a fortune to pave the way for sunnier homes and grander scenes.

Amid the squalor, the din, and the rush of the myriads of vendors one can trace the elements of oriental life, of oriental show, although only now displayed in gaudy finery, jewellery, and the light-heartedness of a race that owes its origin to a Syrian prince. We must leave the reader to guess the name of this Anglicised bazaar, this home of the Hebrew stranger. He will find it in the East End of the great city, where philanthropy might find a field for observation if not for missionary effort.

It is the Seder or Passover night—a night observed by the Israelite in every clime, for he knows that he is remembering that night of nights to a race which had borne the yoke, all the more intolerable to them, because they knew from whom they sprang.

When the azure blue of a cloudless sky looked down on the palaces of the City of the Sun, when the golden galleys of

princes from afar of the same race as the poor Hebrew slaves plied their oars up the waters of the lordly Nile, when the same Passover moon shed her mellow light o'er the giant pyramids where lay the body of him who raised a Hebrew ancestor almost to Egypt's throne, there was nothing but degradation, all because a tyrant king was afraid his throne would totter, and his crown be lost through these slaves, whose numbers were so increasing as to threaten to exceed those of the nation over whom this tyrant reigned. Other people also would perhaps have united with them to overthrow the Egyptian dynasty; but the God of their fathers put forth His hand and brought them from a scene of oppression to a land where the down-trodden people would be once more free.

An English sailor was seen walking with a boy of ten years by his side—little Shemuel Krecovitch. This lad wore a haggard, anxious look, and well he might, for he was an orphan, and he was homeless—we may say friendless, had it not been for the kindly heart of the British captain of a vessel, which had about three hours before arrived from Hamburg, and was now lying in the London Docks.

Shemuel was of respectable Hebrew parentage; his father and his mother lived in Poland, but cholera deprived him suddenly of his only earthly protectors, and left the boy almost penniless. Shemuel, however, possessed the fire and the genius of his nation, and he did not feel content with the lot which had placed him with a neighbour to be to all intents the slave of the Polish Gentile, who wished the boy to fully understand that bread and shelter were given him from "pure charity"; and his benefactor hoped that the young Jew would prove himself worthy of such unheard of kindness.

The fiery spirit of the boy was aroused, and early one morning he might have been seen noiselessly unbolting the door of his master's, the Pole's house, in the cold, grey dawn, making his way along the forsaken streets.

"To Hamburg, and then to England," said the boy to himself, and in due course he arrived, weary and footsore, at the first-mentioned place. By dint of earning a coin now and again, and through the gift of some kindly-disposed person, he had made his way thither. As the lad looked on the steamers and the vessels in the harbour, and saw the crowds hurrying to and fro, and realised for the first time how far away he was from his native land, in the midst of strangers, a feeling of utter loneliness crept over him—such a loneliness that only those who have experienced it can fathom.

"I cannot stay here all night," said he to himself. "Oh! where shall I find a crust?" He thought that he would turn once again into the streets; but just then he saw a steamer bound for England, and, without a moment's reflection, the boy stepped on board, and quickly earned the name of stow-away. With a beating heart and trembling limbs he lay in his hiding place. The vessel loosed from her moorings, and was soon riding on the billows, and poor Shemuel for the first time knew what sea sickness meant.

After some hours of mental agony and severe suffering he was discovered, still trembling, for the vessel had anchored, and the lad appeared shortly, standing with pallid brow, before the seemingly stern captain. The countenance that the poor lad was gazing into was stern, surely, for the moment; but the heart was throbbing with kindness towards the little stowaway. He saw the starved, pinched face; he saw, too, that the boy was a Jew, so this Christian man took him down into his cabin. He did not spread a feast before his prisoner; he left him alone with the roast beef and sundry other eatables (to get the cat o' nine tails, poor Shemuel thought). But no, it was his friend's intention to give the boy a chance of a good meal, and Shemuel took advantage of the opportunity. He was a quick-witted lad, and he saw the face relent, and the kindly eye moisten when the captain returned; and the boy said to himself, "He would not have left me here if he did not intend me to help myself," and help himself he did. Whether this was a wise action on his part we must leave the reader to decide. This incident is not written to draw a moral from, but a statement of facts. So the responsibility must rest with the captain, who deputed Tom Graham, the steward, to take the lad to Petticoat Lane to his own people, not knowing any other quarter where the Jew is so easily found.

He said, "Tom, here are three sovereigns; take the boy to the Ghetto, and give the money to any person who will offer him a home. Those Jews are honest towards their own; they will not turn the boy from their door. I know enough of them to say that much." But this was a great deal more than he knew of Tom, for the sailor got the boy off his hands, but the three golden sovereigns he kept.

As Tom and Shemuel walked on together, a light from an open door fell across their pathway. The two stood still, and Shemuel heard the words "Boruch Habor" (welcome art thou who arrivest). With a bound he stood in the doorway.

in the presence of Levi Josephs, who was seated, propped up with pillows, at the head of his table (emblem of his freedom from slavery)—a table over which was spread a snowy damask cloth, and the scene was lit up with wax candles, mounted on massive silver candlesticks. There stood also the Passover cakes, the four glasses of spiced wine, the apples, the almonds, the roasted unbroken bone, and the roasted lamb. The good wife and her daughter were seated with happy, restful faces, gazing on the weary boy.

The custom on Seder night of opening the door "to let Elijah in" had let a poor, homeless waif into the hearts and the homes of the kindest of the despised race.

There, in the background, stood Tom Graham, with open mouth and wondering eyes, gazing on the picture of peace and rest. At last he ventured to say, "The cap'n sent me with this ere lad to ask if you'll take 'im in. He was stowed away, you know, in our ship, and we don't know nothin' about 'im."

Levi Josephs quietly said, "Yes, we'll take him in," and with dignity awaited the exit of the sailor companion.

Tom felt the gold, and quickly departed, thinking, after such a speech, that it would be best to take his leave.

The door was closed after him; little Shemuel was given a place at the Paschal Feast, and treated, as a guest of this time-honoured festival, like a little lord. No need was there to tell Levi Josephs that the boy was one of his nation. Even before the lad spoke his mother tongue no need was there for Sarah Josephs' motherly heart to know he was in trouble. He was soon refreshed, although he had gone through hours of conflict. Kind words, kind looks, and rest brought the colour to his cheeks, and the boy was able to join with the others in the song, "Slaves have we been in Egypt," etc.

Oh! thou down-trodden people, hope on; the time will come when this land of liberty which, during the beneficent reign of England's late Queen, has sheltered thee as no other land has done, will shelter thee no longer, for the land of thy fathers will be thine once more, and joy and gladness will be heard in those streets that once ran down with blood. Thou wilt lift thy head among the nations, Jerusalem will be peopled, and her sons and her daughters from every olime will be gathered home.

Hail! glorious day, when the Christ of God shall reign "Where'er the sun doth his successive journeys run," and His

kingdom stretch from shore to shore—his everlasting kingdom, in which will dwell joy and peace, when wars and tumults will be for ever done away, and every man dwell under his own vine and fig tree, none daring then to make him afraid.

The Paschal Feast was over, and little Shemuel slept in peace under the roof of Levi Josephs. The child who had been tossed on life's stormy ocean for a brief space found a home and hearts to love him in a strange land, among a strange people, but a people whose brotherly love was known in the days of the Apostle Paul, who, when writing to the Hebrew Christians, said, "Let brotherly love continue."

Twelve months passed away, and Shemuel completed the first year of his apprenticeship as a tailor; but while his needle was plying, his brain was busy on other objects which, just then, were of far greater import than making coats and waistcoats. He was ever yearning after knowledge. All his spare cash (for Levi Josephs supplied him with pocket money) was invariably spent at an old book stall; and Esther Josephs, his senior by three years, would often assist him in his studies, for she was a willing teacher of the orphan lad. The precocious boy, however, soon surpassed his would-be teacher, and he now made up his mind to attend a night school not far distant.

CHAPTER II.

THE APOSTATE.

LEVI JOSEPHS was a man of middle stature, and about sixty years of age; his long beard was of snowy whiteness. Underneath the rather bushy eyebrows was a pair of mild black eyes—eyes which could look and beam with kindness, or flash at an insult or a wrong intended either for himself or another.

Levi Josephs had settled in this East End home twenty years before our story opens, and although both perseverance and thrift had placed him beyond his neighbours as to pecuniary position, he had no wish to leave his humble abode for a grander home. He was quite content with his surroundings, quite content with his abode, and happy in the bosom of his family.

The shop at the side of his dwelling was well stocked with sundry articles of furniture and costly bric-à-brac. Many a lady of fashion, in disguise, would fly to Levi Josephs to replenish her purse by exchanging her property for coin at a sacrifice. Levi had the gold to dispose of, and the seller had the articles. What wonder, then, that Levi increased his funds; he knew well how to buy, and he knew, too, how to sell. He was anxious that Shemuel should learn a trade, so he apprenticed him to a neighbouring tailor. Shemuel worked with zeal in whatever he undertook, and was thorough in everything. His master, a shrewd Hebrew, like many another, understood how to value the boy's services. Shemuel, however, did not, perhaps, value his privileges as he should have done.

"My lad," said Moses Myers one day, "you seem busy in thought. I do not think Jonathan's waistcoat needs that much."

"No," said the boy; "neither on coats or waistcoats do I spend much time. The tailor makes the man, they say, but I do not think he will ever make me one."

"What have you got into your head now, Shemuel?" asked his master.

"Nothing; it is just ready to be filled, and fill it I will."

The only way, however, to accomplish this was for the boy to run, whenever he had a spare coin, to Levi Cohen's stall and hunt up such books as he could afford.

One Sabbath eve, just as the stars were sweeping over the azure sky, Shemuel was seen hastening home to partake of the Sabbath feast. Esther had been busy for several hours cooking the fish, in the frying of which she was an expert. The snowy cloth was laid, and the wax candles in the silver sockets were ready for lighting, when the lad was stopped by a youth about his own age, inquiring for Levi Josephs. The boy was pale, with raven hair, and he possessed an intellectual cast of countenance.

"Yes," said Shemuel; "I can direct you. Follow me."

The two lads on entering the dwelling were accosted by Levi Josephs.

"Well, Shemuel, and who may your friend be?"

The stranger lad came forward, and, looking up into the old man's face, said, "I am your nephew, your brother Hyam's son."

Levi looked down on the youth, and wept real tears of

sorrow. Why, my reader? Because the boy was the son of his apostate brother.

For seven days he had mourned for that brother as dead, and now the face of his nephew reminded him of the playmate of his youth, who had been present at the Sabbath meal, and present at the Paschal Feast—the one who with him had, from early morning till sunset, prayed and fasted in the synagogue on the Day of Atonement, and who, too, had rejoiced with him at the sound of the ram's horn—emblem of joy through death, pointing to the atonement; and now that brother was dead, at least to him.

Looking down on Christian, he said: "Is this my poor brother Hyam's child? God bless you, my son. May the Holy One of Israel defend thee. What is thy name? I trust thy father has given thee no outlandish one since he has gone with those Gentile dogs."

The boy was silent.

"What is thy name, my son?"

"Christian," said the boy.

"Christian!" repeated Levi Josephs. "Christian! Christian! Go home to thy father with my curse. You cannot help your father's sin; may a blessing attend you."

"Not much blessing mine if my father be accursed," he replied.

"Oh! you are like all the family; at no loss to give an answer when required."

Levi's heart went out to the boy, but early prejudices and early training made him harden his heart towards the lad's father. A believer in the Nazarene was to him an idolater. The ancient law of his people bade them stone such an one whether he be husband or wife, son or daughter. To carry out this law was impossible now—away from the land of Judah, without a king, without a lawgiver; and so the Hebrew puts the worshippers of the Nazarene into the land of oblivion, and many a heart has bled, many a kindred tie has been broken that once love cemented.

Levi Josephs offered the boy a sovereign.

"No," said the lad; "I will not touch your gold. You have cursed my father, and, sir, I do not want your blessing."

The man who could befriend an unknown orphan boy could curse the child of the same mother. Nay, more, that mother died with the curse on her lips of him whom she had borne, him whom she had oft fondly caressed, who was once her darling boy.

Blinded bigotry was this? No; but a reverence for the faith and the law of the fathers, which bade them stone the idolater.

At the moment of the departure of the soul into unknown regions the lawgiver and not the creature is its object. The Jew accounts the believer in the Nazarene an idolater. "The Lord our God is one Lord." On this his faith is fixed. His eye has not rested on those words of the inspired writer, who, in apostolic vision, saw the Lamb that had been slain overcome the ten kings, for "He is King of Kings and Lord of Lords"; but when the Jew once, by the eye of faith, sees Jesus to be "the Lamb for sinners slain" he rests not then till the "Lamb for sinners slain" is his Lord and his God. The Jehovah of his fathers then becomes the one Saviour, the one Lord, and the one God over all, "blessed for evermore."

How many have suffered for their faith! Rest assured the parent who casts off his only son, and with bleeding heart bids that son farewell, having no part and no lot with him, is a martyr indeed. Has he not made himself such? The heart of the Jew is the same as the heart of the Gentile; the same affections entwine around it. The Hebrew has the same sensitive nature which feels the intensity of sorrow, and whatever be the faith of a man we can but stand aside in silence, and respect the one who will suffer for that faith.

The convictions of Levi Josephs were that the Great Jehovah, having revealed Himself as one Lord, as one God, is to him one God over all, blessed for evermore.

"Without shedding of blood is no remission." "A just God and a Saviour, there is none beside me. Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."—Isaiah xlv. 21, 22. No other book in the world is the Jew prohibited from reading but the New Testament. What wonder, then, that his eye has never rested, except by stealth, on "I am Alpha and Omega, the First and the Last." "I am He who liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore."

Hyam Josephs believed this from his heart. And thus he, too, could suffer for his faith. Kindred ties were broken; but the nearest and the dearest tie was not yet broken, for Amelia Josephs had secretly and at the same time as her husband read the New Testament, and, in confessing, the confession was the same—their faith was one, and they were equipped to bear the darts from their unbelieving kinsfolk. Christian was born after their belief in the risen Saviour, and

Hyam, as we have seen, sent him to his brother Levi as a peacemaker; but we find the mission was a failure.

Nothing, however, happens by chance to the believer in the Saviour, for the lad found a friend in Shemuel, and the friendship in after years was cemented by bonds that "ne'er can sever," as they were formed for eternity—eternity where things will be seen in a clearer light. The varying minds of men accept differing creeds. Beliefs are multifarious in this lower world; but in the world to come there will be but one creed. Whether in the world of light or in that land of eternal woe, all will believe in one God; and may the reader and the writer of these pages be a worshipper of that adorable Being who has implanted in every heart, whatever the form of creed, that there is a God.

"The fool has said in his heart that there is no God"; but was there ever one who believed it? There will be no infidels in eternity.

Levi Josephs is alone, his head buried in his hands; the Hebrew sobs like a child, anguish fills his breast, for his younger brother is a believer in the Nazarene, and the playmate of his youth is dead, dead, dead—at least to him. One word would bring that brother to his side; but no, the Jew is a martyr to his faith, and forgets the son of the same mother, counting him as dead.

Hyam Josephs is eagerly awaiting the return of his boy. He hears the curse repeated by his lips. He is alone, on bended knees, with face upturned, on which rests the light of heaven; and thus he pleads at the throne of grace for his brother.

CHAPTER III.

TIMELY AID.

SHEMUEL KRECOVITCH still plodded on with the "making of coats and waistcoats." His English pronunciation was particularly good for a foreigner; also his knowledge of the language. An Englishman had lodged with the parents of Shemuel for five years, and had taken great interest in the Hebrew lad, so that before he left his own country his knowledge of the language of the land of his adoption was remarkable.

It is Saturday evening, in the month of July. The Sabbath is ended, and Shemuel strolls along the streets towards the West End. Coming towards him, and attracting the boy's attention, is a fine-looking British captain; the face is familiar, and as the two approach their eyes meet, and Captain Williams, for such he is, says "So you are the little stow-away?" and he kindly looks down on the boy, placing his hand on the lad's shoulder. "Shall I take you back again? Are you tired of old England?"

"No, indeed," said the boy; "but I am tired of helping the tailor. I wish I could get something else to do."

"Well, my lad, come along with me; I'm going to call on the merchant whose vessel I command. He is one of your people, maybe he will help you."

Alexander Barnard was a successful merchant trading with China, and who possessed large plantations in Assam and Ceylon; but he rose to this position by sheer perseverance and energy. Beyond these qualities he had none to help him. Twenty years before he too had landed in London, a lonely youth. He also was an orphan; his own people would have been willing to help him, for they knew the talented boy, and that he would be no burden on any person who would volunteer to befriend him, but the lad, like Shemuel Krecovitch, left all for the wide, wide world. At the corner of a London street he stood day after day with a dozen boxes of matches; he increased his sales, and day after day he put by his pennies. His bright and intellectual look attracted the attention of many a passenger hurrying to the train, and who wanted a match to light his cigar, until the thought suggested itself to the boy, "Why cannot I supply the cigar also?" He knew where to buy cheaply, and one of his own nation supplied him, as a younger brother; and with the necessary licence he started to offer the cigars, till at last he had in his possession a nice round sum to begin business on a large scale; and among his own people, who were ever ready to help him, he travelled with these cigars. By and by his capital increased, and he branched out into other lines of business, that brought to him a good profit. At the time of our story Alexander Barnard had his chambers in the city, offices in Leadenhall Street, and ships ploughing the waves to the East. He possessed also a lordly mansion in the neighbourhood of Rotten Row. He did not suppose that all this came to him by luck, but as the reward of effort put forth in the right

direction—perseverance, thrift, and attention to details, and the knowledge of when and how to buy, also when and how to sell. He thought that the Almighty had blessed him. Health, one of earth's best blessings, he was endowed with; but his common sense told him that as he sowed so would he reap, and that without effort there was no gain. But if adverse circumstances, those over which he had no control, had plunged him into difficulties, he would have said, "Heaven knows best." How his moral character would have shone out in the midst of these, we leave. He was not tried, however. Some one has said "Sorrow is the salvation of a man." The oak that has stood the storms of the forest is the giant tree of the centuries. We can say that the moral character of the Jew shone out in the qualities already enumerated, and let us not suppose that he had no difficulties to overcome in the exercise of these qualities; neither did he think he was the author of all his success, but that "God had been good."

The Christian has the promise, "As thy day so shall thy strength be," and with such a promise what can he not accomplish? Because we are called Christians should we have less perseverance, less energy, less thrift? No; but as God's stewards let us use means and talents for His cause, for His glory; then physically, mentally, and morally, what herculean soldiers for His great army. He wants soldiers fully equipped, soldiers who are obedient to the laws of the Great Commander. The laws of health will not then be violated, and faith trusted to do the rest. There are athletes in the ranks of men, and God wants athletes in His army: a healthy mind in a healthy body will make the better soldier. God's strength is made perfect in weakness, and truly we are weak in ourselves, for "All our springs are in Thee." So said David who killed Goliath; but the God who determined the death of the foe used the arm of the Hebrew youth. David had to face the foe; he had to use the sling, and he it was who drew the sword from its sheath and cut off the head of Israel's enemy.

The ruddy youth who had climbed the hills of Canaan and breathed the fresh air of heaven, was fit subject for the God of Israel to use, and fit subject for His glory.

Alexander Barnard was in his library when Captain Williams was announced. After the usual business discussion Captain Williams said, "There is a young Hebrew in the hall wanting an interview with you;" then the tale of the young stowaway was told.

"Bring him in," said the master, and the captain obeyed.

Alexander Barnard cast a scrutinising glance on the boy, who winced not under that gaze. The Jew was reminded of his only sister, whom he had not seen for twenty years; still, he quickly dismissed the subject from his mind for the business in question, at least for the present.

"Then you have been a stowaway in one of my vessels, young man?"

Twelve months' experience had nerved the boy to fight his way; he had found, too, that if he wished to get on he must do the thing that is right, and fear no man.

"Yes, sir," said the boy; "for I wanted to see a bit of the world; but I would never have been guilty of that action if I had known what a night of suffering I should have to endure."

"I think the Christians say, 'That which we sow we reap,'" observed Alexander, "and they never said a truer word"; and with a comical look he turned to the captain, who, at home in the little Cornish village, had often prayed in the chapel on the hill, and knew well the Book that the Christians read, so he was able to turn to his Hebrew master with the words, "And the Christian's Book says, too, 'That God works all for good to those who love Him,' but I do not know about those who do not."

"Well, captain, the Jew's Book says, 'Leave thy fatherless children to me, and I will preserve them alive,' and I suppose that He does not work miracles now, but says to His people, 'Do this for me.' I am inclined to give the lad a chance, but what to do I cannot tell."

"Sir, I am willing to turn my hand to anything," said the youth.

"Oh! well, that sounds all right. If you could read and write the English language I could give you a berth."

And to the surprise of both master and captain these requisitions were quite satisfactory.

"I intend to master French and Spanish," said Shemuel. Others have done so, and why not I?"

"We shall have you foreign correspondent some time," replied the genial captain.

Before the day was over Shemuel went home with the news to his benefactor; and Moses Myers, not wishing to stand in the boy's light, cancelled his indentures, and the lad bade good-bye to stitching of coats and waistcoats; and before many

days expired he was seated at one of the desks of Alexander Barnard, as a junior clerk with a salary of twelve shillings per week.

Thus the little stowaway was able now, in a small measure, to repay Levi Josephs for his timely help. Each morning found him at his post, rather before than after his time—never in a hurry, but making the best use of each moment as it went by.

Alexander Barnard gave orders that the young Jew was to leave his duties for the Sabbath, so much enjoyed by the Israelite, whatever his calling. How the Jewish pedlar looks forward to the day and to his supper of simple fare—the usual fried fish!

At Levi Josephs' on the Sabbath eve, the snowy cloth was never wanting there, and on the longer evenings the wax candles always gleamed above the silver candlesticks, and a peace reigned within that home which is often absent in the house of the Gentile. The land of Israel, like her sons in every clime, enjoys her Sabbaths now. Jehovah said that the land should rest every seven years. This command was slighted, and now the land that once bloomed as the rose, the land with fields of golden grain, the land of vineyards, is resting now only to bloom forth in greater splendour, when poor, down-trodden Israel has received her punishment for all her sins against a holy and a sin-hating God. He has used other nations in his governmental dealings to scourge His people; but those who have made his people to feel the yoke of bondage will not be held guiltless for so doing. "I will bless them that bless thee, and curse them that curse thee," is written with the pen divine. See in the vision of the mind millions of a race, the majority living and toiling in the noonday of an Egyptian sun on Egypt's plains. See the old man tottering beneath his load, and the uplifted lash ready to fall by the hand of the taskmaster. On yonder throne of ivory sits Pharaoh's daughter, and by her side stands the Prince of Egypt, trained in Pharaoh's court. See him now in silver chariot, drawn by prancing steed; riding over the plain, while his heart goes out to the Hebrews in bondage. And those Hebrews knew not then that the God of Israel was training that honoured statesman, both at court and as commander of Egypt's host, to marshal those very slaves and to lead them to a land of liberty. "I know their sorrows, and I am come down to deliver them," said

Jehovah; and Moses, though now an old man, but whose natural force had not abated, becomes a suppliant at the tyrant's throne for Israel's host. He who once thought the throne of Egypt would be his is now content rather "to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." God's ways are past finding out, but Israel's God is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, and He is about to bring His people again to their own land, where joy and gladness will once more be heard in its streets. The smoke of the morning and the evening sacrifice will once more ascend into the heavens, and the sound of the trumpets of the priests will be heard again in the early morn, as when the Redeemer trod the streets of the Holy City.

Shemuel Krecovitch proved himself not only talented but persevering and thorough in all that he undertook. Before three years went by his salary was increased, and as other years passed he became confidential clerk.

In the mean time Esther Josephs grew into a comely young woman. Sarah Josephs had left this scene for the "Great Beyond." A strict adherent was she to the faith of her fathers. But should this be said, for if such had been the case, surely she would have seen her Messiah through the wonderful veil of types which she only knew in the letter thereof? Esther never forgot the day when her cousin, the son of her apostate uncle, visited her father. To her refined and sensitive nature the thought of a curse resting on the uncle, whose favourite niece she was, who had often played with her in her childish games, and who, at the Feast of Purim, had always remembered his little niece with gifts, so prized by the young. The girl was so concerned that she determined to find out something of the faith of her beloved uncle.

One Sunday she was seen making her way through the crowded streets, the sound of the church-going bells echoing all around her, when whom should she meet but her cousin Christian. She could not pass him, although he was the son of an apostate. Christian was hurrying towards a church that he and his parents were accustomed to attend. The clergyman was the first to interest himself in these Jewish converts.

Hyam Josephs was an intellectual Jew, and the discourses of Canon G—— attracted him from the first, but by and bye he sought out their spiritual meanings; and thus, amidst the multitude of creeds which so puzzled the Jew, who had

been accustomed to one religion only, we find Hyam an earnest worshipper within the walls of the church of B——.

"Well, Esther, how comes it that you are out alone?"

Esther was confused; she had been enjoying her freedom for a few hours, and she did not care to be hampered, so she evaded an answer as to her doings.

"Oh! Christian, I suppose you are off to the Church of the Nazarene?" and this was just where she had been intending to go.

"Yes," said Christian; "will you come?"

He never knew why he answered thus, but Esther said, "Yes, I will; but I want to go to the Tabernacle."

"Oh!" said Christian, "it is a large building, not a tent like our fathers worshipped in."

"I suppose not," said the girl; "still I should like to go."

Just at that moment the building came into sight, for the two had been strolling towards it. They entered, and there were seated seven thousand people.

Esther sat behind one of the pillars, feeling guilty of an awful sin in entering the Church of the Nazarene; still she seemed impelled to do it. She longed to know something of her uncle's faith; but when the preacher stood up to speak after reading the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, she thought he must have known something about herself. Her people and her country he seemed quite familiar with. Alas! she had often heard in the synagogue a minister read, but she had **only** heard with the outward ear. The Scriptures were a sealed book to her. She knew that her people expected Messiah, the great Prophet, but now, this Sunday evening, she heard from the lips of a Gentile that this Great Prophet had come, and that the 53rd chapter of Isaiah predicted the advent of that Prophet. She had been taught that this Scripture was a prophecy of Jeremiah—"All we like sheep have gone astray." "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." How could the Prophet have borne the iniquity when Judah's sons and daughters were led as captives into the land of Chaldaea, there to suffer, there to die?

For the first time came the words to the ears of this young Jewess: "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world."

Hyam Josephs had, by the eye of faith, beheld that Lamb through the veil of types. From the 1st chapter of Genesis to the end of the inspired volume that Lamb for sinners

slain is there portrayed. The deep sleep of Adam is an emblem of the deep sleep of Christ in death. Adam awakes to see his bride, bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. Then the coats of skin that covered his body after the Fall were obtained through the death of another, till we are brought on from the sin offering of Abel, which was accepted when Cain's bloodless offering from an accursed earth was refused. Later we see the descendants of Abraham, a Syrian Prince, brought out of Egypt's bondage to cross dryshod the trackless deep; through, death, and in the sandy desert, he who once was Egypt's hope, the Israelite lawgiver, is divinely commissioned to enact rites and ceremonies that are all emblematical of the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. What a glorious sphere must this have been when fresh from the Creator's hands! What a history has this created world that needed a God to create and a God to redeem.

"In wisdom He hath made us,
And died for us in love.
The voice that speaks in thunder.
Says 'Sinner, I am thine.'"

"Thine as God, thine as Creator, thine as Saviour, thy all and in all."

These words were simply spoken by the preacher, and then the whole congregation united in singing—

"Great God of wonders, all Thy ways
Are wondrous, matchless and divine."

Then, after he had offered an earnest prayer to God for her people, she rose to go, and then to ponder, during the earlier hours of the night upon all she had heard.

As the two emerged from the crowd they saw Shemuel Krecovitch; they could not escape him, for he had recognised them ere they passed through the gates. He, however, met them very cordially, for he, too, had just emerged from a Christian church. All were silent as to their actions of that evening, and conversation turned in another direction.

CHAPTER IV.

LEVI JOSEPHS AND HIS TESTAMENT.

LEVI JOSEPHS had not forgotten the playmate of his youth, much as he tried to do so, and he, like his daughter Esther, was eager to know of his brother's faith; but the Jew did not go to a Christian church, neither did he seek for information from any party. He, too, was strolling down a crowded thoroughfare in the West End one Sunday evening, when he was accosted by a stranger of gentlemanly bearing, who kindly offered him a small book, and then passed on. Before Levi Josephs had time to think he was left standing with the volume in his hand; it seemed too good to drop in the street, so, fearing to attract attention, he quickly put the book into his pocket and walked away.

On arriving home he took out the volume, and found it to be the book, and the only book, forbidden by the Rabbis to be read. It was a Hebrew New Testament. Levi Josephs, however, was desirous to know something of the faith of his favourite brother, so far into the midnight hour he read, and night after night he read and pondered and pondered and read. There he saw that all were Jewish witnesses to the Nazarene; for this reason he read on, and his own Scriptures, that he had not looked into for years, except in the synagogue, he studied now. He did not glance here and there, but read them as a whole.

In them he found that his great Ancestor, chosen by Jehovah from all the nations, revealed to him the great secret, that in him should all the people of the earth be blessed, when as yet he was childless; then of the multitudes of his descendants, whose ancestors were led into Egypt to buy corn for a famine-stricken household, and of his great grandson, Joseph, being made lord of Egypt; then of the slavery of his people, whose only crime was to increase as God had predicted, until they became as the stars of heaven for multitude; and seven millions of a race made Egypt's

king to feel that his throne might totter through this down-trodden people rising together with other nations who felt the Egyptian yoke.

But one night of old, when the full moon was gilding the tops of the great pyramids which, perhaps, outstood the deluge, when the summits of the temples of the City of the Sun were enfolded in her silver garb, when the colonnades were vacated through the wailing of the mourners of the death-stricken houses, when the gentle breeze swayed the leaves of stately avenues, and all Egypt was astir, these seven millions bade farewell to the plains of Egypt, to the bricks and the kilns, and marched forth in triumph. Onward goes the host, till is heard in the distance the roar of the mighty waves stirred by the strong east wind, and the pillar of fire revealed to the now terror-stricken people a path through the mighty deep. Onward marched the host of Israel, till in the distance was heard the tramp of the prancing steed, and the thousands of Pharaoh's warriors are seen bounding forward into the pathway, surrounded by crystal walls. A shout, and Israel is safe on the other side, and Pharaoh and his army sink like lead in the mighty waters. Onward go the Hebrew thousands of Israel; God is with them. City after city is taken, and the Hebrew host in the hands of God, became a scourge to the peoples who defied the God of Israel, who forgot their Creator till their sins reached up to heaven. Israel passed on, and these splendid cities became the homes of the down-trodden race, who so lately had toiled in the brick-kilns of Egypt. Aaron and Miriam could serve the state in other ways. The talents of this down-trodden people were acknowledged by their enemies, and those who possessed these talents were made to serve in the burning chains of thralldom.

Then this very race, that had been so blessed forsook the God who redeemed them. Prophets were sent to warn them that they, too, would be punished for their heinous crimes. Even their rulers outvied each other in wickedness, till the last of Judah's kings saw his sons killed before his eyes by the conquering monarch, and, sightless, ended his days in a Babylonian temple. The stately palaces, the magnificent temples, the vine-clad hills, the plains and the fields of waving corn are now in other hands, and the captive Hebrew mourns, by the waters of Babylon, for the songs of Zion.

After seventy years of captivity the Persian king, who now

reigned over Babylonia, suffered her sons and her daughters to return. Jerusalem was rebuilt, the temple restored, and after tribulation sore, at different times, suddenly the Lord of Hosts came to his temple and the sons of Judah beheld him, while their captive brethren, who were first led into captivity, were still in other lands. The eye of God is upon them there, and ere long the same prophecies must be fulfilled for them as for the sons of Judah; they will be brought back to their own land. Israel and Judah will be one again, under one king, under one government, and the sons of Israel will acknowledge Him who came to atone, as the Great Jehovah, the everlasting God, the Lamb who was slain; for He is King of Kings and Lord of Lords. Who but God could devise such a plan of redemption? As a father, coming down to the mind of his children, He taught them, age after age, by line upon line, and precept upon precept of his coming, giving them object lessons of the Great Creator becoming a man to die for His people's sins.

"A body hast thou prepared me." "In the volume of the book it is written of me: Lo, I come to do thy will, O God." "Beside me there is no other Saviour, for I am God, and there is none else." "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." "Without shedding of blood is no remission." "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." "He poured out His soul unto death," for the creature who had sinned, for him who had marred God's beautiful creation, the abode that was made for man, when the sons of God sang for joy. When the mighty God came forth from heaven's gates, the angels desired to look into the great plan of redemption, but could not. The Almighty arm brought this salvation.

All this amount of knowledge made Levi Josephs pause in awe to think. He had often wondered why sin was allowed; but now his greatest wonder was to dwell on the interest that the Great Jehovah had taken in His people, and in his country. When he looked abroad into the midnight sky and there beheld the starry heavens, the myriads of worlds, he was lost in thinking why such a Creator, the upholder of the universe, should interest Himself so with man, his creature. But much thought could not tell him how the worlds were made, neither could he find out why sin was allowed in this fair creation. The consequences he could see all around him, and he felt what the consequence would be if he neglected such a holy and sin-hating God. He began to feel that the traditions of

his fathers were not enough for him. At the Paschal Feast he might glory in his freedom from Egypt's serfdom; but he felt he was a greater slave to another tyrant. He could not obey God's holy law; he could not love Him with his whole heart; although all around him were spread such bounties, such sights for the eye, such sounds for the sensitive ear—the air filled with music, the music of the birds, the music of the silver stream, the music of the crystal waves, and, amidst the grand oratorios of creation, comes now and again the deep diapason of the thunder peals, till all nature's orchestra is lit up by heaven's electric light, revealing the God of the mighty deep, the God of the starry heavens.

What needed he more than to be a silent listener to creation's grand chorus, a silent observer of creation's grand panorama, and to feel and to know that creation's God is a God of love; nay, love itself. "Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all His benefits." "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord." Here he rested for a time, the Christian's book was put on one side in a safe hiding-place. He was satisfied with the religion of his fathers, and waited patiently for the Messiah, the great prophet of his people. The writings of his Hebrew brethren were set aside, and his apostate brother he endeavoured to forget; but the heart that had been so attracted towards its beneficent Creator did not rest until it had found out in some measure the heart of the giver of every good thing, or until heaven's best gift was accepted, and the Jew adoring stood in the presence of Him who had opened up the way not only to the Holy of Holies but into the Holiest of all, there to praise, there to worship the mighty Giver of heaven's choicest gift—the treasure which alone could redeem the people from the thraldom that far exceeded the thraldom known in Egypt's plains under the burning sun of a cloudless sky.

CHAPTER V.

THE YOUNG JEWESS.

THE only daughter of Hyam Josephs had been brought up in the faith of her fathers, and thus when her parents became Christians she could not so easily unlearn that which she had heard from childhood. From her prayer book, on the one side of which was written the prayers in Hebrew, and on the other in English, Rachael would recite some of them in her own room. She did not rest satisfied with knowing that the male portion of her family reciting their prayers was enough for her. Rachael loved her parents, but she did not want them to be Christians. She was just twenty-one years of age. She still went to the synagogue, and still repeated her prayers; she still expected the Messiah, but went alone to the Schûle, and thus her parents' first trial was their beloved daughter. They could not command her to go to the place that they once condemned, but they daily prayed for Rachael's conversion.

One July evening, just as the bells were pealing out, Rachael said, "Father, may I go with you to church?" "Yes, my child," said the father, too much overcome to say more. So parents, son, and daughter started forth to go to a Christian service. This was the first time that Rachael Josephs had ever entered such a building. The organ pealed out as they entered, but soon the notes were silent, and the clergyman read out, "Enter not into judgement with Thy servant, O Lord, for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified." As these words were heard Rachael said to herself, "How can I be justified; how can I stand before my Master?"

The prayers were over, and the Christian clergyman ascended the pulpit steps and read out the text, "Prepare to meet thy God." Then, in solemn tones, he said the time must come when all would have to meet that just and holy God. Would each hearer then be clothed in the righteousness of God or in his own, which is as filthy rags. Then he pointed out the only way, the only passport into that august presence, which is through the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world:—that this planet, unstained with sin,

had come in all its pristine beauty fresh from the Creator's hands; but when sin entered all passed under Satan's thralldom, and thus the kingdoms of this world must be redeemed ere they can become the kingdoms of God and of His Christ. His attributes must be satisfied. His attribute of love assert itself through grace and truth co-mingling. An earthly throne would be tarnished if righteousness were not administered; and should the creature lay blame to the great Creator of the universe because He, in his infinite mercy, devised a plan whereby His eternal throne might be upheld, and yet bring man into His presence, into the "presence chamber of the Eternal."

Could finite man have devised such a plan? But, thank God, what He has required of the creature "to prepare to meet his God" has been done for him. All is prepared, all is ready, and the only robe, the robe of God's righteousness, has been bought with a priceless sum—the Redeemer's blood, and thus the sinner can be clothed, can be prepared to meet his God, his Saviour, his Creator, and his all.

"Oh! the glory of the grace
Shining in the Saviour's face;
Telling sinners from above
God is light and God is love."

Light to show the sinner himself and his sins of scarlet dye, love to shed the blood to cleanse them all away and to receive the poor repentant one, weary and worn, where rest alone can be found.

Rachael Josephs listened with attentive ear. "Prepare to meet thy God," and "The soul that sinneth it shall die," had for years been read and re-read, and here in this Christian church she found a solace for all her fears; that another had met her God for her, that another had died in her stead—the just in the sinner's room. But this known in the head only was of no avail for Rachael. True repentance, an entire turning from self and turning to God was necessary, and then the believing sinner could see that the "great and terrible King," the Creator of the vast universe, the Jehovah of Israel, is a God of love, ready to receive the sinner and, in the person of the Christ, speak peace to the troubled breast. Rachael Josephs heard surely, but she had to wade through deep waters ere she would receive such a rich, such a full salvation.

Her father had been greatly interested in a young convert. This young man formed a great attachment for the Jew,

and often did Rachael meet him at her father's house. No thought whatever passed through the mind of Hyam Josephs as to any attachment springing up between the two; but as the months passed on it became evident that such was the case. Ernest thought that Rachael was a Christian, and she thought so too, but the time came when she found that professing was not possessing; when waves of trouble rolled, when every earthly refuge failed her, then, and not till then did she know what it was to be hidden in the Rock of Ages—that Rock which withstands the rudest blasts on this surf-beaten shore, and still will tower above the wrecks of time, and be our shelter till storms will be no more.

We will leave thee now, Rachael, others will act their part, some one way and some another; but by and bye will be the reaping time. Some laden with sheaves and some with empty hands—all will find that as they have sowed so will they reap. Opportunities not embraced, and talents neglected, while some steady worker will find that perseverance is rewarded, that overcoming wins the victor's crown. What room is there for fallen man to rise to a paradise of bliss, even in this world, by the consciousness of doing right, fulfilling his part in God's great plan.

“Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.”

This path of happiness is open to all, for to him who with grateful heart accepts the Nazarene as his Saviour and repents, God holds out the power to attain, and by the same life-giving spirit He speaks peace to the repenting sinner who sees failure on every hand, and tells him that he stands clothed in God's righteousness through the Great Atonement made for him by the mighty Saviour.

Now is the time to overcome, now is the time to serve our God, so that when entering the august presence of the Eternal (whom we shall never see but in the person of His Son, for He dwells in unseen light that no man can approach unto), we may hear the sweet “Well done,” and the reward for faithful service. May every reader of these lines be a soldier of the cross, and not be ashamed at the appearing of the great God our Saviour, but have part in the first resurrection over whom the second death hath no power.

CHAPTER VI.

CHRISTIAN JOSEPHS.

CHRISTIAN JOSEPHS was not only Christian in name but he was one in reality, and he was now setting out into life. He had no liking for the mercantile world, as to taking his part in the mere buying and selling. This was all that most of his relatives cared for; to be servants to others did not agree with their taste. Christian Josephs thirsted for knowledge; all his spare moments were spent in study. Subjects that seemed at the time of no earthly value to him, in after years proved that the mind that could grasp little by little, as his had done, was a mind that could think and a power to wield above that of his compeers. Nothing daunted him, and such an amount of application, such perseverance as he possessed, stood him in good service now.

Alexander Barnard wanted a foreign correspondent, and his confidential clerk suggested to his employer that Christian Josephs, the nephew of his benefactor, would suit him well. From dawn till night he had toiled with pen and brain at his employer's desk, and in making himself fit for what might turn up.

What different homes, what happier families would there be, if the rising generation would spend their leisure hours in recreation and in the improvement of the mind. The business world wants men who can think, not those who are merely crammed, leaving no room for the mind to use the very tools put in its way.

Christian Josephs possessed a vast amount of common sense; he not only studied the laws of health, but practised them, and when other young men were in the gambling den his manly figure could be seen breathing the fresh air of heaven. He was a champion in athletic sports. The Ghetto claimed the majority of Israel's sons and daughters, toiling from morn till night, and in many cases through its dark hours; but many a son and daughter of Israel are elsewhere engaged in acts of philanthropy and wielding the pen for the press, or lending to some of the nations. Some of Israel's

daughters have enraptured the sensitive ear of many a Gentile in many a palace by their melodious voices. Often, when the natural gifts of perseverance and thrift have placed the Hebrew beyond his compeers, he is envied, he is down-trodden. When the Eternal gave to the Israelite the land of Canaan He said, "The land is mine, and ye are strangers in it," and bade them be kind to the strangers. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," and why should not the Hebrew stranger find a rest for the sole of his foot? God took care of the stranger, and the same all-seeing eye notes the cup of cold water given to one of His people.

Christian Josephs one summer evening was seated in a shady nook in the garden reading an article on "Perseverance Rewarded," when he looked up to see his friend Shemuel standing before him, not the little stowaway now, but a tall, well-built, dark-eyed youth, whose whole countenance beamed with intelligence and benevolence.

"Well, Christian, you seem to be always toiling with that brain; not German and Spanish to-night I see, or shorthand or précis, but a story, I declare."

"My mind is glad of a little relaxation sometimes."

And Shemuel, looking over his shoulder, said "'Perseverance Rewarded.' Well, upon my word, I hope it will be so in your case I am sure. Shall you go on studying to the end of your days, if nothing turns up?"

"That is a hard question; but if I do it will only give me the capacity of enjoying life more. The more I learn the more I find out my ignorance. I thank the Great Jehovah for the 'grandeur of existence'; and if my efforts put forth do not forward my own advancement may they be for Him, and if I reap not the benefit in this world I shall in the Great Beyond."

"Well, anyway, your study has helped you to contentment."

"Not my study, Shemuel, but I have learned that whatever my hand findeth to do I am to do with all my might. Still, I am dependent for brain and health to wield that subtle power, and should I take such gifts and forget the Giver?"

"You Christians are a strange people. What do you say to filling the post of foreign correspondent in one of the biggest houses in the city, with a prospect of doing business abroad sometimes? It would be better than being quill holder to Benjamin Thackery, I think."

"Shemuel, why do you so jest?"

"I am not jesting my good fellow. I am come to tell you that my governor requires, before the end of the week, an individual who can write French, Dutch, Chinese, and Esquimaux for aught I know, and perhaps the language of every nation in the world."

"I do not think he will get any fellow to fill that post. The late Sir John Bowring might have done for him, for I have heard that he knew every known language."

"Well, the governor wants a fellow who knows every language on the face of the globe, I do believe, for the people who speak it help him to coin his gold. If some of them gave other poor merchants a chance there might not be so many careworn folks rolling along in their carriages; but you see Alexander Barnard knows how to buy, and he knows how to sell. The best article is always on the market at the lowest price, just because he buys with ready money, and thus you see money makes money. He has improved his talent surely, if that is gold. I tell you what it is, Christian, a great many poor fellows are unfortunate, not through their own failures, but through those of others over which they have no control. A man comes to the ground, and there are those who will keep him there, but very few of our people are floored with one difficulty. Difficulties may come thick and fast, but up he comes through them all by his tact, by his perseverance, his thrift, and all the rest that the Jew is heir to; but you Christians, some of you, pray, and then sit still and look up to the skylight for an answer, with solemn and dejected mien, whereas if thrift and perseverance in surmounting difficulties were only exercised a little more there would be no need for this. Health is one of heaven's best gifts, but the Giver has said, "As a man sows so shall he reap," and if the laws of health are disobeyed who is to blame? Is the law giver? If a man does not plough his field nor sow his grain will the light and the heat of the sun bring forth what is not in the ground? Prayer will not do it; God does not work a miracle for the slothful. But to the subject, old fellow. Whatever you have sown you are now going to reap, for if to-morrow, between seven and eight o'clock, you just take a walk with me to the neighbourhood of Rotten Row, I think you will find what you want to reap. Alexander Barnard bade me ask you to wait on him, not at his office, not at his chambers, but at his palatial residence near. I tell you what it is, my employer is a pattern to many a so-called Protestant; he loves his

people, and he likes them to be about him, and only through the fact that I told him that you were an Israelite he gives you a private interview in Rotten Row. I dared not tell him that you had turned Christian; you had better sign your name in some foreign lingo."

"No, never."

"Ah, well, if ever I bear the name may I wear it with as great a dignity. You are a noble boy, and if the followers of the Nazarene are like you may I soon be one."

"Amen, Shemuel, and again Amen."

Shemuel, however, did not divulge his secret that he, too, had been seeking to know of Jesus of Nazareth, because of the example of Christian, and his being such a living epistle. His beautiful character, made so by Christian graces, had drawn the heart of the Jew to think of eternal things.

The sound of the ram's horn on the previous evening in the synagogue, where from early morning he had been repeating prayers because it was the Day of Atonement, had brought no peace to his soul. "Without shedding of blood is no remission." The peace that Christian possessed rested not on the sound of the ram's horn as its notes rang out at the hour of sunset; but on the Nazarene, the God man, who, amidst the awful darkness, amidst the awful earthquake on Calvary's mount said, "It is finished."

"In wisdom He hath made us,
And died for us in love."

The two bade each other good night, and with a beaming face Christian entered the genial sitting-room, where father, mother, and sister awaited him at the supper table.

Hyam Josephs heard the good news, and all united in wishing success to his undertaking. With thankful hearts to the Giver of every good thing they bade each other good night.

The next evening the two friends were walking up the Thames Embankment before they set out for Alexander Barnard's residence. As they strolled on, without a moment's warning, of course, the electric light flared up, and the two young Hebrews looked on it for the first time. Shemuel almost fainted, although he was by no means a weak-minded young man; his companion stood by unmoved.

Shemuel said, "I declare I thought for the moment that I was in the infernal regions."

"Then," said the other, "you did not seem to care much about going there?"

"No, I cannot say that I do; but you, Christian, did not seem to mind."

"No, for I am safe everywhere; I am in God's keeping. But, Shemuel, if such a seemingly childish affair should so disturb you, how will you do when your soul is required of you?"

These words had the desired effect, and that night was a memorable one for both Shemuel and his companion.

Up the steps of the lordly mansion the two friends found themselves, and were announced by a liveried individual, who eyed the young men with anything but a satisfied deportment.

Two gentlemanly youths they were, but the necessary credentials for the Rotten Row official were wanting. To the lord of the mansion, who once stood offering cigars to the busy throng in a London thoroughfare, no more was needed to gain his respect than the fact that two Hebrews stood before him, and one reminded him of the playmate of his youth; and for this reason he had invited his confidential clerk to his home, and on his departure the gentleman of grey and gold bowed profoundly. Like every other set of individuals there are good and bad. "The tailor makes the man" some say; but the true ring, the true metal is known by him whose friendship is to be valued, whose esteem is not weighed by gold. The empty show there is to gain the good-will of the empty headed, the heart aches, the bankruptcies, and miserable homes behind the scenes—all to appear unreal to the unreal. Society might be a mask, as one has said, but, thank God, there are some who have no fear of man, who go bravely on endeavouring to do the thing that is right, holding earth's riches as stewards for the Great Master, and patiently awaiting the Master's "Well done, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Alexander Barnard enjoyed his earthly paradise, furnished with a lavish hand, for the cigar dealer of bygone years inherited a refined taste from his Hebrew ancestors, the last of whom had by his extravagance exhausted the funds of those who had gone before; and can anyone blame the boy for selling in the streets of seething masses that which would bring him bread, and help to make him lift his head in independence?

Amidst all the Jewish merchant grasped the hand of his Jewish brethren. He well knew the value of Shemuel Krecovitch, and he went by the motto, "Show me your companions,

and I will tell you what you are," and so treated Christian Josephs accordingly.

The result of the interview was that Christian was engaged at a good salary. The sum offered him was the outcome of his patient plodding. Some would say luck came in his way, but be that as it may, no luck caused that well-trained mind. that knowledge of the language of the greatest nations of the world; and thus that mind which had learnt to think soon mastered the details of his employer's vast business. The young Jew believed that there was no royal road to learning, and in mastering the subjects in hand he knew he required patient plodding, application, and perseverance. His employer soon learned his value, for Christian worked for the Master unseen, and Alexander Barnard found a prize.

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE SHORES OF THE ATLANTIC.

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS was not the least interested person in the young stowaway, as he still called Shemuel, and as the latter looked into the genial and benevolent face of the captain and remembered the kindness of bygone years, he could not take offence at what was only the outcome of a generous heart.

One morning, just as Shemuel was entering his office, he felt his hand grasped and heartily shaken, and he heard a cheery "Good morning." Looking up, he saw the merry eyes of his sailor friend.

"Well, my son, are you still plodding on with the quill? You look as if London smoke has done enough for you; you land-lubbers want a toss now and again on the salt sea wave, and yet I am glad to be a land-lubber for a time, and rest in my cottage by the sea with my old Joan. She welcomes her Darby as much as when his locks were raven, and his step more elastic than now."

At that cottage by the sea—

"Childhood's days now pass before me,
Forms and scenes of long ago;
Like a dream they hover o'er me,
Calm and bright as evening glow.

Days that knew no shade of sorrow,
 When my young heart glad and free;
 Joyful hailed each coming morrow,
 In my cottage by the sea."

Captain Williams was as much at home on the stormy deep as when in his ivy-covered home in the village of the west, washed by the breakers of the broad Atlantic. Many a vessel hour after hour has tried to find shelter in its harbour; each wave would almost launch her in, and then proudly carry her far out on the foaming billow, till another breaker, more friendly than the last, would carry her safely into the haven for which she was destined. There on the hill was the ivy-covered church, and the figure-heads of many a wreck marked the last resting-place of many a poor weather-beaten mariner who had anchored in an eternal haven. There, too, was the little village nestling among the hills, and the golden fields of corn; but the trees that have weathered many a storm were bent by the force of many a hurricane that had blown on that wild shore. Alongside that pretty little church was a Wesleyan Chapel, where John and Charles Wesley had given forth the words of life. What Cornish village is without its little primitive chapel, and what Cornish home warms not towards those good old men who gave their lives to God's service?

Perhaps here it was that Charles Wesley, finding shelter in a fisherman's cottage with not a vestige of vegetation to protect it from the awful storm, opened the casement window and took a little fluttering bird to his breast, when those beautiful words were suggested to him—

"Jesu, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly."

The good old rector, now hoary with age, had spent a lifetime among the villagers; often he patted the head of the fisherman's child, whether he went to church or to chapel, and if he found that the little one went nowhere to hear the old, old story, he would not rest till the child was shod and clothed and brought into the Sunday School, and thus the little village of B—— was a model place. No religious bickerings; each had liberty to approach his Master in the way he thought right, and only He who knoweth the hearts of all was a judge. Before Him we rise and fall, with Him alone we have to do. Men's minds are not moulded alike, we cannot bring them into the same groove except in cases where

the stronger mind influences the weaker, and unhappy is the man who is not free before God to think as he will. Resting on the opinions of others will not land us in the haven of eternal rest. There is but one pilot, one captain, and whatever be our creed the only passport to that far-off land is Jesus, the sinner's friend.

Captain Williams was a member of the little band of Wesleyans, and at the usual Saturday night prayer-meeting his voice was heard in simple heartfelt language, thanking his Almighty Friend for his preservation on the stormy deep.

When the blackened skies had threatened danger, when heaven's artillery had sounded over the dark surface of the mighty deep, and nature's electric light had revealed the awful danger, Captain Williams had lifted his heart in silence to the God who rules the waves; and the answer came, and now in the little chapel this Saturday eve Captain Williams returned thanks for his marvellous preservation.

Mary Williams, or Joan, as her husband fondly called her, shed tears of joy, for this was the first time she had heard of the event; and as the tears trickled down the peaceful face a hand gently held the hand of the mother, for her only daughter sat by her side, a gentle maiden of twenty summers. Often, when Captain Williams was pacing the deck at the midnight hour, the vision of mother and daughter would come before him, and a prayer would ascend to the Shepherd of Israel, who never slumbers or sleeps. Now for six weeks he was to have the joy of home life.

On the following Sunday morn, a lovely day in the month of September, when the sweet chimes sounded over hill and dale, Captain Williams was seen talking to the good old rector, for the latter had heard of the danger of the ship R——, and he was one of the first to welcome the old sailor and give him a hearty grasp of the hand, and then one to go one way and the other the other way. But the time is coming when the saved from every church will meet to part no more. No more religious bickerings, no more dogmatic views asserting themselves, but one mind will pervade all, so that heaven's courts will resound with the grand oratorio, and the deep-toned diapason will reverberate through heaven's arches—"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." Yes, slain for the Jew and Gentile race, and all the redeemed will join in one to praise that sacred name—the name above all other names, Jesus, blessed Jesus.

Captain Williams did not leave London till his young friend Shemuel had accepted his invitation to spend a couple of weeks where the Atlantic breakers wash the shores of the peaceful village of B———. Shemuel's preparations were soon made, and the railway bore him on to the city of Exeter, where he took the coach for the remaining forty miles. Oh! those lovely hills and dales of Devonshire, who can paint them for the reader's eye?

Shemuel was on the top of the coach, where he could have a good view of the surrounding country, a glimpse of Dartmoor and the silver stream of the Dart winding here and there with wooded dells on either side, and luxuriant foliage with the autumn tints; there are the reapers reaping the golden grain, and there are the orchards loaded with apples of gold, and again and again with the crimson-cheeked fruit so abundant everywhere. Then came the smoke "that so gracefully twined" from many a cottage home lying so peacefully in the dell; and farmhouses that have sheltered many a generation since passed away to fairer scenes.

The coach stopped at a roadside inn. A comely matron welcomed the travellers, and quickly provided a tea of fried ham and eggs, and glasses of delicious cream, with the usual apple pasty, which in Cornwall they know well how to make. Shemuel indulged in these delicacies (ham included), hoping that the pure oxygen of this autumnal evening would do away with all bad effects. And so it did, for the London visitor, as the coach sped on its way, was ready for another meal at the "cottage by the sea."

As the harvest moon ascended into the star-spangled heavens it revealed the foaming breakers dashing over the massive rocks, and forming here and there boiling cauldrons. The thunder of the waves drowned the voices of the travellers as the coach wended its way down a long and narrow lane, and stopped at a white-painted gate, where stood Captain Williams to welcome his visitor. The perfume of the flowers, the lowing of the cattle in the adjoining meadow were all a delightful picture to the tired Londoner. In the doorway stood Mrs. Williams to welcome her guest, and a right hearty motherly welcome she gave.

Shemuel was seated at the table, where was spread chicken that had been fed by the hand of his hostess, ham, cream from the model dairy, home-made bread, and many other good things. The door opened, and gentle Mary Williams entered

and deposited an heirloom of the family—a massive china bowl—containing the proverbial junket and cream. She lifted her face to the visitor, and their eyes met with a look only known to those who have seen for the first time their life partner. Captain Williams proudly introduced Shemuel to his only child; but in that meeting two life histories were to blend.

After a repast, at which conversation freely flowed, all drew around the hearth. Although only the beginning of September the evenings were cold on this bleak coast.

The young Jew was not, as Captain Williams supposed, entirely ignorant of the Christian faith; his thoughts just then were far away, dwelling upon his friend Christian, who bore the same marks of peace, the restful expression, as did the inmates of this seaside home.

After one of the most pleasant evenings ever spent, Captain Williams arose, and took the family Bible; then, sitting down in the "old arm chair," he read the first chapter of the Book of Revelations. At the reading of the words "I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, I am he who liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore," Shemuel listened intently. The reader, he thought, evidently believed those words.

Did he believe because the finite mind could grasp the full meaning? His mind was too enlarged for this; he had seen some of the wonders of the mighty deep, and he was not one of those, who, because he was powerless to explain, would not believe. Thank God the views of the agnostic—views but dim through reason's vision—do not alter facts that, viewed by the eye of faith, shine forth in all their splendour, revealing in the background the glory, the wisdom, and the love of the great Creator, who, with as it were a look of pity, says, "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." Shemuel thought how strange were the words that Jehovah should say, "I am He who liveth and was dead." What did it mean? The time, however, was fast approaching when the One of whom he had read in his own Scriptures, "With dyed garments from Bozrah," and who trod the wine press alone, whose own arm brought salvation, was the Alpha and the Omega of Apocalyptic vision.

The following morning, through the casement window, with its overhanging jessamine, Shemuel saw in the distance the broad expanse of waters, and just at that moment a thunder

peal reverberated across the deep; but ere the sun had fully risen the storm had passed, and peace reigned without and within. Still the sound spoke to the Jew as the "voice of the Great Creator" dwelling in its "mighty tone"; and as he looked around on the "surf-beaten shore," and thought of all the mercies vouchsafed to him since last he was on the deep, his heart yearned towards his Creator, and longed to know more and more of such a God. This longing is God-given, and only those who have known it can tell that longing after the purer, holier way.

The afternoon was glorious, so it was proposed to go out on the breakwater for a time, where a full view could be had of the ships coming into port. As the party were walking out they met a group of friends, among whom was a minister of the neighbouring town. It was then decided that while the tide was out they should walk along the shore to a cave, supposed to have been formerly the haunt of smugglers. The party broke up into twos and threes; Shemuel and Mary Williams were left to themselves, and the young Jew was to be brought to the knowledge of the Messiah by this simple Cornish maiden—not by eloquent sermons in a fashionable London church.

Brought up in simplicity, far away from the fashionable world, she had known but little of its tinsel; life was real to her, and eternity more real still. Brought up, too, in the fear of God, she had early given her life to the glad service of her Redeemer.

Ah! she was guarded, say some; she knew not what temptations mean. She, however, in her village home had found the power that could help her to fight the battle, whether in her quiet and peaceful home or in the more busy walks of life. Wherever she went she knew that she carried herself with her, and he who rules his own spirit, it is said, is better than he who taketh a city.

The party entered the cave—a marvellous cleft; their voices echoed in the lofty dome. Mr. S—— suggested that all should unite in singing—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

As the voices poured forth the time-honoured strain, the young Jew saw in the distance the breakers coming on apace. On that wild and rocky coast the tide flows quickly in. Shemuel thought he was safe there, but as the words rang out—

“When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.”

It dawned upon the young Israelite that when he was called to worlds unknown there was no hiding-place for him then from the awful storm of judgment; but the words “Let me hide myself in Thee,” came to him again and again. And as the party wended their way homeward Shemuel and the young Cornish maiden managed to be walking together again.

“Miss Williams,” said the Jew, “that is a strange hymn which you have been singing.” But somehow he could not speak lightly to her; she commanded too much respect, and thus her religion also gained the respect of the young Hebrew.

“You,” said Mary, “ought to understand its meaning, for the Rock of Ages is your Jehovah; he is the only firm foundation.”

“You Christians worship our God I know, but who is Jesus Christ? We Jews worship one God, and Him alone.”

“But your Jehovah became a man. Is this too wonderful for such a God? I believe in a Triune Being, the Unity of the Trinity. ‘Hear, oh Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord.’ But as the poor negro said, ‘Water is water, ice is water, and snow is water—all different yet all the same.’ God has said, ‘Keep him from going down into the pit, for I have found a ransom.’ ‘No man can redeem his brother.’ ‘The redemption of the soul is precious, and it ceaseth for ever (too great to need augmenting).’ A substitute was required, man for man, but that man must be God too, for your Jehovah has said, ‘Beside me there is no other Saviour.’ Not all the myriads of worlds, not all the angels that were ever created could save man. ‘There is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved, but the name of Jesus.’”

“But why have we to be saved, and from what?”

“The soul that sinneth it shall die, and after death the judgment; so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many. If Christ has borne my sin there is no judgment for me.

“‘Free from the law, oh! blessed condition,
Christ has redeemed us once for all.’”

“But how do I take of this salvation?”

“Just in the same way as you will take your supper. It will be spread for you; but if you will not take it you will not get the good of it. The peace is in knowing that another

has met a just and a holy God for you, and has managed the whole transaction, that nothing but his death would satisfy. But you have to repent and believe the Gospel. Turn right away from sin and self to God, and then you hear Him saying, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.' When you know this rest of mind and of conscience you are more fitted to bear the ills of life, more fitted to fight its battles."

Shemuel turned quickly towards his companion and said, "What battles have you to fight?"

"Over self," she said; "the fiercest of all battles."

"How is this to be done?"

"By denying self and taking up this cross, and following the Master's footsteps in the King's highway."

On no other subject would Mary have been so at home, and so free to converse, and this young Jew saw her at her best. She was natural; she talked of the theme nearest her heart, and in what she believed. She wanted her friend to do the same.

It was Saturday evening, and Shemuel accompanied the family to the little chapel. The simple, heartfelt prayer poured forth in the Cornish dialect brought out the sympathies of the young Israelite by its very simplicity.

"Oh! that I could pour into an attentive ear my sorrows, my cares, for I have them, young as I am. In this wide world there is no mother to welcome me, no father to tender his advice."

Then, in the midst of these reveries, came the manly voice of Captain Williams, petitioning the God of Israel for the young Hebrew in their midst.

These heart breathings echoed the heart breathings of the lonely Jew. Such a sense of rest came over him that if in this land of strangers he could find a home, as he had done, must there not be an all-seeing eye watching him.

A few short years had passed; still he often wiped away a tear when thinking of his mother—his gentle Jewish mother, taken from him in a few short hours.

The next day being Sunday all gathered once more in the little chapel, and the same minister, who had accompanied them to the cave, stood in the pulpit and gave out the hymn—

"On Christ salvation rests secure,
The Rock of Ages must endure."

Then a prayer was offered, that seemed to meet the need of all in that little assembly as if the speaker knew each need.

Did he? Perhaps he, too, had been left an orphan to battle with life's burdens; perhaps he, too, knew what strength was needed to bear life's ills and manfully "to do the next thing." If we could look into the inner life of those we meet, and know somewhat of the secret workings of the soul, we should be more charitable towards others. But the one with whom we have to do readeth the hearts of all, and He, "the great sympathetic nerve of the church," gauges as none other the sorrows of the man, the sorrows of the woman, and, yea, too, the sorrows of the little one, weeping over some broken toy, or over some problem that the tired brain has tried to solve.

There are many problems in life that only One can solve, that the tired brain of man has tried hard to explain, and, at last, as a weary child, he can only find rest by placing the blotted page in the hands of the Great Master, to be free to learn other lessons that will bring him greater gain. "Peace, perfect peace, amidst this world of storms"; but in the cleft of the Rock of Ages we can hide till all the storms are overpast.

A simple address was given, but every word seemed spoken to Shemuel. That night, ere sleep closed his eyes, he felt anxious to know where he was bound; but the young Jew had early prejudices to overcome, natural unbelief, and a giving up of sin—not the pleasures of the world. Could a God of love, who had given the sense of sight and sound, wish his creatures to go through the world with downcast eyes and with no note of praise for the great and marvellous works of the Creator? "The heavens show forth Thy handiwork, and all Thy works praise Thee."

The next morning Shemuel Krecovitch bade adieu to his Cornish friends, but it was not to be the last time that the young Jew should pass that way. The little chapel was again visited, and the cleft in the rock, too; but not till the Jew had found the cleft in the true Rock that towers above earth's rudest storms.

"Oh! God, our help in ages past,
Our hope in years to come."

What a blank is everything without Thee! In knowing Thee we have the key to unlock Thy treasures, and see the giver in the gift.

"Of all the gifts Thy love bestows,
Thou giver of all good;
Not heaven itself a richer knows,
Than the Redeemer's blood."

CHAPTER VIII.

RACHAEL JOSEPHS.

RACHAEL JOSEPHS had not another opportunity of hearing Canon G——; she felt a drawing towards her father's faith, but when temptation came, the seeds that had been sown amidst thorns grew for a time amidst the thorns, so that they sprang up and choked that which had been sown.

Hyam Josephs had given up much for his faith. His only son was a great comfort, but his only daughter, of whom he had always made such an idol, became the cause of great sorrow. She had now grown into womanhood; the faith of her fathers seemed to her a myth now her father, whom she so revered, had turned from it. This trial would seem likely to shake the father in his present belief; but, no, it only made it all the stronger. He knew that his daughter could be brought within the same fold by the same One who had brought him in.

One day when Rachael, who had an eye for the beautiful, was gazing intently on a recently-hung picture at the Royal Academy, she heard a well-known voice addressing her, and, on turning her head, she saw Ben Davis, a dark-eyed young Jew, who used to be a frequent visitor at her father's house, before that father "turned Christian," as Ben would have it.

Benjamin Davis was a clever and a talented young fellow, and if he had made good use of his opportunities he might have done well. He would apply himself for a time to his duties, but when he came in sight of a gambling den he lacked the moral courage to pass on, and thus his earnings were invariably lost, and the gambler had to begin life again, as it were. He was never at a loss to do this; he was his own master as regards his business, but he was not master of himself, and, as the reader may guess, no fit companion for Rachael Josephs. But Rachael loved dress and company. Ben initiated himself into her good graces, and, unknown to her father, she met her would-be lover in sundry appointed places. All her good resolves had fled. Unlike the Jewess generally,

(for if a young Jew wants her hand he goes straight to the father, who, if in the middle walks of life, only wishes to know this fact—if the young Jew is able to earn enough to keep a wife in comfort). But now Rachael's father was a Christian he dared not, he thought, ask; so one morning they were secretly married. No difficulty this, for his Jewish brethren knew the fact that Hyam Josephs was among the "Gentile dogs." But the Hebrew in these times, and especially in this land of liberty, has found that the so-called "Gentile dog" is his best friend; and the Jew, whose heart can be won by the law of love, owns that England is his refuge, and that her Queen was his friend, and has there any Lord Mayor who has worn the civic crown worn it with more honour than that Israelite who, when England's Queen, in royal state, rode forth amidst her people after a noble reign of sixty years, followed in her train? The down-trodden Hebrew can lift his head in this favoured land, and Zion's sons and daughters ere long will ride in state in their own loved land. May England's sons and England's daughters help them there, but God's own time will be the best time, and then that oft-repeated prayer will be answered—"Thy Kingdom come"; for in the midst of days of fiery tribulation Zion's King will appear, and "They shall look upon Him whom they pierced," and then know Him as their Deliverer. The kingdoms that He ransomed from Satan's thralldom by His agony and blood He will at last deliver up to His God and Father. Then the kingdoms will be one, and the Eternal God will reign over all, blessed for evermore; His kingdom will be an everlasting kingdom, and this planet He redeemed from the Fall will form a part of His glorious realm, untainted by sin and recovering all its pristine beauty.

As Rachael sowed so did she reap.

A week after her marriage she saw her father on the other side of the street, and with such a careworn look; he seemed ten years older than when Rachael saw him last. What a pang shot through her heart! To rush across and ask her father's forgiveness was the thought of a moment, but her courage failed her.

Hyam Josephs had heard three days before of the action of his only girl. For several days they had sought her in vain, and the father was told of the marriage by one of his brethren, who was glad to inform the Christian Jew of that which he thought would trouble him.

"Good morning," said the would-be friend; "how comes

it that you could not keep your daughter among the Christians?"

"It takes a stronger than I to do that."

"Anyhow, her own people can keep her among them, for Ben Davis has her tied fast now. She is Mrs. Ben Davis sure enough to-day."

Hyam received the blow without the movement of a muscle, but the tightly-compressed lips and knitted brow were enough for his informant.

He knew that he had wounded the Christian beyond a cure. A twinge of conscience smote the Jew, and the two separated.

Amelia Josephs was told the news in a gentler tone, but the blow was all the same, for the stricken father had found out before that all was too true.

Rachael had taken a step that would cost her dearly. For a time all went on well; Ben Davis stuck to his business, but in a few months he relapsed into his old ways, and this time beyond recovery. Rachael waited hour after hour for her absent husband, and had time to think with remorse of her childhood's home, and of her fond parents, whose hearts were well-nigh broken. They often had gone to the mercy seat and pleaded for the conversion of their child; prayers oft had been offered, but we little know how the All-seeing Eye is going to answer. He in his mercy heard their prayers, but He took his own way of doing so; He is not the author of evil, but no event can happen without His permission; and as Rachael Josephs would not be drawn with the cords of love she must be allowed to run her own course. As she neared the precipice a Hand was outstretched to save her, but all that "might have been" was now beyond recall—the years of comfort she might have shared with her sorrow-stricken parents were postponed for another land. The Christian Jew had to bid farewell to his earthly joy for a season, that in the far off clime he might meet the one for whom he had pleaded, the one for whom he had toiled, and one whom a mother's love had brought to womanhood, to part, but not for ever.

Because the Jew had turned Christian some would say, perhaps, should all this trial have been permitted? By and by all mysteries will be solved, all mists will be cleared away, and "in the dawning of the morning" we shall know as we are known.

One day, just as ill news had come to the father, so now

ill news had come to the daughter. Up all night, waiting and waiting, and then came her death blow. The man to whom she had trusted herself, without a parent's consent, had gone from her eyes for ever. In a moment of frenzy he had enlisted, and the regiment was at once ordered to India. In after years he wrote an account of a battle, saying, "When we saw our comrades cut down by the enemy it nerved our arms to fight." If the man had nerved his arm to fight for his home, and with his own evil propensities, he would have done a greater work than cutting down in revenge his fellow creatures. Truly the one for whom he ought to have fought felt wounds as of a sword from him who tore her from a mother's love, from a father's home. What true man will do this? No man that is such.

A friend came in to comfort the sorrow-stricken wife, and suggested an excursion into the country; but the sunny sky, and the twittering of the birds, the perfume of the flowers, and the music of the rippling stream breathed no comfort to the sorrow-stricken heart, for she knew not the heart of the One who had bestowed all these blessings on man. Her own grief, her sinful self were all that filled her gaze just then. Her friend hired an open carriage and took Rachael far into the country, but nothing seemed to attract her; on the return journey, however, she was heard to say, "Fare ye well, ye hills and dales; I ne'er shall see ye more."

A week after this Rachael found her small supply of money exhausted, and her home had to be broken up, and then, faint and weary, she set out for her father's house. Some miles had to be traversed; the sultry heat all day had unnerved her, the pelting rain came down and drenched her as she stood for shelter under the trees; the thunder pealed, the lightning flashed. She turned aside to see a lodge at the entrance of a large building. She gently tapped, and a gruff porter (for the building was a workhouse) demanded her business.

"Oh! give me shelter," said poor Rachael.

"Yes," said the man; "we will give such ones as you shelter. Come in; folks who come here are most times too lazy to get a shelter for themselves."

Not a word could the poor creature utter, for she saw where she had unwittingly entered.

The kind matron, however, with womanly tact had her taken to the hospital, and in one short hour the poor way-worn traveller was comfortably settled in a workhouse bed.

The thunder still pealed on; it was the midnight hour, just before the calm Sunday morn was ushered in. A loud knocking was heard at the door of Hyam Josephs; a message had been sent at Rachael's pleading.

Before the dawn of day a cab is bearing her parents to the home of the poor.

The thunder still pealed on, the lightning still flashed vividly, and there stood the sorrow-stricken parents at the bedside of their child. Just at dawn of day, during a lull, an infant's voice was heard, then hushed for ever. A heavenly smile lit up the peaceful face of the mother, as she saw her parents approach her bedside. Then, while one stood on each side of her, the spirit of the once beautiful Rachael passed away as she uttered the words, "Oh! mother, oh! heaven, Jesus my Saviour." What a parting, and what a meeting will that be when parents and child "meet ne'er to sever."

Truly it is said "As we sow so we reap," but, thank God, the reaping time sometimes is in this life only. Earth's greatest failures are often the means of raising the poor failing one into the arms of Jesus his Saviour, who, with accents sweet, says, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

But where is the reward of the wasted lives? No sheaves to bring into the garner. "What will the harvest be?"

If the punishment that sin brings affected only the one who sins, well would it be; but, oh! the heart pangs that many a mother, many a father, many a sister, and many a brother have to suffer through the misdeeds of one.

Rachael Josephs, thy life was a short one. Thy father never was seen to smile again. We will leave thee now to take a peep at those who received the good seed, and shed a radiance on all around.

The funeral wended its way from the gates of Hyam Josephs with three mourners, the father, Christian, and young Ernest D——. The grief-stricken mother was at home, comforted in a measure by her niece Esther, for she had found the One who could comfort. All was over, and the solemn cortège returned.

Ernest D—— had truly cared for Rachael Josephs, but when once she bore the name of wife he cherished no feeling towards her but that of friendship; neither did he sit down and mourn his loss. He had a healthy mind in a healthy body, and he sought strength from on high to fulfil the duties

of life. He had not learned wholly to forget the past, but he had learned that God's way was the best way, and what He had required him to say—

"Thy will be done."

"And when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer oft breathed on earth before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore
Thy will be done."

Oh! Rachael, we cannot bid thee farewell so soon. To see thee, once so young and beautiful, thy life blighted, thy parents' hearts broken, and thy years cut so short, calls forth a tear; but God grant that many like thyself, who have found earth's cisterns broken, may find, like thee, when "human cisterns all are dried" that there is a fulness flowing from the heart of God, ready even to receive the wasted lives when none other cares, when none other feels.

"Oh! Christ, Thou art the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love,
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above."

CHAPTER IX.

THE DAWN OF A HAPPIER DAY.

THE next morning Christian set out for business. The troubles of time are inevitable. Deeply as the brother felt the loss of his sister, he had to face the stern realities of life. He possessed a good amount of health, but the sorrow of the last few days had left its mark on his manly brow; still, as he wended his way to his office, a smile flitted across his expressive features while he whispered "My grace is sufficient for thee." As during the day his sister, the playmate of his youth, came between him and his figures, he looked upwards, and again came the words that had comforted one of other days when buffeting with the tempest "My strength is made perfect in weakness." To one of the seed of Abraham was this message sent, and as the day advanced apace Christian found that as his day so was his strength.

Just as he was turning the corner of a street he met Captain Williams, and a genial "Good morning" sounded in the ears of the troubled one, who was just then nerving himself to meet his parents with the same solace that had been vouchsafed to him that day. But the God who comforteth those who are cast down sent this Christian messenger, with rough exterior, but underneath which there beat a heart that could feel as a woman the sorrow of the youth before him.

Shemuel had gone on a journey that day, but had not forgotten to tell his Cornish friend of the trouble of his comrade.

Another voyage had been taken since last Shemuel had seen the waves of the broad Atlantic, and Captain Williams was now to rest in the cottage by the sea.

"My friend," said the Captain, "I have heard of your bereavement; only One can comfort you and your bereaved parents. If you would not think it an intrusion I should like to call on them."

"Oh! no intrusion," said Christian. "I am going home now; will you come with me?"

Through the crowded streets the two moved on, till the tramcar took them almost to their destination, down a road with newly-built semi-detached villas facing the green fields, where the cows were grazing as if nothing particular had happened; but on yonder side were two that had borne the burden and heat of the day, and who, just as they were going down the hill of life, had gone through what only that parent knows who sees buried in the grave his earthly hopes.

They both seemed too dazed to take in any comfort. Amelia Josephs was sitting at the open window watching for her boy.

Two approach, a stranger comes, and almost before an introduction could be given the hand of the poor mother was in the hand of the man who was sent to comfort.

"Sorrow not, my friends, as those who have no hope," said he.

The Jew and Jewess had not been long on the heavenly road; they were not so familiar with the New Testament as the Cornish captain. (Often had it been read, but it is in time of trouble that its words come with greater force.) Then, in simple language, he reminded them of the Christian's hope that in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the dead in Christ should rise, should hear that "shout of victory," and then "For ever with the Lord."

"My friends, you have found your Messiah, and He will not disappoint you. You will find in Him your all. Your lost treasure is with her Lord, and He is with you. Such a link formed that the eye of faith brings heaven more near and makes Christ more dear."

Captain Williams joined the family at the evening meal. Well was it that he was there, for more was enjoyed by the mourning trio than had been the case for many a day. In the twilight, at the suggestion of their sailor friend, all united in singing—

"For ever with the Lord.
Amen, so let it be,
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,
A day's march nearer home."

"Ah! yes," said Hyam, "nearer home! would I were there to-night."

"Oh!" said the captain, "but have we not a duty to the living as well as to the dead; should we be absorbed in selfish sorrow? The soldier in the battle-field still fights on, although his comrade (perhaps a brother) falls at his side. Be not a coward in the strife.

'Onward, Christian, onward go,
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
And then thou'lt enter into life.'

And God knows that you need something more, my friends. He wishes you to use lawful means. You want a rest and a change to brace you up; my wife and I would be glad to welcome you at our little home by the 'sad sea waves' you might say, but they are not sad to me, for as I hear the roar of the foaming billows that have carried me over ocean's trackless deep, washing the shores of my native home, I am overwhelmed with joy in thinking of the Great Creator whose voice 'dwells in that mighty tone.' I bow in adoration to that Being who 'in wisdom made these worlds, and died for me in love.' Could such an One have made you sorry but in love? Dwell, my friend, on His mighty love, on His mighty power, and you will find that 'His love is as great as His power, and knows neither measure nor end.'"

It was settled that in the following week Christian Josephs

should escort his parents to the village home of Captain Williams. As the coach sped on there were no attractions for Hyam Josephs and his wife, and but few for Christian. Created things around them gave no comfort, their hearts were too crushed; but when the Creator of all revealed Himself to them, not only as their Saviour, as He had done long since, but as "a cure for every woe, the balm for every wound," they could then look around and find comfort in beholding Him in the splendours of creation.

This world, say some, is a "wilderness wide."

"Created things, though pleasant,
Now bear to us death's stamp."

But, thank God, there are many who have found in their Messiah that He has borne the curse, that He has felt the sting, and by faith they can behold this once fair creation redeemed by the Messiah of the Jew, by the Saviour of the world; and both Jew and Gentile one day "will join in one to praise the sacred name of Him who sits upon the throne, and to adore the Lamb," the heaven-sent Lamb that satisfied all God's claims, that brings the Jew and the Gentile into the inner court of heaven, where the Great High Priest has gone before. One of the greatest infidels who ever lived was heard to speak of the majesty of the Scriptures. What can it mean, but that the majesty of the writer is told forth in its pages?

The coach stopped at the pretty rustic cottage, and a right hearty welcome all received. The air of comfort, the peaceful, restful atmosphere all influenced the travellers, and that night, the first time for a week, the sorrowful parents rested in peaceful slumbers.

It was autumn, and the somewhat longer evenings were spent around the cheerful hearth of Trelawny Cottage.

Mary Williams glided in and out so gently that her movements were little observed, but all felt the good of the presence in that home of her well-regulated mind, and the tone that pervaded the whole.

Well, perhaps, it was that Christian knew what Shemuel thought of sweet Mary Williams. He had unbosomed his secret to his friend, but until he was in a position to take a wife he preferred postponing his next visit. But how the girl's face lit up as Christian placed in her hand just one bunch of violets, with the words "From my friend Shemuel, begging your acceptance." She took them with the words,

"Oh! how sweet," and two days later the giver's heart was made glad by his simple gift having been so received.

A single bunch of violets, all the way from London! perhaps some will say, but actions speak louder than words. Mary wore them at her breast that evening, and, coming towards her father and her mother with a smile and an expression of gladness, said, "Mother, dear, a bunch of violets from our Jewish friend in London."

The mother had not always dwelt in that secluded Cornish village; she had known what life was in many of its phases, and knew something, too, of the human heart, so she quietly said, "Very sweet, my child."

The next morning it was arranged for all to attend a real old-fashioned Cornish tea meeting, so at the appointed time they set out for the schoolroom adjoining the little chapel on the hill.

After a substantial repast there were recitations and various other recreations, and among the rest came forward Maggie Tregale, the minister's daughter, and with her rich, sweet voice she sang—

"Those evening bells, those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth and home, and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime."

In those primitive days oratorios and classical music were unknown among the simple folk of this old Cornish village; only the simple melodies were known among them, but now the rich tones of the Cornish lads and lasses vie with those of their Welsh brethren in the grand masterpieces of many a talented composer. But anyhow the lads and lasses of bygone days had an appreciative audience for their simple songs, for they put the old folks in mind of their youthful days, when they, too, sported themselves on the village green and joined in innocent glee. As the sweet voice of Maggie Tregale rose in their midst an old Cornishman was heard to say aloud to his partner by his side, "Do 'ee yer that, Mary; I mind the time when I heard you sing that there, you know. Old woman, times is changed since then." And when the words came—

"And so 'twill be when I am gone,
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
And other bards will walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells,"

a tear trickled down the miner's face as he thought of the parting time from the "mate" by his side, and he softly whispered, "Never mind, Mary, my girl, while they be a singing all that, you and me 'll be shouting a finer tune than he 'Among they hills of Canaan.'"

Mary just nodded her head, and said, "Ees, Tom, we will." This was all the poor woman could get out, and a tear trickled down her time-worn face; and she, too, was thinking of other days when little voices sang sweet songs at her hearth, but who were now away on the hills of the far-off land—far off to sight, but faith at times brings the borderland so close that its golden gates almost appear. Other thoughts, too, than those were suggested by Maggie's little song.

The Jew and the Jewess were thinking of the borderland, of "the land that hath no storms."

As they all sat in the little schoolroom they could hear the breakers dash on the adjoining shore, and the wound was not yet healed in their poor hearts.

Maggie received an encore, and then she modestly came forward and sang—

"I hear thee speak of a Better Land,"
and as the last words sounded—

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
Ear hath not heard its sweet song of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow nor death cannot enter there,"

the hearts of the old folks softened at the melody, the tears began to flow, and gave relief to the weary mind.

"Sorrow and death may not enter there." Then the eye of faith pierced the gloom of sorrow, and saw the hills of glory and heard the songs of victory.

Oh! bereaved ones, if it were not for the partings there would be no meetings in that land where friends meet ne'er to sever.

While these thoughts filled the minds of those of maturer years, Christian Josephs was thinking not of the land of the future, but of the present, and as his eye fell on the minister's daughter he said to himself, "If ever I am married she will be my wife," and as his wish was "father to the thought," the way seemed to be made plain for him, for events took the right turn; but should we say this? His path and hers were marked out, and as they both had placed their future in the hands of God, He worked everything after His own will.

Strange it might seem for two Israelites to choose two Cornish maidens to be their wives; but well was it for the future generations.

These young Jews, one brought up to a certain age in the faith of their fathers, and then turning to the Christian faith, had much to unlearn; and the two Cornish Christian wives were fitted to encourage and to guide them on the heavenly road.

And thus it was that ere Christian Josephs left the little village of B—— he became the affianced husband of Maggie Tregale. We need not speak of the strolls by moonlight along the surf-beaten shore; there were spots less disturbed where the young couple could meet—the rustic bower of Trelawny Cottage, covered with autumnal tinted foliage, and there was the garden with the old standard roses and the chrysanthemums in bloom.

The last evening arrived, and though so soon to part, a happy evening it was for all in the manse of the chapel. The good old minister and his wife felt honoured in the anticipated event which would unite their only child with one of Abraham's race—a race despised by some who bear the name of Christian. Yet from whom do we get the Scriptures? From what race did the Messiah of the Jews and the Saviour of the world spring? The nation has its faults, as have all other nations; but a nation which, in the hands of God, has handed down to the Gentile the inspired volume that points to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world, needs not to be despised. As a great writer has said, "One half the world worships a Jew, and the other a Jewess,"—the Nazarene and Mary.

Christian returned to business with a lighter heart than had been his for many a week; but how often when the cup of happiness is at our lips is it dashed to the ground, and for a time gloom and despair as to the future reign in the human breast.

The following Sunday evening Shemuel, anxious to hear all he could of Mary Williams, set out to visit Christian; and after the two friends had spent an hour over Cornish reminiscences they set out for church. That evening a most impressive sermon was delivered as to bearing persecution for conscience' sake—doing the thing that's right, leaving the results of events in the hands of God, who worketh all for the good of those who love Him.

"Courage, brother, do not stumble,
 Though thy path is dark as night;
 There's a star to guide the humble,
 Trust in God and do the right."

As they were leaving the building their employer caught sight of them, and stopped them suddenly with the words: "I thought you were good Jews?"

Esther Josephs went again and again to the Tabernacle, and each time came away edified and enlightened, so that ere long the darkness rolled away, and the dawn of day appeared on her horizon, the Sun of Righteousness dispersing the gloom with which she had been surrounded by her early training. One evening she returned home somewhat more thoughtful than usual, for she had just heard the words, "Whoever is ashamed of me before men, of him will the Son of Man be ashamed before His angels in heaven." She asked herself the question, "Before whom have I confessed Him? It is easy to believe in my heart, but to confess with my mouth, I shrink from it." When the girl thought of confessing to her father a deadly pallor stole over her countenance. How could she; how dare she? She quietly opened the door and crept to her own room. Her father was too intent on the reading of a book to notice her exit. There she sought strength, and this was not denied her.

It struck the hour of nine this lovely Sunday evening. Esther, descending the stairs, approached her father, who was still absorbed in reading. On seeing his daughter he looked chagrined, and hastily deposited the book in his pocket.

Esther said, "I hope you have not missed me, father."

"No, child, but where have you been?" he asked.

"To the Tabernacle, father," she replied.

"To the Tabernacle?" Levi Josephs looked up quickly at his daughter, thinking for the moment she had been bereft of her senses. "My child," said he, "what meanest thou?"

"Oh! father, I mean the Church of the Nazarene," said she.

Although the Jew had spent most of this Sunday evening in reading of the Nazarene, his old prejudice came to the front, and with fiery indignation he cried out, "My daughter in the the Church of the Nazarene!"

He could read the New Testament in secret, but he loved his good name too well among his brethren to openly acknowledge his daughter's conduct.

"To your room, Esther, and by the morning light perhaps this odd behaviour will be at an end," he said in a harsh tone.

"No, father; never! never!" was her reply.

"Then not under this roof will you find a shelter," he rejoined.

"Good night, father," said the girl, but the father deigned no reply, and poor Esther retired to her room; but no sleep came to her eyelids that night.

You Christian Gentiles, have you suffered for your faith? Do you know what sleepless nights and broken ties mean? Do you know what it means to be homeless and friendless for your faith now in this so-called enlightened age? You, who have comfortable homes, and recline in your cushioned pews Sunday after Sunday, knowing no persecution, but with your families at one place and in one home, profess to worship the Jehovah of the Jews, do you ever give a thought to the one who gives up home, friends, and all for his belief in his Messiah? True is it that a family is oft set at variance through belief in that Divine Person, who has at last appeared as Jesus of Nazareth. But the Jew, by the eye of faith, not only sees his Messiah thus revealed, but in that wondrous Being he sees his Jehovah, and, bowing before Him like Abraham of old, he can forsake all, for in Him he finds his "exceeding great reward."

The following morning Esther appeared as usual, and at the end of a silent meal, New Testament and all were forgotten in "this disgrace" of Levi Josephs' daughter having been seen in a Christian Church.

"Well, Esther, I forbid you ever to go to any place but the Schûle," said her father. "What have you women to do with prayers at all? Leave that for the men folk; do you hear?"

"Yes, father, I hear," replied the poor girl, "but do not believe that the men are responsible for the women. The prophets do not teach it."

"Hush such talk, Esther; how speak you of the Scriptures that your own people have so preserved even to count the number of letters, and you speaking so lightly of them. You know but little of the Talmud or you would not talk so. Now, my girl, put away all such notions."

"No, father, I cannot," she said. "I believe that Jesus of Nazareth is the Mighty Counsellor, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, Immanuel, God with us, my Saviour,

whose mighty arm has brought salvation; and as it is written, 'Without shedding of blood is no remission,' I believe that He died for me."

Levi listened, for this coincided with the book in his pocket. But in an instant his apostate daughter seemed to veil all other thoughts, and "for fear of the Jews," as of old, his courage failed him, and, in a moment of frenzy, the hand of the Israelite was uplifted towards his only child. A blow on the side of the face by the heavy hand, the first time raised towards her for this purpose, since her first cry had gladdened his heart nineteen long years before. One second later he would have given all that he possessed to recall that first blow. With the Christian's book in his pocket, the hand of the Jew was lifted. Pocket Testaments may be carried by many a one, but this action does not make him a Christian. The words of life must be buried in the heart, and warmed by that Spirit who brooded over the mighty deep in ages past; then come holy thoughts, then come holy actions, and a step in the holier, purer way. But God has all hearts open before Him, and we must leave the action of Levi Josephs only to say that his remorse came to late.

Esther, with her heart full of love to her Saviour, would have forgiven even this, but the words, "Begone, apostate! never let me see your face again," so stirred the poor, sensitive heart that before she had time to think she was indeed gone. Neither looking to the right nor to the left, the girl flew by the would-be inquirers as to her strange appearance. The Jewish vendors, here and there, knew the girl; they saw the tear-stained face.

An hour afterwards Esther was far beyond the Ghetto. Oh! where could she fly? First she thought of her uncle; but no, she would not go there, but on she must go, she knew not where. Although so young she had an amount of self-reliance and perseverance beyond her years. She took out her purse, and counted a sovereign in silver. Her father had never kept her penniless; he did not hold with keeping young people without pocket money. He would say, "It makes them covetous." He was rather anxious that the tenth Commandment should be kept; and the second also, "Thou shalt have none other Gods but me," had made him cast off his child. Was it for love of that Divine Being who had, amidst the thunder and the lightning flash, given forth His precepts, "Thou shalt have none other Gods but me." The God of the Jews and of the

Gentile also is too often himself. Dread of His majesty makes the creature forget all others in desiring that the just ire of such a Holy Being might be warded off from the creature. But when the love of this Holy Being is known in some little measure, the love that has been centred in self now goes out to his neighbour, and self is lost sight of, or should be; and the love, the mercy, the long suffering, the graciousness of the "Great and Terrible King" shines out in all splendour in the Messiah of the Jews, in Jesus the sinner's friend.

It was now midday in the month of July, and Esther went on, knowing not where, till she found herself six miles out of London, not penniless or friendless, for she had the God of her fathers watching over her. Her hand stole into her pocket again, but this time for her Testament. She opened it casually, and her eye fell on the words, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." She felt very faint, and, turning, she saw a pretty wayside cottage, and a woman standing in the garden with her little one.

Esther said to the woman, "Could you tell me where I could get a cup of tea?"

"Yes, miss, a little higher up the village," she replied; "but you look very tired. Pray, allow me to make you a cup."

"Oh! thank you," said the girl.

In a short space of time poor Esther was refreshed, and was just thinking of setting off again, when the good woman said, "You are welcome to rest a while longer. I have had the village schoolmistress lodging with me; she is away for her holidays, and will not return for a day or two."

"Could you let me lodge with you till she comes?" said Esther.

The good woman in her simplicity took the stranger, and she got her reward. Often we may be deceived in this world, but it is better far to be deceived than to deceive. The innocent often have to suffer for the guilty.

Poor Esther rested that night—the first time that she had ever slept outside her father's house.

Ere she retired for the night the good man of the house took down his well-worn Bible, and read words that were words of solace to the stranger, and then offered up a prayer for the weary-worn traveller. Poor Esther, her first experience of the world was a bright one.

The next day she wandered down the lane; everything in

nature tended to soothe her nerves that had been the previous day at their greatest tension. To the young Jewess maiden away from the Ghetto, where she had spent her young life, the pure country air and all the delights of nature, not marred by man, seemed a dream; but she had that within her which answered to all the beauty. The singing of the birds, the rustling of the trees in the wooded dell, the mummuring of the brook at her feet called forth the utterance, "'All Thy works praise thee'; but what am I that thou shouldst take knowledge of me? Still I am a part of Thy great plan."

She returned to the cottage to rest awhile before proceeding on her journey, as "the schoolmistress" was expected that night. While she was taking tea, the one village cab stopped at the door, and the young teacher arrived.

The eyes of both girls met; then came the words, "Esther Josephs! is it possible you are here?" Esther burst into tears at finding so unexpectedly an old companion and schoolfellow, but when the girls had separated their lives drifted apart owing partly to their religion; still Helen Fisher had a great regard for the young Jewess.

The two were in close conversation in the little parlour. Esther told her friend all, and the gentle girl soothed the poor wanderer as a child, and said in loving tones: "Esther, dear, we'll not part so soon; you have been sent to me, and as you are a Christian I am sure I shall be able to interest our rector on your behalf. He is a great friend of the Jews. There is an assistant wanted, at a nominal salary; she does not need to be certificated, and we'll try for it."

That same evening the two walked up to the rectory. Helen Fisher knew that the good old clergyman would pardon the intrusion at that hour, and when he heard of the trials of this young Jewess his kindly heart befriended her, and he gave her the appointment; thus in a few short days Esther found both a home and employment. These two girls worked together both in the day and in the Sunday school; their leisure hours were spent in outdoor recreation and in the improvement of the mind, so that with economy in her country home Esther was able to maintain her independence.

CHAPTER X.

SUFFERING FOR HIS FAITH.

CHRISTIAN JOSEPHS and his friend Shemuel the next morning were seated at their desks after the interview with their master the previous evening. About 11 a.m. Shemuel was summoned to the private office of his employer.

"Good morning; are you any better for your visit to the Church of the Nazarene? I do not wish to interfere with your religion; but I will have no 'Christian Jew' in my establishment. A Christian Gentile might find his way here but no apostate."

"Sir," said Shemuel, "I am no apostate. I profess to be a Jew"; but, as he spoke, the gentle form of Mary Williams appeared in a vision of the mind, her gentle words and her admonitions. His heart smote him, but still he dared not recall his declaration, for he could not say that he was a Christian; though he knew full well that unless he could say that he was a Christian he dared not seek the hand of Mary. His whole anxiety had been to improve his worldly prospects for her sake; the one thing needful he had forgotten in his eagerness for gold, and now he was being tested. He felt ashamed to seek the way of a Christian for the sake of a bride. However, he was soon dismissed with the words, "Oh! well, be a good Jew still."

But Shemuel little thought that his master's questioning was merely to have an opportunity of knowing something of the faith of those who he thought hated his race.

A few moments later Christian was summoned. The same words fell on his ear, "I thought you were a good Jew?"

"Yes," said his hearer, "I trust I am, for I believe in the writings of the holy prophets."

"I do not profess to know much of those," was the reply; "I have none to teach me. The Rabbis have had but little to do with me, except for my gold, when subscriptions have been needed."

"I think every good Jew should believe that Messiah has come," said Christian.

"I thought that Messiah was to come to restore all things, and to establish us as a nation once more; but I, for my part, am quite willing to remain in England. She has done well for me. I was wanted to join the 'Zion Congress,' but I say God promised to give us the land for ever; and why should I give the Turkish Sultan any of my gold for the land of the Jews? Leave it to England and to other nations to help us back. What people could colonise it better than Israel's sons and daughters? We could help in the protection of India for the people who have befriended us, who have given us homes when others have taken them from us, who have suffered us to raise our heads among the nobles of the land, and our voices in its government. England has been our friend, and if she helps our people back to the hills and dales of Palestine I am content to remain in the land of my adoption."

"I," said Christian, "am looking forward to the time when my eyes will behold a fairer land than any our fathers trod."

"Oh! I suppose you mean the land of the Methodist."

"I mean the land of immortality, where those from every clime will meet."

"Then you are what people call a Christian? I can have no Christian Jews in my establishment."

Without a word the young man bowed, and before his employer had time to collect his thoughts he was gone.

Alexander Barnard wanted this departure, but he did not wish to be taken so soon at his word.

Christian Josephs had done his duty to the very letter; this his master knew well, but a Jew had offered his services for £100 per annum less. Whether he was a good Jew Alexander Barnard knew not. He read his credentials, calculated the saving of the paltry sum to him, and so dispensed with the services of the one for the other. But in a short space of time he had cause to repent his hasty decision. The shrewd master was deceived; his new hand provided himself with his employer's money by means of a forged cheque, and was off to South America before any efforts could be made for his arrest. This caused the employer to look into affairs himself, and when he found how his old hand had managed, he regretted his sudden dismissal.

The following Friday evening, as Alexander Barnard was strolling down a bye-street in a suburb, he saw a crowd gathered at the corner of a lane leading to one of the thoroughfares. He came near, but stood where no one (he thought) could

detect him who knew him; but the eye of the man in the centre of the group recognised him, and raised his voice that the new-comer might hear.

"I am a Jew," said he, "and stand here to proclaim that the Messiah of my people is your Saviour. He was led as a lamb to the slaughter; my forefathers sacrificed an infinite number of lambs to atone for sin, but all did not satisfy the holy claims of Divine Majesty—the holy claims of God, who said, 'The soul that sinneth it shall die.' But listen, 'A voice from heaven has declared, This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased'; and again, 'Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world'—a load that only One could take. The God of the vast universe bares His arm and brings salvation to my people, and to your people too."

All eyes were fixed on the young Jew; his raven locks clustered round a brow which bespoke a peace that was borne from above.

"What you believe or what you do not believe alters not the fact that you will live when this world has passed into oblivion. Will it be in realms of light or in the dark regions of despair, where no salvation can enter; hope gone, and opportunities lost for ever? Repent, my friends, and behold the Lamb of God; behold Him substituting Himself for thee, bearing thy sin into the land of forgetfulness, thy sins forgotten, and thyself saved. You cannot believe this in your heart without repentance, and Jehovah, the mighty to save, is able to keep you from falling, and bring you near to Himself." The Jew under the tree listened, and then the crowd joined with heart and voice in singing—

"Glory, glory, everlasting,
Be to Him who bore the cross,
Who redeemed our souls by tasting,
Death, the death deserved by us.
Spread His glory,
Who redeemed His people thus."

The rich Jew stole away, believing that he had been unseen, but with a determination to see Christian Josephs the next day.

The following morning Shemuel was summoned once again by his employer. He was able to give him the address of Christian, but had he been further questioned he would have been able to inform his questioner that the one he sought was now on his way to another land. After his summary dis-

missal he walked to his home with a heavy heart, for he hoped ere long to have taken his Cornish bride to himself.

A few hours later, as he was going down the street, he met a gentleman with whom he had often transacted business for his former employer.

Mr. Wilson knew the young man's talents were not of an ordinary kind; he respected him, and so treated him accordingly. He said, "I was not able to answer your letter, but will do so to-morrow if I get a reply from the person in question."

"Others will have to do with that business now, for I have left the establishment. Mr. Barnard says he wants no Christian Jews. I am one, so I have left his employment."

"Then you are the man for me," said Mr. Wilson. "There is important business to transact abroad; I cannot go. Will you go for me? Indeed, there is permanent employment in my foreign house."

"I will," said the young man. "When shall I start?"

"Oh! at the end of the week," was the answer.

It was so arranged; the young Jew profited by the change, and in less than ten days he received the appointment at a good salary, and was free to profess what he pleased. A post card arrived the same day as his departure from his late employer, asking for an interview.

Hyam Josephs read it, and hastened in person to reply. As the venerable old man was announced Alexander Barnard rose to greet him. There was something about his whole bearing that commanded respect.

"I am come to inform you that my son, Christian Josephs, has sailed to-day for foreign parts; he has a lucrative appointment abroad. His father and mother will miss him sorely, but as the separation is for his gain, we try to forget ourselves."

"Your son hastily left my establishment because I said I would not tolerate an apostate."

"My son is not an apostate; I may be called one. I brought up my boy in the faith of his fathers—that faith which believes God is a faithful Promiser. He promised a Deliverer, the Messiah, and I believe He has come."

The Jew looked up quickly; he dared not rebuke the old man, so he allowed him to go on.

"Our nation put him to death, thus fulfilling the predictions of Zechariah, 'A goodly price that I was prized at of

them.' Jesus of Nazareth was betrayed for thirty pieces of silver. 'Without shedding of blood is no remission.' 'Beside me there is no other Saviour.' 'Mine own arm has brought salvation.' As perfect man and perfect God he did the mighty work, and by faith I have laid my hand on the Lamb of God 'that taketh away the sin of the world.'"

The expression, the eye kindling with a holy fire, told his listener that the words he spoke he believed; and thus these simple words fell with force on the hearer. A man who had risen by his own efforts, whose talent and energy enabled him to control his large business, listened to his Jewish brother. Business was forgotten for the time being, and as was his nature to do, he went with heart and soul into the question.

"I was an orphan," said Alexander Barnard, "left to my own resources, and circumstances brought out my self-reliance; everything has seemed to turn to gold. I am not happy, however; I confess it, for I have not been a good orthodox Jew. True, I have repeated my prayers, but when I could make a coin I have done so, and little by little the smaller has swelled into greater. You Christians seem to get all by prayer; I have got mine by application to details."

"But from whom have you got your health and strength, and your undoubted talent?"

"Oh! I own that they are gifts from the Eternal."

"And have you nothing to return?"

"He would accept nothing from me; I am afraid I am a Cain."

"No, your fathers of old could not approach the Eternal but through the death of a substitute, and in no other way can you approach him now but through a substitute. You despise the so-called Christian's God, but I am convinced that the God of Israel is the Nazarene of the Christians. All our prophets have spoken of Him. David said, 'Thou wilt not suffer Thy Holy One to see corruption.' Jesus Christ rose from the dead the third day; he was seen by the Jews after the resurrection. The man who declared this would never have 'suffered for a faith that was not true.' 'They parted my garments among them, and for my vesture they did cast lots.' This was fulfilled when Jesus Christ was crucified. 'Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and His name shall be called Immanuel.' The whole Scriptures are full of this wonderful Being who conferred such a blessing on our father Abraham as to promise that in his seed all the nations

of the earth should be blessed. As the Eternal Son, He called these worlds into being, and as a man He died for us in love, because the wages of sin is death, and He paid that debt Himself that all nations might be blessed, that all nations might be saved, and so, as King David's son, and King David's Lord, He may redeem the kingdoms, redeem mankind, and restore all to its pristine beauty. Yet still more, for innocency alone could not take man into the courts of heaven, but the merits of an infinite sacrifice could take him into heaven itself. God is too just, say some, to condemn a man for another's sin. Neither does He, but He condemns man for not making his escape through the open door. 'I am the way, the truth, and the life,' says Christ, and my faith suffers me not to think that such a Holy Being could deceive me."

"I have heard more of Christianity this morning than ever during my whole life, and I would at some future time hear more. May I call on you?"

"Oh! yes; I should be thankful."

That word spoke volumes. The old Hebrew thought of the soul of his Jewish brother, of his manner of life, and his temptations. Only just turned thirty years; he had a magnificent house, all he wanted; still he was not happy. Wealth had been his object. No wife welcomed him to his home; no children greeted him there. Nothing but the comforts of a luxurious mansion.

He was a good speculation in the eyes of many a Jewish mother, but Alexander Barnard was not so easily caught. His business, his club, theatres, and different places of amusement filled up his time, and yet Hyam Josephs had made more impression on him than all he had known before. That which came from the heart spoke to the heart, and with a cordial shake of the hand the two Jews parted—to meet again.

Some one says, we are the "architects of our fate," but amidst all the wanderings in life's thicket, amidst the comings and the goings, does not the great Architect plan, very differently from ourselves, who oftentimes mar, but cannot efface, the work of the Divine Builder.

Hyam Josephs walked to his own home, the younger Jew to his carriage to ponder over the previous conversation.

After his dinner he did not, as usual, seek amusement outside his home. The rain came down in torrents, then vivid flashes of lightning, and deafening peals of thunder. In the intervals of the storm a wondrous stillness seemed to pervade

the house. All were in fear, and had met in the servants hall. The master went down, and saw them congregated together, with Mrs. Darbin, his faithful housekeeper, preaching to them in her way. The good lady said, not knowing that her master was listening: "I tell you what it is, I can keep still no longer, even if I have to lose my situation. A better and a kinder master it is not possible for you to have. Where would you go to be so kindly treated? but I tell you what it is, if you know the God that speaks in thunder peals and these lightning flashes, you would not tremble so. He is speaking to you now, and if you tremble now what will you do in the judgment day?"

A few said, "I am sure I do not know."

"Unless you know this God as your Saviour you will tremble then, and cry to the rocks to fall on you. I am in the house of one who denies my Saviour, and I have been afraid to confess Him, and He is speaking to me also. I will go this very minute to the master and confess that his Messiah is my Saviour."

Some of the listeners saw the master standing in the doorway, beckoning to them to be silent. As Mrs. Darbin turned she saw him too. The poor woman's nerves had been unstrung by the storm, and all she could do was to sit down on a chair and sob. Her kind-hearted employer himself got a restorative, and Mrs. Darbin, in broken accents, said, "Sir, pardon me, but I have to confess to you that I am a believer in Jesus of Nazareth. I cannot be silent any longer; I seem so pent up that I must confess before all that I have by my silence denied my best friend."

"No; you need not condemn yourself," said her master, "for you have done more by your actions to show your faith than ever words would have done to me."

The good lady looked up, a bit comforted. Alexander Barnard, thinking of the mistake he made as to Christian Josephs, was determined not to repeat the error, so he quickly said "Good night," and passed on.

Mrs. Darbin felt relieved, and as she mounted the stairs and entered her own room, forgetful of her master, whose door was ajar, quietly sang—

"Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace.
Or wash away its stain."

She broke off, and continued again at the last verse of the hymn—

“Believing I rejoice,
To see the curse remove,
And bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing redeeming love.”

Christianity had made its way into the home of the Jew, and he began to think for what was he working, and for whom. That night, as the storm abated without, the storm increased within—the stormy workings of the restless mind. He had found how a “Christian Jew” could transact business, and how a Jew could rob him—even one of his own people. Was there anything in Christianity that could keep a man straight? What was its power, its code of laws? He knew the law of Sinai, but he was ignorant of the fact that this law is fulfilled in love to God and to man.

To whom should he leave his vast wealth? There was a time when, in that little Polish village in bygone days, he had played with an only sister. That sister had left the paternal roof and gone to a neighbouring town, and she and her husband had died of cholera; but long ere this Alexander arrived in England, a lonely lad in a bustling crowd. The name of his sister’s husband he never knew, but now he would travel to his native place and try to find out if there was any family tie, any earthly creature to whom he could leave his gold among his own kindred. As to marrying, this did not enter his head; he had never yet seen the woman that he would call wife.

One morning Shemuel was summoned again into the inner office to be informed of his master’s projected departure.

“I have urgent business,” said he, “which calls me on the Continent for a few days. I shall be staying at ———. This is my address.”

Shemuel, on the impulse of the moment, said, “That is my mother’s native home.”

“What was your mother’s name?”

“Sir, it was the same as your own,” and until that moment other things had so engrossed his mind that he had not thought of it.

“What was her Christian name?” asked the Jew, eyeing his clerk with intense emotion.

“Hannah,” said Shemuel.

“Is it possible?” said his master. “This is a strange coincidence.”

He did not repel him, for a strange feeling came over him as he looked on the young man, for in him he saw the image of his sister.

"But my sister died of cholera, and her husband also, some years back, and their only son went no one could tell where."

"My parents died of cholera, and I left for Hamburg, and thus I became a stowaway on board one of your vessels. An old Gentile wanted to patronise me by giving me a shakedown and a crust to be his factotum and drudge, and then flaunted his unheard-of kindness to me from morning till night; and, sir, I could not stand it, so I started."

"Well, this seems very strange. I think you look as if you wanted a change. Suppose we both start for P—— and find out all we can about ourselves."

The Jew respected his young brother because of the fact that he was one of his own people, and treated him accordingly.

The following day they set sail for Hamburg, and right royally was Shemuel treated. He wondered what the end would be, and what his master wanted to find out about himself. His experience of human nature generally was that the rich look down on the poor. Then, again, Christian's brave confession had led him to think; he felt a coward, and yet he dared not say he was a Christian, for he was not.

As he sailed over the waters with every comfort at his command how that night of nights came to his remembrance when, as a little stowaway, he had come to England's shores. Often had he wished to see the home of his mother's childhood, and now that wish in a remarkable way was being realised. At last the travellers arrived; but was there a soul to recognise the boy who had played amongst them? They made their way to the Jewish quarter. Oh! how different is the bearing of the Jew in Poland than in this land of liberty. Watch his dejected mien, his crestfallen looks. Born to freedom in ages past this nation recoils under the yoke of bondage. Talented as the Jews are in various ways, with hearts that can feel, with natures that are sensitive, natures that endure, natures that in lands of liberty oft find their level among the successful merchants of the land, that can feel the bondage, can feel the oppression, and with natures as of old on Egypt's plains when toiling in the noonday sun. The God of the Ages is the same to-day as then, and He who has guarded them hitherto will in mercy bring them back to the land of promise, there to dwell, there to sow, there to reap. The Jew is looking for his Messiah,

and the Christian for the glorious Person, and to be for ever with Him.

The sacrifice has been made, the thousands of sacrifices offered by the Israelite stand aside, as it were, in oblivion, when God, the Mighty Sacrificer, comes forth and says, "Behold the Lamb of God." When a sacrifice that pales every other that an Israelite has ever offered, the great Jehovah says, "Behold my sacrifice; look and live, all ye ends of the earth."

Alexander Barnard turned down a narrow street, and gently tapped at a door, which was opened by Rabbi H——, a venerable looking man with spectacles, and a velvet skull cap on his head.

"Come in," said he, and in a few moments Alexander cordially greeted the elder Jew, for he remembered the lad. To him the younger Jew told the whole affair, and he was able by many facts to place beyond a doubt that Shemuel was the nephew of Alexander Barnard. Why was he glad? Because now he would have one for whom he would feel an interest outside himself.

As to Shemuel he was glad to find that his master was his uncle, and that he was no longer alone in the world.

After all was settled the rich Jew did not forget the minister who had instructed him, and he left the old Rabbi with enough coins to make his old age a happier one, and received the blessing of the aged Jew; but before his departure he asked him what he thought of the Zion Congress.

The old man said: "I am glad to see our Jewish brethren looking into these interests; but God promised Palestine to our father Abraham, and I think from the hands of Jehovah we shall receive the land. Why should our gold go to enrich the Turkish Sultan? Cannot the Eternal give us the land, and will He not do as He has promised?" The old Rabbi warmed up with the subject. "May my eyes see the hills of Canaan, and the King who will reign in righteousness. The time is nearly up for us to return to the land of our fathers. When seventy years of captivity were predicted by Jeremiah, did not Jehovah bring our people back his own way, yea with gold and with riches bestowed on them by Gentile hands? No, God has promised us our land, and the Turk will have to give it up. What are men in the hands of God, only his instrument to fulfil his purposes."

"The Christians agree with you; they are as interested in the prophets as you are," said Alexander.

"Oh! they believe that our Messiah has come in the person of Jesus of Nazareth, but where is His Kingdom, that Kingdom that was to be restored to Israel? Since He came we have been more scattered than at any time. I will never believe that a God who has promised us a Deliverer will fail us and allow our Deliverer to be put to death."

"But the Christians say that He raised Him from the dead, and that it is our sin in putting Him to death that has caused our land to be taken from us."

"Abraham, our father, was to have sacrificed his son, and would, doubtless, have obeyed, believing that death would give him up by the command of the Deity. And the Christians say that this was only a type of the great sacrifice of God. The ram caught in the thicket of thorns was the substitute, and the thorn-crowned Jesus as man is substitute. This is what I have heard."

"You seem to have heard more than is good for you, my son. We Jews know there is but one God, and all else is idolatry. Let the Jew obey the law, and he will not fail to rise in the resurrection."

"Oh! I find that a terrible bondage," said Alexander. "Is there no redress from this? How can a man keep the law? The battle of life is enough; I would fain give up the strife, but at my age my life would be a misery to have no employment."

The old Rabbi bade his friends good-bye, never to meet again, for in a few days he was called out of this scene. He had lived up to the light he had, and died a so-called good Jew, people would say; but does a Jew that dies an unbeliever in Jesus of Nazareth go into paradise? Has he lived up to his light? With the scroll of divine oracle in his hand, can he see no light if he studies its pages? Jesus, the light of the world, shines forth in every line, revealing Himself in every page as the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. The bleeding Lamb in the arms of the Israelite is a faint shadow of the Lamb of God for sinners slain. Life through death is revealed all through Holy Writ. The Jew is blinded, he cannot see. "Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?"

Our first parents were clothed with coats of skin through the death of another. The sound of the ram's horn that joyfully sounded through Israel's tents was obtained through death. God spoke in thunder to the thousands of Israel on

Sinai's mount, and then, through the cycles of the ages, the Great Schoolmaster taught His people of His great sacrifice by object lessons; and many a Jew has by the eyes of faith turned from the object lesson, and in wonder gazed on the great Antitype for sinners slain, whose dazzling light has illumined the inspired page, and there revealed the Eternal as his Saviour, whose own arm has brought salvation and lit up the page of sacred history with Himself.

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my All shall be."

The Rabbi H——— had studied the Talmud more than the Scriptures. He had read the latter here and there, but as a whole never. Yet he was thought to be learned in the Scriptures.

It is often said when a soul has departed without believing in the Saviour, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" thinking that He will make allowance for want of knowledge; but what excuse is there, when the Divine page is put into the hand of the creature who reads here and there as it suits him. But with the Spirit who inspired those pages, is the prerogative to make them plain. Who but the spirit of a man can reveal the thoughts of a man? So the inspired writings are only understood by the man who is taught by the Spirit, who, in His teachings, reveals the Messiah who atoned for sin, the Messiah who will come to reign over a people scattered and peeled, but who will yet inhabit the hills and dales of their beloved land, and who, on Zion's heights, will look on the Crucified One, whom they once pierced, and whose blood has once sprinkled God's mercy seat in the inner court of heaven, who, by virtue of His sacrifice, is seated on the throne of God and of the Lamb, and before whom adoring multitudes will cast their crowns. Amidst the Hallelujahs sounding through Heaven's arches they will crown the mighty conqueror Lord of all, owning His majesty, His victory, and His right to claim the kingdoms for His own.

"Worthy of homage and of praise,
Worthy by all to be adored;
Exhaustless theme of heavenly lays,
Thou, thou art worthy, Jesus, Lord."

CHAPTER XI.

REMORSE AND REPENTANCE.

LEVI JOSEPHS looked up; he saw his daughter snatch her cloak and hat and rush out of the house. Pride would not let him call her back. The blow had stunned him more than his daughter. However, it was too late now to recall it, but it would not have been too late to have recalled his daughter. Pride kept him from doing this, and there he sat, a miserable old man. No voice comforted him; he could not even look at his Testament then, but when he did so it was but the work of an instant to throw the volume into the fire, for in his superstitious dread he thought the possession of the book had caused him all his sorrow, not thinking that it was his own pride and fanaticism. Yet, as the reader knows, underneath all there beat a kindly heart, the heart that had felt for the little stowaway, and the heart of one who had sheltered him without a thought of gain.

The old man wept bitterly. Deprived of his child, and then of the book that seemed to have brought him comfort, his life was now a lonely one. Although it was in the heart of Petticoat Lane, the Jew would not lock his door that night, but sat up a watcher. However, no Esther appeared, and Levi Josephs had to mourn her loss for many a day. All seemed to forsake him, for two weeks had gone by and even Shemuel Krecovitch he had not seen. But on this particular evening, the Sabbath eve, Shemuel walked in, but nothing looked very cheery. No snowy cloth was spread, no lighted candles were on the table, no Sabbath meal in preparation. A few dying embers were in the dirty grate, and the unswept hearth told the visitor that something unusual must have happened. That Esther must be ill was his only thought, and the young man felt really sorry, for he loved the young girl as a sister.

"Oh! my son, I thought you had forgotten me in your prosperity."

"No, my true friend and benefactor, never; but where is Esther?"

"Gone! gone! gone! Dead! dead! dead" said Levi, slowly shaking his head.

Shemuel noticed the pale, haggard look and unkempt hair of the old Jew.

"What means it all?" he asked.

Levi answered thus: "It means that my only girl has turned Christian, and that I lifted this hand [holding it up and gazing intently at it, as if that particular member was the cause of all his sorrow] towards her whom I love better than my life. She had her father's spirit in her; she resented the wrong, and she fled I know not where."

"How long ago did this happen?"

"Two weeks, and never has she been seen here since that cold, grey morning when I said, 'Begone.' Oh! woe is me, would that I were gone too; but those mysterious regions beyond I dread to face." He had read enough of the New Testament to believe (unknown to himself just then) of a future state.

The old man buried his face in his hands and wept like a child. Shemuel did all he could to soothe him; even between his sobs Levi cried, "No, never while she bears the name of Christian shall she darken my threshold. Is this the true religion that has robbed me of my brother and my child?"

"These Christians," said Shemuel, thinking of Mary, "have something that you and I have not, which gives them comfort and peace. Would that you and I had it," for he felt that it was beyond his power to administer any consolation to his old friend.

Shemuel sat on for some time in silence. Then he said, "Let me fetch Hannah Davis to clean up a bit; it is not like the Sabbath eve, and the stars have long since risen."

At these words Levi started, for he had forgotten in his trouble the day of rest with all its time-honoured customs. On the last Sabbath eve that he kept, all was bright, for Esther was there; but now, where was she?

Hannah Davis, a niece of Levi's, quickly came in, but not a bit of work would she do. "Get a firegirl if you want anything done," said she. "I'm not going to do it."

Hannah Davis was a widow, and the niece of Levi's late wife. When her husband was taken from her she had two children. Her aunt had often befriended her; but Hannah had observed what her aunt had never seen, when a few coins were passed to her again and again, that her uncle was not a willing helper, and now she felt soured. She had no Christian

principles to guide her, and with a hasty "Good night" she departed.

Levi Josephs was well aware what a thriftless creature she was, and so he did not wish his money to go to foster her idleness. However, when she found herself without a friend, on the death of her aunt, she started in the buying and selling line, and was now doing well.

Shemuel did not know what to do till he thought of his landlady, so he quickly drove to his lodgings, and told her his trouble. Mrs. Godwin at once took her bonnet and shawl, and returned with Shemuel. Then, setting to with energy, the kind-hearted woman commenced domestic operations, and before very long everything was looking as bright as usual, but poor Mrs. Godwin could not undertake the frying of fish for a Jew, and, besides, that food had to be bought.

A knock at the door was heard, and Rachael Mathews appeared with a dish covered with a snowy cloth, under which were sundry pieces of fish, fried to perfection. The woman was kind-hearted, and had brought to her Jewish neighbour his favourite supper. Hannah Davis had run into Rachael's house saying, "The idea of the old fellow sending for me to do his dirty work! Let him get one of the Gentile dogs to do that for him; they are none too good to do the dirty work of a Jew. That Esther is gone off." Then she stopped, and left her listener to guess the rest, but Rachael Mathews got nothing by a visit to Levi Josephs, for he was not inclined to enlighten his talkative neighbours with any of his business.

It was arranged that one of Mrs. Godwin's daughters should go every morning and clean up. Levi was well looked after; but each day reminded him more of Esther. Poor girl! if she had only known of the state of affairs at home. So things go on, hearts are broken through misunderstandings, through bickerings and quarrels, through the unprincipled actions of some towards others. The web of time is woven by threads that mar; then the Great Master snaps the cord, and the weavers of earth's miseries, of earth's heart sores, are ushered before Him to give an account of the part they have taken in life's work. The God who has made this beautiful world and the creatures that are in it, sees He not, hears He not the cry of His creatures who are enthralled, whose days are embittered by the selfish actions of others, who seem to think that no eye sees, that no ear hears earth's wrongs? Man oftentimes blames the Creator for those wrongs. Evil passions, instead of being

fought with and conquered as dangerous foes, are allowed to gain the mastery; but the reward is gained—sin's own punishment; and the man, who has perhaps gone forth to fight in the battle field, has not yet learned to conquer himself. The code of the Christian can bring him peace in this world, for in the strength of the mighty victor he goes forth to conquer. Man will rise up early, stay up late, will put his whole strength and his energy into the business which engrosses him, and yet as to the subduing of evil passions he is a coward in the battle-field. Then he blames his Creator, because as the man has sowed so has he reaped. But as he finds that he is dependent on his God for the very air he breathes, so he will find that without the help of the Almighty Being he is powerless in the strife; but with Him leading on to victory he will come in more than conqueror, and win the victor's crown—the crown of life, bestowed by the very one who has upheld the feeble arm for fight.

Levi Josephs had no comfort, all was blank and dark, both for this world and the next. Shemuel left him with painful feelings. The Jew had gained his life-long gratitude for his goodness to him on that night of nights when he, a lonely boy, had first set foot in London; but as to comforting the stricken man he was powerless. Heaven seemed black, earth seemed blacker. At last came the words, "Have mercy upon me, oh God." Then dawned a little light, "According to the multitude of thy tender mercies." "Oh!" said the grief-stricken parent, "and for the mercy in giving me a child." At the remembrance came a flood of tears; he could bear the strain no longer. It was now seven o'clock on Sunday morning, when he hastily left the house, wandering away further and further from his home, till between ten and eleven he found himself in the midst of the crowded streets. The church bells were pealing forth, when he suddenly remembered that it was the Christian Sabbath. He was weary with the fatigue of the walk, after his days of sorrow, so he turned into a hall in a bye street, where he heard something going on; not supposing it was a religious service, he went into the building to rest himself. He heard a voice saying, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and I will give you rest."

"You," said the speaker, "who have sought it anywhere else and have not found it; you who have been toiling and rowing on the waves of this world's stormy ocean, come; you who have sinned against the dearest object of your affections,

you who perhaps in a moment of frenzy have felled that object to the ground, you who have never fought with your evil passions, come and find peace and eternal rest in finding that Jehovah has laid on Him the iniquity of us all. Repent, my hearers, and believe this gospel. Without true repentance the belief will be merely head work. Heart work sees Jehovah's sacrifice bleeding for you. Behold the sacrifice He made! 'Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by'; 'is there any sorrow like unto my sorrow?' See the Eternal God giving up His only begotten Son. Why? Because He so loved this world of which you form a part."

"Of all the gifts Thy love bestows,
Thou giver of all good;
Not heaven itself a richer knows,
Than the Redeemer's blood."

Levi rose to go during the singing of this hymn. He was hastening home in deep thought, contemplating what the Christians thought of their Jesus, when from a neighbouring church came the clear, sweet notes of—

"Lo, He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain."

Then, going down a bye street, he saw a crowd; he stopped out of curiosity. A Christian man was holding forth the words of life. Levi was passing on when, for the second time, he was stopped and offered a New Testament. He accepted it gladly now; it seemed like an old friend come back. What had transpired since he commenced to read the Christian's book? Levi Josephs thought all was against him, like Jacob of old, when everything was working for his good.

What has religious fanaticism done in every clime? Torn hearts, separated families; but what is it that unites? What is it that binds up the broken heart? What is it that brings balm to the troubled breast, and is rest, sweet rest, after life's frail barque has been tossed on the mighty deep. What is it, who is it that brings into an eternal calm? Not religions, for they are many, but Jesus, for He is one; He is the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Mighty Counsellor, the Prince of Peace, the Sinner's Friend. He who comes over the dark waters of life's stormy sea, and in accents clear, above the tempest's awful hurricane, says, "'Tis I, be not afraid." With pierced side He shelters Thee, with pierced hands He leads thee on, with torn feet He walks with thee, with thorn-clad brow He says to thee, "Look unto me, and be ye saved." Tho

poor storm-tossed mariner sees besides the thorn-crowned brow the Crown of Majesty, in that pierced hand the hand that brought salvation, and in those pierced feet the One who trod the winepress alone as He beholds Him, the One whose throne is in the heavens, and when obeying that call, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," he finds the everlasting arms encircling him and underneath him, which will bear him along, till as a tired child he is set down in the green pastures and sunny dales of a land that hath no storms.

"Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath Thy contemplation,
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, oh! I know not,
What joys await me there,
What ecstasy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare."

Many a son of Abraham in finding Jesus of Nazareth has found in Him the great Jehovah of his fathers, who led them in stormy times to an earthly Canaan, and who is now leading many of Judah's sons and Judah's daughters to another Canaan—to a land "with milk and honey blest," where living waters flow, and in whose green pastures Zion's King will lead them. He who has fought the fight alone, and scarred and wounded has come forth the glorious victor that His Israel might inherit the Heavenly Canaan, where they will be refreshed with the fountain of living waters and with the old corn of the land which is Jesus the living Bread, who will satisfy all the Israel of God throughout the Eternal Ages.

"Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more."

Levi Josephs returned to his lonely home, but he was comforted. What he had heard was what his Esther believed; he found solace even in this thought. He fell on his knees and breathed a prayer for her whom he had sent into the cold world alone. Then came his confession in simple, heartfelt language, not his usual prayers; he rose and was at peace. Then he drew out his little book, and read on far into the midnight hour. Again and again did he read, for he valued the book more than ever now. Ah! Levi Josephs, read on, God is speaking to thee there. He is as interested in thee as in thy brother. His eye can pierce the clouds which overhang

the Ghetto. He wants thee both to inherit the Kingdom; He wants thee both to bask in the rays of the Sun of Righteousness on the plains of the Promised Land. Some He leads there one way and some another; some by the cords of love gently leading on, some by the chains of circumstances that have been drawn round by the one He leads. The strong will has to be broken and merged into the will Divine, and thus the Over-ruler of events works all for His good pleasure. The hard soldier becomes as a little child, and thus inherits the Kingdom of Heaven, and rests, too, as a little child in the arms of a loving Saviour, who has crossed the Jordan to the "Better Land," and he lifts his eyes to the golden hills of Canaan and the Zion of the King.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SHIPWRECK.

CHRISTIAN JOSEPHS sailed for C—— without even seeing his betrothed. He wrote to her of his sudden dismissal, and told her of his blighted prospects. This was bad news indeed to the simple-hearted pastor and his wife. But their daughter only loved her dear one the more for the stand he had taken. She wrote quickly back, cheering Christian and telling him that she felt assured that something would turn up, but when that something did turn up she was not prepared. The separation was what she little expected. However, the girl had to bow to the inevitable.

At the first port of call a letter was posted to the little Cornish village, and it found its way there, bringing light and gladness into the heart of Lucy Tregale. Eagerly she had listened for the postman's knock, but day after day, and week after week had passed without tidings from her lover, and heartsore she gave up all hope. A newspaper rarely ever came into this remote hamlet. One now and again might have been posted to some friend.

One evening Lucy could bear the suspense no longer, so she hurried off to her friend Mary Williams. Captain Williams had just returned from another voyage.

"I'm right glad to see you," said the captain. "I was just looking over to-day's *Times*. A vessel bound for Hong-Kong has gone down with all hands, and here am I safe. What a fearful catastrophe!"

A cry was heard, and Lucy Tregale lay fainting in Mary's arms. She recovered enough to be able to walk home; but many weeks went by ere her steps again crossed the threshold of her father's house. When next she did so, she was a sadder but a wiser woman. Lucy had thought that the world was made for her, and now all her hopes were buried in the ocean. The constant murmuring of the waves, the stormy winds, all were like funeral dirges. Oh! how she longed to fly, but then there were her parents going down the hill of life, and fly where she would her misery would be with her, and early she learnt the lesson that "resistance comes from within." She sought for strength to fulfil her daily tasks, but how she longed to know something of that awful storm, something of her loved one; but no, she must wait on. The cold, grey line of duties must be faced, life must be lived, grief must be borne. Was there no one to change these duties into a blessing in disguise, sent to take her away from herself? Was there none to help her to bear her grief? Ah! yes, the One who could aid her did aid her till the various duties were done as for Him; the life she lived was the life of Him who gave Himself for her, and who carried her sorrow and bore her grief. We speak sometimes of the noble women who have gone forth to assuage the suffering of their fellow creatures; but have they any care for their own—the heart sores, the mental agonies, and the wrongs of earth? The healing Balm for all, and in all ages, is Jesus the Heavenly Comforter.

"Go bury thy sorrow, the world hath its share."

Burden it not with thy griefs, go not there for solace, go not there to allay thy thirst. Haste thou to the Living Fountain, and then thou wilt be able to say with the Psalmist—

"All my springs are in Thee."

So Lucy found; but to the Jew and Jewess, Christian's parents, the blow came with such crushing power on the top of the wound, not yet healed, that all comfort seemed of no avail, and with it all Hyam Josephs would often say, "I cannot believe that I shall never see my boy again." No one saw the ship go down; the fragments of wreckage might be those of another vessel. Alas! the name of the ill-fated ship had been washed ashore, but no person told this to the sorrow-stricken parents.

Hyam went to his business as usual ; he like others had to meet the inevitable, he like others had to bear earth's sorrows. Because people are Christians God does not promise to exempt them from trouble. He promises, however, that when they pass through the waters He will be with them, and that all things shall work together for their good.

Their Jewish brethren said among themselves, "They have got nothing through becoming Christians, neither has their son." Though they knew the loss of all things here, they had gained an eternity of bliss and

"Peace, perfect peace,
Amidst this world of storms."

"A mind at perfect peace with God,
Oh! what a word is this ;
A sinner reconciled through blood,
This, this indeed is peace."

Christian Josephs did not go down with the wreck ; he was saved. In the anguish of the moment, when he seemed to see only a watery grave, how vividly came before him all that he held so dear in England.

The storm arose suddenly, the blackened clouds flew across the sky, the thunder pealed and the lightning flashed, the vessel reeled, then at the mercy of the waves, now up mountains high, then again in the trough of the sea. Within a few miles of a coral reef, the captain put forth every effort to keep out at sea ; but wave after wave came and carried the frail barque before them until they bore her onwards to the shore. She struck at midnight ; Christian and two sailors saw, by the fitful light of the moon from behind the clouds, that they could get on to the shore from their side of the vessel. They did so, bringing with them all they had, and crying out as they rushed on deck for the passengers to follow ; but amid the awful booming of the thunder, the roar of the tempest and surging billows, their cries were fruitless. Christian caught up a boy and rushed forward, and in a few moments he and his burden, with the two sailors, were safe on land. He turned again towards the vessel in the hope of saving others, but as the moon shone out once more, she revealed only the crest of the foaming waves. The vessel was gone with all her living freight to rest in ocean's bed till the sea shall give up her dead. Morning dawned, the storm was over. The blue sky above was now looking down on calmer waters. The four human beings who had been saved from a watery

grave returned thanks to their Almighty Deliverer, and then thought of home. When cast on some rocky shore how the shipwrecked mariner longs for home, home, sweet home, and how the mariner on life's stormy deep longs for his home in yonder skies; but the ever-increasing longing for rest oft weakens the feeble arm for fight. The true mariner is found at his post, manfully doing his duty. He sees that the sails are set, he does his part; he studies his compass and his chart; storms have been stemmed; he glides sometimes into a peaceful harbour; and sometimes, too, the tempest carries him into port. Then, after duty bravely done, home is all the sweeter, and rest is won.

What a morning for Christian and his companions! The boy was returning to his parents in Hong-Kong, and here he was homeless on this coral strand. Beauty was all around them. The calm waters lay at their feet, the birds were singing overhead, and the vegetation was luxurious. The shipwrecked mariners found enough food to appease their hunger, and made themselves a hut of the spreading branches; then they looked forward to spend perhaps a lifetime on this lonely island.

Christian found his pocket Bible saturated with water, but soon dried it in the sun; and this was the only book on this friendless isle. How it was prized! It was not a new book to the sailors, but had been neglected; and, seated on the beach, except when employed in getting food, the friends would gather round Christian to hear the words of Holy Writ. Day after day they watched in vain for a sail, till hope died within them; as well as they were able they kept account of the days.

One morning, with the clear blue sky overhead and with the prospect of a burning sun, they once more repaired to the shore; the sea breezes were very refreshing. As usual the treasured volume of the young Jew was brought out. He read of that night of nights when angels heralded in the birth of a Saviour, the company little supposing that the reader was a Jew.

William Simmonds remarked, "Would that He would save us from this awful doom."

What vain regrets there were, for homes and loved ones which perhaps they would never look on again.

Christian answered, "When men wake up in hell they will think of days for ever gone, when they first heard in happy

homes of the Saviour for sinners slain. If you find solitude in this lovely island so very dreadful, how will that compare with the awful and eternal separation from all we hold so dear? Where there is life there is hope; but in the dark regions of the lost there is only dull despair."

The men began to think.

John Martin then spoke up. "Why did God allow sin?" said he. "Why are we so abandoned?"

Can the creature dictate to the Creator? If sin has been permitted God has opened up a way of escape. The door of mercy is not closed. If man will only repent and forsake his evil ways this world would not be such a bad place to live in after all; we are generally the creators of our own misery. "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

The day wore on, and the sun mounted high in the sky, so all repaired to their tents. The poor lad scarcely ever spoke; home and mother filled his mind.

As they were walking up from the shore a voice was heard to say, "It is Christmas Eve." This was enough, all stood still. Then Christian said: "Come lads, let us show ourselves men, and not dwell on needless sorrow. Let us see to it that we shall meet our dear ones in the home beyond." But this Christmas Eve, the third they had spent on those dreary shores, was one never to be forgotten by them, for it was the prelude to songs of thanksgiving on the following day, such as they and many others for ever remembered.

No frosty air on this Christmas morn, no snow flakes falling silently around them, no Christmas chimes sounding in their ears, but all about them the notes of the feathered songsters and the murmuring sound of the distant waves washing the shores of their coral home.

All were up early this Christmas morning, and all felt (for some unaccountable reason) inclined to sing; so to the shore they repaired once more, feeling that every possible moment should be spent in scanning the ocean for a sail. But ever and anon, they had seen only the wide expanse of azure waters and the blue canopy above. Now came the notes—

"Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King."

The words brought peace to them in leading their thoughts to the God of mercy who is everywhere, and they were objects of His care. The "New-born King" was King of the universe,

and not a spot was unknown to Him. Before the last verse was reached, mingled with the notes, came the stentorian voice of William Simmonds, "A sail! a sail, lads!" A sail—nearer and nearer it came. It was the work of an instant to kindle a fire, and every sign possible was made to draw the attention of those in the distant ship. Nearer still it came, and then the boom of a cannon reverberated across the ocean. A crowd appeared on the deck, and then a boat was lowered, manned by a stout British crew. At each stroke of the oars came the words—

"God save our gracious Queen
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen."

As the boat touched the shore the residents of that island home took up the strain, and sailors and landsmen stood with bare heads singing—

"Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen."

The meeting of those Englishmen on this Christmas morn affected all to tears. Oh! how those British sailors wrung the hands of those shipwrecked mariners, and in true British fashion they wished each other "A Happy Christmas."

Quickly the sailors rowed back to the vessel—one of Her Majesty's ironclads; and when the gallant commander heard the facts he gave orders for all to be brought on board as quickly as possible. Back to the island went the crew once more, and all were soon on board. A right hearty Christmas welcome was given to our friends, and true Christmas fare was spread before them. By the permission of the commander all united in singing—

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye Heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

The good ship steamed away for the F—— Islands, where was a merchant ship ready to sail for England. The party were taken on board; nothing that could be done for their comfort was omitted.

About 8 p.m. the captain came into the saloon to inquire for those he had taken on board. Christian was on the lounge reading, glad to get sight of a book once more. He looked

up on hearing the genial "Good evening." An instant more he was on his feet, grasping the hand of Captain Williams. The latter was much surprised to see him whom he had befriended. How thankful was Christian to find a friend on the "homeless deep," and the captain was scarcely less glad to see him.

Soon the Bay of Biscay was reached. After some hours of tossing the old Cornish coast came into view, and then they were gliding up the Channel, where, from the deck of the vessel, could be seen the southern shores of old England gilded with the light of the moon. Christian halted between two opinions, whether to land at Falmouth or go straight on to London, but on to London he decided to go. He had been taught to honour his parents, and although he did not worship in a Jewish Schûle he obeyed the Divine injunction. As he was sailing up the Channel Captain Williams came to him and said, "Poor Lucy Tregale has left our village" (he had forgotten for the moment the relationship between the two). Christian became much agitated when he heard this, for he had been planning to run down to the cottage by the sea. He was silent, and waited to hear more. "The poor old lady," said Captain Williams, "did not long survive her husband. Mary has not heard from Lucy for some time. She was in Surrey when she wrote last, and was leaving, poor girl, to be a nurse in a London hospital; she did feel the death of the father and mother. What, my friend, ails thee? Well, what a thoughtless old man I must be. Of course, I now remember that she was your promised bride. Cheer up, she will be yet if it is God's will; and if not, you are better without her." Captain Williams was blunt, but underneath his brusque manner was as kind a heart as ever beat in a human breast.

The vessel arrived at the docks. Christian had thought of telegraphing to his parents from Plymouth, but he feared the shock would be too great for them; still, how to act now he did not know.

Morning dawned on a grey London sky. Christian went on deck to bid farewell to Captain Williams; the passengers had had enough of sea, and some had landed at Plymouth.

Captain Williams, seeing his friend's perplexed look, said, "Now will your parents bear this shock of joy? You had better allow me to be your forerunner."

This was agreed to, and the two friends and the homeless youth drove towards the home of Hyam Joseph.

That morning the poor mother was very lonely and dejected. Hyam had just gone to business. A knock at the hall door brought the little maidservant, who was directed to inform her mistress that Captain Williams wanted to see her. She came to meet him, pale and haggard; the three years of suffering, since she had heard of the shipwreck, had told on her feeble frame. Captain Williams looked beaming, because his kindly heart had good news for the fond mother, and the man was no expert in hiding his feelings; but Amelia Josephs was too absorbed with her grief to notice his manner.

"Well, Mrs. Josephs, I have good news for you," said he.

She looked up quickly. That her son had risen from the dead she knew was impossible, and nothing else but this could be good news to her. She looked steadfastly at her friend, but was silent.

"Your son," said he, "was not on the vessel when the ship went down; he is alive and well."

Amelia Josephs was a strong-minded woman; she did not faint and cause a scene, but in deep and earnest tones said, "Thank God!" and there was a flutter at her heart much the same as when her son, a tiny infant, was first placed in her arms. Captain Williams drew a little nearer, and said, "Will you see him?" At the same moment Christian walked in, as agreed upon beforehand if his friend did not return within a stated time.

The captain left the scene abruptly, the big tears trickling down his bronzed cheek. He had seen the joy of a mother receiving her long lost son, but with its sacredness he had no participation—only an onlooker. None can depict that meeting.

When a ransomed sinner repents there is joy in the presence of the angels of God. If earthly joy is so great, what must be the joy of God in the presence of His angels?

"Once as prodigals we wandered,
Wandered from the fold of God."

The homeless boy found a home and a mother. Thankful as he was, his little heart yearned for his own mother and the home of his birth; still gratitude shone out in the sad eye.

All were seated around the dinner table; Hyam had just returned. He had been previously apprised of his son's miraculous escape, and felt now as if that son were being given back from the grave. He was afraid to trust himself to speak; but the wellsprings of his heart had been opened,

and thanksgiving, hearty and real, flowed out for his boy's preservation.

Towards evening a visitor was announced, in the person of Alexander Barnard.

Poor Christian was thankful for his deliverance, but when he looked at the future he felt dejected. His nerves had received a great shock, and the outlook was dark; but when he lifted his eye above the horizon he saw a light that had always been with him and would guide him to the end.

Christian looked upon the face of his old master, and kindly did Alexander greet his former employé. His congratulations for the latter's safety were very hearty, and he nobly acknowledged a selfish action in allowing him to leave. "But I found out your value," said he, "in a very short time, and I am come now to offer you a share in my business." He looked up quickly with an air of confidence, feeling assured that his offer would atone for the past, and be accepted with gladness. When he heard that morning of Christian Josephs' safe arrival in England, Alexander lost no time in seeing him. But what was his surprise on beholding Christian's expression and hearing his answer. What a struggle was going on in the young man's breast! What a temptation was being held out to him! Would not any man just setting out in life think twice before he refused such an opportunity? But the Jew, in consternation, listened to the following reply: "Sir, your offer has placed me under lasting obligation to you; but I am a Christian, which means a follower of that Christ who was put to death by a Jewish mob, urged on by your Rabbis. Sir, that Christ was the Son of God, who sacrificed Himself for me. To be unequally yoked with an unbeliever would be to disobey a Divine command, and I could expect no blessing. 'Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you.' I have no earthly prospect in giving up yours; but my God can open up some other way."

The Jew looked with steady gaze on his Jewish brother, and the respect that he always had for a noble character went out towards Christian.

"Young man," said he, "you have done more to commend your religion to me than in preaching twenty sermons. Would you, could you do this 'for a faith that was not true?' Who was this Jesus, what was He, whence came He, and where is He now? Surely for a dead Christ you, a sensible man, would not act as you have now done?"

"Jesus is the Christ of God, our Messiah," said Christian. "He came from heaven, and after He had made atonement by His death for your sin and mine, God, by His Spirit, raised Him from the dead. That is the Christ I trust in, and—

'If I were not sure He was God,
I would not trust in His Blood.'

I believe Him to be God from all eternity, and He declares Himself to be the only Saviour, and that 'without the shedding of blood there is no remission'; so to be our substitute He became man, took our nature, apart from sin, and by His strong arm brought salvation. That is the God I trust in. That is the Christ I see. He is the Messiah of the Jews and the Redeemer of mankind, and in Him I behold the Lamb of God, able to take on Himself the whole guilt of man, and so to atone as to be received back again into the heavens. He is now in the inner Court of the Temple above, a mercy-seat for the Israel of God." And to the still listening Jew Christian said, with glistening eye and with deep feeling—

"In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wreck of time;
All the page of sacred story,
Gathers round its head sublime."

The Jew silently departed, but not before he grasped the hand of the young man, who said, "Good-bye, sir, may you ere long find Him of whom Moses and the prophets have spoken."

Christian sat down dejected, worn, and weary. Still a peace reigned within his breast, such as those only know who have, after severe conflict, come out victorious. He had been so absorbed in his own affairs that he had quite forgotten the lonely youth whom he had saved from a watery grave, but Amelia Josephs' motherly heart had taken charge of the boy, and the wearied lad was snugly sleeping away some of the effects of his grief amidst downy pillows and snowy coverlets.

Christian was intending to question him as to his antecedents, but there was no need for this, for on his awaking he beheld his own father bending over him, the strong man weeping over his child now restored to him in so marvellous a way.

As Captain Williams was hurrying to the station to reach his Cornish home a gentleman met him, one whom the captain had done business with in China. Surprised indeed was he

to see him in England. The train was missed, but something was gained which brought a mine of wealth to the Hong-Kong merchant.

"Captain Williams, is it you! I am glad to meet you," but his usual heartiness was wanting. The pale and melancholy look seemed strange in the once genial merchant. The captain looked up amazed. "I am come to England for a change," said he. "I have brought my wife, and I'm thinking of opening a branch of my business in this country and settling down here."

"Indeed, I trust the English climate will restore you to health," said Captain Williams.

"English air will never take the heartache from me, and my wife seems beyond comfort. You evidently have not heard of our loss. My boy, my only boy, we sent to England to get a good mercantile education; we spared him a few years, but could spare him no longer, so sent for him to return, and he went down in that ill-fated vessel. The preparations of my wife to receive her boy some weeks previously, the joy anticipated, all crushed in one moment, and the ocean bed received our Arthur."

Captain Williams smiled, and Mr. Simpson noticed it, and wondered at such seeming want of feeling in his old friend; but the truth was, Captain Williams had an intuition that he had found Arthur, and he could not disguise his feeling. Still he was at a loss to know how to refrain from giving a false hope.

"Well," said Captain Williams, "only this morning I brought into the docks some of the survivors of that ship, and one was a boy, and now I am thinking that he is very like you, and ——"

"Oh! where is he? Take me to him; let my eyes see the lad, whatever any disappointment may cost me."

Captain Williams hailed a cab, and the two friends were soon on their way to Hyam Josephs. Calling Christian aside he whispered to him, "Let my friend see the lad."

Christian was not surprised, for he, too, saw the remarkable likeness. The door of the little room where Arthur was sleeping was quietly opened, and thus we see the father bending over his boy.

Arthur at last opened his eyes, and, fearing to give a shock, his father was turning away. The boy thought he was dreaming, and said, "Father; oh! that this was real."

In one moment the boy was sobbing on his parent's breast, and the strong man, too, was weeping. "My son, my own dear boy!" said he, for his heart was full, and the sensitive nature gave vent in the words of a mother who presses her child to her bosom.

In a short time Arthur was dressed, and in the general sitting-room, beside his father, who was earnestly talking to the preserver of his boy, who refused again and again a sum of money that would have made him somewhat independent.

"I cannot leave you," said he, "before you allow me in some form to present you with a lasting memento of my gratitude."

"I am in want of an appointment; can you help me to one?"

Captain Williams had hurried away; but not until he had told Mr. Simpson something of the honourable career of Christian Josephs.

He caught his benefactor's remark. "Indeed, I can," said he, "for I am about to open a branch house in Liverpool, and I want a partner."

"But I have no capital," said Christian.

"All the better for me, for then I can in some measure repay you for what you have done for me."

"I am the son of a Jew, but I profess to be a Christian. Are you one, sir?"

"I profess to be a humble follower of Him who was despised and rejected of men."

In a short time all was settled, and the firm of Simpson and Josephs (the head of the firm being one of the largest capitalists of the day) soon acquired a large and thriving business—a business that far exceeded our Jewish friend's, Alexander Barnard.

Christian's parents retired into private life in a lovely rural village, far away from London fog and smoke. Their choice was not one of your modern villas, but a well-built old-fashioned house, the picture of comfort; a neatly-trimmed lawn with a border of wall-flowers, primroses, and violets (in spring time), the ivy, roses, and virginia creeper gracing the front of the house. Hyam Josephs spent much of his time in planting and digging—an occupation which the Jews could not have been strangers to in centuries gone by. Once more in his own land he will do this again, when the vine-clad hills will be rich again with verdure, the plains blossom as the rose, and the granaries of Canaan be full of golden grain, while

Zion's sons and daughters will rejoice in the land of their father's God.

But to return to Arthur. His mother was sitting disconsolate in a London hotel awaiting her husband, who at last appeared with joy depicted in his countenance, which he could ill conceal.

Arthur was in an ante-room, anxiously waiting for his mother.

"Mother!" a word Mr. Simpson had not addressed to his wife for three years, "I have a friend, a very dear friend, one who knew our boy, coming to dine with us this evening."

"Oh! no, Fred; I do not want anything to remind me of the past."

He could control himself no longer, and, throwing his arms around the wife he had made his bride twenty years before, he said, "Mother! our boy is not lost; he was saved, and I have found him." He then led her into the adjoining room, and there we leave Arthur for the present clasped in his mother's arms; and later on that mother is an eager listener to the tale of her son's perils and preservation. The next morning, in person, she thanked her son's preserver. What joy one kind action often causes to more than we had thought at the time. The world is full of wrongs, full of sorrows; but there are many forgetting their own, who hold out the hand to another, lightening his sorrows and sharing his burdens, and helping him, too, to lift the eye and behold the Lamb of God who has borne our griefs and carried our sorrows. Soon will come the day when earth's toils will be ended, and the rest that remaineth for the people of God will be seen with vision clear "when the mists have rolled away" and Jordan passed. Then the fields of fadeless bloom, then the heights of the everlasting hills will appear, and Zion, where stands the temple of the Great King, will shine forth in all its glory. Our Great High Priest for ever sat down, having offered Himself to be a sacrifice for sin, casting into darkest shade all other sacrifices of inferior worth. The Lamb of God came from heaven's fold to atone for the Israel of God.

"By faith I lay my hand,
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin."

"Jesus, before Thy face we fall,
 Our Lord, our life, our hope, our all;
 For we have nowhere else to flee,
 No sanctuary, Lord but Thee."

What want we more than Thyself, for in having Thee we possess all things!

Jesus, in Thee our eyes behold our Priest, our Messiah, our Saviour, and our God; and in adoration we worship Thee, the first and the last—the One who liveth and was dead.

"Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee."

On Thee, the sinner's Hope, the sinner's Friend.

"Oh! God, our help in Ages past,
 Our Hope in years to come,"

shield us and guide us to the end.

Although Alexander Barnard had assured himself that Shemuel was his nephew he did not feel inclined to take him into partnership. He thought he was not trustworthy; and Alexander Barnard, for some unknown reason, postponed the partnership which would have seemed the proper thing for his only relative. If, however, Shemuel had been a Christian he might have gained the confidence of the Jew, as he had seen its effects in Christian Josephs; but, Shemuel, ah! Christianity as yet consisted in wishing conversion for the sake of Mary Williams; still, on the other hand, he did not want to offend his uncle by taking other views than those of the orthodox Jew. If Shemuel had known the inner workings of the mind of his uncle how differently would he have acted. How few, comparatively, dare to be Daniels, dare to stand alone. Oh! that we could have the courage to do the right thing at the right time; but opportunities not embraced are often lost for ever. Still, the young Jew scorned the thought of professing Christianity for the sake of Mary Williams.

So time went on, and he halted between two opinions. He heard of Christian Josephs having been offered a partnership, and this rankled in his bosom. Then, too, came the thought that his friend being a Christian had made no difference to his uncle. One evening, when alone, he began to think over his position in relation to his uncle. Should he please him for the sake of pecuniary gain and this world's prospects, or should he look further into the tenets of the Christian faith, and act according to the dictates of his conscience. At last came the thought, "I shall have to face eternity alone, and if

Christianity is of service on that threshold it is good for this world. I will forget my uncle and all else till this question is settled. My uncle's gold will not buy heaven for me." His natural character now shone out, for he was not one of those who would easily barter his conscience for any man's gold. The temptation had been strong, as he wanted to make a home for Mary. However, he little dreamed that she would never wed an unbeliever, for in the matrimonial transactions of life as well as in others "how can two walk together unless they are agreed?" But he could arrive at nothing definite; nothing that would give him lasting peace. The story of the Nazarene was only in his head; he had not yet felt himself a guilty sinner before God, needing repentance. How can we know our need of a Saviour if we do not feel the load of sin? The Israelite of old, how joyous was he on the evening of the Day of Atonement, when his year's sin had been borne away by the scapegoat into the wilderness—the land of forgetfulness. How glad, then, should the ransomed sinner feel with the knowledge that the sin of a lifetime has been borne away by the Lamb for sinners slain?

The following morning Shemuel was in deep conversation with his uncle in the private office. The elder Jew said nothing as to partnership, but he did say, "I would like to act towards you as an uncle should, and one does not know what may happen." (Shemuel thought that perhaps his uncle contemplated marriage.) "I should like to see you comfortably settled. There is a good business to be sold at Birmingham; it requires a good sum to float it, but I have been thinking that if I wish to do any good I may as well do so in my life time, so if you like to speculate I will hand over to you the sum required. Had you been a Christian I might have offered you a partnership. I am in a position to fear no Rabbi's frowns, and as to relatives I have none but you, and I am looking into what the Christians talk of—whether this Jesus is really our Messiah."

Shemuel Krecovitch was dumbfounded for the moment to hear such words from the quick-witted business-like Jew—one who never seemed to have a moment but for getting gold. Still money was not his object, but the doing of things thoroughly, looking well after details, which some say is of no consequence. Application and perseverance had brought him wealth; and although gold makes gold his natural qualities did not lie dormant; he still went on in the old groove.

Vain regrets were useless. How Shemuel wished that seeking the Kingdom of Heaven had been his first thought, then all other things would have been added unto him. Still the generous offer of his uncle would bring his qualities into action, and give him a lawful object in life. Keenly as he felt the disappointment, a throb of joy filled his breast, for he would now be able to make Mary Williams his wife. He heartily thanked his uncle for his generous offer, and before many weeks we find Shemuel at the head of a thriving concern. We see him resident in a suburban villa, sitting one evening talking to Captain Williams, whom he had invited to visit him. He was ever mindful of the friendly hand which had been held out to the little Jewish stowaway, and Captain Williams's kindly heart and beaming face, and his hearty grasp of Shemuel's hand, all showed how glad he was of the other's welfare. In the course of conversation the young Jew said, "How I should like Miss Williams to grace my home!" He stopped; he could say no more, for her father looked grieved, and replied, "My young friend, your present position is all and more than I could desire for my little Cornish lass, but to see her the wife of an unbeliever would break her mother's heart and mine."

Shemuel had lost one thing by his unbelief, and was he now to lose a bride? he thought.

"I do wish to believe as you do," said he, "and should have looked more into the question, but dearly as I love your daughter I could not look into sacred things for the sake of an earthly creature, so I have neglected this question of so great an import."

"My friend," the captain replied, "the devil would like to be your stumbling block, that you might at last fall into hell. I beg and entreat of you to forget every earthly creature in your soul's transaction. Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness. Your soul may be required of you to-night. Alone, you would have to set out on that journey, and land on a dark and a cheerless strand, if you have not the Great Captain to steer your course. His path is in the great waters, He will guide you to the heavenly shores, into the haven of eternal rest. Oh! I long often for that harbour. I see the wonders of the deep. I see the elements contending for the mastery. I seem such a puny creature standing at my post on the stormy deep, and I bow in wonder and in adoration during the

dark hours of the night in contemplating why your Messiah, the great Prophet of His people, should take upon Him our nature and die for that people's sin. To think that the great Creator should stand before a creature. Ah! but what dignity, what majesty were present in Him when spat upon and buffeted for men, His creatures' sin.

“Oh! Head, once full of bruises,
So full of pain and scorn,
'Mid other sore abuses,
Mocked with a crown of thorns.
Oh! Head e'en now surrounded,
With brightest majesty;
On earth once bowed and wounded,
Upon the accursed tree.”

Young man, just setting out into life, remember thy Creator, and remember that ‘in wisdom He has made thee, and died for thee in love.’”

“Then you think that our Messiah is Jehovah Himself?”

“I am sure of this. Does not your Prophet Isaiah call Him the Wonderful Counsellor, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace? I tell you that He will come as you expect Him, robed in majesty. He will set His foot on Mount Olivet, and your people will mourn for Him as one mourns for his only son when looking on Him whom they have pierced. There is one thing that the devil cannot deny, and that is that he shed His blood by urging on the Roman soldiers to pierce His holy side. Good-bye, look into this for the sake of your own soul's salvation. Ah! it is worth it from every side, for the Christian is not only saved from hell, but he is kept from evil by the same mighty power. Oh! my friend, you know not the value of your immortal soul. Holy Writ says, that in the ages to come God will show His exceeding riches in ransomed sinners—saved through the mighty sacrifice given by God from heaven's treasury to a poor lost world, whom God so loved as to give His only Son to the Jews and the Romans to be scourged, mocked, and crucified. ‘Look unto Me and be ye saved,’ says that crucified One, ‘for I am God and there is none else, and beside me there is no other Saviour.’”

Shemuel drove to the station with his friend. The captain did not invite his young protégé to his Cornish home, but as the train steamed off what a heartfelt prayer did he offer for the Jew.

It was a lovely moonlight night, so Shemuel strolled along the streets, and the sound of singing attracted his attention. He listened.

“There is life for a look at the crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee;
It is not thy tears of repentance or prayers,
But the blood that atones for the soul;
On Him, then who shed it, thou may'st at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.”

Shemuel paused again; what did it mean? Why must blood be shed? Then came the words, “The soul that sinneth, it shall die.” Where had he heard this? Then that the first-born of his forefathers had to be redeemed. “Our Messiah, I know, is to be our Redeemer,” he soliloquised. “Can it be that He will redeem us from thralldom, from death, and all things hurtful? If this is so, then the Redeemer must be Jehovah, for none other could pay the price. If I were sure of this I would trust Him, for I could do nothing else. Oh! God, open my blind eyes to behold in Thee all that Thou wouldst have me behold.” Then came to him the words which he had heard in the Cornish Chapel, “Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.” Then my sin must be gone. “Repent and believe the Gospel,” came again in gentle accents.

That night Shemuel had heart searchings which none know but those who have passed through the experience. Real sorrow for the past brought remorse which laid him low; but then came the sorrow that worketh repentance, for when he saw that his sins had pierced and crucified the Lamb of God, he was humbled in the dust. Then, and not till then, the Hand that had been pierced for him lifted him up, and his eyes rested on Him whose once thorn-clad brow is now crowned with glory. In accents sweet the young Jew heard, “I am Alpha and Omega, the First and the Last; I am He who liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore.” And Shemuel Krecovitch bowed in adoration before the Christ of God.

“Worthy of homage and of praise,
Worthy by all to be adored;
Exhaustless theme of heavenly lays,
Thou, Thou art worthy, Jesus, Lord.”

Now there was nothing to impede the way, even to his earthly happiness, but although the time was come his courage failed him. He loved Mary Williams, and this had seemed enough for him; but now that he looked the matter in the face he knew that it was necessary for Mary to love *him*. He penned two or three letters, but found himself less of an adept than at business letters, and was not satisfied; so he decided to visit once more the cottage by the sea.

“And though years have rolled above me,
And 'mid fairer scenes I've roamed,
I shall never cease to love thee,
Childhood's dear and happy home.”

Shemuel bade goodbye to business, and set off for Cornwall. As the coach drove on towards the village of B—— he could see the reapers bringing in the golden grain. The light of the harvest moon gilded the trees, casting their lengthened shadows across the road. The murmurs of the distant waves mingled their sound with the sweet chimes of the little church on the hill. At last the traveller was set down at the gate of the dear old home. There was Mary sitting at the piano, sweetly singing, near to the open window, where the perfume of the flowers found its way into the room. Her mother was seated in the “old arm chair” knitting, and Mary's father listening to his daughter's sweet voice singing his favourite hymn. The front door bell rang, the music ceased, and Mary ran to see who the visitor was. The light in the hall fell on her face, and a looker-on would have detected the gladsome smile and the light in her eye as, in a natural way, she said, “Oh! how glad I am to see you; it is an unexpected pleasure.”

Shemuel just had time to retain the little hand for a moment, and in an earnest tone he said, “The pleasure of seeing you is more than tongue can tell.”

They entered the room together, but Captain Williams did not give his usual hearty welcome. He did not want this young friend to have hopes that could not be realised. Still, he could not help giving him a welcome, and Mrs. Williams's motherly heart went out towards her guest. Supper was a very cheerful meal. Shemuel and his host sat on into the midnight hour, for our young friend could not close his eyes that night without unburdening his mind.

“Will you be surprised if I tell you that I am a Christian?” said the young man.

Captain Williams looked up quickly, grasped the young man's hand, and said, "Tell me all about it."

Shemuel did so in a simple way, and the warm heart of his friend was made glad that night by the conversion of the man whom he had befriended so many years before. He had sent him to his people, and they had befriended him; but an unseen eye had watched over him, and amidst all his wanderings had led him the right way. Shemuel Krecovitch was a character that would be real and thorough in whatever he professed. He knew but little of the Scriptures; he knew, however, that he was a sinner, and that the Christ of God was enough for his need both for time and for eternity.

"It is a mystery to me," said Captain Williams, "that your people are so blind to their own Scriptures; the Prophets foretold the advent of their Messiah so plainly. 'In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed.' In the sandy desert of a foreign land Jehovah desired to teach His people of this promised seed, by object lessons so simple that a child could understand. What is there in the formation of the tabernacle or its furniture which does not foreshadow the Divine Redeemer? Not in words alone does the Almighty speak to His people, but in types and shadows. The outer and inner courts divided by the veil, within which stood the Mercy Seat where the glory of the God of Israel shone; but there also was the sprinkled blood. The Mercy Seat, covered with pure gold, showed the crimson dye. The pure white robes of the priest must show that death had claimed its victim, that he might go free. In that holy receptacle the Ark lay. The tables of the law, hidden in the Mercy Seat, and Jehovah's glory shone on the glorious breast plate of the High Priest, which was fastened by golden chains to the linen ephod—emblem of purity; and my young friend, what gladness should reign in the heart of every Christian in contemplating our Great High Priest, who has entered the holiest by His own blood, bearing on His breast the names of the Israel of God for whom He bled and died. He is the Mercy Seat, He the sacrifice, He the Great High Priest who has offered Himself without spot to God. The law is fulfilled in Him, atonement made, and the veil of the temple rent from the top to the bottom (His flesh), and our High Priest and your Messiah and Redeemer gone into the presence of God for us. The Bible is full of the Christ of God. What a stupendous work when man was created, and greater still when man was redeemed. We cannot

define sin, we can only tell of its results; but who can realise the value of an immortal soul. Thankful am I that you are in the ranks of that mighty army which will swell the Hallelujahs in the Courts of Heaven, and when this passing world is done there is an inheritance reserved for you and for me that fadeth not away."

The face of our sailor friend beamed when speaking of heavenly things. He was not one of those who wished himself away and shirking earth's mission; but he lived so near the eternal world that heaven and heavenly things were enjoyed here in this world. Heaven was a reality to him, and his Saviour a greater still.

The young man listened to this simple definition of Scripture, and he made up his mind to read his Bible carefully through, that he might find out for himself that which was for his welfare, both for time and for eternity. In Mary Williams he would find a true helpmeet.

The following morning her parents were asked for their consent to this most important event of their daughter's life. Their consent was gained, and the wedding day fixed.

Shemuel returned to his business, and then set off for London. His engagement was told to his uncle, who, when he heard that the bride elect was the daughter of Captain Williams, said, "If she is as good as her father you have indeed won a prize; and if you will allow me I shall be glad to witness the ceremony. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than seeing your future wife."

So in the month of May uncle and nephew set out for Cornwall. As the coach rolled on during that lovely spring day the eyes of the travellers rested on the pink and white hawthorn, and the hedges studded with primroses, such a contrast to London life, and the busy Jew had an eye for nature. The eye that could gauge the value of his goods could revel amidst scenery, and the lovely Cornish lanes and surroundings of native simplicity made him for a time forget shares, stocks, and general business. When he noted his nephew's joyous face it made him almost wish that he was going on the same errand; but the time was not far distant when he, too, would bring a bonny bride to his home. He was to marry one of his own race; but he would first have to bow the knee to Jesus of Nazareth. He also was to find out that this Jesus of Nazareth was his Saviour and his God. The One who loved justice and mercy—still the long-suffering

Jehovah, who in order to be just, merciful, and righteous, and still gracious, to meet all those attributes must needs become the Lamb of God to atone for sin in order that justice might be satisfied, and that love, grace, and truth might assert themselves; that His arms might be extended to the poor tempest-tossed mariner, who hears across the troubled ocean, "'Tis I, be not afraid." "Come unto me and rest," He utters; that rest which is not disturbed by waves and storms. With the everlasting arms underneath and around him the poor sinner is carried into the eternal haven, where no more billows roll and no more storms are heard. Hail, glorious harbour; all hail, eternal rest!

"Jesu, Lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the billows near me roll,
 While the tempest still is high,
 Hide me, oh! my Saviour hide,
 'Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 Oh! receive my soul at last."

On the morning when the letter arrived saying that Shemuel was then on his way, came the news that Alexander Barnard was on his way also. There was no time for an answer, which fact the young Jew, in his excitement, entirely forgot. The old coach stopped, and uncle and nephew were set down. Right heartily did Captain Williams receive his employer. The man who made God his object in all he did and said never cringed to any one, but in a manly, genial manner welcomed the Jew to his peaceful home. When Alexander Barnard looked upon the place, and realised its quiet comfort and simplicity, he half wished that it was his. With his riches had come increased responsibility, and withal his home had not the peaceful air that surrounded the abode of the young bride. He had his ambitions, but they had not given him rest. A retinue of servants had not been able to contribute to his peace of mind such as now he felt, as he watched Mary Williams gliding in and out, ministering by sunny smiles and seasonable help to all around. Peace rested on the brows of her parents, and reigned everywhere; but it was a peace borne from above, which nothing in this world could disturb. They had found the true riches; they had laid up treasure in heaven.

Christian Josephs had been invited to the wedding, but

was not pressed, as might be imagined under all circumstances. The little Cornish village which had been the scene of his happiest days was no longer looked upon with delight. How true it is that home is where dwell those we love. "Home, sweet home," with our loved ones can exist in a desert land. How much we are affected by our surroundings.

After the evening repast the family circle gathered round the hearth, when Alexander Barnard said, "I am delighted that my nephew is going to confer on me such a favour as to give me a niece." Here he was stopped by Captain Williams, who, with astonishment, said, "Your nephew? I was not aware of this relationship."

Then the tale was told. The elder Jew now rose and presented the bride with a handsome purse, and in it she found a cheque for £1,000. Almost a penniless bride she would have been but for this. Shemuel would not allow her father to settle anything on his daughter, as the principal would have been lessened, the interest of which he was looking forward to living on in his old age.

All were astonished with the generosity of the Jew, and Mary, in wonder, looked, held out her hand, and warmly thanked the giver.

Poor Shemuel! what a panorama of past events went before him. The night when he, weary, worn, and sad, was befriended by the kind-hearted captain, and now he was in comparative affluence, and had found happiness. His heart, too, went out towards the lonely man, whom he had visited a few days before sitting so dejected at his solitary hearth. Day after day setting out to travel the streets of the great city, peering among the seething crowds for his lost daughter. This Shemuel did not know, neither did the other inform him, so he looked upon the old Jew as a hard father. The Father of all, who readeth the hearts of all, how differently does He judge! How often are we misrepresented even by our own actions.

Shemuel had broached the subject of his marriage and his prospects, and then confessed his new faith. Not a word passed the lips of Levi Josephs; but he quickly looked up, fixed his eyes on Shemuel for a moment, gave a sigh, and gazed again into space, with the same dejected manner; but silence reigned for a time.

"Then," said the young Jew, "you befriended me when I needed a friend; will you allow me to return in a little measure what you have done for me? Leave this place and get into the country."

"No, no, no," came in slow accents; but he did not let out the secret that the "hard father" intended to wait in his old room for his only child. He prayed for this, and he believed the answer would come. Deep down in his heart was the thought that the Christian religion was robbing him of all earthly happiness. Like Jacob of old, he said, "All these things are against me." He was so downcast that he seemed to take no interest in Shemuel's marriage. There was a time when Levi Josephs thought that he would have called him son; but he loved his daughter too well to give her to any man who did not love her. He believed, too, that marriages were made in heaven, and the names called out there. Nothing was said of the Christian faith, only "Then I suppose you are going to marry an apostate."

Shemuel was silent as to this, but he took the hand of the Jew and said, "Good-bye, may God be with you till we meet again. You have been a good friend to me, and may happier days be in store for you."

He left, and then walked towards his own home, feeling very dejected. How often it happens in this world that when happiness sheds its beams around us some person comes into it to cast a gloom, teaching us the lesson that there is no joy in this world without alloy; were it otherwise we should not want to leave earth for heaven, where bliss is without alloy, where one mind pervades the whole. Here we have to suffer for the misdoings of others as well as our own. We are sent into this world to glorify our God, instead of which we are often doing our best to get our own way. Few comparatively learn the lesson that "resistance comes from within," instead of spending our days in the fruitless effort of trying to make others do what they want. Blessed women, blessed men who follow the Master's footsteps, and live for the happiness of their fellow creatures. They have found out the fruitless task of living for self. Oh! to follow in the footsteps of the Christ of God. Such a holy Teacher, could He, would He, deceive, as the poor blinded Jew would have us believe? Ah! no; but the poor blinded Jew, when once he sees that his Jehovah has become a man and atoned for sin, beholds in Him the antitype of all gone before in a way that many a Gentile never has. By the eye of faith he beholds the Lamb of God, and in doing this he beholds also the halo of majesty surrounding the Eternal King, whose own arm hath brought salvation, and who, with thorn-clad brow and outstretched

hands, says, "Come unto me and rest." No more need to turn in worship towards the holy temple at the sound of the trumpets of the earthly priests, but in adoration, with all the ransomed church from every clime, he bows before the Great King, who has triumphed over every foe.

The next morning shone brightly, the sun gilding the ocean waves, the birds twittering in the trees which surrounded the little chapel on the hill. This morning it was filled with the fisher folks in their Sunday attire, and flowers were tastefully arranged in the building, for the gentle Mary Williams was to wed the young Jew. As she walked up the aisle, leaning on the arm of her father, the small organ pealed forth the "Wedding March," for John Morgan, the grocer's assistant, had a holiday, as he was the organist, and, indeed, all that could did have a holiday. The village school children, many of whom had been taught in the Sunday School by the captain's daughter, all loved her, and all were sorry she was leaving. The young minister performed the marriage ceremony, and many a silent prayer was offered up for the "bonny pair."

The elder Jew looked on with much interest. He had been accustomed to see the canopy held over the bridal pair, and the glass goblet which had held the wine, shared by the plighted ones, dashed in pieces by the bridegroom to show that as the broken pieces could never be united, so the bride and bridegroom could never be disunited; but this simple Ohristian ceremony was quite new to him. He was the first to come forward to bless the newly-wedded pair, and he did so in true Jewish fashion.

The party returned to the cottage, and there many of Mary's young friends regaled themselves that day. The bride and bridegroom drove off for a tour in North Wales, and Alexander Barnard remained as a guest.

The father and mother were loth, as might be expected, to part with their only child. Much as God's chosen people are looked down upon by a certain class, this simple Cornish couple were both pleased and proud that their child had wedded a Jew. But what Christians with their Bible in their hands could be so ignorant as to look upon a Jew with disdain? He, however, can endure this. He is one of the chosen race—a byeword among the Gentiles, but the time is fast approaching when in his own land he will lift his head once more, and possess the gate of his enemies. The Saviour of mankind was

a weary Jew by Samaria's well, yet He Himself, "the well spring whence living waters flow." He chose Abraham as His friend in the ages past. He has led the Israel of God and guarded them as no other nation has been. His eye is over them now, and over the forsaken land, too, enjoying her Sabbaths till that land, more favoured in times past than all other countries, will blossom as the rose.

Alexander Barnard remained a guest for several days at the captain's home, and frequented the little chapel, where the minister's simple discourses directed his mind more and more towards Him who is Israel's hope. The simplicity of the service, compared to what the Jew had been accustomed, impressed him greatly. He had often thanked God that he had not been made a woman (a Jewish form), but here he heard of the compassion of the Holy Teacher for the one who was the first in transgression. The first to go forth and tell the glad news of a Saviour's love, and the first to whom the risen Saviour revealed Himself was a woman.

How often had he, from early morning till sunset, prayed on the Day of Atonement, enveloped in His shroud of burial, and at the sound of the ram's horn had gone to his home believing that another year's sins had been blotted out, and then to begin another fresh list; but in this little sanctuary he heard of a greater Day of Atonement, when the Son of God hung mid earth and heaven, a sacrifice for sin—His creature's sin, and when in accents clear He said "It is finished," when the midday sky was black, when the rocks were rent, and the veil of the Temple was rent in twain; and men could now approach the presence chamber of the Eternal King, for sin had been atoned for, and the way into the Holiest now made plain by the sacrifice of the Lamb of God.

"Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die;
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?"

How often in the synagogue had the Jew wondered, when hearing the law read, why the sacrifices had to be offered. He thought that Israel, having been accustomed to the gorgeous rites and ceremonies of the worship of the sun, while in Egypt, Moses must have enacted these laws to satisfy a people who required a mightier than he to rule them. But

now it was dawning on his opening mind that they were but object lessons of the Great Redeemer to teach his forefathers that sin must be atoned for, and to point him to the Lamb that God gave, that God accepted, that God had honoured. Whether he studied the law of the morning and evening sacrifices, the burnt offering, the peace offering, the redemption money, the plan of the Tabernacle, the gold-covered Mercy Seat—all prefigured the Divine Redeemer.

In the continual burnt offerings he saw the emblems of Him who in mercy purged our sins, and is for ever set down at the right hand of God. In the peace offerings—emblems of Him who is our peace, and who has made peace by the blood of His cross. The fine flour mingled with oil, the meat offerings, emblems of Him who had no flaw, but who was perfect and pure—perfect man and perfect God. In the sin offering he discerned the emblem of Him who took upon Himself the sin of the world. The redemption money—the half-shekel of silver—represented Him through whom the poor as well as the rich must be redeemed. The silver formed the sockets which joined the planks of the tabernacle forming the place in which to worship Jehovah, so the Spirit by the blood of Christ forms that church composed of all believers—a temple meet for God to dwell in. He has His seven thousand in Israel who have not bowed the knee to Baal. Our narrow vision, like Elijah's, cannot see them all—the twos and the threes throughout the length and breadth of the land, who by and by will with one heart and one voice in one temple join in the great oratorio—join in hallelujahs to Him, the Lamb that was slain and is worthy that to Him every knee should bow.

What a peaceful, happy week did the Jew spend in this lovely village; here he had food for his soul and rest for body and mind. And, aye! from the feverish rush of life he had time to contemplate the works of the Divine King, who had made this earth in all its pristine beauty for men. Who is there that can look upon the works of the Great Architect and not stand aside gazing in wonder, crying out "Marvellous are all Thy works, oh God. The heavens declare Thy handiwork." In adoration should we bow to the Giver of every good thing, who now has opened up the way to another world, where in all its perennial glory His creatures will bask in the sunshine of His love, and where living waters will for ever satisfy their thirsty souls. They awake in His likeness, to be

for ever satisfied! This poor world knows not the secret of slaking the thirst, and satisfying the longing soul. The votary of fashion, the gamester, the drunkard, can they satisfy the void which the Creator has placed in the heart of man? No, never. It is a fruitless effort. Nothing but the beholding of our Saviour God as the Lamb who atoned for sin—as the One who bears our burdens and carries our sorrows, can give peace to the troubled breast, and rest to the weary.

“Peace, perfect peace, amidst this world of storms,

Peace, perfect peace, 'midst thronging duties pressed.”

When our vessel is entering the heavenly harbour there all is peace; the storms and the hurricanes of this surf-beaten shore are over. There are no storms where God dwells.

“We'll stem the storm, it won't last long;

Soon we'll anchor in the harbour.”

Soon we shall behold the golden strand, lit up with the Sun of Righteousness; the harbour will soon be reached, the new Jerusalem, city of our God, we shall soon behold. So bright a prospect should only nerve the feeble arm to stem the storms of this life. No effort, no gain in anything worthy the attainment. “Onward, Christian, onward go, fight the fight, maintain the strife, and soon thou'll enter into life.”

The Jew returned to his business and his London mansion. Captain Williams sailed for China, and Mrs. Williams paid her daughter a visit in her new home.

Alexander Barnard's inquiring mind became more and more enlightened as to his spiritual welfare. He thought he would like once more to see his Jewish friend, Hyam Josephs. He had heard from Christian, whom he met in the street one day, of his friend's parents having lately settled at G——, so one evening we find him wending his way thither with some hard questions, like the Queen of Sheba, for Hyam to answer. Now Hyam had not the wisdom of a Solomon we know, but he went to the source of wisdom, and thus was able in a great measure to dispel the doubts and fears of his questioner, and the latter never rested till he could say, “I know that my Redeemer liveth,” and that Jesus of Nazareth is the Christ of God.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

A cold, grey November sky hung over the thronging myriads of the London streets; the fog had somewhat cleared since early morning. The fog sirens were still sounding on the Thames as the big steamers came up with their living freights, and as the vessels touched the landing stages friends were rushing to and fro in excitement to meet their loved ones come home once more from strange lands, where some had amassed a fortune, and others, less favoured, had lost what little they once possessed. As our mind's eye wanders over the crowd it is easy to guess some of the scenes in the several homes to which these voyagers return; but, again, as the eye wanders it is now fixed on a man who looked about fifty years of age, although only forty summers had come and gone over his head; the silver threads were glistening in his raven hair, his bronzed face was furrowed with many a line of care, and his general haggard appearance betrayed his shattered health, while his melancholy expression showed that sorrow and vain regrets reigned in his breast.

The vessel had just returned from Calcutta, and as the man was proceeding towards the gangway there was no friendly face to greet him, no warm grasp of the hand to welcome him to the land of his birth. His evident air of self-reliance led one to suppose that loneliness was his normal condition. At last he was lost to sight, and wandered through the docks, took his ticket for the city, and was gone. He threaded his course through the crowded streets, and was soon on his way towards Walker Street; he knocked at the door of the third house in the row, both expectancy and despair depicted on his brow. The door opened, and in answer to the question "Does Mr. Davis reside here?" came the reply, "No; he died about six months ago, and his widow is gone to America." Ben Davis, for such he is, walked away. Discharged in ill-health, without a pension, to which nine months more service would have entitled him, he was almost penniless, a stranger, and alone in London, his only relative gone. He sought such a night's lodging as

his meagre purse would permit. It was necessary in a few days for him to find employment. Not a testimonial did he possess. Reckless as ever, he did not think of this, though his superior officer would have given him one, for whatever his faults he had been a good soldier, though one who required another to control him, because he was not able to do so himself. The military training, along with his natural talents, had brought out his latent powers, but an Indian climate had robbed him of his health.

At last he obtained employment in calling the attention of the public to a photographer's shop, and the pittance he received just kept body and soul together. Lonely and sad, one evening he was strolling along, and, at a crossing, was passing to the other side, when suddenly a horse took fright, and knocked him down, while the vehicle went twice over his body. There he lay quite unconscious. The bystanders looked on; none knew the man, no one claimed him. A policeman hailed a cab, and had him taken to St. Thomas's Hospital. In a short time he was well attended to; there were no bones broken, but the shock to his nervous system was so great, especially as his health was broken down, that his condition was very critical. As his pallid face lay on the hospital pillow, his raven locks streaked with silver, a looker-on could easily detect that he was one of Israel's race. Was it this that made the nurse shed a tear for him; was it this that made her give him every attention? When he awoke to consciousness she was quickly at his side, whispering words of comfort. The Jew was too weak to make any response, but his eye spoke his gratitude. All that could be done for him was done, so the doctor told him, "but," said he, "you are now able to a great extent to be your own doctor. Brooding over troubles, my man, will not help you; we must take things as they come."

"I do not want to get better, doctor. I have had enough of this world; it is no good news to me that I am on the road to recovery."

"It is well that all are not cowards in this life, for each of us have our part to do. Have you done yours?"

A shade passed over Ben Davis's face, and then his eyes closed, and the doctor passed on.

The nurse then drew near, and softly whispered, "The God of Jacob is our refuge." She quoted his own Scriptures.

The weary Jew faintly said, "Have mercy upon me, oh!

God, according to the multitude of Thy tender mercies." Then, from exhaustion, he fell asleep.

He awoke this Sunday afternoon, and sitting by his side was a man about his own age looking on him with pitying eye. He, too, saw the sleeper was a Jew. Ah! he loved that race, for was not he himself the son of a Hebrew; but now he was a Christian, and in that manly form we see the once shipwrecked Jew. Amidst his business he found time to visit the hospital wards and workhouses that he might explain to others the Saviour he had found. The sleeper awoke. Christian Josephs knew not that the weary man was he who had so blighted the prospects of his only sister, and thereby brought his father and mother into such sorrow; neither did Ben Davis think that the visitor had been known to him before.

Christian took the thin white hand in his, and kindly said, "You are a Jew, and so am I." He did not mention the fact that he was now a Christian, for he wanted first to gain the confidence of the poor fellow, knowing well what his prejudices would be.

"Yes, I am a Jew; but would that I had never been born," said poor Ben.

"That is a sad statement," replied the other.

"Yes; but I have recently come home from India, and find friends and relatives all gone, and I alone in this world," said the suffering man sadly.

"That is bad. What made you leave England?" asked Christian.

"To fight the battles of the Queen," Ben answered; "but if I had fought my own battles at home this might now have been a time of peace for me."

"Ah! my friend, we cannot fight our battles in our own strength," said the visitor. "The greatest battle is victory over ourselves. 'As we sow, so we reap.'"

"Ah! yes; I am now reaping what I have sowed," the poor fellow replied. "But little would I care if others had not reaped also. I had as loving a wife as ever a man possessed, but I killed her with grief by my besetting sin, gambling—I beggared her. She became embittered, for she had married me against her parents' consent, and my Rachael ended her days in a workhouse hospital. The letter that informed me of this, written by my brother, came to me on the eve of a battle. I fought desperately, and came out unscathed. I was

reckless, caring for neither cannon or sword, or what became of me; but it seemed that I was not to go scot free, for I was to land in London homeless, penniless, and friendless. The Almighty's anger I deserve; release from this life would be a boon to me."

"And is there nothing that you can return to your Maker," remarked Christian, "for all the benefits bestowed on you, even here? You are just in the meridian of life; look to God for strength to fight its battle. Do not give way to despair, think that what others have accomplished you can do also. Man, overcome yourself, and you will have fought a great battle, and, depend upon this, that any effort put forth in the right direction brings gain even in this world."

"But I have no object in life," said Ben.

"Ah! there is the secret. A man is put here to glorify his Maker—a work which reaps an everlasting reward," replied Christian.

"I have no friends, no means," said the invalid. "My wife's relatives would have nothing to do with me. I expect their motto is, 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.' They went among the Christians, and I suppose they observe the same law." The man turned his eyes towards Christian, who was looking silently on the suffering Jew, with lips compressed, and betraying much emotion, for now it dawned on him who the inmate of the hospital was.

"Rachael's parents gone among Christians!" This he repeated to himself; and on looking more intently on the face of the sick man he saw under the hard lines the face of his sister's husband. For the moment came the temptation to be glad of his deserved misfortunes. It was but momentary, however, for when the image of his sister, the playmate of his youth, came before him, and the thought of that sister having died in the workhouse through the misconduct of this wreck of a man, he was grieved to the heart, yet his better self gained the mastery. When he remembered how much he had been forgiven his heart softened towards his erring brother. He knew that early influences and training only tended to make him what he was. No Jewish law had he been taught to obey, and the Christian code of love to his neighbour he knew nothing of; but he had grown into manhood with his moral and physical manhood dwarfed. Christian, for a few moments, could not utter a word. The other turned his head towards him; he, too, was silent for a time, as at the

same moment he recognised his visitor. There he lay motionless; he expected to be cursed for his treatment of his wife.

No, Christian Josephs leaned forward, and in low tones he said, "I forgive, as I hope to be forgiven." The sick man still was silent, looking every moment for his visitor to take his departure, but Christian sat on. It was, however, too much for the invalid; a pallor crept over his face, and then he became unconscious. Christian hurriedly called for a nurse, and then returned quickly to the bedside of the sufferer.

The lady speedily came; her eye met that of Christian Josephs, and a pallor, too, crept over her face, but she did not faint. She pursued her task, courageously mastering her agitation, and after having administered restoratives the Jew returned to consciousness. And as Nurse T——— was administering comfort, a voice, in gentle whisper, still in a matter of fact way to lessen the effect of the surprise, she heard saying, "Dearest, be brave; it is not my ghost. I was saved from the wreck." Then he had barely time to pencil a few lines and hand them to her, for the eyes of the patients were fixed upon them.

He wrote thus: "Let me have an interview; this meeting is marvellous."

"Follow me," said Lucy Tregale, for she it was, and with a calm demeanour the two walked out; but before leaving Christian turned to Ben Davis, and said, "Good-bye, I will see you to-morrow. Fear not, the Christian religion teaches us to show charity to all; may God restore you."

And thus the long-parted lovers met once more. Who can describe their feelings at being restored to each other in so wonderful a manner? Christian, of course, gave an account of his miraculous escape, and now there was nothing to prevent the long-desired wish of his heart being granted. But they were too full of the joy of meeting to think of the future just then. They parted to meet again the following day. It was well for Lucy Tregale that she had her duties to perform. She forgot herself in alleviating the sufferings of her fellow creatures, and thus she moved quietly in and out among her patients. She had learned her lesson, and now came the reward of being in duty's path. "All things work together for good to them that love God."

Reader, think not that even in this life there is no reward for those who seek the Kingdom of God and His righteousness. There is an eye that sees the end from the beginning, and if

God does not work miracles in our day He brings events to pass for His creatures that seem nothing short of miraculous.

See the Jew and Jewess, with calm demeanour and placid brow, listening to Christian's tale. Life, with all its changes, had been so real to them that nothing now seemed to surprise them; still these circumstances called forth their wonder; and when the image of their beloved Rachael came before them, for her sake came the wish to befriend the one she once loved. Then they remembered how much they had been forgiven, and for the love of Him whom they wished to serve, they determined to go to see Ben Davis next day. Christian found, however, that the patient would not be fit for the interview for another week. Meanwhile it was settled that the sick man (if he would) should be brought to their home, and Lucy Tregale should continue to nurse him there, and there the orphan girl should find a home till Christian Josephs brought her to his own.

Christian again saw his brother-in-law, who silently received him; but when Christian told him that he would give him a good berth in his establishment if he made haste and got well, the man, who had endured so much, burst into tears. This offer did him more good than all the doctor's medicine. Hope took the place of despair, and with it came a self-respect hitherto unknown to him. We cannot make others Christians, neither can they, in their own strength, combat with temptation; still it is a well-known fact in the moral walks of life that as we sow so also do we reap. Even the student, endeavouring to master some difficult problem or whatever he wishes to make himself proficient in, must put forth effort; he must apply himself, he must persevere. Yet the Christian often is a laggard in spiritual life; he seems, sometimes, to think that he is an automaton. We must be fellow-workers with God. He works in us to will and to do of His good pleasure; but He does not do our duties for us; we have to do them or suffer the loss.

One afternoon Ben Davis was seated at the open window, propped up with pillows, thinking of the kindness of his mother-in-law, and gazing out on the open sky, where the gorgeous rays of the setting sun were gilding the western horizon. "There must be a God," he said to himself—"the Great Disposer of events—where can I find Him? If I find Him I will serve Him. I have served the Queen, and now I will

serve the Great King." In the midst of these thoughts visitors were announced, and the sick man turned to see two, over whose heads seventy winters must have come and gone. The lady took his hand, and said, "My son." Ben looked up in astonishment, for he did not recognise her. She gave place to the white-haired gentleman by her side, who, glancing over his gold spectacles, came forward with the words, "For the sake of my child, Rachael, we come to welcome thee back to thy native land."

It was enough; he sobbed once more. Coals of fire had melted him, and he, leaning on Amelia Josephs' breast, as a son on a mother's, wept tears of repentance. Few were the words that passed between them, but "actions speak louder than words." The Jew found what Christians can do; he discovered that their code of law was love. This did more for him than a gift of gold or a thousand sermons.

"God bless you for this," said he at last. It was then arranged that the following day the nurse and her charge should, with Christian, be driven to the rural home of Hyam Josephs. At the appointed hour the vehicle arrived, and the hospital party were, in a few hours, at the gate of their Jewish friend, who, with a warm grasp of the hand, welcomed the invalid, and assisted him into the house, where, on the threshold, Amelia Josephs gave him a mother's welcome.

As he sat at the family board a shade passed over his face as he reflected how he had blighted the life of the one who had gone from this world in taking her, as he did, from such a father and mother; but at this moment his eye rested on the wall, where he saw these texts, "Love your enemies;" "Pray for those who despitefully use you." Then his glance alighted on the words, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Whose words are these, thought he? Again he looked, and read, "Jesus said, I am the way, the truth, and the life." Ben Davis said to himself, "If this is what His followers do, then He is no impostor." This is not written to advocate freedom to sin, but when an erring brother is gliding down the stream of life towards the rapids of destruction, to put forth a hand to save him, and to encourage him. The haggard faces, the unrestful expression, the wretchedness around us, do they not show that sin brings its own reward? Could we wish to make the burden heavier? Rather let us lead our erring brother to the One who is willing to relieve him of his sorrows and his sins.

That night the Jew listened to the third chapter of St. John for the first time. No advantage was taken of his dependent position, but he was asked if he objected to the reading of the New Testament. Lucy Tregale played, and sang with Christian that beautiful hymn—

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me.”

And when they came to the words—

“Not the labour of my hands,
Could fulfil Thy law’s demands,”

the Jew bowed his head and wept. Then Hyam Josephs poured forth a prayer that went to the hearts of all—but more especially to that of the poor wanderer. At the words “Grant, oh! Lord, that our son may one day meet our daughter in the Jerusalem above, where all tears are wiped away; grant that he may come to Thee just as he is, without one plea, and there find rest from sin and from sorrow,” Ben Davis, that evening, thought his heaven must have begun, as he lay so weak in the house of the Christian Jew. Peace reigned in his dwelling, for he had the blessing of God. All that kindness and attention could do to restore the invalid was done. In a few weeks he recovered a measure of health. He still remained with his friends, and manfully did his duty to his brother-in-law; he worked with a determination, and he, too, became a believer in the Nazarene by reading Christ’s living epistles in his benefactors. He was through them led to lift his eyes to the Lamb for sinners slain. He was, however, not long for this world; he soon joined the wife of his youth in the realms above, to wait for those who still journeyed on here below, whose pilgrim days were not yet done, but who would ere long meet “ne’er to sever” in that bright land on high, the Canaan of the redeemed of God. Red Sea and Jordan passed, all the battles fought, the great granary of Canaan will be full for the Israel of God, for their Joshua has led them over Jordan, and all their victories are won. Even now the hills of the Promised Land rise to their view.

CHAPTER XIV.

A WEDDING.

ANOTHER bright spring morning dawned, and Christian and Lucy Tregale have plighted their troth far away from the home of their childhood. At a chapel in a village a few miles from London the marriage ceremony was performed. After all that the bridal couple had gone through they preferred a quiet wedding; so just before the inhabitants of the rural village were beginning to stir the carriage drove up to the chapel doors. Lucy Tregale was married from the house of a dear friend, and from there she started on her wedding tour—and, indeed, it was a tour, for they went on the Continent, and thence to the Holy Land. Lucy wished so much to see the land of her husband's fathers, even more than he himself seemed to do. His people and his land were dear to her now. Truly he seemed like one risen from the dead, which made him still more dear. Paris, Brussels, Rome, and several of the Continental cities were visited, but when the steamer started for Jaffa Lucy was at rest, for she knew then that she would soon be nearing the land she loved. Even Naples, with its lovely bay, its museum with its mementoes of past glories, did not arrest her whole attention, for Jerusalem was her absorbing thought. Jerusalem, that was to be ploughed over as a field, and it was foretold when her Temple was still in all its glory, full of immense wealth, and her fortifications full of strength. Titus brought a large army against it, fully realising what he had to contend with, and levelled her glories with the dust. The Jerusalem of the present day is but a hamlet compared with the past; yet as Christian approached the city of his fathers he stood and gazed on it for a few moments in rapture, not for the present, but for the associations which brought before him Calvary and Gethsemane. It was the time of the Passover when they arrived in Jerusalem, and with the light of the Passover moon overhead they walked through Gethsemane which has

but a remnant now of its loveliness in the days of Solomon. On Zion's mount, in the English Church, they joined in singing—

“Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me.”

They left the Holy City with regret, but other places of note they were also eager to see. The ruins of one splendid city, whose streets were once lined with double rows of columns, and whose pavement still retained the marks of chariot wheels, whose theatres, baths, and aqueducts and grand marble temples are still standing among the ruins. Such scenes they saw 'neath the canopy of blue, Jericho covering a space of a square mile with its ruins. The cities of the coast—Zarephath, Tyre, and Sidon are all in ruins, and these mementoes of the past declare to the world the wonders of bygone ages, and the all-seeing eye of God, looking down the vista of time, saw all ruins of what was then glory and beauty. The lovely plain of Esdraelon, with its three hundred square miles of verdure, bounded by the towering heights of Hermon, Tabor, and Carmel, is now a desert. The terraced hills that once bloomed with verdure are now bare, except for the presence of tangled thorns and weeds. The vine, the fig tree, the olive, and the pomegranate are gone, with the hands which planted them, into oblivion. Who can pourtray the grandeur of those terraced gardens, from the base of the mountain to its summit all covered with beauty. Galilee, with its villages of over twelve thousand inhabitants, full of plantations, vineyards, and gardens, now lies waste, for the Arab and his sheep to roam over. The plain of Sharon is a wilderness, and the stately cedars of Lebanon are cut down or withered away. A few remain as evidence of the past primeval beauty of this region. The dulcimers and the harps are silent; the land enjoys her Sabbaths now. The mountain of Gilead, so famed for its riches, and clothed with thick forests, is now covered with thistles in place of its former fertility.

As Christian and his wife travelled on with their Bibles in their hands, they would often rest and read about the literal fulfilment of the prophecies of the God of the Ages. The blue lake of Galilee is still visible, but where are its flourishing cities of long ago? Samaria, at the head of its once verdant valley, from whence her sons and daughters first went into captivity for their idolatry, is now in ruins! What architecture surpassed that of the land of Israel? Thrift, energy,

perseverance, and talent were displayed everywhere. What people had such privileges as the people of Israel?

Christian and his wife were seated at the dinner table at a hotel, when in walked a stranger, a man of some sixty years of age. His whole appearance showed that he was a Jew. His long beard was white, his brow careworn, but his countenance, although wearing an unsettled, dissatisfied look, showed intellect and culture. He seemed absorbed in thought, until he was reminded by the waiter bringing him a bill of fare that dinner required some thought as well as mathematics, etc.

Christian, who was sitting next to him, ventured a remark, at which Rabbi Israel turned towards him with a face lit up with benevolence, and said, "Jerusalem has attraction for her sons even now. The land of my fathers has to me, from boyhood, been the goal of my hopes; and now, having gone over the country of our departed sires, I return this evening to the daughter of my people, disappointed and dejected. Where I have been nothing but ruin and decay have met my eye; there seems no earthly prospect of our ever being a nation once more in our own land. Hope seems fled. Two thousand years almost have gone by since the time foretold by the holy prophets when a Messiah should come to redeem us. If this prophecy has never been fulfilled, how am I to believe that others will be?"

Dinner being over, Christian invited the Rabbi to accompany him through the city to which they had now returned, hoping to have an opportunity of opening up the Scriptures to him in a simple manner. The learned Rabbi was to be taught the more perfect way by a follower of Him who, nearly two thousand years before, gladdened the hearts of his beloved disciples when explaining to them the Scriptures concerning Himself.

The moon was now shining over the Holy City, the same orb that gave her light through the rustling cypresses of Gethsemane, when the Messiah, the Redeemer of the world, prayed as none other on that night of nights in the world's history. The two Jews strolled on until they came to the low wall of the garden, where once King Solomon trod its paths. Its beauty had long since departed, but its name was still dear to the Christian, for a greater than Solomon spent the hours which heralded in the morning on which the greatest battle of the ages was fought that placed the crown on the mighty victor's brow.

"See," said Rabbi Israel, "what sign is there in this very city that Judah's sons and daughters will ever people these streets, and joy and gladness be heard?"

"I think," said Christian, "that there is every sign. Mark the multitudes of prophecies already fulfilled, and why should not this one be also?"

Christian for the present did not speak of the greatest of all predictions being fulfilled, as he wanted to gain the Rabbi's attention; but he commenced with the land of Egypt, where Israel served in slavery, when that country was in the height of its glory—its people one of the oldest and mightiest. Earth's monuments towering up amidst the wrecks of time, when those of other countries lay crumbled in the dust. What country ever had such a continuous line of monarchs? Its learning, its cities, its fertility, its population were unsurpassed by other nations, and now behold its desolation. Obelisks which reared themselves high towards heaven now lie amidst the ruins. Granite blocks, which formed a part of Egypt's magnificent temples and palaces, are now but mementoes of past glories. Where are the colonnades, the marble pillars that formed them? In ruins, with the people who once walked 'neath their shadows. Where once the "lordly Nile" irrigated the land, now the traveller beholds in some places sandy desert wastes; but even now where the water is allowed to surround the plants, the fields blossom forth in all their primeval beauty. And fruit grows in such luxuriance that even the hothouses of this land of ours can never bring forth anything like it. Mud cottages now mark the spot where once towered the marble palaces and temples of this historic region. I beheld these scenes, and the records of even infidel writers testify to this scene of ruin, living witnesses of the truth of the Scriptures, that no writer but the God of Ages could inspire. God looking down the vista of time—the future and the present all alike to Him—could see Memphis with all its glory levelled with the dust. Rameses, on whose plains Israel's sons and daughters toiled beneath the burning rays of the noonday sun, now all in ruins; Zoan also became but a fishing village.

The Jehovah of Israel was angry with the nations for the way they dealt with His people. The great Ruler of the universe saw the tyranny exercised over his children, and in lines indelible He said, "I will lay the land waste and all that is therein by the hand of strangers. I the Lord have spoken it, and there shall be no more a prince in the land of

Egypt; the sceptre of Egypt shall depart away. It shall be the basest of kingdoms." The time came when she felt the Persian yoke, and Macedonians, Romans, Saracens, Turks, strangers, and slaves were raised to be Egypt's rulers.

Rabbi Israel, although conversant with the prophecies, had never thought of their literal fulfilment. Profane and sacred history both testify to the glory and the grandeur of the nation, and its final downfall. "A full end," says Jehovah, "I will make of other nations, but I will not make a full end of thee; but I will correct thee in measure, I will not leave thee wholly unpunished." He chastised His people with the rod of iron; but although other people have decayed, Israel's sons and daughters have increased, and ten millions of a race are to-day living witnesses of the truth of the Scriptures; and though scattered over the face of the earth, God's eye is upon them, and the time is approaching when Jerusalem will be rebuilt, and joy and gladness be heard in her streets. Zion's songs will again be sung, the temple again be built in magnificence that will surpass that of Solomon or Herod. Her vineyards will again be cultivated, the morning and evening sacrifice again be offered, and priests, singers, and trumpets again be seen by the inhabitants of this city.

The Rabbi could not gainsay the prophecies concerning these things. His faith, however, only hoped for brighter days; but Christian Josephs, with his open Bible, had read the predicted overthrow of Egypt, and was an eye-witness of its fulfilment. Only God himself could so foretell events which had come to pass centuries later. The rise and fall of nations are consequent on natural laws; but the precise manner of such fall could only be known to the Great Ruler of all. With what a grandeur is the inspired page enveloped, and the Christian giving a reason for the hope that is within him can point to the inspired page foretelling Egypt's downfall, and turn to the infidel himself and say, "By your own mouth you have proved what the God of Ages has foretold. This is the God under the cover of whose wing I trust, till all these calamities be overpast, and I am to be at last ushered into 'The Presence Chamber' of the Deity whom you despise, and I adoring stand to find in Him my Redeemer, my Father and my God."

It was well into the midnight hour as the two Jews retraced their steps, under the starry heavens. They bade each other "Good night" with a promise of meeting again on the morrow for further conversation.

CHAPTER XV.

RABBI ISRAEL.

THE next morning the Rabbi and Christian Josephs were in close company, and except for meals the two friends were alone together at the same spot till evening, when they again sauntered through the streets of the Holy City absorbed by the question in hand, and time flew, for the topic of conversation was of great moment to the aged Jew. He was as sincere in his belief as any religionist of the present day. He believed the prophecies; he looked for a Redeemer, but he felt convinced that the promised time had gone. "The sceptre had departed from Israel, and Shiloh had not come," was his constant theme. "And now," said he, "I return to my home with every hope buried in the ruins that I see all around me."

Christian replied: "Look around you, and see all ruins, and what is this but a wonderful fulfilment of the prophecies of the God of Ages. Picture the land of Moab in all the glory of the past. When our fathers passed from Egypt they were not to distress the Moabites, for God had given the land to the descendants of Lot. Jehovah prophesied of its downfall thus: 'Woe unto Nebo, for it is spoiled. Misgab is confounded and dismayed. There shall be no more praise of Moab. The spoiler shall come up upon every city, and no city shall escape.' And in sundry other prophecies also judgment was predicted. Pride and arrogance were to pay the penalty. Joy and gladness were to flee away. The wine was to fail from the winepress; Moab was to be destroyed from being a people, 'because he hath magnified himself against the Lord.' Moab shall be a perpetual desolation. The land lay to the east and south-east of Judæa; except where the deserts of salt in the neighbourhood of the Dead Sea have touched its borders, the soil was fruitful, and there is abundant evidence that this now desolate land was once covered with towns, and was once a vast panorama of verdure, while its plains were resplendent with rich luxuriance, with

cornfields yielding two hundred fold. When the Israelites, footsore and weary, craved a passage across the country they were refused, and Israel's God, who said, "He who toucheth you toucheth me," saw all her glory crumbled into dust, when Israel's sons and daughters would be sitting under their own vine and fig tree in the land of their fathers, none daring to make them afraid. The cities of Moab far and near are utterly broken down. One of the greatest infidels has testified to this, an eye-witness of the truth of Jehovah's words—the God whom He denies. 'Ruins of cisterns and houses strew the plains. Broken shafts of columns still stand, ruins of magnificent temples. I saw columns lying on the ground, three feet in diameter, also stones twenty feet in length. Hanging gardens enhanced the beauty of many a site; the richest soil surmounted the city, and now here and there the Arab cultivates it, ever fearful that enemies will rob him of his harvest. The Arab herds and flocks roam the wastes, and the land, once full of cities, is now occupied by Arab tents, who keep it in perpetual desolation. A few miles from Heshbon are perpendicular rocks. The cities are forsaken; but here are dwellings cut in the rock.' The captivity of Moab will again return, saith the Lord, and in the latter days Israel will possess the land of her enemies. 'They shall build the old waste places, and raise up the former desolations and repair the waste cities, the desolations of many desolations.' What a future opens up to the scattered race of Israel! If such utter desolation is the lot of Moab, as foretold by Jehovah, shall not Israel help to fulfil the latter clause? Yes; the plains of Moab will yet bloom as the rose, her cisterns be repaired, and the waters flow over her plains. The columns will be set on high, and the stones, lying now unheeded, will form the walls once more; the hills will again be terraced, and the people, who now are scattered and peeled, will help to cultivate this land of riches, so that the plains will bloom as the rose, and the Star of Days that has for ages shone in vain will bring to life that which for ages has laid buried beneath—beneath ruins which once sheltered a people that had, like Israel, been blessed by Jehovah, but whose pride had to be buried in the dust. Can you, Rabbi Israel, be dejected? Can you be sorrowful in thinking what a glorious future is opening up for the land of Israel?"

A smile passed over the face of the Jew, as if he saw a gleam of light on the horizon. Hitherto doubt had disowned

it, but God, who had endowed him with reasoning powers, presented now to his mental vision clear proof that He was Jehovah—the All-wise, the All-powerful, by revealing in ages long gone by, before any of Moab's glories diminished, her future downfall, now indelibly written by mementoes of the past on the face of nature as the fulfilment of those wonderful foretellings. The inspired writings shine forth in all their glory, pointing to the Hand Divine, to that One who has Israel "engraven on the palms of His hands," and who loves Him with an everlasting love. What a God, what a Redeemer, has backsliding Israel!

"Turn to Ezekiel and Jeremiah, and there you will see foretold the downfall of Ammon, whose people were also the descendants of Lot, the nephew of Abraham, closely allied to our people; their country on the east of Palestine, now scantily peopled by the Arab and the Turk, but once the most fertile province of Syria. They, with the Moabites, once oppressed our people, but Jephtha, David, and Jotham—Kings of Judah—vanquished them and made them tributary. Ammon exulted at the triumph of Nebuchadnezzar over Israel, and when Rome conquered Syria's populous cities, surrounded by walls of massive structure in the seventh century when invaded by the Saracens, it was in a prosperous state. History speaks of its dense population and its fertility to supply their wants. Infidel writers now tell us of its awful desolation, but long before the downfall Ezekiel foretold, 'I will make Rabblah, of the Ammonites, a stable for camels and a couching place for flocks.' 'Behold I will stretch out mine hand upon thee for a spoil to the heathen, and I will cut thee off from the people, and I will cause thee to perish out of the countries.' Long after this prophecy Ammon was one vast scene of luxuriant vegetation. Numberless cities filled with temples and magnificent public buildings, and rich palaces, and now nearly all one vast wilderness, except here and there, where Bedouins pasture their camels and flocks. Here are spots of vegetation which will proclaim to the passing traveller that what was once the glory of Ammon is now buried in mother earth, ready to spring up again in God's own time in greater glory than when Ammon dwelt in his palaces. 'Ammon shall not be remembered among the nations,' said the God of Israel; but two centuries after the siege of Jerusalem by Titus the land was thickly populated. Yet now, when the nation whose downfall they rejoiced in numbers upwards of ten

millions, and is a distinct race, Ammon is cut off from the people; not a soul living claims descent from that nation. Rabblah, the pride of Ammon, her chief city, is a desolate heap. Yet the ruins remain to tell the infidel of the nineteenth century of its downfall. Mausoleum, palace, amphitheatre, and numberless columns, relics of past glory, stand as silent witnesses of the truth of the inspired volume. An immense theatre, cut out of the rock, still leaves its marks, where once the citizens of Ammon rent the air with applause, but who now lie silent in the dust, while sculptured columns and monuments of ancient splendour remain to testify to the God of the Ages. When the carved arches reared their heads, when the theatres with tier after tier cut in the rock received the sons and daughters of Ammon, when the temples with their massive decorations, and buildings with their richly-carved cornices filled the cities, and the seething throngs crowded the colonnades, and the towers of the forts held the soldiery, the captain of the Lord's host looked down upon the idols and the idolators, and down the stream of time. He to whom a thousand years is but a day saw desolation and silence reigning amidst the relics of Ammon's grandeur.

"Turn again to the land of Edom or Idumea. See the numberless prophecies which foretell her downfall. 'My sword shall come down upon Idumea,' says Jehovah, 'and upon the people of my curse to judgment. From generation to generation it shall be waste, none shall pass through it for ever and ever.' 'But the cormorant and the bittern shall possess it; the owl also and the raven shall dwell in it, and He shall stretch out upon it the line of confusion and the stones of emptiness; thorns and briars shall come up in her palaces.' All has been fulfilled. Now there is nothing but ruins to tell forth Edom's grandeur and Edom's glory. As I gazed on the site of Petra, and in the dawn of early morn first beheld the dwellings in the rocks, upon which the golden sun was shedding his glittering beams, such a scene of grandeur captivated me; the rocks, resplendent with the light, making the hills that towered far away towards the eagle's flight, to look like one sea of crimson; they were of terra-cotta hue. Dwelling and mausoleum cut out in symmetry and regularity, columns of immense height carved in the solid rock in tier after tier rise towards the heavens. One chamber, sixty feet in length, richly decorated, and a temple and theatre of vast dimensions likewise excavated from the rock. To the east of these, forming as it were a

subterranean passage of two miles in length, opens up the ruins of Petra. 'Oh! thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rocks.' The capital of Edom was shut in on one side by craggy precipices, giving her people a feeling of security, but the dwellings in the lofty rocks, the rugged defiles leading to Edom's metropolis, craggy precipices and ravines, could not ensure her safety. Such a scene of grandeur no pen can depict; but the pen Divine depicted its fall. Sciences of the nineteenth century were known in Teman when the land of Britain was peopled by savages; Edom, noted for its strength and terribleness, where talent and energy in a remarkable degree were displayed, is now desolate. 'All that pass by are astonished.' 'Though she build her nest as high as the eagles she is brought down,' and not an Edomite lives to mourn her overthrow."

Rabbi Israel listened in silence; he bowed to the truth. Still the one dominant idea prevailed, "The sceptre had departed from Judah and Shiloh had not come."

"Picture the captives led to Babylon, away from the homes of Judah, the songs of Zion to be heard no more in the land of their birth. Kings and people led through the brazen gates of Babylon to serve the heathen monarch. Those walls, three hundred and forty feet high, those hundred gates of solid brass, seemed to defy the Persian host; but the God of Israel, who permitted the sons and daughters of Israel to be led within those walls that towered up into the heavens saw, too, those walls lying in the dust, and the hosts of Persia marching up the bed of the River Euphrates, whose course had been turned, while the Babylonians, secure in their fancied safety, were defying the enemy. One post met another in the city, bearing the same news to him, who, with his lords was drinking out of the vessels of the temple that had been consecrated to the God of Israel. He who had been weighed in the balance and found wanting, the Persian host sent into eternity to appear before the great and terrible King, whom he had defied, whose vessels he had dared to desecrate. A full cup has been wrung out to Israel by the persecutions of all these nations; but He who said 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord,' has wrung out a full cup to them too. They are no more, but Israel's sons and Israel's daughters will return to the land of their fathers and possess the gate of their enemies.

"Can you believe that our God could foretell such events for

Israel's enemies, and forget his chosen people, beloved for the father's sake? Other prophecies will be fulfilled, and the land of Israel will receive once more her sons and daughters, and break forth in all her primeval beauty, and with 'milk and honey blessed' will feed her people as of old with the golden corn of the fields of Canaan.

"See the city of Tyre, the ancient and the modern, whose palaces and towers overlooked the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Imagine the golden-oared galleys plying on her waters, with silken purple sails wafting in the breeze. Now they are no more, her sons and daughters gone, her palaces decayed, and now only is seen the fisherman's nets drying on the rocks. Is this the Tyre that was once the world's commercial centre?—the kingdom of Carthage, one of her colonies. How her inhabitants once exalted over Israel's calamities. 'Rejoice not over me, oh! mine enemy, for though I fall, I shall rise again.' Ezekiel prophesied her downfall; though once the queen of the ocean her towers are broken. 'The word of the Lord came unto me saying, Son of man, because that Tyrus hath said against Jerusalem when she is broken, that was the gates of the people, she is turned unto me. I shall be replenished now, she is laid low, therefore thus saith the Lord God, Behold I am against thee, oh! Tyrus, and will cause many nations to come against thee, as the sea causeth his waves to come up, and they shall destroy the walls of Tyrus, and break down her towers. I will also scrape her dust from her and make her like the top of the rock. It shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea, for I have spoken, saith the Lord God, and it shall become a spoil to the nation.' Tyre stood a siege for thirteen years by Nebuchadnezzar, but she could not stand up against the prediction of the God of the Ages."

Rabbi Israel listened intently to the simple explanations of Christian Josephs, for the time was now come for him to speak of the great prophecy which stands out in bold relief against all others, "A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you." "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." Of Him whom Moses and the prophets have written, Jehovah looking down the stream of time saw the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world, and Christian longed to direct his new-found friend to Him; but he knew the Jew's hatred of that name.

He knew that the New Testament was forbidden by the Rabbis to be read, and how to bring the subject forward he knew not, for he expected and feared blasphemous words would be used towards that Holy Name, now so dear to him, so he bade the Rabbi "Good night." To his surprise the latter said, "I should like to have another talk with you, if you do not object. I cannot understand these Christians, they seem so interested in our race, and they prize our Scriptures in a wonderful degree. Have you ever met with any? At a hotel at which I was staying, one of them continually attacked me, yet I should not say that, for the man seemed as interested in my welfare as if he had been my son, but nothing would he talk of but Jesus of Nazareth. His wife, a very amiable lady, was always by him, so I could not press the argument as I should like to have done; evidently he was sincere, for he was going out to one of the South Sea Islands 'to preach,' as he phrased it, 'the glad tidings of salvation.' I said then that there was no salvation apart from the God of Israel."

"Neither is there," said Christian, quoting Isaiah's prophecy. "'Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth, for I am God and there is no other Saviour beside me.' What do the words mean, 'Without the shedding of blood is no remission.'"

"We are out of the land now," replied the Rabbi. "No more does the smoke of the morning and evening sacrifice ascend towards heaven. No priest, no temple. What is to become of us? I repeat my prayers regularly. On the Day of Atonement I wear my shroud, and no one is more devout than I. For twenty-four hours I fast, yet I carry away as great a burden as ever. Even in Paradise a Redeemer was promised to our first parents. When losing it through the Fall Jehovah said to our father Abraham, 'In thy seed shall all nations of the earth be blessed.' In every age our people have looked for a deliverer. The holy prophets have spoken of him in words like these, 'Thy King cometh'; 'Thy salvation cometh,' etc; 'The Redeemer shall come out of Zion'; 'The Lord cometh, the messenger of the covenant'; 'He shall come'; 'Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord.'" Zech. ix.

Christian answered thus: "Malachi says, 'The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to His temple; even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in, behold he shall come, saith the Lord of Hosts.' Haggai: 'The desire of all nations shall come, and I will fill this house with glory, saith the Lord of

Hosts.' 'The glory of this latter house shall be greater than the former, and in this place will I give peace.' Daniel foretold clearly that the Messiah should come when the Babylonian, Persian, Median, and Grecian dynasties had passed away, and when Rome held universal sway. Seventy weeks are determined upon Thy people and upon the holy city to finish the transgression and to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring an everlasting righteousness, and to seal up the vision and prophecy, and to anoint the most holy. Know, therefore, and understand that from the going forth of the commandment to restore and to build Jerusalem unto the Messiah, the Prince shall be seven weeks and three score and two weeks. The reckoning, as we know, by weeks of years was customary by our people, and every seventh week was the Sabbatical year. Seventy weeks thus amounted to four hundred and ninety years. In three score and two weeks Jerusalem should be built again, and the wall, even in troublous times. Was it by chance that from the seventh year of Artaxerxes, when Ezra went up to Jerusalem with the royal mandate to restore the government of the Jews, to the death of the Nazarene was seventy weeks or four hundred and ninety years, and that from the twenty-ninth year of that King's reign when the walls were finished to the birth of Christ was three-score and two weeks, or four hundred and thirty-four years A.D. 3. The sceptre should not depart from Judah until Shiloh came. The ten tribes were still in the land of strangers, when the sceptre had not yet departed from Judah. The Jews were governed by their own laws; the temple, the admiration of the nations, stood in all its magnificence when the Nazarene was born; and when he was in his twelfth year Archælaus was dethroned and banished, and thus the kingdom of Judah became a province of Syria. The sceptre had departed from Judah, the glory had gone, and soon after the Nazarene was crucified, the temple was levelled with the dust, and the streets of Jerusalem were deluged with the blood of the Israelite. The kingdom of the Messiah is to be established for ever. 'I have made a covenant with my chosen, I have sworn unto David my servant.' 'Thy seed will I establish for ever, and build up Thy throne to all generations.' 'Behold the day is come saith the Lord, that I will raise unto David a righteous branch, and a king shall reign and prosper, and shall execute judgment and justice in the earth.' This is His name whereby He shall

be called, 'The Lord our righteousness.' '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, whose goings forth have been from of old from everlasting.' 'Behold thy King cometh unto thee, lowly, and sitting upon a colt, the foal of an ass.' Again, 'The Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all. He was oppressed and afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth. He was brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.'" The eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped; then shall the lame man leap as a hart and the tongue of the dumb sing.' 'Awake, oh! sword against my shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow,' said the Lord of Hosts. 'Smite the shepherd and the sheep shall be scattered.' The latter part certainly is fulfilled."

"O!" said the Rabbi, "that one could see but a glimmer on the dark horizon." Many a son of Israel is yearning for the Redeemer; as in every sect there are the good and the bad, so is it among Israel's sons. The Scriptures are sometimes sought by the Jew who is not wholly absorbed in this world's gain. His eye is watching sometimes for the first sign of the "Morning Star." His eye is looking for the "Sun of Righteousness," and many a son of Israel stands wrapped in wonder in beholding that Star of Day—God manifest in the flesh.

"Great David's greater Son."

Christian now resolved to confess his faith, still fearing, however, that with it his opportunity would cease of holding a conversation on things divine.

The two Jews were eagerly listening for the outcome of each other's mind when a stranger advanced towards them—a man of God, who loved His chosen people. He had for the last two days seen these Jews absorbed in conversation, and had naturally supposed that some business transaction was the topic, till the ear of the Christian heard his Master's words from one of the speakers: "Smite the shepherd and the sheep shall be scattered."

"I beg pardon," said he, "for intruding, but can you tell me if you think there is any prospect of the Jew ever again possessing this land?"

Rabbi Israel replied with much emotion, "Sir, the word of the God of Jacob can never fail. He promised the land to

our father Abraham and to his seed for ever. Amidst the lands of strangers the heart of the Hebrew yearns for the songs of Zion and for the city from whence he is banished. 'Can I forget thee, oh! Jerusalem?' There is a wonderful movement going on just now—an endeavour to buy back the land from the Turk. The Sultan's finances are rather low, and he may be glad of a few millions. If not this way, some other will be open; but our Redeemer has not appeared."

"Sir! long ages since your Redeemer appeared. Will you give me a hearing?" said the new comer.

Rabbi Israel was anxious to know something of the Christian faith, and he did give him a hearing. Christian Josephs was an eager listener, and Norman Lloyd went on.

"Your Scriptures," said he, "are full of prophecies which could only be fulfilled by the Incarnate God. To Himself He bids you look for salvation, to Him He bids you look for remission, and that with the shedding of blood. What did all your sacrifices mean? A constant lesson to be kept before your eyes that 'without shedding of blood there is no remission.' Still, Jehovah says that He alone could save, so how could the blood of bulls and of goats be of any avail? Their repetition showed their imperfect value. 'The redemption of the soul is precious, and it ceaseth for ever.' It requires no repetition. You yearn for the hills of Judea; I yearn for the heavenly land where my Redeemer dwells."

"I would know," said Rabbi Israel, who was a sincere Jew, but liberal towards others, "I would know something of your faith."

"My faith is in your God, the God of Israel," replied Norman Lloyd.

"But if you trust in Jesus of Nazareth, how can you trust in the God of Israel?" answered the Rabbi.

"You said you would give me a hearing," Norman continued, "and I will commence by saying that I believe Jesus of Nazareth is the God of Israel."

The Jew looked stern, and stood with lips compressed.

"I will only," said Norman, "attack you with your own weapons. The New Testament, I believe, is just a key to your Scriptures. You say that Moses gave all the rites of sacrifice to satisfy a mass of people who had just come out of the idolatry of Egypt, and still you say that Moses had a Divine mission. Would this be his mission to turn the hearts of Israel to the Divine Being by multitudinous rites and

ceremonies with no meaning attached? God taught Israel line upon line and precept upon precept. The Deity that dwells in unseen light, which no man hath seen or can approach unto, has Divine attributes, or would he be a God? Love shines out in all we see around us. He gives us all things richly to enjoy; He has mercy, or where would the blasphemer of His holy name be now, grace, or would the sinner find mercy? Truth, for He is of purer eyes than to behold evil. Justice, or how would His throne be purity—all these shine forth in one. Death is the wages of sin, and the great Creator of the vast universe leaves his throne and comes as the prophet foretold, 'With dyed garments from Bozrah,' treading the wine press alone. His own arm brought salvation, for there was none other but an infinite Being that could satisfy infinite justice, none but a Divine person who could show such love, such grace, and such mercy. Your prophets predicted the advent of the Deliverer at exactly the time when the Divine Being appeared. His genealogy is proved to be from David, so He must be the rightful heir to the throne of David. His reputed father and his mother were in Bethlehem at his birth, Cæsar having commanded that all the world should be taxed. 'Thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, art not the least of the cities of Judah, for out of thee shall come a governor that shall rule my people Israel.' But ere this could be His blood must be shed to atone for sin. How could the God of purity reign over a kingdom polluted by sin? He taught His chosen people that sin could not enter His presence by the uplifted veil between the Mercy Seat and the court of the congregation. Inside the veil stood the Ark covered with pure gold; there in darkness, except when the glory of the God of Israel shone on it—the glory of Him who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity; there it shone on the blood-sprinkled top of the Mercy Seat. Full proof has been given that the Incarnate God has returned to His seat of majesty, into the inner court of heaven, God's Lamb for sinners slain. 'Not a bone of Him was broken.' Fit emblem of Him is the Paschal Lamb which was the substitute on that night when Israel marched triumphantly with the sorrow of death around them from the land of their enemies. The lintels of their doorposts were sprinkled with the blood of the substitute. God's eye rested on that which typified His Lamb, and the Israelite was safe within; but he did not see the blood. How peacefully could the Israelite sit and feast on the Paschal Lamb if he trusted in

Jehovah's word, 'When I see the blood I will pass over you.' 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee.' Your own Scriptures say this,"

"And our Scriptures say too, 'Hear, oh! Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord,'" said the Rabbi.

"But if the God who formed the heavens and created you and me is disposed to show Himself out as three distinct persons, does this seem incredible to you?" answered Norman. "The opening words of the inspired volume say 'The spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.' In the fiery furnace Nebuchadnezzar saw a form which appeared like unto the Son of God. Repent, and believe this glorious gospel. I do not believe in one without the other."

"Repent we may, but how about the old list of sins?" inquired the Rabbi. "If that was enough, then it would be making repentance a Saviour."

"To believe and not repent," continued Norman, "would be but head belief. But when we think of the Great Jehovah leaving heaven's unsullied light, in the person of His Son, and coming to this world to die for men, is it possible to sin without an evil conscience, if we fully believe in such a transaction? This is the Messiah of the Jews, the Great Deliverer, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. Such is the Holy Person that I read of in what you call the Christian's book—that one who says, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.' I would trust my soul in His hands, feeling assured that no other has fulfilled the prophecies of your Scriptures, that He is the Incarnate God, who not only speaks to my intellect but to my heart, and I have the witness within that testifies to my spirit that I am a child of God. Ah! my friend, ye must be born again; there is no other way."

"But I believe he was an impostor," exclaimed the Rabbi.

"And yet your people say he was a good man," answered Norman. "Such holy teachings, such a holy life, such miracles could only emanate from a Divine Person. His teachings have civilised the savage, and made him as docile as the lamb. Wherever Christianity has gone forth its light has cast every idol to the ground; it has made the drunkard's home the abode of joy and peace, and has brought hope and gladness to the sorrow-stricken breast. Wherever the name of Jesus has gone what has it brought but peace and love? No impostor this, my friend. How utterly useless it would have been for me

just now when you heard the thunder roar to say it is the voice of God, if you did not believe; but those peals in themselves speak of the Great Creator. No argument is required, so by the Spirit of God you can see the Saviour speaks for Himself. In all He has done, in all He has said (and he who is born again hears), He has taught men the purer and the holier way, and in adoration man bows and worships the Great King who could give such a priceless gift to His rebellious creatures. It is the God of Israel I trust in, who is the Alpha and Omega, my Redeemer, and my Deliverer."

Rabbi Israel said nothing, but gave the speaker a grasp of the hand, which acknowledged the sincerity of Norman Lloyd, if not belief in his words.

They now separated for the night underneath the moon-lit and star-spangled sky of the Holy City. The friends never met again in this world; but what made Rabbi Israel, at the first Continental city he came to, purchase a New Testament?

We must now leave him. He had both seen and heard a great deal; may he have been led from darkness to light. He, like Nicodemus, was earnest to know the truth, but like him, he would come to Jesus by night for fear of the Jews. What a mercy to be able to turn from the creature to the Creator. In that great day we shall have to stand before Him; no fear of Jews or Gentiles then, but everything will be open before Him with whom we have to do. To drop into eternity alone; what a dread plunge into that dark abyss of the unknown! But the Shepherd of Israel is ready to lead His flock by the still waters and to make them lie down in green pastures. He has stilled the waters of judgment for them, and by His side they need fear no evil in the dark valley of death, for He will be with them, and lead them where living waters flow.

"Oh! Christ, He is the Fountain,
The deep sweet well of love;
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above."

CHAPTER XVI.

STRANGE MEETINGS.

CHRISTIAN JOSEPHS and his bride had both seen and travelled enough to long for home; even the Jew just now thought there was no place like England, and so they wished to return as soon as possible. In a short time they sailed for Brindisi, and rapidly journeyed to England, where they arrived in safety. They alighted at a country station to visit Christian's parents. Christian was just ordering a cab to drive the remaining four miles, when he was much surprised to meet his cousin Esther. She had just seen her companion off to spend her holidays with old friends; but poor Esther was expecting to spend hers alone at her lodgings, when she suddenly met her cousin.

"Why, Esther," said he, "this is an unexpected pleasure. How is your father?"

There was no response, only a burst of tears, which caused Lucy's arm to be drawn gently around the girl as she led her into the waiting room. Christian, in the surprise of meeting Esther, omitted to introduce her to his bride; but Lucy did not wait for this. The introduction, already mentioned, was enough to draw out her sympathy, and the girl felt that she had found a friend.

As we travel life's journey what a solace it is to meet with kindred spirits. How they are drawn together. We are reminded that all our springs are in God; but when our hearts are oppressed with sorrow He oft comforts those who are cast down by sending one of His own to comfort us. The sympathy we need flows out spontaneously. Others only repulse and throw us back on ourselves, they cannot sympathise.

When the two returned to Christian, Lucy was able to tell him the good news. Oh! the joy he felt in knowing that Esther had joined the ranks of the Israel of God, and was marching towards the heavenly Canaan.

Esther was much surprised to learn that her uncle had been living for the last six months so close to her, without her knowledge. She had once or twice walked by his house,

little thinking, when feeling sometimes such an utter loneliness, that those so dear to her were close at hand.

After an hour's delay in making arrangements the trio drove to Laurel Cottage. The old folks were eagerly waiting to welcome back the bride and bridegroom, but the unexpected visit of their niece greatly surprised them. Nevertheless, she received a hearty welcome, and this happy evening was but a prelude to many others.

Esther did not return to school duties; another assistant was found as a substitute, and Esther became a daughter and a comfort to the Jew and Jewess.

There was much to tell, and Hyam Josephs rejoiced in the conversion of his niece. Still he mourned over his brother, bereft of all, and bereft of the chief of comforts, or, at least, the knowledge of the Saviour of a sorrow-stricken world. Many a thought of her father caused a cloud to pass over the face of Esther, but in her new home she learned much that both enlightened and comforted her. Her uncle was well versed in the Scriptures, and was able to impart a great deal to his niece which surprised her and awed her feelings. But as she knew more of the love of the God of her fathers it drew out her love towards Him; still in contemplating the love of Him who had brought her out of darkness into light she was so absorbed in wonder that her own finite love was lost sight of, while He, whose love knows neither measure nor end, led her on and taught her by the Holy Spirit the more perfect way. She had rejoiced in believing that the Lamb of God had died for her sins, but now she learned that He had died for herself. The law of England claims no more from the man who has paid the penalty of his crime, so likewise God is too just to demand the life of the sinner and his substitute also; as a sinner who repents and believes the Gospel, Esther found that God looked upon her as perfect in the Person of His Son. But we cannot sin without reaping oftentimes the bitter fruits even in this world. Many will be in heaven through the Great Atonement, but how many will hear the words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant?" How many will gain the reward, in the world to come, of well doing in this world?

Christian and his bride, with Esther, spent a very happy week together, and the evenings passed in telling of all the travels in the land of Palestine. The old people heard with much emotion of the desolation of the land of their fathers,

but, unlike Rabbi Israel, they knew that the land will flourish in the future under a more righteous government, and that the deserts will blossom as the rose, and joy and gladness be heard once more. But they sorrowed over their blinded relatives. How glad would they have been to know that Levi Josephs, at least, was looking for that city whose builder and maker is God—for that city hath foundations, and needeth not the light of the sun, for the Lord God Almighty is the light thereof.

“Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end
And I thy glories see?”

Esther had often heard the Scriptures read in the synagogue, but never until now did she see such beauty in them. Her eyes were now open to behold the beauties of creation as never before. The birds now seemed to sing a sweeter song, the flowers bloomed with a greater fragrance, and the star-spangled sky with its multitudes of constellations lit up as golden lamps of night hung in the vault of heaven, till the star of day appeared, all called forth her adoration for the Maker. Then what joy it was to know that the great Jehovah should become Incarnate and die for her, and in reverence she, with the angels, cried, “Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,” but she could raise a higher note than they, for He had redeemed her, and she could join in the song that angels cannot sing, “Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, and hath redeemed us to God by his blood.” Hallelujah.

“Worthy of homage and of praise,
Worthy of all to be adored,
Exhaustless theme of heavenly lays,
Thou, Thou art worthy, Jesus Lord.”

The more this young Jewess learned of the perfect way the more she rejoiced to think that she had been brought out of darkness into light. Often she had read in Leviticus of the cleansing of the leper, and wondered why the bird was to be sacrificed, and the wings of the living bird to be dipped in the blood of the slain one, and then be sent away into the heavens; but she no longer wondered when she saw it to be the type of Him who entered heaven by His own blood—a beautiful

figure of the death and resurrection of the Christ of God. At any moment He could have returned to heaven; the everlasting gates were still open for the Eternal King to pass to His throne of glory. But on the Great Day of Atonement, when He took upon Himself the sin of the world, when He who knew no sin was made sin for the sinner, He was bound to expiate and to atone for the leprosy of sin as our substitute. He so fully accomplished this that by His own blood He passed through to the Holiest; and as the eye of God rested on the blood-sprinkled top of the Mercy Seat in the earthly temple, so His eye rests now on the risen Christ—God's Lamb, that took away the sin of the world.

"Thither by faith we upward soar,
Till time and sense seem all no more;
For freely God our souls will greet,
Where glory crowns the Mercy Seat."

No veil is uplifted now to screen that Mercy Seat from the eye of man. Blessed trysting place for God and the sinner! The throne of justice is satisfied; nothing else would do, and now love, grace, and mercy flow in boundless streams from the very throne of justice, bearing in their onward course poor banished ones right back to the Father. Stupendous love, stupendous grace, too vast for the finite to measure because its source is Infinite.

"Great God of wonders, all Thy ways,
Are wondrous, matchless, and divine."

The Holy Scriptures became of absorbing interest to Esther, and her questions so eagerly asked were as eagerly answered by her uncle. As she pondered over the inspired volume she found life through death everywhere. She had often read of the scapegoat, but saw no meaning in what she read; but now she saw in the type the Great Antitype. In the goat on which the Lord's lot fell and which was sacrificed, she saw the type of the Divine Redeemer, and in the scapegoat a foreshadowing of the great substitute for His people's sins. The priest laid both his hands on its head, and confessed the iniquities of all Israel; and through the death of its comrade the animal bore them away to the wilderness—the land of forgetfulness. So God has cast away the sins of all believers as far as the east is from the west (infinite space) through the death of the Lamb of God.

“By faith I lay my hand
On that dear Head of Thine;
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.”

In the meat offerings, the drink offerings, the burnt offerings God beheld the Son. Then, as to the Atonement money, a half shekel for all numbered above twenty years of age was to be given—the poor were not to give less, nor the rich more. Wondrous thought, the rich require the same Saviour as the poor, who cannot do without the same Redeemer. Heaven’s gate is open to all at one price.

“Ours is a pardon bought with blood,
Amazing truth, the blood of one,
Who, without usurpation, could
Lay claim to heaven’s eternal throne.”

CHAPTER XVII.

HARD QUESTIONINGS.

WE left Esther sheltered beneath her uncle’s roof, where everything that could be done for her comfort was done, and she, in return, ministered to those around her. The winter evenings were very pleasant, but there were times when the Jew and the Jewess thought of their own beloved daughter, and Esther could not forget her father. But such is life; there are always some heart burnings which need to be taken to the Great Burden-Bearer of His people,—heart sorrows too deep for human sympathy. Life’s duties have to be performed, the storm must be stemmed, but the rapid current is only drawing life’s voyager into his desired haven.

“All the storms will soon be over,
Soon we’ll anchor in the harbour.
Blessed haven, blessed rest!”

The curtains were drawn, the lamps were lighted, and Esther was just taking up a book to read to her uncle and aunt,

when a visitor was announced, and Alexander Barnard came into the room. He was very warmly received by his Jewish brother and Mrs. Josephs. Then he was introduced to the fair young Jewess. She modestly bowed and silently continued her work, which had been set aside for reading. How much hangs on a single circumstance, altering often our whole lives. How much hung on this interview? The visitor thought that the young Jewess was of the same faith till he saw her emotion kindled at the mention of Messiah. Work was laid aside, everything else forgotten, as she eagerly listened to the words uttered by her uncle and his friend.

"I am come," said Alexander Barnard, "with some hard questions, and if they can be answered my heart's longings may be satisfied. You gave me leave to come or I should not have so encroached on your valuable time. I have been to a Rabbi, whom I have known for some years, but he said, 'My friend, the holy prophets can alone answer you, and you know that they are in the land of silence.' Do you think that such a Holy Being as our Great Jehovah would so write as to puzzle His creatures? He says, 'Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people Israel.' 'Oh! every one that thirsteth come ye to the waters and buy, without money and without price.' 'Trust in Him at all times, ye people; pour out your heart before him.' Such a God who can spread around us a panorama of beauty, who can daily load us with benefits and endow His creatures with gifts, I cannot think He can be anything else but a God of love, and I want to find Him."

"My friend," said Hyam, "you are not far from the Kingdom." Then the elder Jew took from his pocket a small book, and asked his friend if he would read it and give it a fair trial. "In this," he said, "you will find the key to Moses and the prophets."

Alexander Barnard glanced at the title page, and with a strange superstition at the name of Jesus Christ, threw the book on the table; then he nervously took it up again, and read, "The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ." He read again and again the words, "Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ." Then he looked up at Hyam Josephs, and said, "Do you believe Him to be your Saviour?"

With much emotion the aged Jew replied, standing before his friend bare-headed, the cap off (which he had always been accustomed to wear in days of Judaism as a token of subjection to his earthly parents), and his eyes beaming with holy fire, he

made a full confession in simple language to his Hebrew friend.

"I believe Him," said he, "to be my Saviour and my God. In no other hands would I place the safety of my immortal soul. By faith I accept God's Lamb sent into the congregation of Israel, on the greatest Day of Atonement that will ever dawn on men. I stand aside, and in wonder and in adoration gaze on the mighty sacrifice foretold by Moses and the prophets. Himself the sacrifice, Himself the sacrificer, Himself the altar. The rough hewn stones of old were upraised for the altar; not a son of Israel had aught to do with that altar—type of the altar on which was placed my Lord, my life, my hope, my all. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and though worms destroy this body yet these eyes will behold Him, and when earthly kingdoms will have passed away His kingdom will for ever stand, and in the heavenly Jerusalem, city of my God, I shall there behold the King in His beauty.

'Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain.'"

He sat down, then said: "In that little book I found Him of whom Moses and the prophets have spoken. None but the God of Israel could fulfil the prophecies concerning Himself. 'A goodly price was I prized of Thee,' and multitudes of the Scriptures were fulfilled in that wondrous Being, whom our people so despise. What a long-suffering God is the God of Israel to so bear with His people's sins. Read the 53rd chapter of Isaiah: 'A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.'"

Oh!" said Alexander Barnard, "that, we know, was Jeremiah."

"Not so," was the reply; "was Jeremiah led as a lamb to the slaughter? Was his soul made an offering for sin? My Redeemer poured out His soul unto death—something more unfathomable than bodily suffering. 'They shall look on Him whom they have pierced.' Read this little book, my friend."

"I will," said he, for something in the whole bearing and manner of Hyam led him to believe that he spoke fervently from the depths of his heart. He put the little book in a safe place, and with a very subdued manner bade the little party good night.

Once out of doors, underneath the star-lit canopy of heaven, his thoughts centred on this planet. Could it be possible

that the Maker of such an expanse filled with myriads of worlds should die for one that by comparison with vaster spheres seemed so insignificant. Then, again, he thought of the regular course of day and night, of spring time and harvest, summer and winter, of the gorgeous sunsets, of the music of the birds, of the mighty ocean and the tiny rippling stream, the mountain forests and glens, of the gay foliage and flowers of the tropics, of the tiniest daisy and the more richly tinted blossoms perfumed by power Divine. Could this planet be of no account to its Creator, whose love is manifested on every hand? No, he thought, such a beneficent Creator must love the creature. By this time he had arrived at his own residence. Throwing himself on a lounge he took out the "Christian's book," and opened it. His eye fell on those time-honoured words, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." "For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world might be saved through Him." He closed the book for the night, saying aloud, "Great God, I wonder no longer, for Thou must be love itself."

"Oh! the glory of the grace,
Shining in the Saviour's face;
Telling sinners from above,
God is light, and God is love."

Sunday morning dawned, and Alexander Barnard arose with a lighter heart than he did on the previous Sunday morn, for the love of God was shedding its bright rays into his dark soul, thus directing his eye towards Himself, the source of that eternal love whose whole delight was with the sons of men, and this glorious sphere was given to man to be its lord.

The church bells were sounding, and crowds were wending their way to the several churches and chapels. Alexander Barnard joined them. After walking some distance from his residence, and with a superstitious dread falling suddenly upon him, he quickened his steps, as if some eye was watching his movements. Suddenly he halted at the sound of an organ, the deep tones of which arrested his attention, and he entered the building from which the sound proceeded. As he followed the verger to a seat, the choir rose and sang,

"O! come let us sing unto the Lord. . . . For we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of his hand."

"Oh!" thought the Jew, "'Sheep of His hand,' this cannot be correct, for only Israel is that." He knew not the words of the Redeemer, "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold, them also I must bring." Notwithstanding the music, the words and the sacred surroundings tended to draw the mind of the Jew towards heavenly things. Then, out of the prayer book, he followed the words of the Creed. At the words, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins," he stopped and pondered. "Forgiveness of sins." Is this possible, thought he? He turned over the leaves of the volume, and there he read, "Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law." What has the Gentile to do with our law, thought he? Further on he read, "In Thy sight shall no man living be justified." He was now completely mystified. The prayers were ended, and the congregation sang—

"When our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesu, Son of David, hear.

Thou our feeble flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal grief hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear,
Jesu, Son of David, hear.

When the heart is sad within,
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit sinks with fear,
Jesu, Son of David, hear.

Thou the shame, the grief hast known,
Though the sins were not thine own,
Thou hast deigned that load to bear,
Jesu, Son of David, hear.

Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier,
Jesu, Son of David, hear."

With drooping head he pondered over the words—

“Thou the shame, the grief hast known,
Though the sins were not thine own.”

“Oh! God,” said he, “is this Son of David my Daysman? Has He borne my sins, my load, my guilt.”

Then from the pulpit came the words of the preacher, whose calm, intellectual brow was encircled with silver locks, “Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, oh Lord, for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified.” Then, in simple language that all might understand (for in that building were the high and the lowly), he preached Christ. He forgot himself in his theme, and that theme was the Redeemer of mankind—the God Incarnate, the Jehovah of His beloved people Israel. To satisfy His throne of justice, and to make a channel through which His eternal love could flow towards those who had broken the law, he became a man, and died for sin and for the sinner. “Thus, my hearers,” said he, “the sinner who believes in this great salvation is freed by the death of this Immaculate Being, from the curse of the law. The law has no more power over him than the law of England has over the poor culprit who has forfeited his life on the scaffold. There is this difference, that the one for whom Christ died, and who trusts fully in Him, has eternal life, and this gives him power now to go beyond the law’s requirements and to love his enemies. Some say we must believe to get eternal life. Christ says he that believeth hath eternal life, it is not subsequent, but is one with the faith. The infant cries not to get life, but its cry shows that it has life; so the trust in this infinite sacrifice shows life with the risen Saviour. The man with the withered hand puts it forth not to get life; the action of faith shows that he had it. Oh! my friends, what an Almighty lever is faith; it is the gift of God. Faith is not our Saviour, but Christ the object of faith. Repent and believe the glorious gospel; repent, or your faith is dead. The inspired Scriptures, from the beginning to the end, speak of the Holy One—King David’s Lord and King David’s son. As man He is our substitute; as God our Redeemer. The God who made the worlds! Is it impossible, think you, for Him to become a man? He has entered into judgment with His Son for your sin and for mine; he has undertaken everything. The ransom price was of infinite

value, and thus it could alone be paid by an infinite Being. 'Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world'; that Lamb who is now seated on Jehovah's throne, the throne where sits the God of the ages, who has said that He 'will not share His glory with another.' There is the risen and living Saviour, the wondrous sacrifice, which gives assurance unto all men that it has been accepted. The Great High Priest is gone into the inner court, through the rent veil, which is His flesh, to appear in the presence of God for us. Before Him the glory of all earthly priesthoods fade away. Before Him all earthly sacrifices are but the shadow; He is the whole burnt offering of sweet savour to God. He is the peace offering, for He is our peace. He is the sin offering, for He who knew no sin was made sin for us. When he cried, 'Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani,' a Holy God would not look upon sin, but God, as Father, never forsook Him; for the Holy Saviour soon after said, 'Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.' We can only look and wonder. By faith we understand that the worlds were made, and by faith we know that the Father gave the Son to be the Saviour of the world. I can stand and gaze on the azure sky, behold the raging billows of the ocean, look up at eventide into the star-spangled vault of heaven, lit up by the golden lamp of the ages. I can listen to the mountain torrent and walk the hills decked with spring verdure, and by faith I understand that all was made by the Great Creator who dwells in unseen light. Such a scene of grandeur, man can feebly paint, but he cannot tell you on scientific principles how all came into existence. He can invent or find out what is there already, and make use of it for the good of his fellow creatures. This is all he can do in the work of creation, and stand aside in awe and wonder, and adore Him who is the source of all. So, in the mighty work of Redemption, he believes and wonders, and in adoration bows before the same Almighty One who called this world into being and died for it in love.

'The voice that speaks in thunder
Says sinner, I am thine.'

Thine for time and thine for eternity. Oh! 'the grandeur of existence'—made for eternity. Oh! my hearers, where will you spend eternity?"

Alexander Barnard went home that night in deep thought.

A few days before this a gentleman, with whom he had business relations, entered his office, and towards the end of the interview introduced religious topics. How careful we ought to be in discussing such subjects. He was an Unitarian, and knew the creed of his Jewish friend. He abruptly said, "What a multitude of creeds have arisen since your nation originated in the land of Chaldea; it is astonishing the variety of men's minds. These beliefs cannot all be right. The Christians tell us that your Messiah has come, and that He is God Incarnate."

Alexander glanced quickly at his visitor with a questioning look, and then to the wonder of Gregory said, "Do not you believe this?"

Mr. Gregory looked up, too, in wonder, at such a question from a Jew, and said, "No; I do not."

"Then what do you believe Him to be?" asked Alexander.

"I believe Him to have been a good man, a perfect example of true excellence, whom men might do well to emulate," answered the other.

"How could He be a good man, when He said He was God, if He was not?" remarked the Jew.

"I do not remember where he makes such an assertion," replied Mr. Gregory.

"Well, the Christian's book says, 'Before Abraham was I am.' 'I and the Father are one,'" said the Jew.

"Yes," admitted Gregory; "those words He did say in the same way that He said to His disciples 'That we might be one,' etc."

"But," said the Jew, "when Peter confessed Him to be the Christ, the Son of the living God, He said, 'Flesh and blood has not revealed this unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven.' If it had not been true would He have answered thus? When weeping over our people's sins, when looking on the beloved city, He said, 'Oh! Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thee under my wings,' etc. Who but Jehovah could speak thus? I tell you, Mr. Gregory, if I looked at the multitudes of creeds of you Gentiles I might be an infidel; but I know not one of them, yet I do know the writings of Moses and the holy prophets, and instead of studying the creeds of the Gentiles I have studied the Scriptures handed down to you by my nation, and in them I have found Him of whom Moses and the prophets have written—the Great Prophet of our people, the Great Incarnate God,

who became man for sin, because He was too holy and too just not to punish sin, and too merciful, too loving, and gracious to send the sinner to hell for Adam's transgression without a way of escape; but the sin which will send him there will be the sin of unbelief in this great sacrifice whom my forefathers so faintly portrayed in the multitude of animals slain. You say that you do not believe in a hell; your believing or not believing alters not the fact that there is one. You might close your eyes and say that you do not believe there is a sun. Your statement alters not the fact that there is a life-giving luminary which is the means of clothing and feeding you, and which makes the earth habitable for man. Search the Scriptures, my friend, and there you will find Him who upholds the universe, Him who is the life-creating sun, Him who has paid the infinite ransom for you to have a home in eternity 'when this passing world is done.'"

"But I do not believe in eternal punishment," Gregory rejoined.

Alexander solemnly continued as follows: "Between you and other worlds there is a great gulf fixed; it may be the gulf of space. If I grant you that hell is not fire and brimstone, would it not be hell enough to be cut off from all hope, no prayers heard, no care by the Creator of His creatures, but eternal banishment? The man whom you call good states that there is a hell. That man said, 'None can come unto the Father but by me.' He also said 'that He gave His life for the ransom of the world.' Can I adopt that part of Scripture which suits my taste and leave the rest, and so stake the salvation of my immortal soul on mere dogmas, when I have the Scriptures of my people, through which I hear the voice of the Eternal? I was an orphan, left to face the wide, wide world, and what others have got by so-called luck I have amassed through perseverance and overcoming difficulties, not minding trouble, and above all health and strength have been given to me by the Almighty to put forth effort in the right direction. Men of all nations and creeds have I come into contact with—men generous, men selfish, and out of them all I have not found a friend as the wise man said that 'sticketh closer than a brother'; but, thank God, He has been a friend to me, and by His help I mean to serve Him to the end of my days. It was one of my own nation who set me thinking. With all our heinous crimes, which you Gentiles are so shocked at, it is my belief that the heart of the Gentile

is no better than that of the Jew. There are noble ones among us still. This Jew, of whom I speak, had become a Christian, and for the sake of his new faith (although without a prospect of earning his bread) he refused a partnership in my business, simply because he would not be unequally yoked with an unbeliever. My motive, I must confess, was a selfish one, for I knew of his integrity, of his business talent—in fact, of all that tends to raise a man above his fellows. This action of the Jew spoke more forcibly to me than words, but now I am a Christian too. Our prophet Ezekiel, on the banks of Chebar, in the land of captivity, saw in a vision the valley of dry bones, and heard the voice of the Almighty telling him to prophesy that this army of dry bones should be clothed with sinew and with flesh, and would live again,—which meant the whole house of Israel, and that they as an individual nation should return to the mountains of Israel under one King, and there dwell for evermore under that King, the true David, the Shepherd of Israel. I have heard of the yearning of my people to return to the beloved land, and of the movement to this end at the present moment, and a glorious future is opening up to them, for a glorious Saviour is their Saviour—a God who has heard their cry, and will come down to deliver them. I mourn that they know Him not as the Redeemer, who two thousand years ago came suddenly to His holy temple and gave His life for the flock. But I rejoice that the time is soon coming when they will look upon Him whom they have pierced, on Him who was valued for thirty pieces of silver as prophesied by Zechariah. Then they will behold Him as the true King David—Jehovah's fellow, the Shepherd of His people Israel. You say that God is too merciful to punish sin when the creature is not responsible for Adam's transgression. What would you think of an earthly potentate who allowed his subjects to go free who had disobeyed his laws? Would this be justice? And yet of the One who calls Himself the 'Great and Terrible King' you say He is too just to punish. Grant that sin brings its own punishment even in this life, how is it that my nation has been exiled in many lands for two thousand years as a punishment for their sins, as they themselves believe, and yet you think that mankind can go free? My forefathers had to leave their sacrifice at the brazen altar before they would go even into the outer court of the temple to worship Jehovah. They had to own that the wages of sin is death, and God in His

mercy provided a substitute,—accepted once for all, of infinite value, therefore it lasts for ever. This is the way into the inner court of heaven, where our Great High Priest has gone before. He is the true Joseph, the Lord of land and sea. Like the Egyptians you may cry to Pharoah the King for corn, but he commanded them to go to Joseph. So you cry to God, but He says go to Jesus. There is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved but the name of Jesus; no other way to the presence of Jehovah, and woe to that man who attempts to stand before God without a Daysman, without a substitute. Thank God, although I rejoice that there is such a glorious future for my people and for the land of my fathers, though my eyes will never behold those hills and dales of Canaan, I shall see the King in His beauty in the Heavenly Zion, and be one of that vast assembly who will ‘Crown Him Lord of all.’ The little I do know I learned from one of my own people—one who knew the laws and ceremonies of our nation, and who, with a glad and a thankful heart, came unto the true Messiah—the Christ of God, and in Him found rest. To the Jew it is rest of mind, rest of soul, rest of body, rest from ceaseless rites and ceremonies, and rest from himself. His mind stayed on Jehovah, and thus perfect peace.

‘Peace, perfect peace, amidst this world of storms,
Peace, perfect peace, midst thronging duties pressed.’

I was ignorant, and I feel so now. The more I learn the more I feel my ignorance; but through my aged brother I have been taught the more perfect way.”

Mr. Gregory bade his friend good-bye. Intellectual as he was, and maintaining his own righteousness, he was not willing to find the way to heaven by faith, although his moral character was a pattern to many a so-called Christian. But not our conduct, not our goodness will land us in heaven; still, when there, the crown will be given only to Him who overcometh. Will all hear the words from the Master, “Well done, good and faithful servant”? When the battle is won will all have proved good soldiers?

It was an interesting sight to see Alexander, the keen business Jew, earnestly looking up into the face of Hyam Josephs, catching so eagerly every word he uttered, and then putting his hand to his brow, sometimes with a look of

perplexity, then again with a look of real joy passing over his face, making it appear as guileless as a child's. Truly he had received the kingdom of heaven as a little child. He had no theological arguments to bring forward. What knowledge he had was obtained by his own efforts. However, the mind that could control such a large business as his was also capable of comprehending that the Holy Scriptures were inspired by the Almighty. They spoke first to his head, then to his heart, and amidst all his various transactions with men and things he could literally and reverently say, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."

Many happy evenings were spent at the house of Hyam Josephs in converse on eternal things. Esther, unconsciously, was interested in the visits of the Jewish merchant, and was it strange that the Jewish merchant should look upon the Jewish maiden with increasing interest? The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and He maketh all things to work together for good to those who love Him.

"In time and to eternal days,
'Tis with believers well."

CHAPTER XVIII.

FROM PETTICOAT LANE TO ROTTEN ROW, OR THE CHILD OF THE GHETTO.

WE left Esther Josephs at her uncle's house; but she was destined to grace the home of another, and in a different quarter. True, the young Jewess was born in the Ghetto, but her antecedents could be traced to a somewhat more dignified origin than this, for Levi Josephs had known what it was to spend his youthful days amidst the feathered songsters and within sound of the murmuring stream. His father had been a successful merchant, and owned his country seat. Levi Josephs spent his early days there, and had received a home education from a private tutor; but just as a college career was in view an unexpected failure bereft him of his home, and the sorrow had bereft him soon afterwards of a parent's

care. His mother died when he was but a babe. He set out in life with only a few coins, but some of his own people helped him into the business in which we find him in later years. All have not the same talents; all have not the same amount of perseverance. Levi was content with a shelter and daily food. Life had no charms for him; indeed, he seemed to nurse his sorrow by dwelling on the contrast in his outward surroundings. He kept himself to himself, and in marrying Rachael Myers he sank down to her level. Excelsior was not his motto. He dwelt on the past. Alas! that so many do this.

“Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour, and to wait.”

He took life as it was, but not so Esther. She inherited some of the spirit of her father's mother. Natural refinement was hers. She was not content to settle down without making an effort to better her condition; so we find her improving her mind, seeking every opportunity to do so, and obeying also the laws of health by taking physical exercise, until as she ripened into womanhood we behold her a goodly specimen of physical health. She took long walks, bringing her fresh and joyous to her uncle's home, and her Christian graces endeared her to all around. Still, over that fresh young face would come an expression of sorrow, when she thought of her father in the Ghetto alone, while she was revelling in country enjoyments.

One autumn afternoon she was just returning from a ramble. There was the setting sun shedding rich tints in the western sky and gleaming through the seared leaves in the trees, as two figures were seen in the lane advancing towards each other, till at last they met at Hyam Josephs' gate. They were Esther Josephs and Alexander, our Jewish friend. The latter thought he had never seen such an interesting sight as the simple, unaffected maiden tripping along in the autumn sunshine; so fresh she was, so different from many of the girls in the heated London ball rooms, whom he had seen, whose mothers only desired the advances of the Jew because he was rich. He was fifteen years older than Esther; but he said to himself, “She would grace my mansion better than any girl I have yet met.” and at the same time came the thought, “I will

try and win her." The girl had often interested him ; but not till now did he think of her as a wife. They met, as has been said. A faint blush stole over the face of the young Jewess as Alexander took her hand. He then asked if she would prolong her walk in the garden. This she thought no harm in doing. Had he invited her to walk outside her uncle's grounds she would not have done so. This the Jew knew. A true Jew will not allow his daughter to walk with the man who has not first asked her father's consent to a marriage.

"Miss Esther," said he, "you seem to enjoy country life."

"Oh! yes, I revel in it. I see in creation the God of Israel," she replied. "In the glorious canopy of heaven I see His handiwork, and in the flowers that deck the earth I see His love. In the songs of the feathered choir I learn to sing His praises."

"You would not like city life, I am afraid?" said Alexander. The tone of the latter clause of the sentence caused Esther to quickly turn her head in the direction of the speaker, who said, in gentle tones, "I was thinking how much I should like to see you as my wife in my house at Rotten Row. People call it a mansion, but it is a lovely place."

Esther gave one side glance, half comic and half serious, then said, "From Petticoat Lane to Rotten Row would seem rather ludicrous. I have sprung from the Ghetto; my father lives there now. My grandparents were in affluent circumstances at one time, but the Ghetto was the home of my childhood."

Alexander stopped, and, taking her willing hand in his, said, "From the Ghetto came my friends, who helped me to my present position, and how strange it would be to find my wife in the Ghetto too. What a brotherhood there is in our race, scattered in every nation under heaven; the grades of the Gentiles are unknown among us. Esther, you are a daughter of Judah; our ancestor was a Syrian Prince, so we claim equality on that score, and my wife will bear my name. Say will you be my wife?"

"I will," came from her lips in sweet low accents. The walk in the garden was prolonged. At the hall door they separated, Esther to unburden her heart to her aunt, and Alexander to seek Hyam Josephs and gain his consent to the marriage. He was, indeed, rejoiced to find such a partner for his beloved niece, and all went well. It was a happy party that sat down to supper in Laurel Cottage.

Esther, brought up in simplicity as she had been, could little realise the future before her, where wealth would be laid at her feet; but as she took upon herself the several duties they sat easily on her, for she forgot herself in the happiness of her husband.

The time came when Esther and Alexander were made man and wife. Shemuel and his wife, Christian Josephs and his wife were at the marriage ceremony, and among the most honoured guests were Captain and Mrs. Williams. They, who had been accustomed to the Jewish ceremony, now stood in a Christian Church, and the minister who performed the marriage service was at the marriage feast, and a lordly feast it was, yet without any ostentation. The newly-wedded pair set off for the Continent, for Alexander wanted his bride to see his boyhood's home. Then city after city of interest was visited. At last they were glad to return for a season amidst the beauties of nature in a Welsh village, till the time came for Alexander to introduce his household to his bride. She little anticipated what awaited her, yet as her husband led her up the steps of his palatial home nothing seemed to surprise her, or at least she did not show it.

Her natural refinement, although she sprang from the Ghetto, and her simplicity made her to take everything as it presented itself to her, and was not her husband master of it all? They were not cut off entirely from Jewish friends, for Alexander's wealth insured some for a time; but the house was often filled with Christians, who joyfully received the Jew's bountiful hospitality.

But we will leave these scenes for the Ghetto once again. The old man is still there, and his daughter is ever in his mind; never would he lock his door, although he lived in the heart of Petticoat Lane. A few Passover nights had come and gone since last she was under his roof. The door had been left open to "let Elijah in." Just as in Germany, at the Christmas Feast, a place is left at the family board for the "Christ child."

Once, many years before, as the reader knows, the door was left open to "let Elijah in," and the kind-hearted Jew had befriended the orphan boy. Would he be left much longer to mourn his loneliness? If we could lift the veil, how clearly we should see behind the scenes things working together for our good, when all things seem against us.

The Jew knew not that his beloved daughter was mistress

of one of the lordly mansions of the great city; neither did she forget her beloved father in the old house at the Ghetto.

Alexander Barnard saw amidst all the surroundings the sad look at times of his much-loved bride, and he was constantly turning over in his mind how to bring about a meeting between father and child.

A few weeks after they returned home the newly-wedded pair agreed to find some Christian church with which they could unite themselves. They were not long in doing so. An Israelitish clergyman officiated at a church not far distant, and thither they went one Sunday morning. How much they enjoyed being in the house of God. They attended again in the evening, and Evan de Bret was attracted towards his hearers by their attentive and absorbing interest in the service. Just as it concluded the Christian clergyman advanced to speak to Alexander Barnard.

"My brother," said he, "I am glad to see you. My brother in Israel indeed you are; yes, intuition told me so. Thank God that some of our beloved race have received the glad news of Messiah's advent."

A warm friendship sprang up between the two, and Alexander became more and more learned in the Scriptures.

Does not a Jew who sees the Great Jehovah to be Jesus see, too, a wondrous meaning in all the Holy Scriptures that some have known from their earliest years? Can he not see traced in every line God manifest in the flesh, the sacrifices one and all typifying Him? Through the historical part he traces the genealogy of Jesus Christ, the true David, the King of Israel. Tabernacle, temple, priest, and sacrifice are all types and shadows of the Great Redeemer—the Incarnate God. Truly is He the light of the world. Without Him even the very Scriptures would be dark.

Star of Redemption, I seek for Thy ray,
Mandate of mercy, Thy words I obey."

The first Eastertide after the marriage of the Jew and young Jewess a family party was to meet. Great preparations were being made, for all who had been at the marriage feast were expected to be there; but the young mistress was moving about very sadly. Her fond husband saw this, and he was planning some way to bring smiles to the face of his young bride.

The night before the Passover the two were sitting alone. On the following Saturday the guests were to arrive. Alexander came home rather earlier than usual; perhaps custom made him do this, for it was the night of the Paschal Feast. But no Jewish Feast was to be kept in his house, for both husband and wife knew that "Christ, our Passover, is sacrificed for us."

"Esther," said Alexander, "I have returned earlier than usual; I suppose it is owing to custom. A goodly number of our men went off joyfully to celebrate the Passover."

A shade of sorrow flitted over the wife's face as she thought of the lonely man at the Ghetto, and of the days when her mother was with him, and had helped to prepare for the event of the year. Not a shade of sorrow because she could no longer be a partaker, but the sadness that filled her breast was for the father who had oft "joined in her innocent glee," and for the days so far distant which seemed never likely to return to her again.

Her husband gently drew his wife to his side, and said, "I want my little Esther to don her plainest garb and put a thick veil over her face, and come with me."

Half an hour after the husband and wife descended the steps of their luxurious home, and were soon in a cab driving towards the Ghetto. They got out and walked when within a short distance from it. Esther knew well where she was being taken. She well remembered that morning when she, frenzied with grief and anger, left the home of her childhood. What changes since! Little did she then know what her future would be; she could never dream that the time would come when she would again be in the Ghetto leaning on the arm of her husband. On they went, through the din of costermongers crying in Yiddish, "Fish for the Passover." The Passover moon just above the chimney heights peeped out behind the sombre clouds—emblem of the changes of life—sometimes gloom, sometimes light; but the dark cloud has always a silver lining, and could we see from behind these clouds all would be bright, all would be clear. Let us then be content, and not try to pierce the gloom, but steadily move forward in the march of life, and with our hand in that of our Father's we shall get safely home.

Alexander Barnard and his wife walked till they came to a shop full of all kinds of bric-à-brac, that would, if turned into money, make no mean sum. If Levi Josephs had no

ambition, he had the talent of knowing how and what to buy; and many a lady from Belgravia, in disguise, purchased some of his costly wares.

To-night the shop was lit, and would be during the Passover, for it was let to a Gentile. Truly the Hebrew knows the Scriptures only in the letter, or would he get money at such a time through one of another race? But while many starve the Jew has ways and means, and honest ones, too, to earn a coin.

Nearer and nearer came Esther to the home of her childhood, till at last she stood on its threshold. The door was ajar, for the inmate would not abandon the old custom "to let Elijah in." There stood the table laid as of yore, with the snowy damask tablecloth, the tall silver candlesticks, in which were burning brightly the large wax candles. The bitter herbs were there, the almonds, the Passover cakes, the Mosaic wine; and preparation had been made for three. No part of the Paschal Lamb lay there; but the head of the house was at the head of the table, with his head buried in his hands, not propped up with pillows as formerly by the loving care of his wife or his daughter. Custom had made him lay that table, but custom could not make him partake. He had laid out that feast to put him in mind of days which would be no more. Since last he joined in the time-honoured festival he, like his child, had found Him of whom Moses and the prophets had written.

What a chain of events had occurred since last he had left his door open for the passing stranger, when the orphan lad had been brought to his threshold.

The door was now ajar, and Esther beheld the scene. She pushed the door open wider, and advanced with firm step towards her father, so that he might not be frightened by the sudden apparition.

The old Hebrew was too much absorbed to hear, till a gentle touch on his arm and a sweet voice saying, "My father," called him to his senses. Looking up he saw his child, his Esther, standing by him with tear-dimmed eyes. It was the work of an instant for the old man to rise and enfold his daughter in his arms. Her husband looked on. There stood Levi Josephs with snowy hair and flowing beard, and the dark tresses of his child mingling with his own. After a few moments he disengaged his daughter's arms, then beheld Alexander standing by. Esther put his hand in that of her father's, saying "My husband, father."

Alexander Barnard then, with much emotion, said, "May I ask for your blessing on our union? If circumstances had permitted I would have done so before." He then, with profound respect, put the marriage lines in the hands of Levi Josephs, who very deliberately wiped his gold spectacles, then donned them, and carefully read the words that made his daughter a wife.

"My son," said he, "if you are able to earn a living I am content, and may heaven bless you both. I little thought when I unfastened my door to-night to 'let Elijah in' that my own daughter would be the stranger."

A lesson this to do the thing that is right, to show kindness whenever an opportunity occurs, for in so doing we know not whom we may befriend.

"We have come," said Alexander, "to ask you to join a family party at our house at this season." (He feared to say Eastertide.)

"My son, I cannot join in any Paschal Feast, for I believe that Christ, our Passover, is sacrificed for us. A gentleman, one Sunday afternoon, in one of the streets of London, gave me a New Testament, and I have found Him of whom the prophets have written—Jesus Christ of Nazareth. I thought that my child believed this also."

Esther could control herself no longer; she threw her arms around her father's neck and sobbed as a child with joy.

"Oh! father!" said she, "is it possible that we are of one mind? It is wonderful! You will come to my home now."

"Yes, child, I will," he replied; for the daughter he had so recently found he was afraid he might lose again.

For the first time since Esther left her home the Jew locked his door, and, leaning on the arm of his son and daughter, he walked through the Ghetto, and in a short time all were driving through the streets of London in the direction of Esther's home. The cab stopped, and tenderly was Levi Josephs led up the steps into the well-lighted and luxuriously-furnished hall. He was dressed in his Sabbath suit. The refinement of his early days still clung to him, and he knew too much of the world to show any surprise to the astonished servants; but with a dignified demeanour, leaning on the arm of his child, he was led into the magnificent drawing-room. Soon after a sumptuous repast was served in the dining-room; but all were too overcome with emotion to partake of much.

After dinner the thoughtful husband left the father and

daughter alone for a short time. Into her parent's ear Esther told the tale of her life since last they met. The Bible was then brought out, and Alexander read, and offered up a prayer which made the aged Hebrew weep with joy. He retired for the night, and slept soundly, for the unusual excitement, instead of keeping him from sleep, had brought it, for with it had come heart rest.

The little family contemplated the scene enacted well-nigh two thousand years before—that sacrifice on Calvary's mount, and the woes of the inhabitants of the Holy City culminated in the destruction of Jerusalem by the Roman arms under Titus.

The next day came the invited guests. Shemuel Krecovitch was overcome at seeing the friend of his poverty as the chief guest. He grasped the hand of Levi Josephs saying, "Shall I ever forget the night when you befriended the poor orphan boy?"

As the family party gathered round the dinner table it was an interesting sight to look on the attention paid to the aged captain and the aged Hebrew. What actors had they been in past scenes, each unconsciously acting so as to alter for blessing the course of many lives. Our actions, our words, yea, our thoughts that lead to them—how often do they tend to embitter the lives of others? Yet what great numbers of men and women there are who leave the world better than they found it, helping the needy, finding the wanderer, comforting the sorrow-stricken, and helping on the work of the Great Philanthropist, who so loved a sad and sin-stained world as to give His only begotten Son to die, to be the great sacrifice to atone, in order that we might "be crowned with life again," that we might be born again, that the paradise lost may not only be regained, but an eternal home be ours in the heavenly mansions, where sin can never enter, where the blessings lost by Adam's fall will be ours again, and more abundant also.

A few bright days were spent by the happy company, and on the night when they separated—some never to meet again—the little party drew closer together around the fire, and, with emotion, they united in singing—

"Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altar slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away its stain."

Levi Josephs looked on with moistened eye, and as the last lines were uttered Levi, with closed eyes and the unbidden tear trickling down his snowy beard, repeated to himself—

“And sing redeeming love.”

Then Alexander Barnard stood up, the rest following his example, and led the strain—

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.”

Yes, the God of Israel had revealed Himself as the Great Triune Being—the One in Three and Three in One, each Person concerned in the great work of man’s salvation.

“All hail the power of Jesu’s name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.”

Levi Josephs never returned to the Ghetto. Useless things belonging to him were sold, and bric-à-brac given to Esther as a wedding gift. All adorned her home. She, like her ancestors, loved the beautiful; but a time came when heavenly things surpassed the earthly, and she could let all go. The young Christian is led on step by step till he finds that “all his springs are in Thee.”

“Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.”

CHAPTER XIX.

REAPING TIME.

CHRISTIAN JOSEPHS had now no vain regrets for his refusal of a partnership that would have, no doubt, brought him much gain. But the path he chose from conviction, although it had paved the way to danger, ultimately brought him far more advantage, for he was now junior partner in a firm which had very few equals in the mercantile world.

Mr. Simpson and his family returned to China, the former feeling assured that his English partnership was a successful one. His only boy, an earthly treasure brought back as it were from the grave, was a rich compensation for all that he had done for the young Jew, who, in return, felt more than recompensed for his action in the matter.

Capital, Christian had none, as the reader knows, but the evenings which he spent in study in his younger days, in order to fit himself for what might arise, he was often heard to say, did him good service now. He had learned to think, and this was what he needed now—the power to manage so large a trade.

Ten years passed away, and Mr. Simpson retired from business. His son took his place, and for half a century he and his preserver went on amicably together, doing all the good they were able with their wealth.

Christian Josephs would have retired some years before, and lived at ease, as many another has done, but he became the happy possessor of a large family, and thus his fortune was divided. Each son and each daughter followed in their parents' footsteps, and their father and mother had the joy of knowing that all would meet in an unbroken circle in that land where we ne'er shall sever, for they believed the words of the Divine Master: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death into life." They were partakers of that new nature; they had been born again, and would share the joys of the Paradise of God.

There was one in the family circle who was not content to possess this happiness alone. Amy, the second daughter, was eager to be a missionary to her father's people. She studied Yiddish and Hebrew for this purpose, and an opportunity offered for her to go to Jerusalem, under the escort of a gentleman and his wife who were going on the same errand.

Amy Josephs was well trained, for her father had been her teacher. Very few young girls have such a privilege. From Genesis to Revelation she heard the voice of the Eternal speaking to fallen humanity of the Redeemer of mankind.

Out of the myriads of spheres in the universe of space the God of all seems to take such interest in this minor world as if it alone claimed His care.

It was a great sorrow for Christian to part with Amy, the unselfish and loving girl of the family—the girl who lived to make others happy; but her going to the land of her fathers' people was for love of her Saviour, and "for a faith she knew was true." She was her mother's right hand, so thoughtful in relieving her of many duties. The boys in their troubles and their school difficulties always came to Amy for help and redress, and she—ever at leisure from herself—was always ready to befriend them. Some may say, "Then was not home her place?" No; she was wanted in another part of the Lord's vineyard. How many angels of homes there are and might be, and who are not valued till comes the parting time, till the nestlings take wings and fly, some one way and some another in the journey of life—some never to meet again in this world. How much it behoves all the members of a household to do their part to make the home of childhood bright and happy—for the elder to set a good example to the younger. How many a younger sister, how many a younger brother, battling with and tossed by the storms of life, might have been sheltered in some friendly harbour if example had followed precept. Words and actions are for eternity.

Amy Josephs set out at last, and none in the family felt the parting more than Christian Josephs. Amy was the child of many prayers, and her endearing ways caused her to be missed more than the others. So the sacrifice was the greater, but there was not a country that her father would have wished her to go to rather than the land of his ancestors.

The first letter Amy wrote was to her parents, as might be supposed. It was written at the open window from which she could see the Mount of Olives. By her side were a few

sprigs from the Brook Kidron and the Garden of Gethsemane. The young girl was not what we call sentimental, still she possessed an amount of sentiment; and when visiting the several places which had been frequented by the Redeemer, the Scriptures seemed to speak with all their living power to the heart of the Jew's daughter. She sat on the summit of Calvary, and read of the great Day of Atonement, when the orb of day refused to give his light during those hours of agony when the Incarnate God gave up His life's blood for man. She, in vision, saw the glistening temple, which looked at sunset like a sea of gold. She saw the smoke of the morning and the evening sacrifice ascending into the clouds of heaven. She heard at sunrise the trumpets of the priests calling the worshippers, and in the midst of all this earthly display the Holy One, who had suddenly come to His temple, on Calvary's mount, was the sin offering outside the camp—the true Passover. That which the Israelites in that very city at the time were preparing was but a shadow. God had come in all His Majesty, and offered the Paschal Lamb for man, after which no other was needed; and yet even the Saviour's familiar friends knew not this. They hoped that it had been He who would free them from the Roman yoke, and be Himself their King; but He had first a greater yoke to free them from—the yoke of sin. And two thousand years have almost gone since then, and He who has redeemed them from the hardest bondage is now about to restore down-trodden Israel to the land they love above all other lands, and after great tribulation He whom they look for will be their King—great David's greater Son.

Amy was anxious that some of Judah's sons and daughters should dwell in the heavenly Jerusalem, and as she sat thinking of bygone ages, with her open Bible before her, she heard a footstep. Looking up, she saw Abigail Abrahams, to whom she had been introduced a few days before. She was a true specimen of a Jewish maiden, with her oval face, clear olive complexion, and curly raven tresses; she wore a gold necklet, earrings, and bracelets, and the loose oriental robe well became her. For what purpose was she there? Amy rose to her feet. The girl, the niece of a Jewish merchant passing through the Holy City, was her equal; still Amy rose, feeling a respect for her young visitor, and such a yearning to tell her of Israel's hope.

Abigail had been drawn towards the English girl at their

first meeting, and for no other reason was she there this morning than to hold converse with her new acquaintance. She had from her window seen Amy go out alone, and had followed her, and thus Abigail was to be the first with whom our young missionary held converse on the subject so dear to her heart.

With a very pleasing expression Abigail said to Amy, "I saw you and followed you. It is a treat to see an English girl; but whatever are you looking so thoughtful about?"

"I was reading what happened here on this very spot about two thousand years ago," said Amy.

"Is this the book you were reading from?" asked the visitor. "Oh! do read it to me."

And in the girl's own language Amy read the 19th chapter of St. John. See the two that Sunday morning seated on the grassy mound—the young Jewish girl with her head resting on her hand, looking into the face of the reader with rapt wonder. The name of Jesus she had never heard before. She was an orphan, brought up under the eyes of Benoni Abrahams, her dead father's brother. He had scrupulously prevented her ever hearing the Saviour's name, so that Amy had virgin soil to work upon.

"Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani." "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

"Oh! did the God of Israel forsake such a holy man? I cannot believe that part." Then the girl eagerly put question after question.

In England a young Jewess can scarcely avoid hearing or seeing the name of Jesus in some form, but at Damascus, Abigail, surrounded by Eastern servants, was not so likely to hear that name—

"The sweetest note in seraph song,
The sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Jesus, blessed Jesus."

"I must return home now," said the girl. "But come and stay a few hours with me this afternoon."

"Oh! yes," she replied, "the Sabbath is past; I will come."

And this daughter of Judah bade Amy adieu and walked home. The graceful step, the slightly-poised head of the retreating maiden attracted Amy Josephs, and her warm, sympathetic manner drew Abigail towards the English girl.

During the afternoon Abigail returned, and the two girls were left alone. Already sympathy had sprung up between them which a whole lifetime failed to sever. Amy seated herself on a low chair, and Abigail on the next, looking up with sweet confidence into her face..

"I want you to read me once again about the man whom the God of Israel forsook in such a dreadful hour. Oh! it cannot be!" and the warm and loving heart sent up the tears to the dark and expressive eyes.

Oh! Gentile reader, thou who hearest Sunday after Sunday the old, old story of the Redeemer's love, until it seems almost as an idle tale, and you are perhaps gospel hardened—have you ever wished that in your manhood or womanhood this tale had been told you for the first time, that you had not heard it so often in your childhood's home from Christian parents who are now in the heavenly mansions? For then you might have believed. This might have been; but stay! You might never have come to manhood or womanhood—what then? To receive the kingdom of heaven in all the simplicity of a little child is the way into it. It needs no theological study (which is all right in its place), but simply the faith of a little child to believe the record that God has given of His Son. The record is that God has given eternal life, and this life is in His Son. There is no other way, no other sacrifice that avails.

Amy Josephs looked at the upturned face, and began to think how she could best present the glorious news of a God-given sacrifice.

"Have you read," said she, "of the different offerings which your forefathers had to make to the Eternal?"

"Oh! yes," she replied, for Benoni had well instructed her. "There was the trespass offering, the sin offering, the burnt offering, and the continual morning and evening sacrifice; also the meat offering—all to propitiate Jehovah. I shall rejoice when our temple is again rebuilt, and the sacrifices again offered. The holy prophet Ezekiel tells us all about that."

"You do not know," said Amy, "the reason of all these sacrifices?"

"No," she answered; "but I suppose our forefathers had been accustomed to some such thing in Egypt, and Moses set these laws to satisfy them in their new dwelling place. I cannot see the use of it all."

"What minute directions were given," said Amy, "for the building of the tabernacle to be built after the manner of the heavenly things. There was a wondrous meaning in it all. God said the wages of sin is death, and he wanted to save men from that awful consequence; but he wished to keep ever before the sinner that he could only get eternal life through the death of a substitute, and this sacrifice for all mankind which He was going to send from heaven. An infinite sacrifice could alone save from eternal punishment."

"Then has He sent it?" asked her companion.

"Yes, Abigail, that Holy Man I read about to you is His Son, and He took the sin of all mankind upon Him, and therefore bore the punishment. God forsook Him because this Holy Man was the sinner's substitute. You believe in one God?"

"Oh! yes, the Lord our God is one Lord," said Abigail.

"But," continued Amy, "I believe Him to be a Triune Being—i.e., Three in One and One in Three. The second person is the Eternal Son of God, and He it was who became a man to die for his people's sins."

"But I do not believe that there can be three Gods," replied her listener.

"Neither are there," said Amy; "but can you think it quite impossible for the God who made the worlds not to become a man if he wished to do so? This is He of whom I read to you. Your forefathers crucified Him because He said He was the Son of God. On the cross, as the sin bearer, as the man Christ Jesus, He cried, 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?' God, as God, could not look upon sin; but soon after He cried, 'Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.' The great Incarnate God undertook the whole transaction. He allowed man to put Him to death that you and I and all the world might escape the awful doom of eternal death."

"But how do you know all this?" asked Abigail. "It is not in our Scriptures, for our people are so particular that they keep a record even of the number of letters contained therein."

"I have the key to your Scriptures," said Amy.

"Will you lend it to me?" asked Abigail.

Amy gladly did so, and the young Jewess, on reaching her

home, soon became absorbed in it. She received it as a little child, and the words of the Redeemer spoke to her, like her own Scriptures, as the voice of the Eternal. She had an intelligent mind. Sometimes she would come to her friend with her difficulties. One day she was reading of the woman at Samaria's well, and of the Saviour saying, "I that speak unto thee am He" (the Messiah). She read of all His wondrous works, and she felt assured that such a Holy Person would never have uttered such words to the poor erring woman had they not been true. She then read of His genealogy, of His miraculous conception, His wonderful works, His death and resurrection, and with Amy's help she compared the prophecies with the New Testament. Then she found Him of whom Moses and the prophets had spoken. She believed Him to be the Messiah. She believed Him to be God Incarnate; He who had fulfilled the prophetic Scriptures—the Redeemer of Israel, the Shepherd of Israel, the One whose own arm brought salvation, who with thorn-clad brow and pierced hands and feet cried, "Look unto me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth, for I am God; there is none else." She beheld by the eye of faith the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world—Him through whom we gain the life that was lost in Paradise.

"By faith I lay my hand,
On that dear Head of Thine;
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin."

"Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die;
Would He devote that sacred Head,
For such a worm as I?"

Amazing truth! He who could "lay claim to heaven's eternal throne."

"You know," said Amy, "that at the Paschal Feast not a bone of the Lamb was to be broken. This was emblematical of the true Paschal Lamb. 'A bone of Him shall not be broken.' You remember I read to you the words, 'And when they came to Him and saw that He was dead already they broke not His legs'; and I also read to you of the last Passover on the eve of the day when the true Passover was sacrificed, and now that Jesus partook of it He fulfilled all righteous-

ness; but what Israelite ever felt as He did on that solemn occasion. Oh! what must His feelings have been when looking on that Lamb—~~emblem~~ of Himself, and the following day fulfilled in the Kingdom of God. Behold the Lamb of God on that solemn night, after the hymn was sung, going to the Mount of Olives; then later on, in the Garden of Gethsemane, with the pale light of the Passover moon shining through the rustling olives, when He in agony cried, ‘Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me.’ Oh! Abigail, there was no possibility of that Holy Person going free if you and I were to be saved. Who can tell the measure of His love? The God Incarnate dying for sin that He might place the righteousness of God on you and me. That eternal tide of love flowing from the Infinite and bearing back in its onward course poor fallen humanity to the arms of the Eternal. What a ‘grandeur in existence.’! Of what value must this soul of mine be in the estimation of its Creator! He measured its value as He alone could, when He gave such a ransom for it, and in the ages to come He will show to all creation His ‘exceeding riches’ in the ransomed multitudes who will cast their diadems before Him, and ‘crown Him Lord of all.’”

“Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain.
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train.”

The heart of the young Jewess was too full for utterance, except to bid her friend farewell. She then walked to the hotel with her attendant—a woman of some fifty years, who had nursed her from her infancy. The woman was very silent, only speaking in monosyllables; and when the two arrived the attendant still remained in the room with her young mistress, then she burst into tears.

“What is it ails you?” asked Abigail.

“Oh! my poor child,” said she, “there is bad news for you.”

A telegram and then a letter had been sent to the faithful attendant in order that she might break the news to her young mistress.

Amy Josephs was now sitting in her room in deep thought. She knew what her grandfather had suffered for his faith, and she feared for her friend. But how often that which we fear never comes to pass.

Benoni Abrahams had suddenly passed away into the eternal world while doing business some miles from the Holy City. The blow was truly terrible to poor Abigail, for she knew not where the soul of her uncle had gone. She did not forget how kind and tender he had been to her from her earliest days, and how devout and blameless he was as regards the outward observance of Jewish laws. While the girl thought on this she uttered these words, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" She knew that Scripture, "He that believeth hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not shall not see life"; but she remembered also this passage, "How shall they hear without a preacher?" She could not and would not think that her uncle was in hell. She drew the veil, or rather God had drawn it—the veil of the Unseen.

The following morning she sobbed out her sorrow on the breast of Amy Josephs. The girl had not now to feel the wrath of her uncle, but she was not, however, to go on her way to the heavenly Canaan without enemies impeding her progress. Still, with the shield of faith she passed on till the golden hills were in view, and she within the gates of the heavenly city.

"Oh! happy land of spirits bright,
 May we all hail thy portals fair;
 Enter at last thy realms of light,
 And rest and reign with Jesus there."

CHAPTER XX.

A SCENE IN DAMASCUS.

A FEW days after the sad news Abigail returned to her home in Damascus, and there she found before her Nehemiah Silverton, a cousin of her departed uncle, who was left as her guardian. Knowing the shrewdness of Benoni Abrahams, it was marvellous that he should have left his affairs in the hands of this man. But he himself was alone with his niece in Damascus; there were none near him that he could trust, so he thought of his cousin when making his will. As to the

amount of his wealth or the amount of her own Abigail had no idea. Her uncle had always treated her as a child, and his house had the meagre appearance of its inmate, who looked not in very affluent circumstances. Benoni Abrahams was well aware that it was hazardous for a Jew in that quarter to exhibit any sort of appearance of wealth, as his taxes would be increased thereby, and perhaps more than the taxes be seized; so he had wisely invested the profits of his merchandise and the handsome fortune of his niece in British stocks and shares, and in various English concerns.

Though Abigail was ignorant of her wealth (her uncle had left her all his), Nehemiah Silverston was quite conversant with it, and he thought what a prize Abigail would be for his only son, who had given his father trouble of late by accommodation bills and losses at the gaming table. Nehemiah had but himself to blame for this, for he was neither a good Jew nor a good Christian. He had set his son a bad example; he had inculcated no good principles, for he himself was ignorant of them, and Sarah Silverston, his wife, was no better than he. She thought only of dress and of company; she cared not where the money she required came from. Her husband, she thought, was the right person to provide this, and the mother and son left him to get the money for them to spend.

How sad is the thought of so many living alone for this world and all its glitter, only blinding the soul to its eternal happiness or its eternal doom, and the future wailing and weeping, when too late, over what might have been.

Nehemiah Silverston blandly and kindly received his young relative. She was glad to find some one who would take all responsibility, and she was too childlike to inquire into her own affairs.

One morning, while sitting at breakfast, Nehemiah said, "I want you to prepare as soon as you can to return with me to London. My wife will be a mother to you, and our home yours."

The young Jewess, however, was not aware that Nehemiah could pay himself well for anything he did for her.

Abigail quickly said, "I cannot go to England in these costumes."

"Oh! I will give you a week to prepare," said he.

She did not say "I must wish an English friend good-bye." Well was it for her that she did not. Her guardian thought that the girl was friendless, and the way clear for him to do

what he would do with her money, making a tool of his relative for his own mercenary ends. But "There is an eye that never sleeps beneath the wing of night." He sees all the intrigues against His own, but He who has said "No weapon formed against thee shall prosper" has vouchsafed to work all together for their good.

The time came for the caravan to start. The greatest trial for Abigail was to part from her faithful attendant, and to see another in her place. The scene was affecting.

Before sunrise the travellers set out, and just as Abigail mounted her mule, her attendant, with a meaning side glance towards Nehemiah Silverton, and a dark frown, whispered into Abigail's ear, "Look after your own, my child; that man has your fortune and your uncle's also in his hands. You are an heiress." Then adieu was said, and Abigail bade farewell to her Syrian home.

As she rode along, those words, "You are an heiress," came again and again to her memory. She, however, did not feel just then like an heiress, for her purse was empty. Nehemiah wanted her to feel how dependent she was on his bounty. Though she had not money, she had something that would do her better service, for at the last moment she had gone to take a farewell look at her uncle's room, where, lying on the floor, was his pocket book. Nehemiah Silverton had possessed himself of everything in this room, he thought, but in his hurry he dropped the pocket book already mentioned. In it was her father's will and a copy of her uncle's, also a letter giving Abigail full directions what to do, if left alone; but Benoni Abrahams had died at Constantinople, and from there he had telegraphed to Nehemiah Silverton.

Abigail was too rejoiced to have the pocket book she had so often seen handled by her uncle. "Only business papers," she said to herself; but as she got a few months older and knew a little more of life her intellect, which had seemingly lain dormant, suddenly expanded, and all at once she became quite the woman.

At every place of note through which the travellers passed Nehemiah was profusely liberal to her with money and attention.

At last London was reached. Sarah Silverton received her guest, not with a mother's embrace, for she had no heart, but with the consciousness that a rich heiress was come to her house. She became fawning—rather unusual for a Jewess,

as she is generally too independent to demean herself so; but money was the god of the Silvertons, and in whatever form it came they worshipped it. Abigail's quick intuition, little as she knew of the world, felt that this treatment was unnatural towards one who was come to partake of their bounty. True, there are some generous hearts and refined natures who make the recipient feel that it is he who is conferring the favour, and some there are who make the lonely realise the utter loneliness of being alone; and the time soon came when poor Abigail was made to experience this. Gay parties she was bidden to attend, also many visitors came to the house, not only to enjoy the Jew's hospitality, but to see the beautiful Jewess of Damascus—all regretting, especially the mothers of eligible young men, that she was poor, and saying in confidential whispers, "She ought to be earning her own living, and not throwing herself on charity." This poor Abigail overheard, for she could speak English fluently. After the guests had dispersed she flew to her own room to sob out her sorrow there. Then came the words, "You are an heiress."

One evening Bernard Silverton, Nehemiah's son, came with a very confidential air and asked Abigail to go to the theatre with him.

"No," said the girl, very decidedly, "I cannot go."

"Cannot go!" exclaimed he in surprise, "when I ask you?" as if he was conferring a favour upon her by the invitation.

"No; indeed, I cannot," answered she.

"But my father says you are to go," persisted Bernard.

"I am mistress of my own comings and goings, I presume," she replied with dignity.

"Oh! not in this house, sweet Abigail," he rejoined, as he advanced towards her and asked for a cousin's kiss.

This familiarity was too much for the refined, sensitive girl; she burst into tears and went to her own room.

Here she was not to be left alone, for Sarah Silverton opened the door suddenly, without knocking, and in a very irate manner said, "And is this the way you presume to receive my son's advances; you, a penniless girl, dependent on us for a home?"

Abigail rose to her feet, and fixed her eyes on her hostess. A whole flood of thought rushed through her brain, and with it the words, "You are an heiress." "If so," thought she, "why am I treated thus?"

Aloud she said in a majestic manner, "I am an heiress."

In after years, when thinking of that moment, she could not tell why she uttered those words.

Sarah Silverton turned deadly pale, gave the girl one searching glance as if she would know the innermost depths from whence those words had sprung. She then quickly left the room, and rushed to her husband to state what had transpired.

His agitation was as great as his wife's. He, however, merely said, "Oh! we must put that out of her head." But when the girl appeared at the supper table the calm, dignified manner of the young Jewess kept Nehemiah from referring to the subject uppermost in his heart; in fact, he had not the courage. "Conscience makes cowards of us all." That night the Jew slept but little; he was planning how to play his cards.

On the last evening she had spent with Amy at Jerusalem the latter had told Abigail of the hatred of the Jew to the name of Jesus. Thus far, Abigail had been reticent as to her faith. She had no need to speak of religion in that house, for not a member ever went to the Shûle, or observed the laws of Moses.

Thank God! these cases are fewer than might be supposed. There are thousands who observe the precepts of the Great Law Giver, in outward form at least; but how far they come short! He who fails in one point is guilty of all. Still with many the name of the God of Israel is held in profound reverence.

Should the Christian Gentile, because he knows that Jesus is his Saviour, forget that He is God Incarnate, the Jehovah of His people Israel, the "Great and Terrible King"? Should there not be a lowly reverence in approaching the Ark of God? True, we are one with our risen Head; but can the church ever forget the worship which is due to her Saviour as her God?

Abigail Abrahams decided, after much consideration, that she ought to confess her Saviour. Amy had read to her of Him; she had also read for herself, but the poor girl did not value Him till she found her need of Him. When she, like Job, abhorred herself and repented in dust and ashes, she saw Him indeed, and then her heart cried out, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Could she not therefore trust Him now to deliver her from her thralldom in that English home? Free, happy England, she had heard so much of. She got up

in the early morning and penned an account of all her troubles to Amy Josephs, asking for a reply to be sent to the post-office. The girl had previously only written of her arrival, and when this second epistle came how deeply Amy's heart felt for her friend. But she was one who not only felt but acted. She at once sent Abigail's letter to her father, Christian Josephs, and wrote a comforting one to her friend, bidding her not to fear, not to be afraid to confess her Saviour. She gave her the address of her old home, asking her, if possible, to call there. What joy it was for Abigail when she got the letter, and to find that Amy's home was only five minutes walk from Nehemiah's residence. Abigail had not yet been prevented from taking short walks, so her absence did not attract much notice. But she had passed through the crucible of trial before Amy's letter came. The same day that she had sent off her own she determined to confess her faith, cost what it might, and to this end she set herself resolutely.

At breakfast all went on as usual. Nehemiah, regardless of anybody's happiness but his own, was reading the morning paper. He was just rising to go to the city when, in a very dignified manner, not in any way as if dependent on his bounty, Abigail spoke. Certainly, the girl acted as if the words of her old attendant were true, and, indeed, she believed them herself now.

"I think it requisite to inform you," said she, "that I have adopted the Christian faith, or, rather, that I believe Jesus Christ is our Messiah, the Saviour of the world."

They all looked at Abigail as if she were demented. Her words seemed strange to their ears; but their words of blasphemy had best be left out here. It is not so easy an undertaking as some may suppose to preach the Gospel to a Jew, to one who does not act up to what he believes. How much more difficult to speak to one who is lawless and without a conscience. Poor Abigail was unprepared for this coarse outburst. She rose with burning cheeks, and said in firm, commanding tones, "Jehovah hath said, 'Look unto me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth, for I am God, and there is none beside me.' 'Mine own arm hath brought salvation.' 'Without shedding of blood is no remission.'"

" 'Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altar slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away its stain.

But Christ the Heavenly Lamb,
Took all my guilt away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.'"

She was allowed to go on; not a word was uttered until she had finished. Then Nehemiah said, "She would make a good actress," and he walked out of the room. It was not so with Bernard Silverton. He saw the burning cheeks, he heard the words uttered in such thrilling tones, and they remained fixed in his memory.

In gambling haunts and other evil places of resort would come the words, "There is no God else beside me, a just God and a Saviour."

The girl who uttered those words in his ears for the first time commanded his respect, if, indeed, he could respect anything that was good; at any rate, he resolved he would be a party no longer to his father's stratagem. His manner towards Abigail was henceforth always marked with profound deference, and among other things to bring down his father's ire he secretly married a Gentile girl in humble circumstances. When the two were far on their way to America Nehemiah Silverton received the news. As he had sown, so had he reaped. "Train up a child in the way he should go," had not been his motto, and all his precepts were of no avail. This was a bitter disappointment to Nehemiah. Abigail, in another month, would be twenty-one years of age, and he had thought to have got the young girl and her fortune too into the hands of his scapegoat son. No difficulties had he anticipated in that direction. Even now, he was turning over in his mind how to get some of her money. Now, he reflected, that if he was not careful he might get into the clutches of the law. Gold was his god, and he would sacrifice body, soul, and spirit to get it—what cared he for the Tenth Commandment! Yet such a man as he could be so influenced by God's mighty spirit that even the very energies put forth to get gold could be used as easily in another way which could give him peace. "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." He had heard the Gospel in his own breakfast room, but wanted none of it.

Within a month of Abigail's coming of age she received Amy's letter, and the same afternoon she set out for Mornington House.

Christian Josephs and his wife were sitting at the open window watching a tall figure coming up the winding path of the lawn. Nearer she came, and such a face they had never seen before. The pale, smooth brow was encircled with raven locks, the olive complexion was lit up with a pair of beautiful black eyes, which were downcast after beholding the occupants of the window. Those eyes expressed earnest purpose, still mixed with sadness. The figure was Abigail Abrahams. She was dressed with simplicity, yet with perfect taste. As she ascended the hall steps Christian said, "That is Amy's friend, I feel sure," and ere the girl had time to announce herself the Jew and his wife were at the door to receive her.

"A thousand welcomes to my Amy's friend," said Christian Josephs. The quick intuition of his wife told her that he was correct, and she kissed and folded the girl to her breast, then drew her gently into the adjoining room. There the girl sobbed out her sorrow, already known to those friends. How grateful was Abigail for all this tenderness. She had now found those who could sympathise; but her friends saw that what was to be done must be done quickly, for the young girl was drooping under the heavy load caused by her false position.

She dared not stay long, or her absence would be questioned, but she had time to take a cup of tea, which helped her to answer questions concerning her future welfare.

"Have you no papers of your uncle's," said Christian, "which could in any way help to facilitate matters?"

"No; none whatever," said she, "except a pocket book in which my uncle kept some of his business documents. I found it accidentally before leaving Damascus. I have never opened it; but I have always carried it about with me."

"Then I should advise you to do so now," said Christian Josephs.

Abigail did so, and then, to the astonishment of all, she read the two wills already mentioned—the original of the one, and a copy of the other; also the name of the solicitor who drew up the will of Benoni Abrahams, when he was in London.

Christian said, with much emotion, "This is marvellous, for Mr. M—— is my own legal adviser, and a more upright and honourable man never breathed."

It was agreed that the following day Christian Josephs and the young lady should call on this gentleman. They found

him in his office, and into his attentive ear they poured the whole tale. The lawyer listened to the end. He then said, "I well remember drawing up the will, and two of my clerks were witnesses. We can easily ascertain if the wills have been proved, and we can also bring this gentleman to account if he has unlawfully used moneys committed to his charge. You say that this young lady will soon be of age. Then, if she wishes, I will send a letter to Mr. Silverton requiring him to give up all deeds, shares, etc., on that day. This should bring him to his senses."

"Oh! how I wish I had never to return to that house again!" said Abigail.

"I should advise you to return," said the lawyer, "and neither by word or by look betray any knowledge of your affairs. I should advise you to leave the house the day you are of age, and by the second post Mr. Silverton will receive my letter. Of course all business transactions will be through me?"

Christian Josephs, when bidding Abigail good-bye, invited her to come to his house as soon as she was free, that he might act towards her a father's part.

Four weeks soon flew by; everything went on as usual, only that Abigail, in the prospect before her, was more bright and cheerful, which only made her guardian more secure of his ground. He had, thus far, kept out of the clutches of the law, but how far he could do so after his guardianship expired (if he touched Abigail's money for his own ends) he knew not, so he left the settlement of this question till the time came.

The second of May dawned brightly on the young girl; she was up early, and cheerfully sat at the breakfast table. True, there were no birthday congratulations, but the girl's heart was in a flutter, and she was like a captive bird which sees the open door of its cage and an open window. Twelve o'clock came, and she dressed for a walk, no more to return to the house she was leaving. She was now going to tread an untried path, but she had no poverty staring her in the face like many another in utter loneliness in the great city. Money often takes wings and flies away, but none can deny the fact that in the pocket it is a good friend.

What a welcome did Abigail receive! Her host and hostess knew, it is true, how wealthy she was, but it made no difference to their kindly hearts. They wished the secret to be kept, however, that Abigail might win her way to the family without the power of wealth to back her.

Mrs. Josephs, with the young girl at her side, came into the midst of the young people, and introduced them to her guest. To see so many happy faces brought the tears to Abigail's eyes. This was the way she showed her joy.

"My children," said the mother, "I have brought a sister to you, and for Amy's sake and her own I trust you will all act towards her a brother's and a sister's part." Then she told them of Amy's having been the means of bringing her from darkness into light. They were then left alone, and although Abigail had but just now become acquainted with them, it seemed as if their friendship had been for years. Her lovely face and gentle manner also attracted everyone to her, as did the fact that she was Amy's friend.

When the parents returned Emily Josephs was playing the piano, and all were taking their part in singing their favourite pieces.

Abigail was asked to play. This she could not do. "But," said she, "I will sing you something," and sing she did, a most beautiful melody learned in her Syrian home. It brought back to her vision her uncle, her surroundings at Damascus, and all the changes since then, until her face was lit up with such changing expressions that her listeners were spellbound. Then, as if the song was one, she ran into another song taught her by Amy. Then she remembered her Syrian home, the lovely gardens of Damascus, where she had walked with her loved uncle and her faithful attendant, and now with the recollection of her miseries in her English home—all vanished, and the face over which a moment before flashed so many expressions now became radiant with holy joy. Her childlike faith saved her many a sorrow. Now, in strains of sweetest sound, she struck the chords of that time-honoured hymn—

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power."

All now joined in the strain. Then came the hymn—

"All hail the power of Jesu's name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all."

They had all felt its power—that name above all other names; and now with one heart and with one voice they sent up their notes of praise. Their “God their help in ages past” was now known to them as their Redeemer, and He would be their “Guide unto death.” Safe for ever is the one sheltered beneath the wings of the Almighty.

What an evening for Abigail to remember! She took her place at the table, where a sumptuous high tea had been spread in honour of the day. In front of her was a parcel directed to herself; she was asked to open it, and there was a most exquisite Bible, on the flyleaf of which was written, “From Christian and Lucy Josephs, to their dear adopted daughter,” and below this inscription a text: “There is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved, but the name of Jesus.”

This happy day was never forgotten by any, but was specially remembered by Abigail. She had suffered trial; but she was now comforted by true sympathy from true hearts, which supplied what money could never purchase.

Peacefully she slept, and the next morning dawned on a day that brought much to be remembered.

Nehemiah Silvertown, on the morning of the second of May, was seated in his office, planning how he could get at the wealth of his ward. But plan how he would, he could think of no device which would not bring him within the reach of the law. At last a clerk brought him a letter marked “private and urgent”—a letter which prevented him from becoming a criminal in very deed. On behalf of the man, who almost denied the existence of a God, that God allowed a course of action in others to prevent him from doing a deed of shame.

There is God’s providential care, and His preventive care. That the latter was extended to Nehemiah Silvertown for his own sake seemed not likely. Certain it is that “the Lord is mindful of His own”—this much we know.

Nehemiah read and re-read the epistle, but there was no getting out of the meaning. Surprise and dismay filled him when a demand was made for sundry shares, stocks, and capital, and for an account of moneys spent during the minority of Abigail Abrahams, who was a witness that but little of such an income as was hers had been expended on her.

To this he could only give one answer. A full surrender of all he had received, after deducting a modest sum for his expenditure upon the young Jewess. Now the matter was

known (how he could not fathom) it was necessary that he should keep his good name for the sake of his own business. So rubbing his hands, he said to himself, "I will show them whether I am an honest Jew or not." Thus in a short time Abigail Abrahams did, indeed, become an heiress.

Nehemiah Silverton, now that his schemes had been frustrated, thought he had kept an honourable name. All was silent on this point. He had been foiled, even the whereabouts of his ward not being known to him, although she was so near.

Soon Abigail bade farewell to England, and was once more in the land of her fathers, free and happy, with Amy Josephs as her helper and friend. What happy days they spent together! Abigail was now in a home of her own, and Amy Josephs living with her, also her faithful attendant, who had nursed her in the Damascus home.

"I told you that you were an heiress," said the woman. "Did not your uncle tell me to guard you? and did he not tell me of the fortune that was to be yours? But I was not prepared for such a man as he who took you from me; but I knew that all would come right at last."

The good woman could say all had come right for her, because she was cared for to the day of her death, and Abigail had the satisfaction of knowing that she had forsaken all to follow her Lord and Saviour.

What a happy home was Abigail's after all the turmoil of her London life. All was peace now. She had a purpose in life, and devoted herself and her money to her Redeemer. To every good cause she devoted her wealth, and was loving and kind to all who came in her way. The glamour of the ball-room had no attraction for her, for she was satisfied with the Bread of Life. She, however, was no recluse, neither did she want to be the centre of attraction, and to make conquests, as her worldly would-be friends advised her before leaving London. The young men who had shunned her because they thought she was poor now had vain regrets, but the rich Jewess had bidden farewell to all. Her thoughts were not on the marriage market. She spent her days in the glad service of her Saviour, and her spare hours in the improvement of her mind and in healthy, physical exercise. She felt that life had higher aims than the getting of a husband, and the man whom she would prize would be he who would love her all the more for the love she bore her Saviour.

"Take my life, and let it be,
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee."

This might not always consist in preaching the Gospel. Woman is called by the Great Master to make home happy for the man who has won her, and to train her children for Him to whom she has consecrated life. He is the best judge of the work He sets women to do. Whatever that duty may be, let her strive to fulfil it.

Both Abigail and Amy were called into a private life, and the time came when the girls were widely separated. But they will meet again in the Jerusalem above to hear the words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE GAMBLER'S END.

BERNARD SILVERTON sailed with his young wife to America; very little money did he possess, and very little else either. He had had many advantages in the way of education, but he would never apply himself to anything; life with him had no purpose. Money had been at his command, and his mother, instead of inculcating good principles, supplied his wants, and left him to his own devices. She had been taught that money could do everything, and education was thought little of by her parents. They had amassed wealth by their own efforts, and dress, balls, and parties were all they thought of for their only child. Thus a mother's influence on her part tended to bring sorrow on her boy. He was open and high spirited, and, properly trained, would have become, no doubt, a noble character. He arrived with his bride in New York City; he took some meagre lodgings, then set out to find something to do. But what was there for a man who had neither education, trade, money, or character? His errand was a fruitless one, till he, with clothes worn out and mind and body exhausted, stood outside a saloon. He felt in his pocket for a coin—a fruitless effort it was; but, flashing beneath the gas light, was a diamond ring on his finger, which

he had hitherto held to with a tenacious grasp. The temptation was too great; he pawned the ring, and with the proceeds he, instead of entering a saloon, made his way to a gambling den. It was the last throw; he lost all but a mere trifle. He flew back to the saloon, and drank to drown thought; it not only drowned thought but drowned his senses too. He staggered outside, and fell fainting to the ground. A constable took him to a lock-up. The next morning the key grated in the door; the same man was there to bring Bernard before a magistrate, but he saw the victim of drink was soon to appear before the judge of a higher court.

Bernard Silverton was dying, remorse and drink had killed him; and there in a prison cell, in a foreign land, Bernard Silverton breathed his last. The stern officer of justice stood over him, and his expression relaxed into one of pity; in all his comings and goings he had never seen such a sight as that. The pallid brow of the young Jew was calm and peaceful now. A vision came before him—a young woman, with strong emotion, in thrilling tones, saying, "Jehovah has said, 'I am God, there is none else, there is no God beside me.'" The constable heard the words whispered by the prisoner, and, although no professor of Christianity himself, he answered back: "There is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved but the name of Jesus." On the previous Sunday night at the church he was accustomed to attend when off duty, he heard that text. "The word of the Lord can never return to Him void," the Jew heard, and in that dark cell, with the light of heaven on his face, he repeated the words of Abigail—

"Christ, the Heavenly Lamb,
Took all my guilt away."

He closed his eyes and exchanged that prison cell for a mansion in the skies. Death-bed repentance is not often to be depended on, but there is mercy at the eleventh hour. Let us sow beside all waters. Oh! the influence of our words and of our actions on the lives of others; seeds sown for eternity. "Oh! what will the harvest be?"

Papers were found in the dead man's pocket which led to his identity, and his wife was telegraphed for; what a waking up for her! She was asked to identify the man she called her husband, who had left her only the previous day.

She had sat up all night for his return, and in the early morning of a cold December day had had the sad news bluntly set before her. No kindly heart was there to gently break the sad truth to her. She hastily put on her hat and cloak and returned with the messenger on her dread errand. There in the prison mortuary she recognised all that remained of her husband; she who had left the roof of Christian parents in humble circumstances for the attractive young Jew—she who had once professed to be a Christian; who had been brought up to know that she should not be “unequally yoked with unbelievers.” She knew all this, also the loose principles of the man she had met. As she had sown, so had she reaped. She was never forgotten by her fond parents; they daily prayed for their erring child. God brought her back to the fold, the very sorrows that she brought on herself being the means divinely used.

After seeing the prostrate form of her husband, she returned alone to the depôt, entered a waiting room, and thought she was the only occupant. A widow was there who saw a woman enter, sink on the nearest chair, and then give a heart-rending, piercing cry, such as Mrs. G—— hoped it might never be her lot to hear again. Mrs. G—— went to the stricken woman, and sank on her knees by her side, but seemed quite powerless to find words to comfort, till she thought of this hymn, which, with great depth of feeling, she repeated—

“Jesu, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.”

Annie Silverton looked into the kind face, and the words were like oil on the troubled waters. The poor bereaved woman was thus encouraged to pour out her sorrow, but then came to her the agony that the soul of the deceased man was lost. The two were so absorbed that they missed the train, and so had to wait for the next.

The constable who had stood by the deathbed of Bernard Silverton was going by the same train. He saw the woman whom he had met that morning sobbing as she passed through the clanging gates of the prison, and spoke to her.

“My good woman,” said he, “you need not trouble so; the poor man is better where he is,” and then with much emotion

he told her of her husband's last moments. The load seemed almost gone; she could scarcely believe the tidings. She dried her tears, and said, "By God's help we'll meet again." Then came a flood of tears, for she remembered her lonely position and her inability to keep the departed one from a dishonoured grave.

Mrs. G———left her a few moments, and slipped some coins into the officer's hand. She asked him, when he heard from her again (which would be when she had conversed with the poor wife) to help her.

The kind-hearted man said: "Ma'am, only command me, and I am at your service. Yon man is no criminal; he might have sown his wild oats. Ah! 'tis a pitiable case. That young woman," said he, pointing his thumb over his shoulder in her direction, "is in a terrible plight. she looks as if she has not much of this world's goods."

"Fear not, good man," said Mrs. G———, "I will take charge of her; my Master has sent me this work to-day."

William H——— knew what she meant; he thought of his own widowed mother, and the kirk in bonny Scotland among the braes. He knew she had often befriended the friendless, and with a tear in his eye, which he hastily brushed away with his coat sleeve, said, "Good morning, ma'am; heaven bless you."

Poor Annie Silvertown thought her friend had gone, and she, for the first time in her life, felt the utter loneliness of being destitute in a foreign land. But Mrs. G——— returned, and took the widow's hand in hers, saying, "You will come home with me, will you not? I am sent to sympathise with and to befriend you."

A look of gratitude was the reply, and the two entered the railway carriage. They reached their destination, and were then driven to Mrs. G———'s pretty little home. The stricken widow was tenderly dealt with. In a bright cosy room, with a fire burning in the grate, she lay amidst downy pillows and snowy coverlets, and at last she was able to take the dainty little meal brought by the hand of her Christian hostess.

Annie fell into a sweet slumber, which soothed and refreshed her; when she awoke to the awful trial which lay like ice on her heart, there was Mrs. G——— to administer comfort, and oh! such a prayer ascended for the bereaved one. Then in sweet, low tones Mrs. G——— repeated these words—

“Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee,
Leave, oh! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.”

Then, “Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”

Mrs. G—— hinted that she would think it a privilege to supply the means in order to bury Bernard Silverton in the cemetery near. So on the following day Mrs. G——, with the sorrow-stricken widow, stood at the grave of the Jew’s son, and they were not the only mourners, for William H——, our friend the policeman, in plain clothes, was there also. The solemn cortège moved away, and once again the widow was nursed and cared for till health and hope returned.

Two letters with full particulars were sent to the parents of the widow and of the departed one. Nehemiah Silverton and his wife, however, never answered; they cared not for the poor Gentile wife. They had no person to turn to in their grief, for withal it was a grief and a great disappointment.

Everything turned against the Jew from that time; he having no object now to live for, no Jewish law to care for, no Christian principles to observe—was it any wonder he did not prosper? All energy vanished. Sarah Silverton died, not of a broken heart, but of fever, and left Nehemiah alone, and truly alone. His son’s wife would have befriended him for her husband’s sake; but the father had spurned her. At last his money went, and he was seen roaming about London streets looking for work; but who would employ an old man like him.

We will leave him for a time. As he sowed so he reaped. Is there any who will befriend him at the last hour? Perhaps some Christian philanthropist will take pity. But who in all London will befriend him? Who will recognise him? “To beg he was ashamed.” His own people had lost too much by his bad speculations to do anything for him now.

CHAPTER XXII.

A WEDDING.

THERE was one in the home of Christian Josephs who missed the Syrian Jewess, and that was Morley Josephs, the eldest son. Proud was the father of his boy, as he often called him. Morley relieved his father of many business responsibilities; he had made good use of his time at school and college, and he generally came home with the first prize for different subjects. His younger brother, not so talented, thought that although he returned empty handed his brother's honours were his own. A generous-minded lad he was, and a general favourite of his sisters. Morley inherited from his father a talent for business, and now we find him his father's right hand.

One evening Christian Josephs, seeing his son's pale and worn look, said, "Morley, I think you want a change; take it, my boy, as soon as you can."

"You are always so thoughtful, father," said he gratefully.

"No, my son, it is my duty to look after your health as far as I am able," replied his father. He still apparently perused the evening paper. After a few moments he spoke again, for his son, not the paper, had engrossed his attention. "Where do you purpose going to, Morley?" asked he.

"I should like to see Amy; have you any objections?" replied the young man.

To see Amy, no doubt, would be a great joy to Lucy's brother; but she, glancing at her mother's face and seeing a peculiar smile play around her mouth, thought that another face had more charms for her brother.

However, the father replied, "No, my son, I think the idea a capital one. You will be getting a change, and at the same time see our beloved Amy, and bring news of her."

At this moment the door bell rang, and a visitor was announced. The family looked up to see Arthur Simpson—a fine, handsome man of some thirty-five years. His expression was sober, but not sad; his fine, open brow was encircled

with auburn locks. What gave him that sober look? The remembrance of long years before when a watery grave seemed to await him, and a hand was outstretched to save him. There stood young Arthur Simpson grasping the hand of his preserver. Christian Josephs expected him, but not so soon.

This was the third time the young man had left his home in China. He was speedily at home, however, amid the family circle; but what was it that made his quick eye turn towards the door whenever it opened? He missed one from the circle, the one who was the chief object of his visit; he missed Amy. He joined gaily in the conversation, but his heart was ill at ease; he was afraid to ask for the absent one, fearing she might be the wife of another.

When the evening meal was over the conversation again turned upon Morley's projected travels.

Christian Josephs said, "Do you not think Morley is a model brother? He is going all the way to Jerusalem to see his sister Amy."

Again Lucy glanced at her mother, and mother and daughter looked highly amused. Propriety was ineffectual to mask their thoughts.

"I was not aware," said Arthur, "that Miss Amy was so far away."

"She has gone," said her father, "to tell the Gospel news to some of my poor brethren."

The young man's eye brightened, and very quietly he turned to Morley, and said, "May I accompany you?"

"Delightful! Do come," replied Morley eagerly. Then he turned to his mother, and said, "Little mother, will you come too?" and to the surprise of all she said, "Yes, Morley, I will, if father will spare me."

Christian looked up in astonishment at the idea of the wife and mother leaving all her duties and her home. It was always a difficult task to take her from them, and her fond husband was glad for his wife to have a change, but Lucy, the elder, had a mother's heart. She knew the secret of her boy and of her friend from China too, so she thought that for the sake of the girls she would go.

When Christian knew her reason he said, "Clever little woman to divine all these secrets; but how about Amy and Abigail?"

"That we must leave," said she.

A few days afterwards the trio set out on their travels. What tender care Morley bestowed on his beloved mother! Twenty years before she had gone the same route with her husband. What mercies had she been made to prove since! It was thought advisable to take Amy unawares. The gentlemen of the party were to put up at the hotel, thus no preparations would be needed to receive the guests. The two gentlemen did not seem particularly interested in sight-seeing on the way, and as Mrs. Josephs guessed what the chief attraction was for each she allowed them to press on their journey. In a comparatively short time they were at their destination, on the morning of a lovely day. How blue was the sky, how European looking the hotel!

Here the friends rested for a couple of hours, then made their way towards the house of Abigail Abrahams in view of the Mount of Olives.

The mother's heart yearned to see her child. Amy and Abigail were in the garden; Amy was busily plying her needle over some useful article for a little Jewish maiden, and Abigail was reading aloud. It was an interesting sight to behold these two Christian girls thus occupied, in a strange land to Amy; also to see the precious sympathy and the friendship existing between them, when so many miles lay between Amy and her native land. The girl put down her work, leaned back in her chair, and clasped her hands behind her head. Abigail looked up to see the girl thus resting—she who was always employed.

"Amy, what are you thinking of?" was her inquiry.

"Of home, dear," said Amy.

"Are you tired of me?" asked Abigail.

"No; how could I be," replied Amy, "but I sometimes wish and long to see my dear little mother."

"Oh! Amy," said Abigail, "are you putting your hand to the plough and looking back?"

"I trust not," replied the other. "I am ready to do whatever I am called to do; still I want to see little mother." Then the girl sang that simple refrain--

"As I wandered round the homestead,
Many a dear familiar spot,
Brought within my recollection,
Scenes I'd seemingly forgot."

"Hush! dear," said Abigail, "Jane is coming, and looking very serious too."

The woman appeared with the news that visitors had arrived.

The visitors saw through the window the two young ladies listening so intently to Jane's message, and then looking one at the other in wonder as to who they could be.

"Two young gentlemen and a lady," said Jane; "and I think by what I heard that they are from England, ma'am."

This was more perplexing still.

The visitors, however, could stand the suspense no longer, so they came out into the garden.

Mrs. Josephs advanced with outstretched arms; Amy rushed forward oblivious of all surroundings, and was shedding tears of joy on her mother's breast. Meanwhile, poor Abigail was left standing looking at the two gentlemen in the background. The rosy tint on her olive cheeks plainly told that she knew who one was. Then, summoning her courage—for the surprise had unnerved the girl for the moment, and it all seemed to be a vision—she advanced, and warmly welcomed Morley Josephs, quite in a natural manner, and she was evidently more than glad to see him. Then Arthur Simpson was just being introduced when Amy was loosened from her mother's embrace. A crimson tide flooded her face as she advanced and timidly shook hands with Simpson. She, too, seemed more than glad to see him, and then said, "Is this a vision or is it a reality?"

"A reality, my daughter," said Mrs. Josephs.

Meanwhile Abigail's faithful attendant found out who the visitors were, so she naturally thought that something substantial was needed, as they had just arrived from England.

At last the happy party entered the house, and much was talked of.

Mrs. Josephs needed rest, so she left the young folks to their own devices, which they were not long in taking advantage of. In the cool of the evening hour the youthful company strolled into the garden; but it was not long ere Amy was alone with Arthur and Abigail with Morley.

The young men wanted their holiday to be a happy one, and not to be kept in any suspense; they were not come to trifle away time in useless flirtation, but to ask the girls to be their wives. Their reception gave them hope. A something there was between them in the way of sympathy during those few hours that is seldom felt but once in a lifetime. Arthur Simpson was assured that Amy Josephs would

be his wife, and Morley that Abigail would accept him. The young men looked to a higher power to guide their affairs; they each were also aware that there had been a mutual understanding between them. The reader must not suppose that the girls were won too easily; they knew instinctively that each to each was dear.

We cannot tell at length all that passed between the young couples, only that when they met in the drawing-room Mrs. Josephs was not surprised when Amy said, in no other hearing but her mother's, "I think I am going to return to England; have you any objection?"

When the girls retired the consent of Mrs. Josephs was obtained to their marriage.

It was therefore settled that as soon as possible the happy party should return home, and the wedding take place. Meanwhile Christian Josephs was eagerly looking out for the return of the travellers. Letters had been received telling of the coming events, and asking for his consent, already anticipated, as we see.

One Sunday morning Christian Josephs set out for a rural village to preach in the little chapel for the minister, who was ill. As is the custom, some of the villagers took it in turns to entertain the preacher. On this particular Sunday this privilege fell to the lot of Mrs. McMasters—a humble Christian woman, whose husband was of the artisan class. The preacher followed his hostess through the wicket, up the garden path, and entered the pretty cottage covered with roses. The little rustio window was filled with geraniums and fuchsias, and the room, which served alike for parlour and kitchen, was scrupulously neat. Soon the family was seated at dinner.

A young widow took her place at the table, looking somewhat sad.

"Come, Annie," said her mother, "try to eat some dinner." Then turning to her guest she said: "My daughter, sir. She only returned from America last week; she has scarcely recovered from the voyage, and she has come through a good deal of trouble."

In the afternoon, when Annie had gone to take a walk, Mrs. McMasters told her daughter's history to a most attentive listener. He spoke not until Mrs. McMasters had finished the story. Then he said, "What was the name of your daughter's husband?"

"Bernard Silverton, sir," she replied.

Christian Josephs knew too well who he was, but he betrayed no suspicion. He preached again in the evening, and then set out for home.

In that little sanctuary he had spoken simply, but very earnestly. The tale he had heard in the afternoon made him feel more than ever the truth of the words, "As we sow, so we reap." God is not mocked, and the Jew urged his hearers to serve God now—that godliness is gain even in this life. With earnestness he bade them look to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world, and to show by their works that their faith is a living one. Head belief is of no avail. "By their fruits shall ye know them," said the Saviour.

As he returned to his home it was with a greater purpose than ever to serve his God. What had Silverton got for his only son, with all his scheming? Nothing for his boy but a gambler's grave. Truly the consequence of a parent's sin often descends on the children. But, thank God, there are hundreds who have grappled with inherited weakness, and have in the strength of a Higher Power gained a glorious victory, having thus handed down to posterity the consequences of that victory.

No effort, no gain, in anything in this world, and effort put forth in the right direction nerves the feeble arm for fight; but if we go into such a battle without the whole armour of God we must be defeated. There is a time for prayer and a time for action. Moses was taught this lesson when on the shores of "Egypt's dark sea." Jehovah said, "Why stand ye crying unto me, let the people go forward." "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The young people, with Mrs. Josephs, returned to London, and preparations were made for a double wedding. Morley Josephs was surprised when he found that his bride was an heiress; she had the satisfaction of knowing that she had not been sought for her wealth. Amy Josephs had the satisfaction of knowing that the Kingdom of God had been her first object, and all other things had been added unto her. Still, amidst it all, came a heart pang that she was in all probability leaving home for ever, and all there that was so dear. Yet with fullest confidence she was giving herself to Arthur Simpson. It was a great comfort to her parents that she had the prospect of so good a husband.

It was a lovely morning in July when the wedding party drove off to the edifice where the marriage ceremony was to be performed. A very pretty wedding it was too, and a happy party surrounded the splendid repast at Amy's home. All were sorry to lose "little Amy," as she was called.

China seemed a long way off—a very long way off, and the three little ones clung to their sister as she was bidding them good-bye.

"Good-bye, pets," said Amy. "I shall see you again."

The tears were dried, and among the family circle which stood in the hall to bid farewell none felt the parting more than the fond father.

Amy and Arthur drove off for Scotland, where lived Arthur's maternal grandparents. Morley and Abigail set out for France.

In a few weeks all met again, and soon after Amy, with her husband, set sail for China. Abigail and Morley settled down near the parents of the latter, so that the loss of Amy was in a measure made up by Abigail, and she was grateful for the love that her husband's parents showered upon her. She did not feel lonely now. How the lives of some are interwoven, how the conversion of one in a family affects others and generations following. Should one's arm be slackened when the consequences of good and evil come upon thousands often through the action of one member in a family? We are now sowing the seeds for eternity—mothers, fathers, brothers, and sisters. The home where the nestlings are sent is often the most miserable spot they have ever known. No sunny smiles wreath their brow, harsh words their ears are accustomed to hear, uttered by selfish parents who neglect their offspring instead of training them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. They train them for this world alone, and the children in their turn follow their parent's footsteps.

Amy was received by her husband's father and mother as if she were their own daughter, and besides being the wife of their only son, was she not the daughter of that son's preserver?—the one who had given them back the child whom they thought was under the foaming billows. Such a reception she had not expected, so that in a foreign land she was surrounded with all that love could bestow. Amy was not exempt from trouble. No person on earth is. Some have it in one way and some have it in another. What room would there be for faith, what room for patience, what room for the

other graces if our heaven were below? Sorrow brings us nearer the Throne of Grace to seek help in time of need, and above all makes us to know that love which passeth knowledge.

“It passes knowledge that dear love of thine, my Jesus
Saviour,
Yet this soul of mine would know in all its breadth
and height,
Know more and more.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

HAPPIER DAYS.

ABIGAIL and Morley Josephs were dining one day at the house of Christian Josephs, when the latter said, “I have to go to H—— to-morrow to hold a service at the chapel there. Oh! Abigail, that brings to my mind what transpired some weeks since; but these weddings have driven it out of my head.”

The young wife turned quickly towards her father, wondering why she should have been so addressed.

“I dined at a cottage,” said the father, “with a plain, honest, Christian woman, whose widowed daughter had just returned from America. She was the widow of Bernard Silverton.”

“What! the son of Nehemiah Silverton?” asked Abigail in surprise.

“Yes; the very same,” he replied. Then Christian told the tale.

Abigail’s kind heart was drawn to her at once.

“Oh! father,” said she, “let me go with you to-morrow.”

“With pleasure,” he responded. Then turning to her husband Abigail said, “Morley, you must let me go alone.”

The young husband answered, “I know you will be on a good errand, and father will take care of you, so I will try to do without my little wife for a few hours.”

Christian Josephs and his son’s wife set off the next morning, and made their way to the chapel, which was full of simple-hearted folk who knew not much outside their own village; agriculture was their chief source of livelihood.

How lovely the country looked on that beautiful May morning. The edifice was covered with ivy, and shrubs of pink and white hawthorn scented the air, filling the little meeting-house with its sweet perfume. The place was crowded, and the doors and windows were open. All were eager to hear the "Christian Jew," as the good people called him. It was an interesting scene when the homely congregation rose to sing—

"All hail the power of Jesu's name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all."

In that Sunday morning discourse the "Christian Jew" gave the meed and the crown to His Saviour. How powerfully and yet how simply he spoke of His love, His grace, and His mercy. He truly set Him forth as the man Christ Jesus. But, oh! how earnestly did he set Him forth as the Great God, blessed for evermore. When he thought of Him as the One who walked on the blue waters of Galilee, who healed the sick and raised the dead, and then as the One who was the Jehovah of Israel, the Creator of the universe, he bowed in awe and reverence, and said, "Sinner, draw near; Jehovah's arms are extended to thee. 'Come unto me,' He says, 'and I will give you rest.' Why? For the God of Israel is the lowly Jesus who gave His life for you. He, your sovereign, became your surety, your Redeemer. He, the mighty God. Be not afraid of blessing and praising Him too much. Were He a man only, you might tremble to do this, and you would be an idolator were you to do so; but fear not, He is worthy of all homage and of all praise. Oh! be one of those who will give Him the meed and the crown."

"Jesus, before thy face we fall,
Our Lord, our life, our hope, our all;
For we have nowhere else to flee.
No sanctuary, Lord, but thee."

It fell to the lot of Mrs. McMasters this Sunday also to entertain the minister. She was a simple-hearted woman; she did this little service for God. Her life gave a dignity to her homely countenance.

Christian Josephs and his son's wife, as the reader knows, were accustomed to refinement and comfort. The latter, in many forms, may have been wanting in this country cottage;

but refinement was there, the outcome of those Christian graces which adorned this Christian woman.

After dinner Abigail Josephs drew the young widow into conversation, and found that she herself was well known by name; and the surprise of the young widow was great in finding that the lady who was now her mother's guest was formerly the ward of Nehemiah Silverton.

A warm sympathy sprang up between the two, and Abigail was determined to act towards Annie Silverton as a sister. But she kept it a secret for the time being.

The two travellers left the peaceful hamlet. The sun had set, and the moon was shedding a golden tinge through the trees on their pathway, and the sweetbriar was sending its fragrance into the air, as they wended their way towards the station of the next village.

Abigail stopped at a rustic gate, and looked down into the peaceful valley, where lay scattered here and there the village homes. There stood the parish church, with its ivy-covered tower, and not far off was the little chapel, while among the beautifully-wooded hills were a few villas.

In the woods Annie Silverton had often gone nutting or blackberrying. Here Bernard Silverton had first seen the village maiden. What changes had transpired since then!

As Annie Silverton watched the villagers down the lane she stopped again to gaze on the peaceful scene. How she wished she had been content with her simple country life. The girl had chosen her own path, and had suffered the consequence. Still she was learning a deeper lesson through it all than possibly could have been learned amidst nature's beauties in that wooded dale. She had seen that life is not always strewn with roses, that she had her part to do. Just then all seemed dark. She could not, she thought, live much longer on the bounty of her parents, and wondered what would become of her. Annie sat down in the porch, which was surrounded with flowers, and the moon was shining just then on the drooping figure whose head was buried in her hands, while sobs from a disappointed heart caught her mother's ear, and Annie found that her mother was still able to comfort her as in days of childhood.

"My child," said she, "as long as I have a roof over my head there is one for you, and thankful am I to have you with me."

"Oh! mother," cried Annie, "I know you are good; but how can I take from you that which would procure so many

comforts? Bernard has been gone six months now, and I have earned nothing. What am I fitted for? If I only had remained as a teacher at the school I should have been able now to earn enough for you and myself too." Then she uttered another heart-rending cry. Her mind was centred in herself, and the mysteries of her life. Like many another she could say: "The mistakes of my life have been many."

Ere the sun was up on the following day Annie Silverton was a mother. An object outside herself absorbed her now, and as she gazed on the features of her boy, so like his father's, she resolved to forget herself and to train him for her God, believing the words, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

It was just before Christmas, the snow falling thick and fast. The postman came through the garden gate with a registered letter in his hand for Mrs. Bernard Silverton. In it was a cheque for a hundred pounds, signed by Abigail Josephs, also the following note:—

"My Dear Annie,—How pleased I am that you and your little son are so well. Still I am selfish enough to wish that he had postponed his coming for a little while, or that the snow had delayed paying us a visit, for I had thought to have the great pleasure of seeing you at our house for the holidays. Of course you would not venture out this weather with the little one. I have a New Year's gift which I want you to do me the favour of accepting. I must, however, keep it until the spring, as it is something I cannot possibly send by post or rail. Heartily wishing you a Happy Christmas and bright New Year, and hoping you will do me the favour of accepting the enclosed, believe me to remain affectionately yours,
"ABIGAIL."

Imagine the surprise of the recipient; she in wonder looked on the missive, then rushed to her mother full of excitement and happy surprise.

As to what the coming present could be she did not trouble herself. The Christmas gift filled all her thoughts for the next few weeks.

The old year passed away, and the longer days arrived. Soon the snowdrops peeped above the ground, and all nature was preparing to put on the dress of spring. Little Bernard thrived, and his mother's happy look of former days returned.

One day Widow Brown called on the inmates of the little cottage. She was no newsmonger in general, but at this particular time she was glad, and wanted her friends to share her

joy. All through the winter her son John had been out of employment; he was a journeyman painter. That morning a gentleman had given the master painter of the village an order to decorate Ivy Cottage, an old-fashioned well-built house situated among the hills.

In former days passers-by had often stopped to see the pretty building with its French windows, white painted doors, and ivy-grown walls, where peeped here and there the woodbine and the roses; its neatly-kept beds filled with wall-flowers and different well-known plants. Even the gate and railings were painted white, and the whole building was almost surrounded with evergreens, which protected the inmates of the cottage from storms.

The former village doctors had lived there from time immemorial, but the present one, whose family as well as his practice had increased, had to build a more commodious dwelling.

Once Annie Silverton had walked by Ivy Cottage with her husband. He said: "Who knows, little girl, but that I shall be able to live there some day."

Widow Brown came with the news that her son John would have a few weeks' work now, for a gentleman in London had taken Ivy Cottage, and wanted it to be put in proper order; and before the week was ended men were busy at work about the house and gardens.

A few days after Widow Brown came saying that a big van of furniture had arrived.

The next day Annie Silverton took her child and walked to the woods, which reminded her of days that were no more, and, in returning, she passed the cottage. Oh! how pretty all looked; the buds of spring shooting through the branches, the garden filled with spring flowers, wall-flowers that once only graced the poor man's plot now scented the air, and the birds sent forth their sweetest song. Two massive vases stood on either side of the doorway ready for plants, and a pretty rustic seat stood in front of the French window. Only for an instant was Annie tempted to look at the house, but long enough to see the pale green blinds edged with lace, and the handsome cream lace curtains. "A pretty house for some fortunate individual," said she to herself.

Then she met Widow Laoy at the gate a short distance up the road.

"Oh!" said she, "Mrs. Silverton, you is the prettiest house in the village; it is fit for a princess. You should see the

lovely statues in the hall and on the staircase, and oh! such lovely ferns and such carpets! There is an oak chest there like my great-grandfather had, only it looks quite new. How it all happens I don't know. They London chaps be up to summat; and there be two wonderfully carved chairs. The hall looks like a drawing-room, and as for it—well, it is just like fairyland. Chairs and couches covered all over with beautiful rose-colour silk, I declare; and a carpet that I was most afeared to walk on. I had to carry in the brass fender and fire irons that I cleaned up, and there was ornaments about that made the room most like a broker's shop. I just stuck fast, and did not know which way to turn, till I saw myself in the glass, and thought I looked so foolish stuck there in the middle of the room holding fender and fire-irons, that I passed on; and, would you believe it, there was shelves each side of the glass covered wi' images. I was mighty glad that it was no work of mine to do the dusting. The dining-room, now, is the picture of comfort, though it be grand too. The carpet is like velvet, come from Turkey or some such a place; but a body can turn about a bit in this room. As for the bedrooms, there's naught but brass bedsteads and cupboards standing out in the middle of the room, or next akin to it, and I can't tell what else. I saw myself from top to toe in one of them glass cupboards—my dirty face and all, and says I, 'Mary, you go down stairs where you can feel more easy in your mind'; but when I got to the kitchen the tables were as white as milk. The polished chairs I could see my face in; and there was covers, saucepans, brushes, and a heap of other things—all brand new, and the dresser was set out with plates and dishes enough for the whole village, and the cupboards were like a china shop. Says I, 'Mary, your place is in the scullery'; but, laws'e me, 'twas most as bad there. 'Two or three days ago all was empty. I cleaned the grates and floors, and the gentleman gave orders that after the furniture was in I was to go and put a polish on the whole. One of they London lasses was giving me her orders; her wasn't afeared of me taking aught I reckon, for our vicar's good lady gave me a character for honesty I know. But I have left it all now, and I be going home to me own little cot to enjoy me cup of tay, and, may be, I will be as happy as the fine lady who will live in that fairyland. When my man Jack took me away from me home, you know in Cornwall, I was glad he was taking me to another village like me own dear old home. He come all the way from Yorkshire to fetch

me thirty years ago, and somehow I've got mixed in me talk you know; but, dear 'e me, the mistress of that there house—may she be as happy as me.”

For a moment the young mother envied the mistress of Ivy Cottage, and thought that her own lot was a hard one; but when she looked into the face of her lovely boy she decided that he made amends for all losses. She returned home to her humble cot thankful for her mercies, and especially for her parents, whose latter days were being gladdened by the sweet babe who was the pet of the household.

Two days went by, and the postman appeared once again with a letter for Mrs. Bernard Silverton. It was from Abigail Josephs, with the news that she would be there that day, and she hoped to enjoy the very great pleasure of seeing Annie accept her New Year's gift. She came, but not alone. Her husband and his mother and father were with her.

The party drove in a cab to the little cottage, and after partaking of refreshment the business of the day was commenced. The early hours had been spent by the four visitors at Ivy Cottage, for the reader will have surmised who was to be its inmate.

What a sumptuous high tea was laid in the dining-room. What pleasure did our London friends experience in unpacking sundry hampers, till larder and storeroom were full of good things enough to last for many a day, and every room was full of everything which was needed. Still the house was simply if exquisitely furnished. An old servant of Mrs. Josephs was to be there till the incoming tenant could be otherwise suited.

Abigail was the first to speak. The young Jewess only thought that (the unity of her race levelling all class distinctions in her mind) the little infant was the child of a Hebrew, and its mother was to be respected accordingly.

“Annie, dear,” said she, “it is rather a difficult task for me to present you with my New Year's gift; I have been obliged to leave it on the other side of the hill.”

Annie looked up with astonishment.

“Would you mind,” continued Abigail, “coming with me to see it?”

Christian Josephs said they had better all go. Of course Annie could not leave her child, so they set out for the other side of the hill. Annie was silent, for all seemed to be wrapped in such mystery..

On and on they went, until Ivy Cottage came into view.

Then Abigail herself came forward, took the infant from its carriage, and linked her disengaged arm in that of her friend. Silently they then entered Ivy Cottage.

Even now Annie Silverton had no surmisings except that Abigail was to be a neighbour, and that in her own home she was to bestow the gift. What was her surprise, however, to be led into the drawing-room, and in the presence of her parents and the other guests to be presented with the furniture and the title deeds of the house. She could find no words until another deed was put into her hands, giving her a sum of money which would yield her an income of three hundred pounds a year.

There in this rustic spot, away from the allurements of city life, and with her simple tastes, this sum was, indeed, a fortune. One general servant of the old type and no round of visiting enabled her to keep a house of comfort, and having a house free from rent.

She could not utter a syllable; only a sob from a heart too full for words. Her father sat like a statue, and her mother was as immovable, till Annie Silverton looked up and quietly walked to her mother's side. Then she wept for joy, leaning on that mother's breast.

Abigail again linked her arm in Annie's, and showed her over the house. At last the dining-room was reached, and there the happy company enjoyed such an hour that only those know who have learned to make others glad. The simple-hearted country parents were made to feel at their ease as much as if they had been partaking of Widow Brown's hospitality.

The London party returned home. Annie's parents remained with her that night; she wanted them with her always, but much as they loved her they would not consent to stay. They were happier, as their daughter knew, in their humble cottage with their simple tastes, but Annie was enabled in many ways to make their journey down the hill of life an easier one.

Every Sunday was spent by them at Ivy Cottage, till the old man was taken to his home beyond the skies. Then, and not till then, did Annie's mother consent to give up the old home, and to pass the rest of her life with her daughter.

What happy days they spent together. Annie was well provided for; she had dearly loved her husband with all his faults, and her whole soul was absorbed in the bringing up of her son. No father did she want to rule him; so the fortunate young widow refused all advances from would-be

fortune hunters. A few there were, perhaps, who loved her for herself alone; but contentedly she lived on at Ivy Cottage till her boy grew into manhood, and went into business for himself as a successful architect in the neighbouring town.

At the period to which our story relates he had not taken unto himself a wife; he was content to spend his evenings with his beloved mother at home, and often both mother and son could be seen wending their way to the little chapel, where Bernard himself now often preached the words of life.

He had been told of his father's failings, which were the consequences of his bad training, and the young man purposed in his heart, when old enough to carry out such a resolution, that in the strength of his God he would overcome all hereditary tendency to the love of gold and gambling. He early gave his heart to his Creator, who had not disappointed him, for He who said "Those that seek me early shall find me" had fulfilled his promise. Bernard had found the Faithful Promiser, who was ever at his side in every time of need, and so the talented son of the poor weak gambler, whose end we have seen, became a credit to his God, his country, and his mother.

Often was he heard to say, "I will not disappoint you, little mother; God bless my little mother," and the sweet smile of the middle-aged woman, whose brow was now encircled with silver locks, and her "God bless you, my boy, you are a great comfort to me," repaid the youth for all his efforts put forth in the right direction. Those efforts had been crowned with success, because his first motive for right action was to glorify his Redeemer, whom he had so early learned to value.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream;

Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal."

May the reader and the writer reach that goal, and be crowned with that crown which is held out to him who overcometh.

"So here hath been dawning another new day,
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away?
Out of eternity this new day is born,
Into eternity at night will return."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE END.

THE cold, grey December sky overhead and the biting wind did not deter old and young from leaving their warm firesides to see the gaily dressed windows of some of the shops of London during the few days which intervened between then and Christmas Day, when to so many homes the absent ones would return, and light and joy beam in the eyes of many a mother and father because son and daughter were once again beneath the parental roof. Ladies enveloped in their furs, and gentlemen with closely-buttoned overcoats, were tripping gaily along, conscious of the fact that bright homes were theirs and friends to love them.

Was it so with that bent figure in the long thread-bare overcoat, his attenuated form scarcely able to bear its weight as he passed along the crowded streets, threading his way towards Whitechapel to spend his last coin in a meagre lodging-house? What work was there for such an one as he to help to keep body and soul together? Who would employ an old man of no trade, no profession, and penniless? He had borrowed money from his friends till at last they shunned him; and now, as far as he knew, he must enter the workhouse gates, starve in the streets, or beg. The latter he was ashamed to do, and so Nehemiah Silverton (for it was he) passed on unheeded and uncared for.

Twice a premium had been paid for him in his youth to be taught a trade, but no difficulties would he master. He never mastered himself or them, and when his money went he had nothing to fall back on.

Once in the moonlight he gazed on the black waters of the Thames, and then came the thought, "One plunge, and all will be over." Two men passed him at the time; they were returning from a mission service. The one said to the other, "I took for my text 'After death the judgment.'" These latter words Nehemiah Silverton heard, and walked quickly on, the words still sounding in his ears. He had not,

however, listened to the remainder of the conversation. What a comfort to know the other part of the verse, "So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many." What a mercy to know that our mighty substitute has borne our sins, so that there is no judgment for the one who believes.

These two young men had been brought up in Christian homes, had Christian mothers, and had early known the way of salvation. The poor benighted Hebrew had not been taught to observe Jewish laws; he was worse off than some of the heathen, for the latter sometimes hear the Gospel. But in the midst of our so-called Christian land this Hebrew, friendless, homeless, and penniless, moved on with no knowledge of God, beyond the fact that this God would punish him for all his sins. The days of atonement had been nothing to him; he had seldom recited his prayers, and this was so long ago that he had forgotten them.

"Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?" Christ said: "It shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the days of judgment than for the Pharisaical Jews of His day." Does not the Judge of all the earth see the homes where fathers and mothers have taught their children the way to heaven, the churches and the chapels where the ministers, Sunday after Sunday, have held up the Gospel banner and preached the way of peace? Has His pitying eye no pity for the poor outcast Hebrew, who has not possessed the advantages of so many others in our land?

Who would there be in a hurrying crowd who would notice Nehemiah? He tottered on until a light from an open door fell across his pathway; it was the light of a mission room. He dared not enter, but he heard distinctly, "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as wool." He had heard these words when a lad in the synagogue, and he remembered them now.

Oh! should he retrace his steps? He hesitated, returned, and entered, and there he heard in simple language of the Great Day of Atonement and of the one great sacrifice for sin. But he heard also that this Jesus was "God over all, blessed for evermore." He arose in anger.

The preacher had seen him enter, and was intending to speak to him, and, no doubt, would have befriended him.

"It is true," said the Jew to himself, "that the God of my people is a jealous God, and that He will not share His glory with another."

"After death the judgment." "Oh! God," said he, "it is only Thyself who can save me from that," and this was all the Gospel that he knew.

He hurried on, and that night as he tossed on his bed his mental distress was very great, seeing that the next day he must bend his steps towards Marylebone Workhouse.

The following morning, worn and weary, he sallied forth. On the way a card in the window of a photographer caught his eye, "Wanted, a man to deliver bills at the door." Nehemiah Silverton was early, but already there were many others who were eager to step forward as soon as the door opened. From behind the counter the eye of the proprietor saw the old Hebrew and the motley crowd, and before he opened the door he had purposed to engage him. There was something in his bearing which called forth the photographer's respect as well as his pity, and, besides, he thought the old Jew might attract customers by his peculiarity. So in a few moments he was engaged at a few coppers per day, and there stood Nehemiah Silverton delivering bills to passers by.

For a few moments he hesitated, preferring the shelter of the workhouse rather than be a gazing stock for the public; but he soon found out that all were too intent on their own business to be occupied much with him. Still, as he offered the papers he did not look at the recipients. From early morn to noon he stood there, when his employer said, "Get a cup of coffee and something to eat at the coffee tavern opposite," and guessing that his employé was not very well supplied with the thing needful he advanced him a trifle.

In a short time Nehemiah Silverton returned to his post, and even there his thoughts went back to those "might have beens" of his wasted hours, his wasted money, and his unprincipled actions—all of which had brought him to this. Was there no room for repentance? Almost aloud came the words, "Too late, too late."

It was now three o'clock, as Big Ben sounded out the strokes. While the Jew was handing a paper to a female passer by he did not lift his eyes, but he heard the sweet tones of a lady saying, "Mr. Silverton, I am so glad to see you." With ready tact she did not notice those papers, and the Jew looked up to see Abigail Josephs. He had no time to think, but with voice unsteady and shivering with cold said, "Abigail." He forgot for the moment his altered position, and the young wife, quickly noting all the circumstances, said, "Do you

know, I have been shopping and have had no time for luncheon. I feel quite cold and hungry. I was on my way to a restaurant; I am so glad to have met you, for you will escort me there, I am sure."

Nehemiah said, "Excuse me for a minute." He quickly laid the bills on the counter, without a word of explanation, descended the steps, and was once more at Abigail's side.

She did not hire a cab, for she had too much refinement of feeling to allow, by any act of hers, the old man at her side to feel his altered position, so the well-dressed Jewess, wrapped in her furs, walked by his side, chatting freely. As she saw the bent figure and the long white beard she saw likewise the tear, caused by strong emotion, trickling down his cheek, for now in his dire distress help had come. Oh! was it the God of Israel who was befriending him by sending this Abigail? Could it be chance?

His thoughts ran thus: "After death the judgment." "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow." If so, then what would there be left to judge—what could it mean? "If I had," said the Jew, "no sins to answer for, such treatment as this would be heaven below."

What a good dinner did Abigail order! How the poor famished body revived, and his spirits as well. Then came to him the thought of the workhouse. Should he tell Abigail? What could he do? Ah! her kind heart did not keep him long in suspense.

Again she said, "I am so glad to have met you. Have you any engagement for Christmas, because if you have none what pleasure would it give us to have you at our house?" She knew he would have no scruples as to Christmas if Christmas fare was on the table.

Nehemiah gained confidence; he imagined his appearance could not be so bad as he thought. Perhaps she had not seen his shoes. Ah! but she had, though with kindly consideration she said, "Will you for the sake of old times allow me to make you a Christmas present?" at the same time putting into his hand two five pound notes, asking him to meet her there in two hours to drive to her home.

She knew that the man who had formerly been so particular as to his appearance would soon spend the ten pounds and more, too, if he had it.

Nehemiah Silverton was speedily on his way. At an outfitter's establishment he disposed of most of his money, and

in two hours he appeared with a handbag, and was dressed as a gentleman. A portmanteau was not yet needed, his wardrobe being so scanty.

Abigail took everything as a matter of course, and the two journeyed quickly to Belmont House. Abigail introduced her husband, who warmly welcomed her Jewish friend, anxious to heap coals of fire on his head for all the injury he had done Abigail in her younger days.

Nehemiah Silverton as he rested that night said to himself, "Is this the manner of the Christians? They know how to treat their enemies." And when he awoke the next morning and beheld all the comforts he was then surrounded with, he thought all must be a dream. However, as all the circumstances of the preceding day dawned on him he performed his toilet, and descended the stairs. His hostess made him feel quite at ease by her warm welcome.

All outside was wearing its winter dress. The sky was a cloudless blue on this morning before Christmas Day. The trees of the lawn were covered with snowy crystals; it was a suitable morning for a brisk walk for those who were healthy and active. As the Jew sat enjoying his breakfast and the solace of his surroundings, he preferred to leave the walking to those over whose heads a lesser number of winters had passed.

Now there was a difficulty for the head of that household, but at all costs he must do that which was right, so summoning the servants, who took their places quietly, with Bible in hand he stepped forward to his guest, and said, "Do you object?"

His guest merely shook his head, scarcely knowing what scene was about to be enacted.

Morley Josephs read from Isaiah, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth." "After death the judgment" came like a whisper to the ear of the Jew. Then Morley Josephs turned to the Epistle to the Hebrews, and read, "'After death the judgment,' so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many." He then, in simple language, as if speaking to Sunday School children, said, "'Beside God there is no other Saviour,' and 'Without shedding of blood there is no remission.' God has become man, and has given Himself a sacrifice for the sins of the world, and by Him all who come will be saved from impending judgment."

He then offered up a simple prayer, and all was over. The

words, however, sank down into the heart of the elder Jew. He thought to himself that if none but God can save, and that by death, it cannot be an impossible plan to the God who made the worlds to devise this way of salvation. I could trust the Eternal, but how can I trust this Jesus of Nazareth unless I know He is God?

"Oh! God," said he, "help me to fathom this mystery."

He went to his room, and there was hung this illuminated text, "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God."

"I see," thought he, "I must believe that Jesus of Nazareth is God. If I were sure I would trust Him." His eye then fell on a New Testament, and for an hour, sitting before a blazing hearth, the Jew read on. He could not tell why, but he felt as if some unseen person were talking to him; and just as he was reading the first chapter of Hebrews, which attracted his attention, a servant knocked at the door, saying that the mistress wanted to speak to him.

"Oh! Mr. Silvertown," said Abigail, "I have to go to S—— to-day to see an old friend, whom I want to bring back to spend Christmas with us. Morley is too busy to accompany me, will you? We will drive to the station, and from the terminus to my friend's house, so you will have no walking."

"With pleasure," replied Nehemiah. Yet the old man would rather have been in his own room reading the wonderful Book.

In a short time they were at the railway station, pacing the platform.

"Ah!" said Nehemiah Silvertown, "the last time I was here it was to travel to the same village where you now purpose to go to-day. I had my wife and Bernard with me. The lad used to enjoy his nutting expeditions. It was in those woods that he first met his wife, I believe. Poor Bernard (this was the first time he had referred to his son), his was a sad end. I cannot enter into particulars. A friend in New York sent me a paragraph cut from a paper, giving the account of his death. The only consolation I have is that he did not die a criminal. Ah! poor boy, he was never taught the right road; I was too intent on getting money. Oh! those days that are passed; if I could but recall them. We blame the Almighty for what we bring on ourselves. If I could see my days over again how differently would I act."

"We all would do that," said Abigail; "but we can profit

by experience, and it is never too late to walk in the right road."

By this time the train was due, and the two travellers were soon at their destination. Nehemiah Silverton wiped away a tear as his eye fell on the distant village lying in the peaceful valley.

"Oh! that I could find peace, Abigail," he cried, "peace of mind, I mean. The past is full of regrets, and the future is a blank to me."

"Have you no faith in God?" was Abigail's gentle reply. "He says, 'Trust in Him at all times, ye people, pour out your hearts before Him.'"

"Yes!" rejoined he, "but I have been too great a sinner."

"Listen," continued Abigail, "'Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as wool.' 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.' 'There is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved, but the name of Jesus.' We are confined to that. Trust Him, He is Jehovah. None other could fulfil the prophecies but He. He is our Prophet, Priest, and King. He is the Son of David. Emmanuel, God with us. 'Never man spake like this man.' 'In wisdom He has made us, and died for us in love.'"

"Would He be just not to punish the violations of His law?" asked the old man. "Should man be more just than He?"

"Receive the great, grand truth," she replied, "that God was manifest in the flesh, that His own arm has brought salvation. Oh! look and live."

A faint gleam of light passed through the darkened mind of the Hebrew, and the conversation ceased.

The cab stood outside Ivy Cottage, and Bernard, seeing Abigail from the window, came down the garden path and assisted here to alight. Of course she always received a welcome, not merely for all she had done but for herself.

As Bernard, who was the *facsimile* of his late father at his age, was shaking hands with Abigail, and turning to assist her friend, his grandfather fell back in the cab, gasping, "Bernard, my boy, is it you? What does this mean? Have I lost my senses?"

"No," said Abigail, "for allow me to introduce your grandson to you."

Silently the elder Jew entered the house, and Bernard

whispered to his mother, "Little mother, there is another scene in our history to be enacted shortly. You had better order some refreshment."

She went into the drawing-room.

Abigail then said, "Allow me, Annie, to introduce to you your husband's father."

The latter thought that Abigail Josephs must be bereft of her reason.

After luncheon she retired for an hour's rest, and left mother and son to tell their own tale. The three could only ejaculate at intervals, "It is wonderful."

How Abigail shone! With her high and noble qualities, so little known by Nehemiah Silverton in the days of her sojourn in his house, now, in their exercise, she had heaped coals of fire on his head. Seated there in the vacated room he sobbed as a child.

When Abigail returned he arose, took her by both hands, and said, "I thought to have wronged you once by marrying you to Bernard, and getting your gold; I must confess—I am bound to; but what feelings must be yours in returning all my wrong doublefold in unheard-of kindness. You must be the happiest woman on earth; and is this the end of my fifteen long years of loneliness and anxiety?"

"Yes, grandfather," said a voice behind him. "Mother has sent me to ask you to make your home with us when our Christmas visit is over."

That evening, as the moon shone out, it was a pleasant sight to see the white-bearded patriarch leaning on the arm of his grandson, walking down the garden path to the cab.

Shortly all were seated around the hospitable board of Christian Josephs. There was to be a family gathering. Captain Williams and his wife were there. Hyam Josephs and his wife were in the land that knows no change. As they sowed, so had they reaped, for their children were following in their footsteps. But there was one who had not passed away, and that was Levi Josephs. He was hale and strong now at the age of ninety. The happy life of a consistent Christian, and the enjoyments of so many comforts in his daughter's home, tended to health and longevity.

The individuals who took their places that evening at the dinner table had their lives woven together in a marvellous way through the conversion of Hyam Josephs so many years before. Should we not be up and doing, and never be discouraged?

It is often said "It is hard to convert a Jew," but is there anything too hard for God? The Jew may have his prejudices, but has he not a great deal to unlearn? He who converted Saul of Tarsus is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

When dinner was over Shemuel sat in close conversation with Levi Josephs. The incident of his entrance into the Ghetto on Passover Eve he would never forget, nor the Hebrew who had befriended him. Those who were once young were now in middle life, some with their hair tinged with grey. They had not been exempt from trouble. Who are? But each one had found that the great Jehovah who guided and sheltered them, had been a shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

During the evening a letter from China arrived. Amy was still happy in her Eastern home, and had found work in that distant land. There she remained. Parents and child never met on earth again, but constant intercourse by way of regular correspondence was kept up, till Amy entered into rest in heaven, there to await her beloved parents and her brothers and sisters. Her husband had to learn, though enriched with earthly blessings, that all things change here—that this is not our rest, and he, too, is waiting to be called up thither; but he has learned also that to be longing for his days to be ended is not the longing of a faithful servant, but his desire is to do on earth the will of Him who has sent him here.

Alexander Barnard and Christian Josephs took a stroll in the garden, and were in close conversation regarding their Jewish brother Nehemiah Silverton, who joined but little in the general conversation of the evening. He felt his position of dependence, and could not help himself. To decline a home with his grandson was not to be thought of. He was thankful for all his mercies; but he would rather have been the giver than the receiver. The two friends in the garden were talking earnestly, and wondering how they could help him without his knowledge; he was too old to be offered employment by either.

At last Alexander Barnard said: "You have a family to provide for; I have none. Nehemiah demands our pity, but it would not do to let him think this. I will ask him to accept an annuity, which will help his daughter-in-law and make him independent too."

Alexander returned to the guest, and put the offer to him.

"You know, Mr. Silverton," said he, "it is my duty to

help you. At your time of life it is no good mincing matters; it is better to be plain. I have heard of your unfortunate circumstances, and you must, please, give me the privilege of making your remaining days happier than they have been of late. You are going, I hear, to Ivy Cottage; you will like to be independent. Will you accept an annuity from me that will defray your expenses when there, and give you a little over?"

"Indeed, I cannot," was the reply. "You are one of my people, no doubt; but where are the kindred ties?"

"Well, my wife is a cousin of Christian Josephs, and his son married Abigail, so you see we are all in the family."

Nehemiah thought of the workhouse, of the cold biting wind on the day when the young Jewess befriended him. Then all scruples seemed to him ridiculous, and, grasping the hand of Alexander Barnard, he said, with emotion, "May heaven bless you!"

So matters were speedily arranged, and the visit ended. Nehemiah Silverton found a happy home at Ivy Cottage.

Many a Hebrew is willing to help a weary brother battling with the turbulent waters of life's stream; whatever his faults may be he has, in general, great respect for the aged.

After all his life of fruitless toil, his scheming, and his planning, Nehemiah was glad to rest in the little quiet haven of Ivy Cottage. He was attended to like a child by his grandson, and a pleasant sight it was to see the old Hebrew reclining in his easy chair by the open window overlooking the distant hills, while the sweet perfume of the flowers was wafted in at the open window, and his grandson, with open Bible, read in simple language of the Great Prophet of his people.

As the evening bells chimed out Bernard thought of the words—

"Those evening bells, those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells;
Of youth and home and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime."

Yes, this home had been a happy home to him—this cottage in the dell. Brought up as he had been in the midst of nature, away from the allurements of city life, he was healthy

and happy; and if in some future day his business should call him into their midst he was well equipped.

How different was the early training of his poor father, and his grandfather sitting before him completely revelling in the quiet peaceful scene. The man who at one time could not live without excitement of some sort had found that happiness is not to be looked for in the busy struggle of life, only in the fulfilment of its duties. Bernard saw his look of contentment; he saw, too, that he was not long for this world. How the youth longed that his grandfather, whom he had learned to love, should one day dwell in the Holy City above.

Poor Bernard found it a hard task to convert a Jew, but there was one who could. Paul may plant, and Apollos water, but only God can give the increase.

At last no argument was of any avail "Hear, oh! Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord," was the old man's constant answer. He became weaker and weaker, and at last took to his bed.

When the Day of Atonement dawned on his pale features he was dying. His grandson said, "It is the Day of Atonement to-day." The old man brightened up. Bernard offered to moisten his lips with wine, but he steadfastly refused.

"No; let me fast," said he; "let me enter the other world with all my sins forgiven. Oh! God, grant me this favour that I may die before sunset."

He had been taught to believe that the sins of the past year would be forgiven on that day, and that he would go out of this world free.

Bernard sought again to lead him to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world; but he feebly said, "The Lord our God is one Lord." With these words on his parched lips he breathed his last, just as the sun was setting behind the western hills.

Because he could not fathom the mystery of God being manifest in the flesh he would not believe, and thus he passed out of this scene. He had had the Gospel placed before him. God had been good in closing his earthly days with mercies, but his heart was hardened. While his Jewish brethren had looked and lived, he had refused the Lamb for sinners slain. Like Thomas of old, he said, "Except I see I will not believe."

May that blessing which the Redeemer, when on earth, vouchsafed to those who have not seen and yet have believed, rest on many a son and daughter of Israel in every clime.

“Believing I rejoice,
To see the curse removed ;
And bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing redeeming love.”

Hail! blissful day, when redeemed creation will join in one
to chant the glorious lay—

“All hail the power of Jesu’s name,
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.”

THE END.