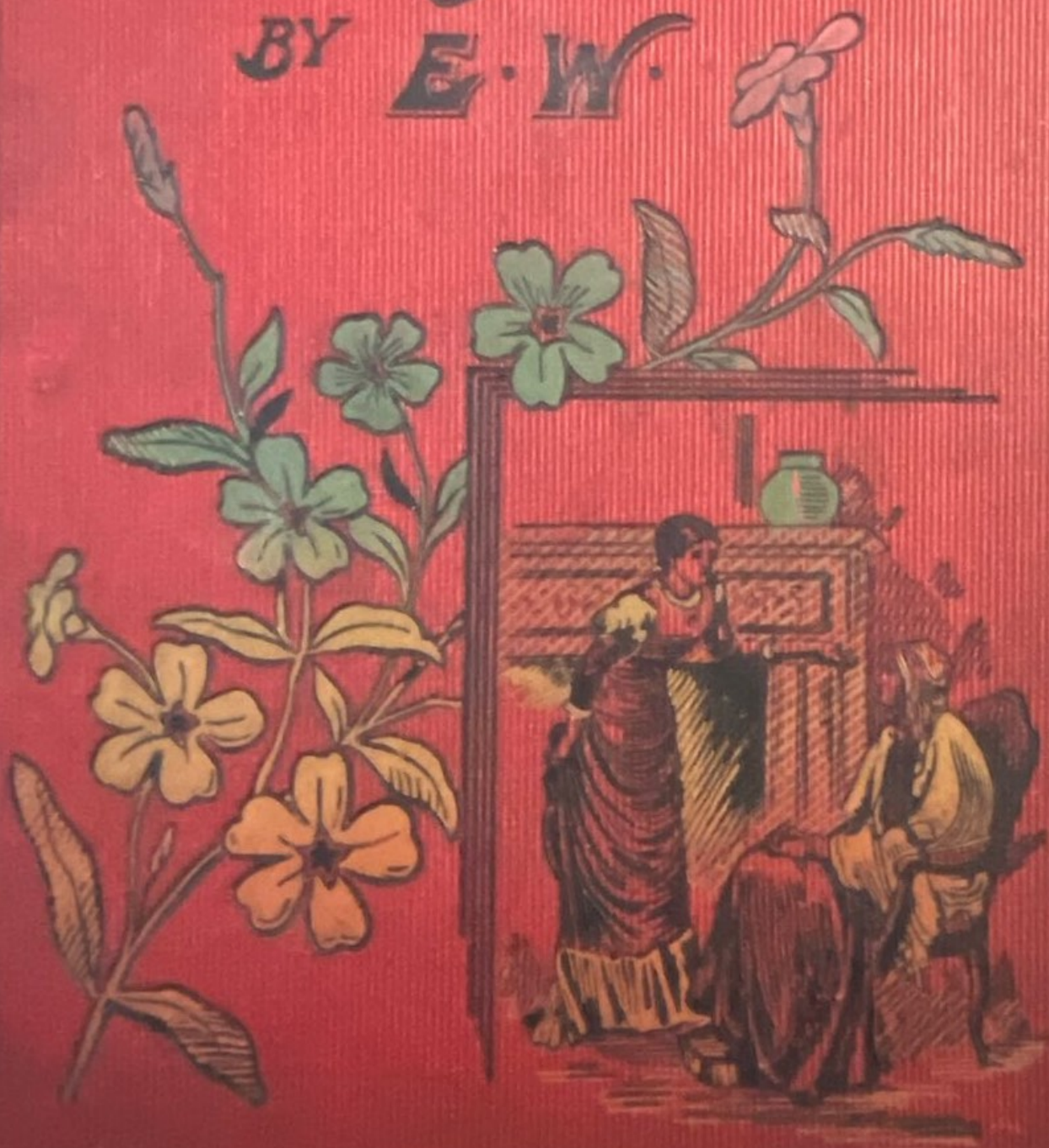


# LEAH WOLFE

BY E. W.



LEAH WOLFE.







LEAH'S HOME ON THE RHINE SEE PAGE 10.



LEAH WOLFE:

The Converted Jewess.

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By E. W.

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# LEAH WOLFE: THE CONVERTED JEWESS.



## CHAPTER I.

### LEAH'S HOME ON THE RHINE.



N the early part of the present century there lived in one of our continental cities a wealthy Jew of the tribe of Benjamin. He was a shrewd business man, had amassed a large fortune, and at this stage of our history, more than sixty winters had come and gone within his memory.

As you beheld his stalwart frame, his snowy silken locks, the high nose of his race surmounted by spectacles, with eyes

that still retained some of their youthful fire, and above all, his noble expression and bearing, you would be led to wonder why this son of Abraham should be retiring from the business world and seeking rest.

A lovely spot was chosen on the banks of the beautiful Rhine—a villa standing within its own grounds, and surrounded by trees of luxuriant growth, except where the eye, from the lawn in front of this picturesque dwelling, could rest on the distant slopes covered with vineyards, or on the silver Rhine meandering between lofty and craggy hills.

On a lovely spring evening, just as the sun was shedding his golden rays on the western hills, a carriage was seen to be driven up the winding path that led to the hall door of Karlsruhe Villa, and Hyam Wolfe, our Hebrew friend, assisted a lady to alight, and also a slender girl of about sixteen summers. The elder of the two ladies was Hyam's wife, Sarah, and the young girl was the daughter of her son, Benjamin.

Sarah Wolfe was a Jewess, and rather



under the medium height. Her face was one of great beauty, and of an unusually fair complexion, with golden hair and blue eyes. She formed quite a contrast to the maiden at her side, with her handsome face, marked features, dark eyes, and raven hair. The whole countenance bespoke great strength of character in one so young.

Leah was the only daughter of Benjamin Wolfe. He had married a Jewess, and was now in London, a busy worker in the mercantile world.

On leaving Frankfurt-on-the-Main, his native place, he had allowed his parents to adopt Leah, that the girl might be a companion for his mother. Leah had been with her grandparents about two years when she received the pleasant news that her future home would be on the banks of the lovely Rhine.

Leah was brought up strictly in the faith of her fathers. Every feast was kept. The wearied body of Hyam, made so by the constant repetition of his prayers, had often led Leah to wonder why the God of

Israel should demand so much. She had been instructed in traditions more than in the scriptures. Of late years she attended a synagogue in a town some miles distant, and on the Day of Atonement, from morn till sunset, had she watched her grandsire and other Jews at their ceaseless prayers ; at the sound of the ram's horn her heart bounded to know that the ceremony was over for that year. Leah saw her grandmother with energy and with earnestness, superintending the cleansing of Carlsruhe Villa just before the Passover, and had joined with the others in the Paschal Feast. At the sound of heaven's artillery—the thunders pealing and the lightning flashing, she was one of the first to rush to open the windows, and with eyes eagerly turned towards the blackened clouds, would she gaze in expectation of the Messiah. Leah knew not then that the Messiah of the Hebrew race had already come—knew not that the Jehovah-Jesus had by one sacrifice atoned for her guilt ; but a time did come when with heart and voice she could say :—

“Lo ! He comes with clouds descending,  
Once for favoured sinners slain ;”

and

“Nought for sin could e’er atone,  
But Thy blood and Thine alone.”

God’s Spirit was working in her, and she was beginning to find out in the midst of that Jewish household, that the Creator of all the beauties seen around must be a God of love.

Why were all these lovely flowers? The exquisite scenery for the eye to rest on, here in the abode that was prepared for man, if Jehovah was not a God of love?

An accomplished Jewess was her constant companion (except when Leah was with her grandmother) ; but accomplished as she was, she lived only for this world. Nothing troubled her ; a liberal salary to spend on the adornment of her body was all she cared for ; so, to Hannah Levi, Leah could not tell her thoughts.

One night, weary with the repetition of her prayers, she closed her prayer-book, on one page of which was Hebrew, on the other the German language, and



with hands firmly clasped and with earnest up-turned look, she cried to the God of her fathers to give her light. None ever cry to Him in vain.

The God of Israel was working with two other members of this family at the same time, and when "He makes bare his arm," who can hinder His work?

"God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform—  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm."

Leah had none on earth to whom she could turn, and ere sleep closed her eyelids that night, had resolved to commence the scriptures. The New Testament, the key to the old, she only knew by name, and ere that precious volume was put into her hands, her own scriptures—the writings of Moses, the Prophets, and the Psalms)—like Timothy of old, were known by her, and in God's own time their wondrous meaning in a great measure was unfolded to her. Like Daniel, she looked into the scriptures, and like Daniel was beloved. She saw no angel vision ;

but, though unseen, God's spirit was working.

She was left alone for two years with the scriptures that had been handed down to the Gentile races by her own people, and then her fathers' God gave her the key in His own way to unlock the treasures.

Benjamin Wolfe had written a letter to his father, the contents of which Leah saw her grandfather earnestly scanning ; and then with livid face and trembling hand he passed the missive to his wife, whose agitation led her at once to leave the room.

Leah had always eagerly listened to her father's letters, which were read aloud till now, either by Hyam or by Sarah, and although the poor girl had seen the envelope and knew so well her father's handwriting, she saw all this commotion, and intuition bade her to be silent.

By the same mail that brought her grandfather's letter from his son, her heart had invariably been made glad by one from her mother. But now even

this was denied her ; not by Rebekah, however, for there was a letter for her ; but Hyam, fearing the contents were like his own, had intercepted it.

Leah went to her favourite nook, a shady seat in the garden, and amidst the perfume of the flowers and the twittering of the feathered songsters, she gave vent to a flood of tears. All seemed dark, all appeared against her. The clouds looked sombre indeed. Her horizon was obscured ; but the silver lining was behind. The Sun of righteousness was there and shedding His golden rays.

“ Through waves, through clouds and storms,  
God gently clears the way ;  
We wait His time, so shall the night  
Soon end in blissful day.”







## CHAPTER II.

### BENJAMIN'S BELIEF IN JESUS OF NAZARETH.

**B**ENJAMIN WOLFE, when just on the threshold of manhood, had won the heart of Rebekah Isaacs, the daughter of a Jewish elder. She had been brought up strictly in the faith of her fathers. In the midst of luxury her days had been spent. No care had set on her brow.

Underneath the canopy erected in her father's drawing-room for the marriage ceremony, she stood with Benjamin, and shared with him the wine in the glass goblet handed to them. When the bridegroom had trampled on the vessel he had smashed into fragments that could never again be united, his heart bounded with joy that in like manner he and his newly made

bride could never be disunited, but were one for ever.

When the ceremony was over, the plighted pair sat down to the bridal feast and none guessed that ere long the families that then seemed so united were destined to know sorrows of which a Gentile reader has but little conception.

After travelling for a few weeks, Benjamin brought his bride to a lovely suburban home of London, and then went heart and soul into the branch business given him to manage by his father.

Hyam well knew whom he had trusted ; for Benjamin's business capabilities were far beyond the average, and those who came into contact with him knew well the character of the keen, dark-eyed young Hebrew. Still, in all his dealings he was strictly just. His ambition was to do right for right's sake ; for this he laboured, in this he excelled.

The Christian, we know, has a higher standard for his action, but many fall short of it, and Benjamin Wolfe would have shamed such.

His business prospered far beyond all expectation. Hyam's coffers were fast filling. The business at Frankfurt was sold to the highest bidder, and the proceeds turned to other channels. Benjamin's salary was increased, for he had no share in the concern. This, however, did not trouble him, for he was confident that all his father's wealth would fall to his lot.

The father of Rebekah, a man of great wealth, and as shrewd as Hyam, gave his daughter no marriage portion. He preferred keeping his gold till his exit from this world, to risking the thousands he had allotted for Rebekah in Hyam Wolfe's speculations.

Both Benjamin and Rebekah accepted silently their position as to pecuniary matters, believing that a few years would bring them all they needed.

Benjamin and Rebekah, however, were destined for greater treasures than any that Jewish coffers could ever provide them. A mine of wealth was to be exposed to their view—the priceless treasure

of the love of the God of Israel, made known to them through Jehovah-Jesus.

One day during the hour allowed for dinner, a clerk, whom Benjamin had set his mark upon as being most punctual to time, energetic in business, and correct in his accounts, was seated at his desk reading. The day was wet, and Ernest B. had not gone out to his usual mid-day meal. He was a sincere young Christian. He endeavoured to do that which was right, as did his master, but not from the same motive. He had a higher and holier standard. He knew the source of power, and to the Fountain-head he repaired. At heaven's mercy-seat—the eternal throne of grace—he often bowed the knee, and the suppliant was ne'er denied.

For the same reason that Ernest had for keeping indoors, so did his Jewish master, and thus unexpectedly they met.

Benjamin won the respect of all his employés. His multifarious duties never kept him from bestowing the smile of encouragement on the steady worker, and

this did not come alone. Whoever was entitled to an increase of salary had never a cause to complain, and those who deserved it not could, but in their hearts acknowledge his justice.

Ernest looked up in surprise at the unexpected visit of Benjamin Wolfe, and the latter was as equally surprised to see his clerk so engaged, and as Ernest stood before Benjamin the quick eye of the man of the world detected something in the whole expression and bearing of his junior clerk that called forth his profound respect.

Ernest said, "Pardon me, sir, for not sooner observing your entrance; but I was so wholly absorbed with the world's best book."

"Oh indeed! What is the title?"

Ernest's mouth seemed closed. He knew the hatred of the Jew to the Saviour. He could not bear to have that precious name profaned, so he held out his pocket Testament to his master. Benjamin read the title, returned it silently to its owner, and then passed quickly on.

In the midst of business that day this incident was forgotten by the manager of that establishment. Some days passed away, and the face of Ernest appeared once more before Benjamin Wolfe. A business transaction caused the christian youth to be called before his employer.—an error in the department in which Ernest B. was a clerk had been made. As the quick eye of the Jew ran over the pages of the ledger it was to see no error there, but the accounts were so accurately penned that they called forth the wonder of the master in one so young ; and as the clerk left the office the same expression of peace arrested the attention of Benjamin Wolfe.

That summer evening, as he paced the garden path of his suburban residence his business was forgotten—only the junior clerk of the S. department filled his thoughts. The only son of the wealthy Jew could fill his mind with the vision of Ernest B., the widow's son. He knew nothing of his lovely christian character, how he was working with such application

and perseverance in order to provide a home for his widowed mother; she had trained her boy in the knowledge of the scriptures handed down to her by the very race to whom the employer of her son belonged. Her labour and her prayers had not been in vain: Ernest very early, before he had to ascend the platform of life, where temptations are on every hand, had found that One who could shield him all life's journey through, and at last give to him an eternal home purchased by His own life's blood.

“ Amazing truth ! the blood of One,  
Who without usurpation could  
Lay claim to heaven's eternal throne.”

Benjamin's earnest wish was to be possessed of the Christian's Book, which gave an account of the Nazarene, and his busy brain was set in motion contriving how he could obtain the possession of one. To go boldly into a bookseller's shop and purchase the volume he had not the courage. With all the moral force he was master of he could not make the effort



to buy the Christian's book this way, so wrote requesting a publisher to send it the writer, care of Post Office, K. (enclosing enough to cover cost), which was far from his business or residence.

The reader will perhaps wonder at all this precaution. Benjamin knew the persecution in store for one who had imbibed the christian faith.

The morning came for this expected packet, and ere that man of business entered his office he fetched with eagerness the parcel, and hastily put it into a place of safety.

As that day he met and transacted business with men of the world, how little did they think that the keen-eyed young Jew before them had in his possession the key to unlock to him that which was for his eternal welfare!

How many of the business world, who conversed with Benjamin that day, had Sunday after Sunday heard from Benjamin's treasured volume "wonderful words of life" in some of old England's venerable piles, and yet week after week had passed

out among the seething crowds only to forget!

When a Hebrew is really and truly a believer in Jesus, there is none more devout. He has previously known the God of Israel as the great Jehovah, to the godly Jew a hallowed Name, and when he knows Him to be Jehovah-Jesus, God over all, blessed for evermore, he is ever mindful that his Saviour is his God. There is no levity in his praying, or in his attitude.

He never forgets that the Man Christ Jesus is the same who commanded the Israelitish leader, Joshua, of old to take his shoes from off his feet, for the ground whereon he stood was holy. The bride of Christ is one with the Bridegroom, but He can never share His eternal glory—that which He possessed as the eternal Son of God ; He wears that crown alone.

Benjamin, with his newly-found treasure, was now at a loss to know when he would be able to read it. He dared not tell his wife.

That day, when all his employes were at

their mid-day meal, except a few left in charge, he locked the door of his private office, after having given orders that he was not to be disturbed for one hour, and there alone, with no eye upon him but the eye of the great Unseen, this son of Abraham took out the forbidden treasure.

Earnest prayers had gone up from the widow and her son for Benjamin Wolfe's conversion, and those prayers were about to be answered. No teacher but the divine Teacher was his, and no other did he want.

He resolved to begin the Book and go through it. That which is foolishness to the man of the world, unless taught by the Spirit of God, came with all its sublime teachings in full force on this young Jew. The genealogy in the first chapter of Matthew gave him much to think of; He felt assured that the Son of David was the Nazarene. The beautiful teachings on the Mount of that One whom he had been taught to despise, riveted his attention. Those holy teachings could emanate from no other but a holy Person.

Many an hour was now occupied in the reading of this wonderful book. The Saviour's death and His resurrection, read for the first time by Benjamin, sounded wondrous indeed. The first chapter of St. John he read with amazement, and there saw and believed that Jesus, the Son of David, was the eternal Son of God. Like Thomas of old, he cried, "My Lord and my God." And when he read of the weary Man, asleep in the side of the vessel on that stormy sea, with awe and reverence he perused the tale how that God-man, arising with all the majesty of His God, had said, "Peace, be still"—and at His command all was wrapped in silence.

By the account of St. Paul's conversion he knew that he was a Jew, and for this reason read with profound interest his Epistle to the Roman Christians, and ere the end of that inspired epistle was reached, Benjamin was convinced that he himself "came short of the glory of God." Near as he might approach the standard, he came short of it. Benjamin had been blameless in the outward keeping of the

law, like the inspired apostle, who had been brought up at Gamaliel's feet—the renowned Jewish teacher of the law; but like the apostle he found that he was a sinner, and, as such, could never enter God's holy presence, and his heart was one with Paul, who, in Romans vii, told the Roman Christians what he had felt when trying to make himself better. He came to the end of himself, and cried, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" He took as a figure one of the Roman deaths, that of tying a corpse to the living prisoner. After the ceaseless effort of trying to do right, he found he had no power, and then with holy joy he found out his only deliverer, God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Therefore by His efficacious sacrifice there is no condemnation to those who stand before God through Jesus their blessed Substitute.

After the endless rites of the Mosaic economy that his forefathers had to go through, the ever-recurring sacrifices which shewed that none were perfect, Benjamin bowed his head in reverence and with

gratitude ; first, in contemplating, and then in believing and resting the eternal welfare of his soul on the mighty sacrifice made for him :

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

“But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Took all our guilt away,  
A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood than they.”

For some time Rebekah had noticed her husband to be silent and thoughtful. Her quick eye and her intuition made her feel that there was something unusual on his mind. He was so absorbed that he had not noticed his wife's careworn brow.

She had a heavy trouble that Benjamin could not dream of, and the wife that till now, during all their married life, had never possessed a secret from him, was at this time being borne down with the weight of one.

On the evening of an eventful day,

Benjamin came home as usual. That day by faith he had laid his hand on the Lord Jesus ; not, however, like his ancestors, who had confessed their sins on the live goat, and by virtue of the sin-offering the animal had been sent into the wilderness, a land of forgetfulness. Benjamin had not only through believing had one year's sins forgiven, like the ancient Israel of God ; but all his sins were gone ; "as far as the east is from the west," so far had God removed them. So satisfied was He with the atoning sacrifice, that He had raised the holy Jesus from among the dead, and seated Him on His own throne, within the glorious courts of heaven—the throne of God and of the Lamb. Who but God could sit there? Jehovah said, "I will not share my glory with another." So the Man Christ Jesus must be God over all, blessed for evermore :

"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."

As Benjamin entered the threshold of

his dwelling, his bright, peaceful look attracted the attention of the servants, as he passed quickly on. Rebekah had been eagerly listening for that well-known tread, and then, not till then, as he beheld her, did he notice her altered look.

In the garden, in the twilight hour, what words passed between husband and wife we will give in a chapter later on. Enough to say that Benjamin at all cost determined not only to believe in his heart the Lord Jesus, but to confess Him with his mouth. At the throne of grace he sought the help he needed for such a time. His prayer was heard, and his request was granted in a way far above all he could have asked or thought :

“Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.”







## CHAPTER III.

### REBEKAH'S UNEXPECTED CONVERSION.

**R**EBEKAH had been brought up strictly in the faith of her fathers. She had often read the Jewish scriptures—the words of the Israelitish leader, “Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one God.” And thus no credence did she give, or lend a listening ear, but to that which was read sabbath after sabbath in the synagogue she was accustomed to attend. She however, like her daughter Leah, was naturally a woman of character. Hers was a mind that had learned to think.

Many of her Jewish female relatives never troubled about anything. Gaiety and dress were all they needed. Even

the prayers they were glad they had to leave to the male portion of the community to recite. But Rebekah was not like these. She had read "Without shedding of blood there is no remission," and although on the Day of Atonement she went with others to the synagogue, the sound of the ram's horn sent no joy to her heart. She could read of the mercy-seat of pure gold, upon which God's glory rested within the inner veil of the tabernacle on the sandy desert amidst stormy scenes and stormy times. But there seemed no mercy-seat now that even the priest could bow before.

Not like her Jewish sisters, she could not believe all the traditions of her fathers that women were not responsible. Traditions did not satisfy her, and only here and there did she know the scriptures. But a time was fast approaching when she could say, "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin;" and :

"From every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woe,  
There is a calm, a sweet retreat,  
'Tis found before the mercy-seat."

These serious thoughts of Rebekah were forgotten for a time in her approaching marriage : but when she had settled in her husband's English home her old reasonings would crop up again.

One day when alone, she looked again at the Psalms, and her eye fell on those soul-stirring words, "Trust in him at all times, ye people, pour out your heart before him." There did Rebekah in simplicity kneel, and poured out her heart to her Jehovah. She knew that there was no earthly mercy-seat, no sacrifice, no priest, but she felt that the God of Israel must be a God of love to invite His people to such a confidence ; so she bowed herself before her father's God, and pleaded for deliverance in some way from this unsettled state of mind. "God," who "moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform," heard her cry and sent her help.

The next day she received a small packet by post, with a short note from a valued friend, a school-fellow who had found out a Saviour's love through a governess. The lady had not been asked by





the girl's parents to be silent as to "the Nazarene." This was through carelessness on their part, for they were godless Jews.

The girl, through much persecution, had confessed her Saviour, and one day she seemed impelled to send a New Testament to her old friend.

Rebekah had heard of the Christian's Book, and at the name of Jesus on the title-page, her heart beat and her pulse throbbed. She felt she was treading on forbidden ground. She eagerly scanned the pages of the little volume till her eye rested on the Epistle of Paul to the Hebrews, which title arrested her attention, and she read it from the beginning to the end. There she learned that the Nazarene, whom she had been taught to despise, was the eternal Son of God. In Him all the brightness and majesty of the Godhead shone, and by Him the heavens and the earth were created.

Farther on she read that the priest, who entered the inner court of the temple (in which her forefathers had worshipped) by



the blood of the sacrifice, was a type of Jesus the great High Priest, who had entered the glorious courts of heaven by His own blood. The right of entrance was His at any time while here on earth ; but as the Substitute for sinners, expiation must be made. She read in chapter xi of the number of witnesses who had overcome by faith, and, like her father Abraham, it was not long ere she "looked for a city whose builder and maker is God," eternal in the heavens.

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

Yes, reader ; sin, the barrier to God's presence, has been for ever put away by the infinite sacrifice. The One who demanded, gave. Atonement must be made, if the sinner were to be saved ; but thanksgiving be to the great Jehovah,

He is a God of love, as well as a God of light, and now, through that mighty atonement, a heavenly home is offered to all earth's weary denizens throughout the eternal ages. He who dwells in unseen light, who spoke to His favoured people through the priest, who once a year only, came into the holiest court of the tabernacle and temple in ages past, because of sin, is now so fully satisfied that He, as it were, comes out with extended arms and reveals Himself in Jesus, saying : " Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Poor tempest-tossed sinners on this world's stormy billows, there is no other pilot but Jesus, no other ark but He, who can bear thee safely across life's stormy wave, and at last anchor thee safely within the haven of that blissful harbour, upon whose smooth, waveless waters the Sun of righteousness will for ever shed His golden beams.

" Jesus, Lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,



While the billows near me roll,  
While the tempest still is high,  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past."

Rebekah with intense interest read of the mighty sacrifice, and then she was led to read the account of the crucifixion in the Gospel of St. John.

The fifty-third chapter of Isaiah she had been always taught to believe was a prophecy of Jeremiah, "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all," her people thought had reference to that prophet; but the Spirit of the mighty God taught her by His scriptures that Jesus of Nazareth was the Lamb of God who took away the sin of the world. At once she believed that Isaiah's prophecy referred to Jesus of Nazareth. That same prophet wrote: "Beside me there is no other Saviour, for I am God, and there is none else."

When her eye fell on the opening chapter of Revelation, she saw that her only Saviour and God was Jesus, who said, "I am the first and the last: I am he that liveth, and was dead."

Oh, who is there that has read and believed the history of the King of glory leaving heaven's eternal throne, to become a man and walk this earth that He had called into being, and at last give up His life, that He might be enabled in righteousness to take those creatures whom He loved so well, back to His glorious home—that can but bow in holy reverence and thanksgiving to the Author of it all?

“Great God of wonders, all Thy ways  
Are matchless, wondrous, and divine!”

But the work of redemption far exceeds our loftiest conception. The height, depth, length, and breadth of Thy love can never be fathomed!

“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.”

Both Rebekah and Benjamin had these Testaments for about the space of six months, and at the same time; but dared

not tell each other, fearing the consequences. Now that both had found that peace which passeth knowledge in simply believing in Jesus, they both felt that the secret could be kept no longer.

Rebekah had prayed to be delivered from the pressure that this secret proved to her naturally candid nature. Constant worry of mind had so undermined her constitution, that even her usual moral courage was affected thereby.

For many days she resolved to confess all to Benjamin ; but God's time was not yet come.

“ God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform,  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

“ Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up His bright designs,  
And works His sovereign will.”





## CHAPTER IV.

### THE CONFESSION.



ONE lovely summer evening, when the sun was shedding his golden beams on the western horizon, Benjamin went in search of his wife, and found her in her favourite seat in the garden.

She was suffering from nervous prostration, and at the sound of her husband's footsteps her heart beat and a pallor stole over her face. She knew if she confessed her Saviour, that she would be an outcast from her family, would be mourned for as dead ; so the conflict was very great.

How often it is that the clouds we so much dread are big with mercy, and oft "break in blessings on our head."

Benjamin, now free from himself and the workings of his mind, and having also left his burden at the cross of Calvary, came towards his wife with a countenance whose whole expression bespoke :—

“ A mind at perfect peace with God.”

Rebekah wondered at the change, and it gave her confidence, so ere Benjamin had time to speak, she sprang towards him, gazing wistfully into his face. She then said, “ I have a confession to make to you.”

The handsome, dark-eyed Jew gazed with wonder on the wife of his bosom having aught to confess to him, for he thought he had her fullest confidence, forgetting for the moment the secret that rested in his own breast.

“ Well, my wife, what secret can you have from me ? ”

“ A secret that I have no wish to keep from you ; but I fear the consequences.”

“ Let not fear dwell with Rebekah.”

“ Benjamin, I have read the Christian's Book. Our own scriptures I well knew by



IN THE GARDEN.



letter, but the Christian's Book has made our own scriptures so plain to me that all the endless sacrifices of our forefathers could never atone to Jehovah for sin ; they were only shadows of the great sacrifice that the Christians believe in ; and, Benjamin, I believe in Him, too."

The silence which reigned nerved her to go on so long, and when she feared the wrath of the husband she loved so well, she heard the deep tones of his voice uttering :

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name."

There in that twilight hour did Benjamin breathe into the ear of his beloved wife the story of his belief in the Nazarene.

Silent indeed was the wife till the tale was told, for joy and wonder so filled her that words could not express ; but when these failed her, a flood of tears came to her relief, and the long-pent-up feelings found an exit which relieved that loving heart and fevered brow ; then leaning on the arm of her husband, Rebekah entered the house—now henceforth the



house of those who could say, with Joshua of old, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

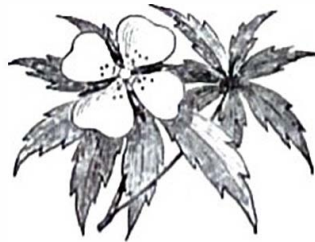
"Guide us, O Thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrims through this barren land ;  
We are weak, but Thou art mighty,  
Guide us with Thy powerful hand.  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed us till we want no more !"

A time soon came when these two had none but their Jehovah to look to for the bread that perisheth.

Now Benjamin and his wife had set out for the heavenly city, their whole care was to get their daughter Leah away from the influence of her Jewish grandparents. The contents of the letter that Hyam had received from his son with this intent, caused the former genuine grief and consternation. The zeal without knowledge led him to cast off his only son and mourn for him as dead. Seven days he and Sarah fasted, seven days they mourned ; but all this could never erase that only son from their

memory, from the memory of those who had been so proud of their only boy. Well might it be said by them :

“ Where is my wandering boy to-night,  
The boy of my tenderest care,  
The boy that was once my joy and light,  
The child of my love and prayer ? ”





## CHAPTER V.

### LEAH'S RETURN TO HER FATHER'S HOUSE.

**L**EAH was much relieved by that flood of tears. She returned to the house, went to her own room, and endeavoured to put away all traces of weeping, and then sought for her grandmother, but nowhere could she be found ; so Leah surmised that she must be gone to pay a visit. And now again the poor girl felt her loneliness, for the carriage had never been ordered by her grandmother without Leah always being by her side whenever the former went for her usual morning drive. Yes, there was but one occupant in Hyam Wolfe's carriage that morning, and that was his wife.

In her lonely drive she had time to meditate. She knew well the law in the

Book of Deuteronomy, as to those who turned away from the faith of their fathers, and he who embraced the christian faith was accounted by her and her people an idolater. At the mouth of two witnesses the guilty man or woman was stoned, and now that the land of her fathers was in the hands of the Turk, the glorious temple gone, and the Jewish nation scattered over the face of the earth, the Mosaic law is not forgotten. Sabbath after Sabbath is it read, and the Jew who has proved by his own scriptures that Messiah has come, and who becomes a humble worshipper of the "Nazarene," is as much dead to his nearest kin (if they act up to the faith of their fathers) as if he were stoned to death.

Who can enter into that mother's feelings? the zeal without knowledge led her on, and ere one week passed away, she and her husband were ready to cast off their only son!

The day after the receiving Benjamin's letter. Sarah took her granddaughter for a morning drive; but here again the girl was troubled, for the silence, together with

the anxious look of her grandmother, made her feel assured that all was connected with her dear parents, and thus day after day went and still no tidings. Her long-expected letter she had never received, and now in that Jewish household all was gloom, all was sorrow.

Some weeks after this drive, another letter came addressed to Hyam Wolfe, but not this time from his son, but from a lawyer.

Benjamin could get no reply to the letters he had sent from time to time, and now fearing the influence on their only child the father had sought redress in the law of the land. This process was painful indeed to the stricken parents of Leah ; but to Hyam and Sarah the effect was to bring down all their ire on their son, and in a short time the sender of that letter had to feel that " When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

Benjamin demanded his daughter, and stated through his lawyer that on the 10th June, 18—, at 2 P.M., a carriage would be in waiting at the gates of Carlsruhe Villa,

and Benjamin would be there to receive his child. At the time appointed, the carriage was there, but Benjamin was not the only occupant.

Hyam, as has been already stated, was a shrewd man. He saw it was of no use for him to fight against the law. He liked, too, to take life easily if possible. So about one hour after he had received the letter, Leah was handed her mother's letters.

Again she sought her favourite nook in the garden, and there, through blinding tears, she perused the contents of her mother's letters, taking them in order, date after date. The first one shewed to her the love of her mother, who had not forgotten her. But with what emotion did Leah peruse the contents? There she found that her mother had renounced the faith of her fathers ; that she was a follower of the Nazarene, and that Leah was requested to return home at once.

Her quick perception saw in a moment the course of events that had transpired during the past few weeks. The retention

of the letters, the sorrowful looks of her grandparents, their reticence, and underneath, the joy at the prospect of seeing her beloved parents, was the deep pang of parting from her grandparents.

She had been taught to reverence and love them, and hers was a nature that could not easily shake off natural ties. She knew, according to the present course of events that even when she became of age, and was able to choose for herself, if she clung to the one she must lose the other. No words as to her return passed between herself and her grandparents. At the dinner-table they were kind and gentle to her—nothing more. They loved Leah and dreaded the parting, but they knew it was inevitable.

Well was it for Leah that she had not much time for thought. Her grandmother told her that she must prepare for leaving Carlsruhe Villa on the following day, and amidst her busy preparations, although attendants did most of the business, the dread of leave taking was for a few hours forgotten.





CARRIAGE WAITING FOR LEAH.





Yes, Leah ; to-morrow's sun, thou think-est, thou wilt never see sinking behind the western horizon from Carlsruhe Villa again. The silver Rhine with all its beauties thou wilt bid farewell to. But soon, very soon, thou wilt behold the Sun of righteousness shining into thy poor soul, and one day, when thou biddest adieu to earth, thou wilt gaze on the pure river of God in the eternal city above.

The following day, the day of departure, Leah was told by her companion that at 2 p.m. there would be a carriage waiting for her at the gates, and that her grandparents had requested her to bid Leah farewell for them, and that they had departed for Frankfort. Leah said, in deep distress, "Oh, shall I never see them more? Why, why did they go away?" And then a paroxysm of tears was the consequence of this message.

The poor girl desired to be left alone. She read Psalm cvii. : "Then they cried unto the Lord in their distress, and he delivered them." She cried, too, and God heard that prayer.

After partaking of refreshment she felt somewhat better, and at last the hand of her watch was within five minutes of two o'clock. She rose and walked slowly and alone down the avenue. The gate was opened to her and she passed out with downcast eyes; she dared not lift them till she heard the sound of carriage wheels, and when the vehicle stopped, it was only the work of a moment for her to be in her father's arms. He, seeing by one quick glance all that his child must have gone through, lifted her tenderly into the carriage, and then in a moment she was resting her head on her mother's breast.

Quickly the carriage was driven to the nearest town, where pleasant lodgings had been taken for a few days, in order to give all rest of body and mind. There, at the evening meal, Leah gazed with wonder at the bowed head of her father, and listened to the thanksgiving he offered up in the name of Jesus.

Ere that family gathering broke up for the night, Leah heard from her father's lips such a prayer that she thought could

only have been read from her prayer-book, were it not for the name of the Nazarene. How troubled did she feel to hear Him addressed as God over all, blessed for evermore, when the same one who was offering up that prayer had often uttered those words, "Hear, O Israel! the Lord our God is one Lord."

Yes, reader; well we know there is but one God, but that God has shewn Himself in three Persons; and because our finite minds cannot grasp the infinite, should we suppose for one moment that this cannot be? "Very God and very Man" is our Jesus—"yet there are not three Gods, but one God."

The time came for the channel to be crossed, and after a somewhat stormy passage, parents and child were on English soil.

Leah found rest in her father's home for a time, and what was better still, her parents' earnest prayers were answered and she too became a follower of Jesus of Nazareth.





## CHAPTER VI.

### LEAH'S CONVERSION.



WITH profound interest Leah had read the whole of her scriptures, ere she left Carlsruhe Villa ; but their spiritual meaning was not yet revealed to her. Why all the sacrifices had to be offered she knew not. The history of her people from the call of Abraham down to the Babylonish captivity, her intellectual mind had grasped. From history she learned how many of those prophecies had been fulfilled, and that literally, and who but the God of Israel could foretell events centuries before they came to pass ?

With what eagerness did she read of

the fall of Babylon—earth's greatest city and one of her people's greatest enemies. Those temples, palaces, and streets, now lying in waste heaps, that were once the pride of Israel's foes. Archways built on archways to support the terraces of hanging gardens that were built on a level with Babylon's mighty walls—those walls that led her people so to boast in their fancied safety. But what were these to the God of the universe? He had permitted Babylon's proud princes to chastise His people, because of His people's sin; but the nations who did so escaped not His wrath. How literally did Cyrus, king of Persia, together with other nations who had crouched beneath the Babylonish yoke, fulfil His word. Who but the God of wisdom could have suggested to king Cyrus to turn the course of the great Euphrates, that now flows in majesty through the silent mementos of some of Babylon's ancient glory? When Jehovah makes bare His arm, who can stay His power? What a night was that when Belshazzar and his lords were feasting,

and desecrating the holy vessels of the temple of God ; and Cyrus with his mighty army walked up between the banks of Babylon's river ; when the shout of the multitudes outside the palace stopped for one moment the noise of revelry in those palace halls, and the two-leaved gates were opened to know the cause, and the Persian hosts marched on, and mighty Babylon was fallen; just as Jehovah had predicted.

Again Leah read of the ruins of Edom and of Mo'ab—of infidels who were eye-witnesses of the magnificent ruins, the mementos of the past—those very infidels bearing witness, though unconsciously, by the descriptions they give of the truth of the scriptures, which had so minutely described the fall of these countries.

Ruins of magnificent houses built in the rocks for safety, of amphitheatres, palaces, and temples, that were once resplendent with earth's glories—the architecture, taste, and learning displayed by these inhabitants are surpassing ; and yet these very people

could bow down at the shrine of other gods !

Leah, after tracing the history of her people, traced also, as far as she could, the history of their enemies, and found by her own scriptures that her own beloved people would build, sow, and reap on that very land whose inhabitants had so enslaved her forefathers. Not an Edomite lives to tell of his country's fall, for, as God predicted, not one should be left. Once where Edom's dukes reigned in despotism, wild beasts roam the wastes. The rocks of Ammon are still there, towering into the blue heavens ; but where are the halls of revelry and mirth ? Willows still stand by the waters of Babylon's plain, where once stood the willows upon which the Hebrews hung their harps. The songs of Zion could never be sung in that strange land.

Leah read of the plan of the temple drawn by heaven's great Architect, of its gold covered walls, which the western sun had at his setting made to look like a sea of glory. Of its priceless vessels, its



embroidered veil that divided the two courts. The mercy-seat, upon whose blood-sprinkled top the eyes of Jehovah could rest. Tears she shed when scanning the pages that told of desecration by the Babylonish king.

A thrill of joy, however, ran through her at the command of King Artaxerxes; Nehemiah was commissioned to rebuild Jerusalem, return the vessels, and to renovate the temple. How glad, she thought, must have been the old captives to bid farewell to the Babylonish courts and return to their native land; once more to behold their beloved country, to see again the land of their fathers, and of their boyhoods' home, and to hear again the songs of Zion. What tears they shed, when beholding the foundations of the second temple—those who had seen the glory of the first house could weep and shout for joy.

Well would it have been for her people, if they had obeyed the voice of God.

The land of Palestine has again and again been desecrated by the enemies of

God's favoured people. Again have they been scattered and peeled, and Jerusalem's mighty walls have been crumbled to the ground, and that glorious temple—which Herod the Idumean king, to please the Jews, almost rebuilt, the glory of which latter house far surpassed King Solomon's—now lies with not one stone upon another. That mighty structure a Roman soldier by a single fire-brand could for ever cause to fade before the sons of Judah.

Leah had not heard of Judah's King being slain by Judah's sons outside that city, wherein some of His mightiest works were done, and over which city He had wept when thinking of the sorrow her sons and her daughters would know. Leah was not cognizant of the fact that Jerusalem was laid in the dust for her people's rejection of Judah's King. Leah is still alive, and with gladness does she hear of the return of her people to the land of their fathers. Though the iron hand of persecution is sending them there, their return, though in small numbers comparatively, again proves the truth of the scriptures she

had learned to love so well. How her heart burned within her when hearing the words of a valued friend, who had lately returned from a visit to the holy city. She told her of the miles of passages underneath Jerusalem that had been recently found, and where king Solomon no doubt obtained those stones that piled the walls of the stately temple. 'The stone is soft, but when brought to the light and the air becomes hard and glistening.

This friend had viewed some of the stones of that edifice, now left not one upon another. A stone was measured and found to be upwards of twenty feet in length.

Now the city of ruins, which Roman soldiers had levelled to the dust, bears again the signs of life. On the east bank of the Jordan, the renowned, noble-hearted Hebrew is said to have purchased a vast number of acres for his poor brethren to cultivate.

A German colony is formed outside the gates of Jerusalem, thriving and prosperous. This is only the beginning of things ; but the time is fast hastening when the daily

sacrifice will again be offered. The mighty temple will again rear its lofty pinnacle, Zion's songs once more be sung, and in their own land the Hebrew once more will know the scourge of tribulation, and then out of Zion will come the Deliverer. They will look again on Him whom they pierced, and king David's throne will again be occupied by king David's Son and king David's Lord. He will reign in righteousness, and His throne will stand for ever. His kingdom will be an everlasting kingdom, and His dominion shall be without end.

Leah, however, is not looking for an earthly kingdom, but for that day when her great God and Saviour will appear to take His glorious church which He has purchased with His own blood to the heavenly Jerusalem, the temple of which she forms a part, and from which will ascend the chorus of God's redeemed :

“ Join all the glorious names  
Of wisdom, love, and power,  
That mortals ever knew,  
That angels ever bare ;

All are too mean to speak His worth,  
Too mean to set the Saviour forth."

A few days after Leah's return to her parents' home, she found in her room the New Testament, in the fly-leaf of which was written:—"Leah Wolfe, from her mother. '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.'" Like her father, she read from the beginning, and ere she arrived at the verse that her mother had written in her Testament, God's Spirit was working with her.

"Without shedding of blood is no remission." How often had she read in her own scriptures, and when she gazed on those words of St. John, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world," she was filled with wonder. Here seemed to her dawning mind the answer to "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else." To the Lamb of God she looked in faith, and

rested her eternal salvation on that mighty sacrifice that her God had given, and in adoration she bowed and worshipped the mighty Giver :

“Of all the gifts thy love bestows,  
Thou Giver of all good,  
Not heaven itself a richer knows  
Than the Redeemer's blood.”

Day after day she is learning the more perfect way. Jehovah led her, and His way is the right way.





## CHAPTER VII.

### A MORE PERFECT KNOWLEDGE OF THE SCRIPTURES.

**T**HE first Sunday morning after her arrival, Leah was asked to go with her father and mother to an English church. Benjamin and Rebekah had gone only once ere this. The Jew, who had been puzzled by the more than one thousand creeds of Christendom, knew not where to turn.

One lovely summer Sunday evening, Benjamin with his wife had strolled into one of the streets of the suburb they resided in. The chime of the church

bells had attracted their attention, and also the vast concourse of people flocking into the building. The Jew and the Jewess entered, the former with uncovered head—so strange to this son of Abraham, who had been accustomed to recite his prayers in a synagogue with covered head. As he entered, the rich tones of the surpliced clergyman were sounding out the words, “Enter not into judgment with thy servant; for, in thy sight shall no man living be justified.”

After the usual prayers, the grand notes of the organ pealed out, and then to the measured strains did those Hebrew hearers listen to those time-honoured words :

“My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.”

There may have been triflers in that sacred edifice—God knows. He is the judge of all the earth, but at any rate two out of that congregation lifted their hearts to Mary’s Lord, and as she had done well-nigh two thousand years before, they magnified their Lord and their spirits rejoiced in God their Saviour :



“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 redeem’d His people thus.”

And then again Benjamin and Rebekah  
heard from some of earth’s melodious  
voices :

“ How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer’s ear ;  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

“ It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
It calms the troubled breast,  
’Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.

“ Jesus, my Saviour, Shepherd, Friend:  
Thou Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.

“ Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought ;  
But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
I’ll praise thee as I ought.”

Truly could those Hebrews sing :

“ My Prophet, Priest, and King ;”

and the name of Jesus was indeed sweet to the ears of these two pilgrims, who had so recently set out for the heavenly city.

Again the choir arose and poured forth the strains :

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

Then the venerable clergyman ascended the steps of the pulpit. College honours he had early won, and what was better still, his early career had been moulded by a christian father, whose prayers had been that his only son might not only give his talent to his heavenly Master, but that his heart might be given also to the glad and blessed service of his Redeemer.

God fitted him for his after life. He was mighty in the scriptures, and his early training had fitted him for a congregation

formed of men who were thoughtful ; and this venerable man's intellectual as well as spiritual discourses had been the means of saving many from the terrible snare of infidelity.

He told them that God had given to them reasoning powers, and by His wondrous prophecies, foretelling events centuries ere they came to pass (the fulfilment of which the infidel eye-witnesses have borne testimony to), proves Himself to be God alone ; and then with the halo of majesty around His holy Person, He reveals Himself as the God of light, and in the Person of Jesus as the God of love, pleading with those very people to forsake the pleasures that they have found can never satisfy, and come to Him, who alone can give rest.

What agonies did the blessed Redeemer go through for man, His creature's, sin.

“ I heard the voice of Jesus say :

‘ Come unto me and rest ;

Lay down, thou weary one, lay down

‘ Thy head upon My breast.’ ”

Many a weary and heavy-laden one had listened to the earnest pleadings of that man of God, and had rejoiced in God their Saviour.

This evening Benjamin and Rebekah heard, "And the veil of the temple was rent in twain, from the top to the bottom." They well knew of that resplendent veil of the temple of their beloved city. They knew that none but the priest could enter inside that veil—and then only once a year—with the blood of the sacrifice. But from the lips of this aged servant of God they heard the spiritual meaning—how that when the sun refused to give his light, when the great Redeemer hung between heaven and earth, the rocks rent, the earth quaked, and when that mighty One with His last expiring breath—not with inaudible sounds, but with the voice that wakes the dead—cried, "It is finished," that immediately the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom, not from the bottom to the top as man would have done.

The divine hand had rent that veil. Sin,

that barrier to the presence of the God of Israel, had been atoned for by Jesus on the cross. He who knew no sin was made sin, and had by His meritorious death for ever put it away. His flesh had been rent, His body had been bruised, His blood had been shed, His holy side was pierced, and now, as sin the hindrance had been removed, the believer in the Lord Jesus could worship in the very presence of the God of Israel.

At His throne he can bow the knee and find help for every time of need. The mercy-seat he now could gaze on. The ark on which it rested, which contained the two tables of stone, Aaron's rod, and the pot of manna, foreshadowed the divine Redeemer. Surely He is a place of safety. The holy law was fulfilled in Him, and in Him we have our manna, the heavenly food, to feed us day by day. Over all the ark was there a covering of pure gold, shewing forth the Godhead of our blessed Redeemer. Underneath was the shittim wood—emblem of His humanity; but the covering of God was over all; and, approach

our Jesus when and where we will, He  
is God over all, blessed for evermore.

“ From every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sweet retreat,  
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.”

Many that night approached the mercy-seat, and found there a sweet retreat from this world's storms, and trusted their all to that ark, who will bear them safely across this world's stormy waves, and bear them, too, up above the waters of judgment far up the heights of glory.

Yes ; He who hath said, “ All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me,” has borne all, that He might anchor His redeemed in the sweet haven of eternal rest.

On this memorable Sunday morning, Leah, with her father and her mother, entered the sacred edifice and were shewn to a pew near the pulpit. As the Jew and Jewesses paced the aisle, more than one that morning recognised the only son of

Hyam Wolfe. Men who had transacted business with him, and who well knew that he who trod that aisle was of the Hebrew race—and in wonder did they gaze on the new comers ; but these, unconscious of causing surprise, took their seats, and with intense interest bore a part of that morning service.

The grand Te Deum, “ We praise Thee, O God : we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord,” completely awed those Hebrew listeners. They felt joyful at hearing the God of Israel praised, and true notes of thanksgiving ascended from them that morning. Let us not judge any. After the lesson again melodious voices sang out that time-honoured hymn :

“ Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee ;  
While the water and the blood  
From Thy riven side which flow’d,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleansing from its guilt and power.

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

Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone,  
Thou must save—and Thou alone.”

Again clear notes rang out from trained  
voices, soft and sweet :

“ My God, my Father, while I stray  
Far from my home, in life’s rough way,  
Oh teach me from my heart to say :  
Thy will be done.

“ Though dark my path and sad my lot,  
Let me be still, and murmur not ;  
But breathe the prayer divinely taught :  
Thy will be done.”

None can imagine the effect that these hymns would have on those Hebrew hearers, for the first time listening to the strains.

Benjamin and those dear to him had their feet firmly set on the eternal Rock of Ages. No waves or billows did they fear would shift them from that solid landing-place. Jesus, the Captain of their salvation, had faced the billows for them,



had risen victorious over all, and was now bearing them safely over.

When the thirsty Israelites were craving for the crystal stream, Moses was told to strike the rock, and then, and not till then, did the waters gush out to satisfy their longing. Once again they thirsted, and the Israelitish leader was told to *speak* to the rock, but in disobedience he struck it twice, and brought on himself the divine displeasure. Yes, that rock in the sandy desert was but a shadow of that Rock which is Christ, who was once smitten for us, that we, through Him, might be able to satisfy our longing souls by that water of life which springs from Him alone. He was smitten once for us, and the mighty Saviour cried, "It is finished." The work is done—once smitten, not twice

Again Benjamin beheld the servant of God ascending the pulpit stairs. Ofttimes had he heard from learned rabbis eloquent sermons, but Jesus, that name to saved sinners sweet, was wanting there. Now he heard, "There is none other name

under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved," but the name of Jesus. And then was pointed out clearly from scripture who that Jesus was, and what He had done. As the eternal Son of God He had created the vast universe—in the Eden of God, sin had entered and had marred that lovely scene. where God Himself deigned to hold converse with His creature – man ; but He, who rules and over-rules, whose prerogative it is to work all together for good to those who love Him, had become Man, and Himself the infinite Sacrifice—of priceless value, had atoned for sin ; and not only had He atoned, but His sacrifice is so efficacious, that it is enough to atone for a thousand worlds, if necessary. And not alone this ; it is enough to take poor believing sinners into His very presence, far above the strife of earthly din.

God said to the Israelites, on the night when they were to pass over dry-shod through Egypt's dark sea, "When I see the blood. I will pass over you." The Israelite inside could not see the blood on

the doorpost ; but Jehovah did, and well-nigh two thousand years ago the blood of atonement on Calvary's mount was seen by that same righteous God ; and believing, the sinner is free.

“There is life in a look at the crucified One,  
There is life at this moment for thee.”

“Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed,  
And did my Sovereign die,  
Would He devote His sacred Head  
For such a worm as I ?”

Leah had much to think of the remainder of that day.

Again the converts heard from the same preacher the text, “Faith without works is dead.” God, the reader of all hearts, knows what is true, genuine faith ; but man, who cannot read the heart, knows the Christian alone by his works.

Faith is not the outcome of works, but works are the outcome of faith. Where the latter is, the former must follow. The law of God stands still the same, holy, just, and good ; and were it not for this heaven fixed plummet line, we should not

have known that we fell so far short of its standard. The Christian, who has the Spirit of God to give him the power, can now go beyond the law (with Christ for his standard), for he can love his enemy.

The mighty Redeemer, who alone fulfilled the law, is his standard now, and in fulfilling His commandments he is following the footsteps of One who pleased not Himself, not in order to obtain salvation, but to shew his gratitude for being saved, and that through the blood of the eternal Son of God.

“Amazing truth, the blood of One,  
Who, without usurpation, could  
Lay claim to heaven's eternal throne.”

That beautiful evening-hymn : —

“Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if Thou art near,”

was heard that evening for the first time by parents and child. The closing verse :

“Come near, and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take,”

impressed itself much on the mind of Benjamin, and also the hymn which had been sung in the morning :—

“My God, my Father, while I stray  
Far from my home in life's rough way,  
Oh ! teach me from my heart to say,  
Thy will be done.”

How often has a hymn been made the means of comforting the sorrow-stricken, and to-night Benjamin Wolfe seemed to feel that his horizon would be darkened, and that some cloud was gathering.

The impression made him silent all the way to his home, and when there, he retired to his room and pleaded for grace to say, “Thy will be done.”

Coming events cast their shadows before them. The silence of his parents Benjamin felt to be ominous of evil tidings ; but he was not altogether prepared for the heavy blow that the dawning of another day would bring upon him.

The eternal God who permitted, however, would deign to take the hand of

his children and lead through the gloom.  
Behind the dark cloud the Sun of Right-  
eousness was still shining, and would shed  
His golden beams ere long on His poor  
benighted pilgrims, so that what seemed  
all gloom, by that bright light they would  
see all had worked together for their  
good.

“Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.”





## CHAPTER VIII.

### EVIL TIDINGS.

**A**S usual, the following morning Benjamin opened his letters, and intuition told him, at the sight of the well-known handwriting of his father, not to break the seal of that letter until the whole of the others had been dealt with.

With trembling hand the strong-minded man at last broke open the letter, and there read that his services were no longer required, and on that day the manager who was to succeed him would be in the office at a stated hour, armed with authority to do so.

No person can depict the feelings of that son. His first impulse was never

to appear inside his office again ; but then came the words of the venerable man of God : “ Faith without works is dead.”

Grace shone into his soul, and with a God-given strength, without even uttering to his wife the contents of his father's letter, Benjamin walked to Hyam's establishment, and there, with pallid brow and much emotion, awaited the entrance of the stranger, and graciously transferred all documents and keys to him.

Not until Benjamin was gone did the employes know of the change. The successor knew not the reason of his appointment, but young Ernest B., the junior clerk, guessed the reason. He had, from a back pew, been a silent observer of his master's entrance into the place of worship. The same evening of Benjamin's dismissal from Hyam Wolfe's establishment, Ernest B. met casually in the street a gentleman who was an attendant at the same church, who he knew had transacted business with the house he served. Ernest summoned up courage to address the gentleman in



question. He seemed impelled to do so, and there and then said :—

“Pardon me, sir ; but knowing you to be a Christian, and one also who has had business transactions with the house of Hyam Wolfe, where I am employed. I thought you would be interested in Mr. Benjamin. You have, no doubt, noticed him at our church, and to-day, I believe for the christian faith he has confessed, he has been dismissed from the establishment, and another manager has already taken his place.

The kind, benevolent face of the wealthy merchant smiled on the youthful informant. He thanked him heartily for his words. With a genial “ Good evening,” they passed down the crowded streets ; Ernest B., to pray in secret for his late master, all he could do, and the other to act—two noble friends to the troubled Jew.

In the evening Benjamin returned to his home, and such indeed he found it ; for the tale of his sorrow only brought out the love of his wife and the self-sacrifice of his daughter. This natural quality she

possessed, and it only required the present circumstances to be brought into action.

The clinging girl came forward to her father, and with glistening eyes said :

“ Father, let us lift our eyes to the One who has allowed this sorrow. He will guide us. If our servants have to be dismissed, your Leah will serve her parents.”

She said no more ; she had been taught to honour her parents, so she looked to her father for suggestions as to the future, and was ready to obey. Benjamin’s eyes filled and the strong man bowed his head and wept. At his side stood his beloved wife, doing all she could to comfort her sorrow-stricken husband. Her own self she forgot entirely in trying to cheer Benjamin. She gently said, “ Benjamin, if all goes, we have still each other and our Lord.” The husband lifted his head once again, and thanked the Father of all mercies for such a wife and for such a daughter.

The remainder of that evening was spent by Benjamin planning for the future. He had lived up to the height of his income hitherto, thinking that with all his father’s

wealth he had no need to save for a rainy day. His house was leased at a high rental, and exquisitely furnished ; but with a sigh of relief he remembered that the lease in one week would expire. But with ever so lowly an abode compared to this, money must be earned to support his family.

That night at heaven's mercy-seat they bowed the knee, and there pleaded for guidance.

And that night the servants' ears were arrested by the heartfelt sounds issuing from those troubled ones.

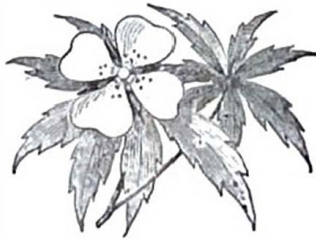
Leah presided at the piano, and her beautiful contralto voice blending with her mother's sweet treble, swelled by the rich bass voice of Benjamin, poured forth the strains :

“ Guide us, O Thou great Jehovah !  
Pilgrims through this barren land ;  
We are weak, but Thou art mighty,  
Guide us with Thy powerful Hand.  
Bread of heaven !  
Feed us till we want no more.”

That prayer was heard and answered.

The day had been an eventful one, and those who had so suddenly been cast into sorrow retired that night with hearts filled with peace, and trusting for all that was to come.

“How good is the God we adore,  
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,  
Whose love is as great as His power,  
And knows neither measure nor end.”





## CHAPTER IX.

### A FRIEND IN NEED.



NEXT morning Benjamin, not having to go as usual to his business, strolled into the garden, and began to think how he should set about seeking a situation. His faith was in God, and Benjamin was looking to Him to will and to do of His good pleasure. Often in the midst of difficulties we have to act, and oftener, too, we have to stand still and see the salvation of the Lord. He has the hearts of all men in His hand, and now He was working outside Benjamin Wolfe.

A card was brought to him, and on

it he saw the name of a wealthy man—a merchant with whom he had transacted business. The comer was the gentleman whom Ernest had spoken to on the preceding night. Benjamin hastily returned to the house, supposing business had led him here, not finding Benjamin in his office.

The two met. The friend, with his kind, benevolent countenance, and a cordial shake of the hand, said in a candid way, “I think I know all; will you allow me to be your friend?”

Benjamin in his own frank way thanked Mr. G., and said, “Indeed I want a friend; but how can you help me?”

“I require a manager for my concern; I am going abroad for several months, and I want a gentleman who can take my place, and I know of no one better able than yourself. Will you accept the appointment?”

“I will.”

No word had yet been said as to terms. Benjamin’s “I will” was heartily said, for he well knew the upright christian man

with whom he was dealing. The salary offered was ample to keep himself and family in comfort ; but it would be necessary to move into a smaller house and curtail expenses.

His appointment did not commence till the following week, so he had ample time to set his own affairs in order.

His kind-hearted friend made Benjamin feel that he was conferring a favour by accepting the situation. The merchant knew he had found a prize in gaining the services of Benjamin Wolfe. He well knew his business capabilities and tact. Still his kindness of heart no doubt led him to seek Benjamin. He was long in converse that day with the Jew. Rebekah and Leah wondered at so long an interview, and when Benjamin met them his former careworn expression was gone, and that evening the wife and the daughter heard the good news. That night thanksgiving ascended from grateful hearts, and the beautiful doxology was sung—notes never rose to the divine Benefactor more real than now !

“ 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 following day, Benjamin, with his wife and daughter, strolled out in search of a house, and after walking up a hill that led from their own house, they retraced their steps and sought in another suburb, and in a short time saw a pretty gabled cottage, overgrown with Virginia creeper and jasmine. At the side was a lovely garden, where trees of luxuriant growth shaded the seats. The kitchen garden was large, and partitioned off by a high, neatly-trimmed hedge. Apple trees, gooseberries, and strawberries grew in profusion. This picturesque abode was named “ Roseneath Cottage,” and well might it bear this name, for roses of every description sent their perfume into the air that surrounded this pretty abode. The place was taken possession of in three days.

Benjamin did not require all the luxu-



rious furniture of his present home, nor was there room for it, so that all he did not need was disposed of.

In one week Roseneath Cottage was made a bright abode by the hands of the loving wife and daughter. All the servants had been dismissed, and a suitable person engaged to act as a general servant. Benjamin, to please his wife and Leah, consented to stay at an hotel in the city for three days.

The refined taste and the dexterous fingers of Leah and her mother soon made Roseneath look the picture of comfort and rest.

The day Benjamin was expected to return Leah had superintended the preparation of dinner ; Rebekah's own hands had decorated the table with the lovely flowers gathered from the garden. The beautiful ferns, artistically arranged here and there, made the place look like an Eden of rest to the tired, worn business man.

Benjamin was expected rather later than usual. The moon had risen and was at

her full, shedding the rays of her golden lamp over the spangled heavens, and not only there, but through the rustling trees of Roseneath Cottage.

The house was situated on the top of a hill, which led from the station. The hay-makers had just returned from the fields on to which Benjamin's dwelling faced. As the traveller advanced towards his peaceful abode, the sweet smelling hay and the perfumed roses, together with the calm stillness of the evening air (so soothing after the bustle of city life), were so refreshing that by the time the hall-door was opened by the eager listeners to his well-known tread, Benjamin's weariness had passed away, and he was able to appreciate by his kindly smile the warm welcome that awaited him.

Never did he enjoy a dinner more, never did he spend such a happy evening. The consciousness of the protection so wondrously manifested of his Father and God, his quiet, pretty home with loving hearts around him, called forth a song of praise that night to the Giver of all good.

Leah's simple melody :

“ There is a home, 'tis, better far  
Than any earthly home can be ;  
'Tis brighter than the brightest star,  
'Tis lasting as eternity,”

drew Benjamin's heart away for a little while to his home above. He had learned that earth has many changes ; but what a privilege to know the One who changes never; and that when earth's weary denizens bid adieu to this world's sorrows, there is an inheritance awaiting them which is undefiled and that fadeth not away, prepared for the believer in Jesus in that bright world where changes can never come.

At the open French window that led to the pretty lawn, Benjamin and his wife talked on after Leah had bidden them a fond good night. Never had they felt such peace and rest.

The sorrows had brought out the sterling qualities of his wife, and as they sat there talking of the past, thoughts of Benjamin's parents would constantly recur. They

however committed all into the hands of the great Disposer of events, and prayers for Hyam Wolfe and his wife went up from earnest hearts that night, but to God's will they had to bow :

“ Renew my will, from day to day,  
Blend it with Thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
Thy will be done.”





## CHAPTER X

### REVERSE OF FORTUNE.



HYAM WOLFE had settled at Carlsruhe Villa to find rest; he had rest of body, free from the turmoil of the business world, but rest of mind he found not.

His active brain fed upon itself in this retired spot. Business had been his idol, and now that that was given up Hyam became unhappy. Never fond of study, and now being too old to commence, he became dissatisfied with himself and all his surroundings. The pleasures of a country life he cared not for. He knew not the One who said, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." Fruitless is the

effort to find it elsewhere. While Hyam was in this state of mind, the news of his son's proselytism arrived, and knowing not the One who alone could give him peace, he sought it, like many another, in the pleasures of this world. His conscience was ill at ease, and to drown thought, he plunged into his besetting sin—gambling. Day after day that lovely rural retreat was left for the haunts of gambling in the nearest town.

Sarah has often been heard to say, "Wolfe has gone out in the morning, his pockets well stored with gold, and at night he returned with them empty. I knew not where he went, or what became of his gold."

She, like many another Jewess, had lived in the midst of luxury and ease, and having all she needed, troubled not of aught else.

Hyam at the first was elated with his success, so was tempted to stake larger amounts. Then he lost, and with the hope of gaining once again was tempted to go on.

He sold his London business to get the gold, and as a last stake, in hope of getting back all, he speculated with Carlsruhe Villa and its splendid and luxurious furniture. Not a word had he uttered to his wife. One morning however (after returning the previous night at well-nigh midnight), as his wife was preparing for her usual morning drive, he said :

“Sarah, we must go from here and seek lodgings, for I have lost all at the gambling table.”

This was said nervously and quickly, so came with greater force on Sarah than if she had been in some measure prepared for it. None can depict her feelings, for her fortune of some thousands, left her by her father, a few years ere this had been thrown into the London business, as the money had been left unconditionally.

If she, at this stage of her history, had but known the One who had comforted her son and his wife in sorrow, well would it have been for her. But from this time till the day of the departure of herself and husband from this world they were no





ALL LOST AT THE GAMBLING TABLE.





longer godless Jews, but lived up strictly to the faith of their fathers, except in one thing, which will be spoken of later on. True, they knew not the precious name of Jesus to heal their wounded spirits, but they found great comfort in their Psalms : " Trust in him at all times, ye people ; pour out your heart before him." " The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." Neither did they want, although the grim face of poverty they had to contend with.

In a very few days the Jew and the Jewess, who had not long before entered that villa with coffers full, now descended those steps almost penniless. Ere they passed out, however, Hyam was recalled to choose a few relics that he might prize if they met with the approval of him who had come into possession of all in such a way.

Among a few other things, he was allowed to bring away four massive silver candlesticks that had been only used on Sabbath evenings.

These two Hebrews were going out into the world to begin life, as it were,

once more. They knew not that Christ our Passover had been slain for them, nor that He was the Light of this world. They were looking for an earthly city—not for that eternal city whose Builder and Maker is God, and which needeth no sun or moon to lighten it, for the Lord God Almighty is the light thereof. Wherever they might be buried, Hyam and his wife believed at the resurrection that in Jerusalem they would rise. “If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning,” said one of old. Yes; down-trodden Jerusalem would rise again, king David’s Son and king David’s Lord will set His foot once again on Olivet’s Mount. The once rejected King, in majesty will reign over His beloved people, and they will look once again upon Him whom they pierced, and will mourn as one mourneth for his only son.

That prayer that rent the heavens: “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,” reached God’s omniscient ear; and who would dare say

that prayer will not be answered. Hyam and Sarah determined to leave their fatherland with all its associations, and set out for London.

Did intuition bring them near to Benjamin, or was it chance? However, after a stormy passage, the two, over whose heads well-nigh seventy summers had come and gone, set foot in that great city with only a few coins at their command.

Hyam, however, still possessed energy unusual to many a Gentile at that age (obedience to the Levitical law tends more or less to prolong life, speaking after the manner of men). He was not a stranger in London, and ere long and in a part of the city where his business in former years had never called him, he found poor but respectable apartments. Two rooms formed now the home of the once prosperous Jew.

As he passed up and down the street in which he resided, lookers-on would say, "There goes the gentleman Jew." He looked a gentleman, he had all the bear-

ing of one. "To beg he was ashamed." He had chosen this lodging because it was far away from his brethren whom he had known in days of prosperity. They gladly would have helped their poor brother ; but Hyam shunned all his people, and now the stately merchant to gain a livelihood travelled the country with jewelry in order to maintain himself and his wife.

Always reticent and shunning any of his race, none knew of Hyam's affairs. Still it was a hard battle to fight.

When he returned to his humble lodgings on sabbath evenings—Friday at sunset—the snowy damask table cloth was laid, the silver candlesticks, holding high candles, would be set, and the usual evening meal consisted of fried fish, such as the Jewess knows well how to superintend the cooking of ; and as the patriarchal pair sat at that table in those humble lodgings, a looker-on, with any knowledge of the world at all, would be led to think that the Jew and his wife had been accustomed to more luxurious boards than here.

About ten months after their arrival in London, the Passover was at hand. They could not forget the home on the banks of the Rhine, nor the feast that was kept with their brethren in their Fatherland ; and now, much as Hyam shunned his brethren, all scruples were put aside. He could not keep the feast alone, so now at the appointed time and place, he kept the Paschal Feast.

He knew not that the paschal lamb of Israel of old was but a type of the great antitype which has been slain for all. The destroying angel the believer in Jesus fears not, for the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world has been slain for us, and well-nigh two thousand years ago God saw the blood on Calvary's mount that makes the guilty clean.

The blood-sprinkled door-post of the Hebrew in Egypt was the means of saving him from death when the sword of the angel passed through the land. Jehovah said, " When I see the blood, I will pass over you." His eye must see it, and

the saved one could rest within, and feast on the one whose blood had been shed, and through the death of the Substitute could pass dryshod over "Egypt's dark sea," and safely land on the other shore, and there see the crystal walls, uplifted to let them pass, roll in judgment on their enemies. What was salvation to the Israelite was judgment to their enemies. So it is that He, who in love stemmed death's dark torrent for us, will one day sit in majesty on the great white throne (before whom the heavens and the earth will flee away), and will judge the dead both small and great. But for the believer in Jesus, that Judge is his surety ; no great white throne for the believer, for that same Lord will ere then descend into the air, and all His redeemed ones will rise to meet Him, and so be "for ever with the Lord."

"For ever with the Lord !

Amen ; so let it be.

Life from the dead is in that word—

"Tis immortality."

But before the throne (though not the great white throne, emblem of purity and justice) the believer will have to stand to receive his reward for deeds done. The Saviour has settled the question of sin for him, and God is too just to accept payment from sinner and Surety too ; but, Christian, be assured that our Jesus is a Rewarder of those who serve Him. He who has redeemed us surely demands all from us—our bodies “a reasonable sacrifice.”

“ Take our lives, and let them be  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.”







## CHAPTER XI.

### AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.



BENJAMIN had heard of his father's misfortunes with much sorrow, and from the same source came the news that the home on the Rhine had gone. No tidings could he obtain of his parents' whereabouts.

God had prospered Benjamin. His integrity, his attention to business, together with the mercantile talent which he possessed, had increased the income of his benefactor to such an extent that the latter thought it advisable to make as sure as he could of his Jewish manager ; so ere four

years had passed away, Benjamin Wolfe was offered a partnership in the concern.

Roseneath Cottage was not forsaken however for a grander mansion. This picturesque dwelling, with all its surroundings and associations, was Benjamin's home till he exchanged it for one eternal.

As Benjamin returned from the city to his happy, peaceful abode, a careful observer would detect that this man of business had a hidden care. This was so ; he could not forget his parents, nor the home of his boyhood.

Day after day, prayers ascended for his father and his mother. A secret longing, increasing more and more, he felt, to know something of them. All efforts had failed, and now to God, and to God alone, could he look.

He had faith to believe that he would see them once more on earth. He knew not what to do, so calmly waited for the answer to his oft-repeated prayer.

Hyam, week after week, set out with his jewelry wares, and not often returning till just before the Sabbath Eve. Sarah, who

had always been accustomed to have everything done for her, now at her advanced age had no one except the "fire girl," on the Sabbath.

Evening after evening, when sitting alone, would she dwell on the past, and much as she tried, she could not erase the memory of her only son. At one moment her mind would go back to the nursery at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, and to the dark-eyed boy and his prattle, and then again to the youth who had won such honours that gladdened his father's heart. Then in the midst of these reveries would she cry, "Dead! dead! dead!"

But these ejaculations were all of no avail, for down deep in the heart of Sarah Wolfe was the image of her son, whom she expected never to see on earth again.

One Friday morning, till within one hour of sunset, she had toiled to make the little apartment bright for Hyam's return. The damask table cloth was laid, the silver candlesticks placed on the table, candles ready for lighting, everything in order, and she herself waiting for her husband.

On this same evening another Jewess, but many years younger, was also sitting waiting for her husband ; but two hours passed away, and neither wife had tidings of the expected one. Hyam Wolfe had had a most unsuccessful week. His profits had barely paid his expenses, and he was returning home with a heavy heart.

A few coppers now were more to him than the same number of guineas in years gone by. At the corner of a London street he was watching an omnibus, and as the vehicle approached he was quite undecided whether he should walk or pay the small fare and ride.

As the omnibus stopped, Hyam little thought whose eyes were eagerly scanning him.

After Hyam crossed from the footpath he got on the steps, and a sudden movement of the vehicle would have thrown him forward had not the strong hand of a neighbouring occupant been put forth to save him. A bow and a "Thank you" came from the pre-occupied Jew. He did not recognise his preserver.

The reader will guess who he was— Benjamin Wolfe, returning from the city to his peaceful home.

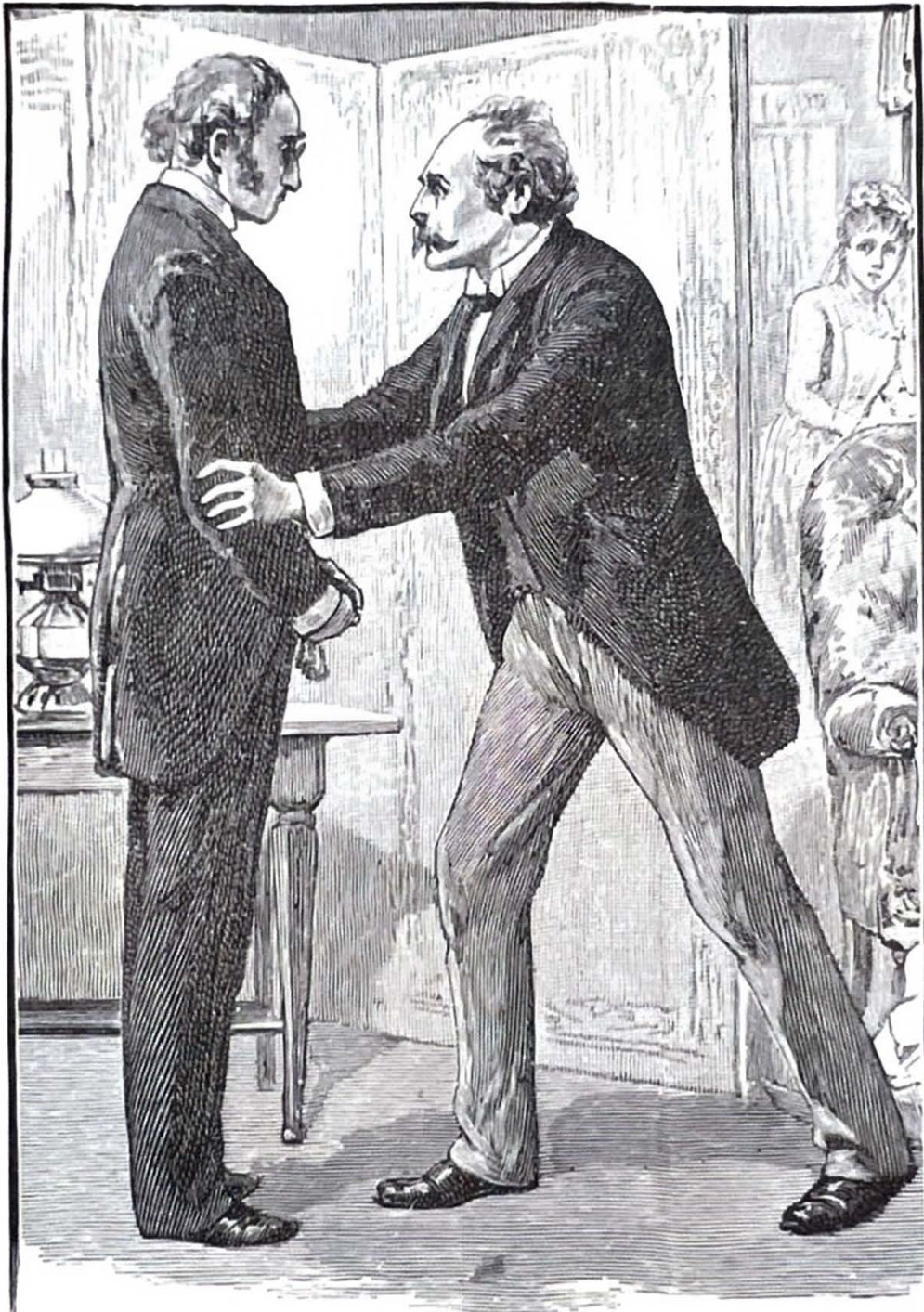
The omnibus stopped at the end of a street, in not a very respectable locality, and the aged occupant arose to alight.

Benjamin saw the movement, but quicker still he alighted first, and with much emotion that he could ill-control, assisted Hyam. He accepted the proffered assistance, and looked to see the one to whom he was indebted. Their eyes met for one instant, and as the omnibus moved off, and the two were left standing in the crowded thoroughfare, a bystander could have heard in tenderest tones, "Father!" and the answer back, "My boy!"

Benjamin offered his father his arm now, and without a word the two passed on through the crowded streets. No time had been given Hyam to think. He acted from the impulse of a parent.

Benjamin could not now return home, at least till he had known the issue of so strange a meeting.

He could not speak, and thought, too,



THEY WERE SOON IN CLOSE CONVERSATION.



that that was no fit place for converse, so as he advanced towards an hotel he led his father in, and ordered dinner at once, also a private room.

He did not fear a refusal on the part of his father, for he believed that God had brought about this meeting. Father and son were soon in close conversation.

If a third party had been in that room he would have seen the profound respect and honour that Benjamin gave to his sire. Although the former had received such severe usage at his hands, "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land that the Lord thy God giveth thee." No Hebrew who truly believes in the God of Israel will disobey this command. Not a word of censure escaped Benjamin's lips. He knew that his father had acted from zeal without knowledge.

The parent and the son talked on. The former said, "My gambling has beggared my boy, and alas! where am I?"

Benjamin said, "Think not of the past, let it be buried."



After a substantial meal Hyam felt more himself, and was preparing to return to his humble lodgings, when Benjamin ordered a cab, and father and son were soon on their way to the anxious wife.

Sarah's anxiety as to the safety of her husband was intense. In her suspense she felt such a sense of loneliness. First, was the thought that perhaps something had occurred, and that she might never see her husband alive again. Then came the thought of her penury, her age, and the knowledge, too, that she was as good as childless, completely overwhelmed her. For every footstep she eagerly listened; but none brought her husband to her door.

At last the sound was heard of carriage wheels approaching—so unusual in that quarter—nearer and nearer they came, and then stopped immediately under the window at which Sarah Wolfe was sitting. At once came the thought, "My husband—and perhaps a corpse." She could not move, all power seemed gone. Then the sound of footsteps

on the stairs, the door was opened, and there stood Hyam.

No words can express the feelings of the wife, and the joyous countenance seemed to tell of something unusual; but before Sarah could utter a word, she saw a form behind that seemed familiar, still in the twilight she did not recognise the stranger. Benjamin approached, and ere the mother had time to think, impulse acted, and her bowed head was buried on the breast of her stalwart son.

The last time Benjamin had seen his mother was in the lovely house on the banks of the Rhine, with servants at her command; and now that beloved parent, with her careworn, altered face, was about to prepare the evening meal for herself and her guests. All seemed as a dream to the son.

Some time had passed away in the recital of the unexpected meeting of father and son. The latter had despatched a messenger to Rebekah, saying that something had detained him, and that he would

not be at home till the next day, about 9 p.m., and that she was to prepare for guests.

Benjamin determined not to leave his parents till he had seen them safe within his own dwelling. How could he go to his bright home, and know that his parents were so situated?

The evening passed away—all was forgotten in the glad meeting of parents and son.

No meal at Carlsruhe Villa had ever been so enjoyed as the meal of that sabbath evening in those humble lodgings.

Luxury and elegance were wanting in the apartment, but refinement was still there, and the once fair Jewess of the Rhine sat with as much grace at that humble board as she was wont to do in the midst of the splendour of the home in her fatherland; indeed, the calm, subdued look sat better underneath the white silken curls that crowned her brow, than the proud look of bygone days.

About 10 p.m. that evening Benjamin said: "Mother, will you return with me

to my home to-morrow (I have father's consent), and allow that home to be yours till I can make one for you?

"Let me have the privilege of brightening your declining years, and returning in some little measure all that you have done for me. I should not be in the position I now am were it not for the education my beloved parents have bestowed upon me; I could not go away and leave you here."

Sarah's consent was given at once; she could not bear to think of parting with the son she had so lately found.

It was arranged that at 7 p.m. on the following day, Benjamin would return, and the aged couple would be ready to accompany him.

Benjamin went back to the hotel he had so lately been in with his father. No sleep relieved him that night, his busy brain was at work planning for his parents' future. He knew that a home of their own was requisite, as their manner of life as Jews would be so different from his. Neither did Benjamin wish to interfere with their liberty of action.

At the appointed time Benjamin was at his father's door. The father and the mother were ready. Their luggage, such a contrast to former years, did not cause much inconvenience.

His parents were all that the son wanted, and as he assisted the aged couple into the carriage, a note of praise ascended to the Giver of all good.

Soon the vehicle rolled quickly on through the narrow street, and at last green fields and luxuriant foliage came into view. Benjamin did not wish his parents to be put to any inconvenience, so had ordered the driver to go at once to Roseneath Cottage.

As the powdered hair of Hyam and his ruffles, donned that morning for the first time for many months, appeared in the doorway of those humble lodgings, an observer would not wonder to hear the words, "There goes the gentleman Jew."

Rebekah and her daughter all that Saturday were busy preparing for the guests, wondering who they could be.

That Saturday evening how bright the home of Benjamin looked !

The moon was at her full, looking down from the spangled heavens on to the pretty cottage. The roses were sending out their sweet perfume into the calm evening air. The Virginia creeper, jasmine, and woodbine mingled their scent with the queen of flowers, and mother and daughter with arms linked were walking the garden paths waiting for the comers.

At last the sound of carriage wheels approached. Rebekah and Leah were in eager expectation. From the carriage the aged couple could see by the light of the moon the pretty abode, and also standing in the gateway the wife of their only boy, and at her side their beloved Leah, grown now into womanhood.

It was well that the shadow of the carriage hid the faces of Hyam and Sarah for a time. None can depict their feelings. The unexpected meeting of Benjamin, the whole change of circumstances, all seemed like a dream. But the song of praise was in the heart of both the Jew and the Jewess.

With sincerity did they utter, "Bless the Lord, O my soul : and all that is within me, bless his holy name." And Benjamin uttered a loud "Amen."

At last the carriage stopped. Rebekah beheld her husband assisting an aged pair to alight, and wondered much who they could be. The thought of her husband's parents never for one moment crossed her mind, but Leah, young and eager, rushed forward and there beheld her grandparents.

At the gateway of that cottage at the top of the hill, stood Leah clasped in the arms of her grandfather, and Sarah weeping for joy on the neck of Rebekah. Benjamin, his wife, with their father and mother, formed a procession up the garden path that led to the hall door, where the woodbine and the roses had formed a canopy.

Leah, with a more agile step, led the way, the exuberance of her spirits finding vent in a skip and a jump along the hall that led to the well-lighted room, where lovely flowers and ferns were so

with greater earnestness than ever they were breathed before.

The little party broke up for the night, and soon the calm, still Sunday morn was ushered in by the chimes from the neighbouring church being wafted across by the summer breeze.







## CHAPTER XII.

### THE DYING HEBREW.



FEW happy days were spent at Roseneath, and in the meantime Benjamin sought for a suitable residence for his parents, and was successful in finding one within five minutes' walk of his own house. Woodbine Cottage was a pretty dwelling, its walls covered with ivy and woodbine; a small garden in front with its scarlet geraniums, formed a marked contrast to the white painted railings and gateways.

Early one morning Rebekah started with her husband for the city, and there

chose furniture, pretty and suitable for the aged pair ; and on the following day Benjamin and his wife made the little dwelling look the picture of comfort and neatness.

Leah was left to entertain her grandparents, and in the evening they were told of the pretty home that had been provided for them. Joy it was for both to be with their children ; but the prospect of a home of their own once more seemed too much for the Hebrew and his wife.

A middle-aged woman was engaged to act as general servant and to care for the aged couple ; so one lovely afternoon Benjamin returned home, and with his wife and daughter he escorted his parents to their new abode. Pretty indeed it looked that summer day as the family entered the garden gate, and once again the evening meal was spread, but this time in the bright little sitting-room, where Hyam and Sarah Wolfe entertained their guests.

Small was the dwelling compared to the home in their fatherland ; but every-

where was comfort and refinement ; the still handsome, patriarchal pair added a lustre and a grace to that family board no money could provide.

How good had God been even to those who denied the One through “whom all blessings flow.” “God is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works.”

“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 !”

Sarah was again mistress of her house. Benjamin allowed his parents a comfortable income ; but, unlike many another, the converted Jew esteemed it an honour to care for the aged couple, and like many of his Jewish brethren, he looked upon this provision as his parents' right.

How pleasantly and happily the days passed by ! After the storm came the sunshine—the God of Israel had comforted His people. None are the losers who

confess the name of Jesus ; if not made up in this life, on the other shore there remaineth a rest for the people of God, and an inheritance, undefiled and that fadeth not away.

Every day, when weather permitted, Hyam, with his partner leaning on his arm, visited Roseneath Cottage. Leah would run to meet them with a glad smile, and Benjamin with reverence and affection would welcome them on his return.

Two years passed away. Benjamin earnestly prayed for the conversion of his father and his mother, but the answer seemed not to come.

Strict in every detail of the law, except in one point, as the reader will observe, poverty had made them give way in having intercourse with their son. Let us not judge ; none but the true Christian can stand the test, for he does not so in his own power. The martyr can face the flames, the early Christians the arena of a Roman amphitheatre, through the power of God, through Jesus, their mighty

Deliverer; but poverty's cold fare and declining years drew these Hebrews to do what they felt that their law forbade.

It is not an easy matter for a Christian to talk to a Hebrew. The impious answers make a Christian's blood run cold.

Benjamin's attempt to speak of his Saviour to Hyam and Sarah invariably brought the answer: "Hear, O Israel! the Lord our God is one Lord." And impious answers stopped him entirely. He felt he could only pray, and he had the joy of witnessing in one parent faith in the Lamb of God.

Hyam often heard the tale of a Saviour's love, although he never confessed that Saviour. But who but God is witness of all that passes in a soul as it makes its exit from this transitory scene? As this world recedes from view, at the last moment may not the Saviour be revealed?

Deathbed repentance is but a poor thing often, but man cannot always judge. Let us hope that the oft-repeated words of Benjamin—"Christ our passover is sacri-

ficed for us"—have been remembered and believed at the last moment. No word was uttered, but a peace stole over the countenance just at the last moment surely not born from the assurance of the perfectness of the dying Hebrew.

After those months of happiness, Benjamin saw that his father was fast approaching the confines of another world—his step became more feeble, and the countenance more pallid, till at last the usual daily visits to Roseneath suddenly came to an end, and Hyam was confined to his bed, from which his spirit ere long took its flight to those unknown regions from which no traveller returns.

When Hyam Wolfe felt that his end was approaching, he would not allow his son or family to go near him. This was indeed painful to Benjamin.

Hyam had acted against his conscience in disobeying the law for love for his son ; but now, when eternity was staring him in the face, he felt that he dare not stand on its brink in the face of a wilfully broken law ; so he hardened his heart

once more against his only boy! Oh, that the Sun of Righteousness had illumined that bed of death! How gladly would He have shone into that poor dark soul. It was but a few days ere the Day of Atonement. How earnestly had Hyam recited his prayers on that day in the synagogue! The shroud of burial he had worn there; but no more would his voice be heard in an earthly building.

Earnestly he prayed that his soul should pass away into Abraham's Bosom—the place of the departed—on the Day of Atonement, as he believed that at this time the sins of the past year would be forgiven, and that sinless he would go to his place of rest. He had burned the bone of the Paschal lamb in his son's house, thinking that by so doing all his family would partake of the benefit!

Had he known and believed now in the true Paschal Lamb, and that the great Day of Atonement was on Calvary's mount, well-nigh two thousand years ago, "when Christ the mighty Victor died for man—

His creature's sin," what peace and rest would have been his.

Not only could Benjamin say, "He died for my sins," but "for *me*." "He loved me, and gave himself for me," so that before God, not only are the sins of the believer gone, but the one whose nature produced those sins. God can reckon the sinner who believes in Jesus as dead in the Person of his Substitute, and in the Person of that same Substitute alive before Him in love. So fully has Christ atoned to God for sin, that God can place His righteousness upon the one who believes in Jesus—

"Perfect in comeliness art thou  
Through Christ, the Risen Lord."

Not through anything we have done or ever can do—no tears, no prayers; but through the blood of Christ alone. What true Christian, however, could sin that grace might abound? Kept by the power of God, he can now by that power give up his ransomed soul and body, in gratitude



for so great salvation, to the glad service of his Redeemer. At the throne of grace he can bow the knee and find help in every time of need.

“ I need Thee every hour, most gracious Lord ;  
No tender voice like Thine can peace afford.”

The dying Hebrew's prayer was answered. Not a drop of wine would he allow to pass his lips. He fasted on that Day of Atonement from sunset till sunset, and just as the harbinger of day had sunk in the western horizon, the soul of Hyam Wolfe left this world's changing scene—let us hope for a brighter sphere. The veil is drawn, and God alone can lift it. Benjamin's heart was sad, yet still he hoped.

Over the threshold of the little home, that Benjamin had made bright, he dared not enter now, out of respect to his departed parent.

Jewish elders were in that chamber of death, reciting prayers for the dead. Lights at the head and feet of the dying

Hebrew were burning, and ere another sun had set, his remains were taken to the Jewish cemetery.

For seven days watchers kept vigil at the burying place, and in the widow's home strangers for seven days mourned with the bereaved wife. She knew that the true mourners were not there, and in the midst of her loneliness, although so near her beloved ones, she knew not the One who alone could comfort her. She stood in awe of the great Jehovah. She knew Him not as a God of love, who became a Man, and with the tenderest sympathy, together with sorrow for the havoc sin had wrought, wept at the grave of Lazarus. But the time was not far distant when the Husband of the widow revealed Himself to her poor, lonely heart as Jehovah-Jesus, the mighty to save.

The mourners departed, and Sarah was alone, and again the impulses of a mother's love acted, and led her to send for her son.

In a very short time Benjamin was at his mother's side, and the widowed heart

was comforted. That autumn evening he led his mother to his own home once more. Woodbine Cottage was given over to strangers, and Sarah spent the remaining days in the home of her son.

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





## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE BIRTH OF CHRISTIAN.



EAH was Benjamin's only surviving child. Two boys had died in infancy ; but now the home of the Jewish converts was enlivened by the merry prattle of a son.

This, their first child after their confession of the Saviour, was given the name of George.

The Bishop of L—— being acquainted with the fact that the boy was the first born after the conversion of his parents from Judaism, asked if he might add the name of Christian. Ere the child grew into manhood he became not only a

Christian in name, but a true believer in heart also.

The bright ways of the child did much to gladden the days of his grandmother. He was the sunshine of the house. How proud was Benjamin of his only boy !

One day as Benjamin was going to his business, he met Ernest B., the christian youth of a former chapter, now grown into manhood, but looking pale and wan. On inquiring the cause, Benjamin found that a long illness had made havoc of his frame. His situation was lost owing to his long illness, and in the close, humble apartments of his widowed mother, it was not likely that he would ever gain strength. Besides this, the weight on his mind did not tend to renew his strength—that of not being able to be the bread winner.

Benjamin was busy, as he intended to take his family to a pretty farm near the sea on the following day.

He had bidden Ernest farewell, and told him to expect to hear from him

shortly, after taking the young man's address in his pocket-book.

He had heard the history of Ernest, and of his christian mother, who had been accustomed in former years to ease and comfort ; but business disasters had hastened the end of her husband, and she was left with her boy to face earth's storms. But the God of the widow, and the Father of the fatherless, was her stay.

Benjamin, on his return home, told Rebekah the facts already related, and she at once said, "Oh ! could he not go with us ? The lodgings we have taken would afford ample room."

Benjamin was delighted with the suggestion. Sarah felt too feeble to go ; so Rebekah, with her quick, womanly tact, also suggested that the mother of Ernest should be invited to stay with Sarah Wolfe.

Ah ! the proud Jewess little dreamed what that visit was going to do for her. The links of circumstances all work out God's plan. Mrs. B. had a work to do, and now she was being called to do it.

On the following day, Ernest B. received a letter inviting him to W——, and also a letter for his mother, inviting her to Roseneath, and if agreeable to come at once.

Benjamin delayed for one day his intended visit to W----, fearing to hurry his guests too much.

None can depict the joy of the widow and her son on reading the contents of the letter.

They had been praying that the way might be opened for Ernest to have a change, and this seemed the answer.

By the next post Ernest wrote to thank his benefactor, stating that his mother and himself would be at Roseneath on the following day. All were busy preparing, and at the appointed time the widow and her son arrived.

The former bore the unmistakable marks of a lady. Her calm, peaceful ways told to an observer that Ernest was blest in having such a mother. She had toiled to give him a good education; but now her strength was waning, and

her boy's sole wish was to be in a position to care for her.

She had early prayed for that son's conversion, and that prayer was answered ; like Timothy of old, he had learned the scriptures.

He was in some ways far beyond his years, for his school education had been brought out by the intellectual conversation of his mother. He had not been crammed, so as to leave no room for thought. He had learned to think.

That same day the little party set out for W——. We will now return to the Jewess and her guest. Naturally reserved, Sarah gained not many friends ; but now she seemed to think it a duty to entertain her guest.

Mrs. B. had been apprised of her faith ; still, she could not be silent about the things that were for her eternal welfare.

She told Sarah how God had answered her prayer with regard to her son being able to breathe once more the fresh sea breeze.



“Yes ; the God of Israel is , a Hearer and an Answerer of prayer.”

“And He is a God of love, too,” said Mrs. B.

“But He punishes sin. My forefathers had an endless rite to go through—an endless sacrifice to offer. But Christians seem to have an easy way of getting their sins forgiven.”

“An easy way? Ah! no; when the price of forgiveness was the infinite sacrifice of the Son of God!”

Sarah looked up quickly, but not to argue. She had begun to find out that there must be something in the christian faith, for, by the manner and conversation of her son and his family, she could not speak lightly of it.

After she had retired to rest often would she hear the sweet strains below, such as :

“I heard the voice of Jesus say—  
‘Come unto Me and rest ;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon My breast.’ ”

And :

“ How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear :  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.”

Mrs. B. said, “ Would you like me to read from our Testament ? ” When she saw the eagerness of her listener, she gained courage, and Mrs. B. had not forgotten to pray for her conversion.

Sarah had long wanted to hear the Christian's book. Evening after evening the inspired words were read by Mrs. B. in deep, earnest tones—the word of the Lord, which never returns to Him void, spoke to this Jewess. Fruitless are the efforts to convince apart from the scriptures.

No argument was needed to convince Sarah that the word of the Eternal was being read, for, as the thunders peal and the lightnings flash and speak for themselves of the great Unseen, so the mighty scriptures shine forth and speak for themselves of the majesty of the divine Author.

Read by the light of the Holy Spirit, the reader can only bow in wonder and in adoration as each page is opened to his view.

“Star of Redemption! I seek for thy ray—  
Mandate of mercy, thy words I obey.”

The holy words sank deeply down into the heart of Sarah Wolfe. She eagerly waited for the evening readings, and ere the visit was drawn to its close, Benjamin had the joy of knowing that his mother was travelling with him to glory.

“As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life.” The record of that scene in the wilderness Sarah had often read, but now by the light of the Holy Spirit of God, she saw the Antitype. Yes, the brazen serpent was lifted up in the sandy desert for the serpent-bitten Israelites to look on and live. The whole race of man has been bitten by the serpent of sin, and on Cal-

vary's mount, He who knew no sin not only died for our sins, but was made sin for us ; and from Him, for this cause, God hid His holy face. The sun was darkened, the earth quaked, the rocks rent at that awful sight. As the brazen serpent was lifted up, so was the divine Redeemer lifted up. None but He could stand the awful fire of the judgment of a sin-hating God. That righteous God is now so satisfied that He has raised our mighty Substitute from the dead and placed Him on His own throne, whereby He has given assurance unto all men, that the mighty debt has been paid to the full.

Mrs. B. explained all this to Sarah Wolfe. She heard and believed. When she thought of the endless rites of the Mosaic ritual, what rest and peace were hers, when she believed that Christ our Passover had been sacrificed for her, once and for ever : the sacrifice she needed had been provided, and all she could do was to bow her head and worship :—

“ Worthy of homage and of praise,  
Worthy by all to be adored,

Exhaustless theme of heavenly lays,  
Thou, thou art worthy, Jesus Lord."

Four happy weeks were spent by the little family and their guest at W——. The health of Ernest returned. Benjamin delighted to ramble with his young friend, and much did he learn from his youthful guest. Often on the sands of that watering place could be seen the dark Jew and his young friend, with his pocket Testament in his hand, and Benjamin drinking in every word of explanation so modestly given.

At the evening gatherings, that Jewish household would sit with their Bibles at the feet, as it were, of their youthful teacher. They knew the whole Levitical law, and with what eagerness did they listen to the fulfilment in the great Anti-type!

The earthly priest is no longer in an earthly temple, but the heavenly great High Priest, by the sacrifice of Himself for His people's sins, has entered the court of the heavenly temple.

The precious stones of the breastplate glistened before the mercy seat, upon which God's glory shone in that sandy desert. Upon them were engraved the names of the twelve tribes of Israel, and the breastplate was attached to the ephod by a lace of gold—that white linen ephod, emblem of purity.

So now Jesus wears our names upon His breast.

Every believer is linked to the great High Priest, their living Head, by the everlasting link of the Spirit of God. Not by faith, which is sometimes small, and sometimes greater ; but linked by that everlasting link through faith, to the One who wears the spotless righteousness of God. All this was explained fully by Ernest.

Then, again, when reading of the altars made with rough hewn stones ; the hand of man had naught to do with those stones, neither has the creature aught to do with the raising of that altar, or the sacrifice on Calvary's mount. He Himself is the altar and the sacrifice. He gave His life a

ransom for many. No man took it, He bore the Red Sea's judgment for us. He, the true Ark of safety, has stood in the midst of the swellings of Jordan for His people that they might pass safely over, view the hills of Canaan, and behold the waving ripened corn of the Promised Land, and be able to feast upon the old corn stored in the granary of Canaan.

In having Christ we inherit all things—manna for the desert way may be our daily portion here, and by faith we know we are seated in Christ in the heavens above. What want we more?

“Bread of heaven!

Feed us now and evermore!”

Then again the brazen altar in the outer court of the tabernacle. Here the Israelite brought his sacrifice. That altar stood the fire, and the sacrifice prepared the way for his onward march to the court of the congregation.

But Christ our sacrifice has prepared the way, not to an earthly temple, but

to heaven itself. where He, the great High Priest, has entered for us.

“Jesus, in Thee our eyes behold  
A thousand glories more  
Than the rich gems and polished gold  
‘The sons of Aaron wore.’”

The little party were sorry indeed to break up ; but all were thankful for having had such a rest.

Ernest had commended himself as a Christian, and Benjamin did not send him to his home with a heavy heart, for he, with the full approval of his partner, engaged Ernest at once to fill a vacant post, at a good salary, and gave him time to seek a comfortable residence for himself and mother. This was soon procured, and Ernest went to Roseneath, and brought his mother to his new home.

Benjamin had been prepared for the good news regarding his mother, and bright were those days, with the aged converted Jewess sitting in her armchair,



with her hand oft on the raven curls of her little grandson, telling him tales of Jesus and His love. How bright, too, were the evenings after the toil of the day for Benjamin. Often would his heart and voice resound in a note of praise to the Giver of all good, and sounds of melody issue from the pleasant sitting-room. None more frequent than the notes of that beautiful hymn—

“ Jesus, the name I love to hear,  
I love to sing its worth ;  
No saint on earth its worth can tell,  
No heart conceive how dear.”





## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE DYING CHRISTIAN.



FIVE happy years were spent by the aged mother in the bosom of her family. The glorious Sun of Righteousness had illumined her path as she descended the hill of life. A

halo of peace shone around her, the Jehovah of her fathers had led her, as He always does, by a right way. The sandy desert of this scene she had

trodden, and now the hills of Canaan were in view. The Red Sea of judgment had been passed over by the Redeemer, all the billows had gone over Him, and dryshod between the crystal walls of salvation she could pass to that Better Land.

Sarah Wolfe had learned that this life is full of changes, that riches take wings and fly away ; God had broken her down by troubles, in love, that the light, that had first through Himself shone into her dark soul, might shine out. The oil was in the vessel, no one, until the Holy Spirit indwells the earthen vessel, can shine. "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

What a comfort it was to Benjamin to know that his mother was a follower of the Lamb. The armchair was at last vacant, and the beloved pilgrim was unable to leave her room ; Leah was her constant nurse. Her sweet voice was often raised in singing to her grandmother some of her favourite hymns, and the daily reading of

the scriptures was a great source of comfort to both. It was no task for them to listen to those wonderful words of life.

That which is read Sunday after Sunday to careless listeners, came to them in full power, stirring their hearts to their very depths. What more could that heart of love do for His sin-stricken creatures? He has died for them, that He might be able to take them to be with Him for ever. In travelling to that "Better Land," each pilgrim has that faithful Saviour as Guide and Friend all the way.

What can the Christian want more than this? If weary, to Him he can go, who gives the weary rest. If he fears the conflict and the strife, the Captain of the host of the Lord is near to sustain, and if tempted to retire from the battle-field, there comes in gentlest whisper, heard even above the tumult, "Fear not, for I am with thee," "Be not dismayed, for I am thy God."

All saw that the time was at hand when the pilgrim would reach her desired haven. Jordan's swellings she need not fear, the

Ark of the Lord had stood in the midst for her, and ere she was called to pass over, the dark waters of judgment had rolled back, and dry-shod from the other bank, she could pass on to the Promised Land. By faith, long ere this, she had done so ; but now faith would give place to sight.

She delighted to hear read the Epistle of Paul to the Thessalonians. He told them not to mourn for those who had gone, as those who had no hope. For in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the trump of God shall sound, and the dead in Christ shall rise first, then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up, together with Him in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord :—

“ For ever with the Lord,  
Amen, so let it be ;  
Life from the dead is in that word,  
’Tis immortality.”

Yes, no angel will the great God of our salvation send, but He Himself will come.

What a meeting on the resurrection morn !  
Brethren from every shore will meet at  
that trysting place.

While Leah was reading this to her grandmother, the words to these Thessalonian Christians sent comfort to her own soul. She loved the aged saint, and would gladly have seen her in her accustomed place ; but there was a mansion in the skies awaiting her, far surpassing any of earth's glories.

Benjamin loved his mother, and amidst his multifarious business, the snowy locks crowning the peaceful brow of his beloved parent would come before him. On this particular day he could not set his mind on work, and left his office much earlier than usual. Leah and her mother had been watching anxiously at Sarah's bedside. A marked change had come over her, and just as they were thinking of sending for Benjamin, he was on the threshold.

His mother heard the muffled tread, and looked up at her much-loved son with a heavenly smile. Another sun was setting just as five years before when Hyam

passed away. The summer breeze was gently blowing ; the perfume of woodbine and roses was sending their fragrance in at the open window of the room, where the dying saint was lying. It was not the Day of Atonement ; but even so, she knew the great day of atonement was gone and had passed away for ever. The perfect Sacrifice had availed, and she could now pass into the inner court of the heavenly temple, where, for her, the Forerunner had gone before.

That evening, just before the spirit took its flight, sweet melodious sounds, by the dying one's desire, were ascending into the calm evening air, and the rays of the setting sun shed their golden beams around the mourners.

Psalm cxvi. was read : " Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

Then came the words from the dying saint :—

" Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought ;  
But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

“Till then I would Thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath,  
And triumph in Thy blessed Name,  
That quells the power of death.”

Then :—

“’Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,  
Whose Spirit will guide me safe home.”

Yes, how sweet is the sound of home to the weary traveller, and sweeter far to get a glimpse of our heavenly home, that land where no sun ever sets, and whose flowers are of fadeless bloom :—

“In the sweet fields of Eden,  
There remains a land of rest.”

The Captain of our salvation has fought the fight alone to ensure our entrance into the Promised land.

At last the watchers were silent, and their whole attention riveted by the words from the dying Christian. There lay the converted Jewess with an expression born from above. The light of heaven seemed to shed its beams on the uplifted face, and then in feeble accents came the words :—



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

“But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Took all our guilt away,  
A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood than they.”

Then :—

“How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds,  
In a believer's ear ;  
It soothes his sorrow, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.”

The voice became more feeble still, and  
whispered, “Sing my favourite hymn,”  
and with stifled sobs came the words—

“Now in a song of grateful praise,  
To our dear Lord the song we'll raise :  
For above the rest this note shall swell—  
Our Jesus hath done all things well.”

And ere the last note died away, the  
spirit of this daughter of Israel was in  
the Jerusalem above

A few days after—not with Jewish rites,  
nor in a Jewish cemetery—the remains of

Sarah Wolfe were committed to their last resting-place,

“Till Christ her precious dust will take  
And freshly mould.”

The venerable clergyman who had first preached the words of life to Benjamin and Rebekah read the Burial Service, and on the way to the churchyard, the choir, by the expressed desire of the departed, sang that well-known hymn :

“Not all the blood of beasts,  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty sinner peace,  
Or wash away a stain.

“But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Took all our guilt away,  
A sacrifice of nobler name  
And richer blood than they.

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

The Jewish convert was granted by her earthly friends this, her last desire, and though her silent body lay under that old

pile where she had often joined in holy songs, her spirit was in a nobler edifice, a brighter sphere, far away in the heavenly Canaan.

How they all missed her! How the bright sunny face of Christian was darkened when told that grandmother was gone to the "Better Land." Though absent, however, from her little companion, her prayers were answered, Christian grew into manhood, cheering the heart of his father and his mother : relieving the former in his business cares, and oft when the toils of the day were over, he would preach forth the words of life to those who hitherto had been strangers to a Saviour's love.

Many a one can now look back and remember the words of the young Jew in the Sunday school, and whose voices had oftentimes joined with his in singing :

"There is life in a look at the crucified One,  
'There is life at this moment for thee ;"

and,

"Nought for sin could e'er atone,  
But Thy blood—and Thine alone.



## CHAPTER XV.

### LEAH'S NEW HOME.



VERY one missed the aged couple, and none more than Leah ; still it was a great source of comfort to all to hear the prattle and see the sweet, winning ways of little Christian. The Lord does not lay more upon His children than they can bear, for He giveth strength. "As thy day, so shall thy strength be," and how often do we experience, after the dark cloud, a gleam of sunshine. This was so at Roseneath. Benjamin was fond and proud of his boy, and the child was indeed the joy of his mother.

Leah was about to leave her parental roof, and much more would she have been missed had not her little brother in a measure taken her place.

She was not like many young women at her age: dress and company were not her object, she lived for a higher motive. She was the sunshine of her home, a companion for her mother, and her help in every way. Leah thought not of herself, but lived for the happiness of others. Still her constant study was to please her great Master. She endeavoured to follow His example.

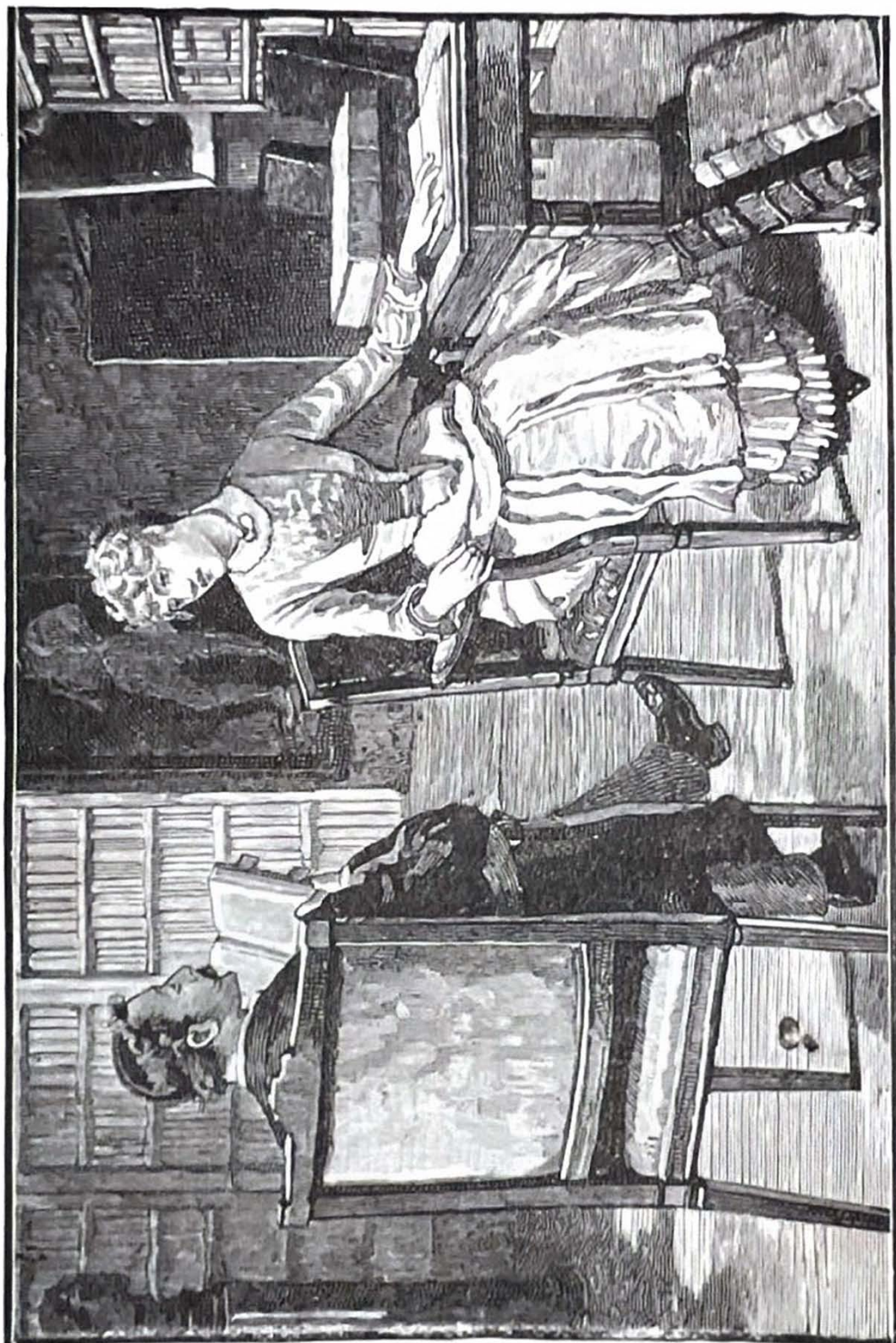
Every action was weighed at the end of the day when in solitude, and she learned how needful it was to approach the throne of grace, to find help in time of need. She confessed her failures to her Father, and He, true and faithful to His word, was ever ready to forgive. Faithful and just to her Substitute, because He had paid the mighty debt.

Peace was hers, because she knew that God, as God, had forgiven her sins when she rested her soul's eternal welfare on the

blood of His Son, and He had not only forgiven her sins, but He had judged herself who possessed the nature to sin. He had judged her in the Person of His Son. She was now dead in His sight, and alive and perfect in Christ alone before Him. With all her sins forgiven, as a child of Adam possessing the nature to sin, she could never stand in the presence of a holy God but in Christ, her Substitute, she is looked upon as there already, and ere long faith will give place to sight, and she, as part of the church triumphant, will sing the everlasting song :—

“Glory, glory everlasting,  
Be to Him who bore the cross.”

Leah was happy in her Lord. She had the assurance of salvation, fully believing that “none can pluck them out of the Father’s hand.” Happy in her duties, and although of course she had long left the schoolroom, some of the hours of recreation were spent in study. But amidst duties and studies, none enjoyed a romp with her little brother



ERNEST AT ROSENEATH.





more than she, none cared more for the lovely rambles. Her Christianity was of that sort that gave a healthy mind, and a healthy body; and the bright smile and the merry laughter were not wanting in this young Jewish maiden. Her heart was free. She had never given marriage a thought for herself. She seemed to imagine that other people must get married; but for herself, Roseneath, and all her associations, were all she cared for. But her bright, natural ways, and her lovely christian character had another observer than her parents. This was Ernest B., the widow's son. Still, neither by word or look did he ever lead her to suppose that he had any other thought for her than that of a friend.

Benjamin had learned much from Ernest, and he respected and loved him also.

Often would other employés see their junior master walking towards the railway station with their fellow-clerk, and many an evening the latter spent at Roseneath. Ernest had great musical talent, and hymns of praise, with sacred melodies, were often

heard ascending into the calm evening air of Roseneath Cottage.

The name of Jesus was never forgotten there :—

“ Sweetest note in seraph song,  
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,  
Jesus, blessed Jesus.”

The strains of Mozart's Gloria in Excelsis have often been swelled by the rich bass notes of Benjamin, Ernest's tenor, the alto of Leah, and the sweet treble of her mother.

Ernest did watch Leah, and his profound respect brought out his love. He was conscious of this, although Leah was ignorant of it. But not so her parents. They had seen more of the world, and of the human heart than she had done.

They both looked on with pleasure, and left the issue of events in the hands of the great Disposer. They knew, however, that Ernest had his widowed mother to support, and that his present salary would not allow him to think of a wife. This Ernest was conscious of too ; still, had he

been in a pecuniary position, he would have been reticent, fearing that his benefactor would not think him worthy of his daughter as to social position.

Things went on much as usual, Benjamin and his partner carrying on the business amicably and happily together, till one morning, soon after the former had entered his office, a telegram was put into his hand informing him that his partner had suddenly died from heart disease. He left no children ; his widow being the sole executor. Benjamin felt much sorrow at the loss of his friend.

Matters were in time arranged, and by the will the business was left entirely to Benjamin ; but out of it a handsome annuity was to be paid to the widow. Benjamin was much surprised.

He missed his partner in the business and wanted some one who could feel an interest at one with him ; this he could not find in any mere employe, much as he might trust him.

One day Ernest B. was called into Benjamin's office, as he had been on that

day when in Hyam Wolfe's establishment ; but years had passed since then. The youth had grown into manhood, and his handsome stalwart frame was now much as Benjamin's had been on that day.

None in the establishment could think like Ernest. Intricate business affairs had for a long time been left to his management, that would otherwise have been only seen to by his employers. His perfect confidence in Ernest freed Benjamin from much anxiety ; so the thought suggested itself to him—"What better thing could I do, than take my clerk into partnership?"

This morning the clerk was not in the attitude of standing, as in former years, but seated with Benjamin Wolfe. The following words were uttered by the latter in his frank, business-like manner :

"Mr. B. I want a partner to share with me the responsibility of this large concern."

Ernest, quite unconscious that he was the subject of this conversation, said :

"Yes, I have thought so for a long time. You must miss Mr. W. very much."

Not feeling in a position to make any suggestions to his master, he became silent.

“Yes, I have felt it, and now I feel that there is not one in the world I should like better than yourself.”

The cool, unimpulsive young man suddenly rose to his feet at such a vision. In an instant the panorama of a home with the one he loved came before him, and being able to make provision for her and his mother also.

He knew his master was not trifling with him, and he knew, too, that Benjamin Wolfe in making this proposition was aware that his clerk was penniless. The fair, handsome face became pallid with emotion, and not a word could he utter.

At last Benjamin said :

“My boy, I did not expect this. I think we had better not talk more on the subject for the present,” but in a matter-of-fact way he also said, “We will adjourn, and get some refreshment.”

That morning some of the employés saw Benjamin Wolfe strolling down the

thoroughfare with his arm linked in that of Ernest B.

Benjamin said, "I did not expect such a reception of my news." Then Ernest, after he had recovered his usual equilibrium, said, "Words cannot express what I feel, so I will not attempt it."

Benjamin quickly said, "If you are happy, I am amply repaid; but I think it is a pity that you have not a wife to tell your joys and sorrows to; but of course you have your worthy mother. But, my boy, I should advise you, when all our matters are put in lawyer-like fashion, to take some worthy woman to cheer you and your noble mother, too. There is nothing like having a comfortable home and a good wife."

Ernest answered, "But one must have the woman they love to make home happy."

"Well," said Benjamin, "I must confess to you that I am not blind," and knowing the pride of Ernest, or rather his self-respect in shunning patronage of any kind, said, "You will have a good share of my

business, and if it will make you happier, I will give you my daughter, too."

All the response of Ernest at the end of that interview, and the evening hour had now come, was a grasp of the hand his friend extended to him, and an expression from the sensitive junior partner that the sympathetic senior understood.

Business and constant communication with men of the world had not deadened the refined sensibilities of our Hebrew friend.

Rebekah was delighted with all the account given of that day ; still she loved her daughter too well to sanction her marriage with one she did not love, and her prayer for Leah was, that if she did marry, it might be not only in the Lord, but of the Lord, also. Rebekah neither told her daughter, planned, or arranged, but left all in the hands of Him who loved her far better than any one on earth could.

On the following evening Benjamin invited Ernest to return with him to Rose-neath, and the two appeared about an hour before Benjamin's usual time. The

day had been oppressively hot, and Leah was seated in a retired nook of the garden busily employed with some needlework.

Benjamin, not seeing either mother or daughter in the house, went in search and asked Ernest in the meanwhile to take a walk in the garden.

Leah heard a footstep advancing towards the spot where she was sitting, and on looking up found the intruder (if such he may be called) to be Ernest B.

In her own frank, unembarrassed manner she said, "Oh! I am so glad you have come, for I wanted some music this evening, and your voice we are at all times glad to hear."

Leah, always so free and so natural, detected something unusual in the manner of Ernest this evening that somewhat embarrassed her—a something she could not understand, and little did she dream the cause of it, for Ernest was seeking for an opportunity to ask her to be his wife. He had prayed for guidance, and now the way seemed open.

He took a seat beside Leah, and said,



"Have you heard that your father has dismissed me from my appointment as clerk?"

Leah felt an arrow strike at her heart. In a moment all the pleasant evenings seemed to vanish for ever, and something she could not explain gave her real sorrow. In her own natural way, she said, "Oh, Mr. B., I am so sorry! May I ask the reason?" She looked up for the answer, which came quickly and in an unexpected manner: "Yes, to be your father's partner, and now I am in a position to ask the only woman I love on earth to become my wife, and you alone can give the answer."

Leah did not look up this time, but Ernest read her answer. We will not mention the words that passed between the young couple, but merely say that Leah leaning on the arm of Ernest, entered the house, looking radiantly happy, and her happy look was reflected in that of her lover.

Leah was greatly relieved when told that her parents would place no impediment in the way of their happiness.

There was music indeed that evening in

that loved spot, and the family, so united then, were soon united more closely still.

The young Jewish convert stood with the husband of her choice at the altar rails of the church they had been wont to attend. The same clergyman already spoken of, performed the marriage ceremony, and that summer morning, as the bridal guests sat down to the feast, the peals of the church bells were wafted across the summer breeze as they had been on that calm Sunday morning when Benjamin's beloved parents had first made their home at Roseneath Cottage.

Such is life—the old pass away, and younger ones take their place ; but amidst all, the aged patriarchs never lost a place in the hearts of the inmates of Roseneath Cottage.

Strange as the reader might think it, Woodbine Cottage was again to let, and Benjamin had purchased it, and presented the pretty dwelling, handsomely furnished, to the newly-plighted pair. Thus there was constant communication between the two abodes.

The beloved mother of Ernest was not separated from her son. She, like Leah, did not live for self, and on the first evening of the arrival of the newly-married pair to their new home, after returning from the Continent, Mrs. B. was there to welcome them, and with a warm and loving embrace, received Leah as her child.

All went on harmoniously. As Christian was growing into manhood, the days of Benjamin and Rebekah were enlivened with the sweet prattle of their little grandchildren.

When Christian came of age, his father gave him his share of the business, and Benjamin and his wife spent their remaining days in quiet comfort. Neither lived to the length of days of Hyam and Sarah ; but peacefully they passed away, within a few months of each other, each leaving a bright testimony to the precious Name they had confessed amidst much persecution. With real sorrow of heart did their beloved children bid them adieu.

At the burial of both the hymn that had

been sung at their mother's grave was sung :

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

“But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Took all our guilt away,  
A sacrifice of nobler Name,  
And richer blood than they.

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

Above in the heavenly courts each voice will blend in the everlasting song of the redeemed.

Some time after the death of his parents, Christian brought home a bride to Rose-neath. Christian had not only been one in name, but in heart also, and the lady of his choice, like himself, was wending her way towards the heavenly Jerusalem.

Ernest and Christian went on for some years amicably, but the former had been

blessed in his business, and had amassed a fortune. He now gave up, and Christian was left sole master of the concern.

Leah, from a German friend, had heard that Carlsruhe Villa was to be put up at auction. The successor there of Hyam Wolfe had lost all in the same way he had gained the Hebrew's home, and he now had to face the world as Hyam had done.

Some days after the arrival of the news, Ernest told Leah that business would detain him for a few days. And so, unknown to any of his family, he set out for the banks of the silver Rhine, and then for Carlsruhe Villa. To the highest bidder the dwelling and grounds were knocked down, and that bidder was Ernest B.

All the heirlooms of the Wolfe family (which ought not to have been given up by Hyam) he bought, and soon was on his way back to England.

By his orders Carlsruhe Villa was set in order. The heirlooms that Leah had prized and had talked so much of, he left behind; but all others he brought with him and presented to Christian, and also

the title deeds of the estate ; but with the agreement that all should be Leah's for her life. So Hyam Wolfe's descendants are now the possessors.

On returning to Leah, Ernest told her that his business was to buy her a residence he thought she would like ; so imagine her surprise when told that Carlsruhe Villa would be her home.

She with her husband and children soon crossed to her fatherland. Once more she was at the gate of Carlsruhe Villa ; but this time she was entering to be its mistress.

Time had flown since last she had stood in that hall. Silver threads were now gleaming through her raven, silken tresses, but the eye had not lost its lustre, the intellectual countenance, now softened with christian graces, shed a brightness on all around. When she gazed on the relics of the past, and on the hanging portraits of her Hebrew ancestors, she could thank the God of Israel for so favouring her in leading her out of darkness into light.

Ernest, not like Hyam Wolfe, had

sought rest, and had found it ere he entered that dwelling. That sweet rest he had found on the tested Rock of Ages, from all the waves and billows of this world's stormy sea, and now it was his daily work to tell to others of the Saviour he had found.

The songs of the heavenly Zion were now sung here, and though their sire was now roaming the courts of the Jerusalem above, his beloved children were following his footsteps, and it was a glad day for all at Carlsruhe Villa when Christian with his wife and little ones were expected for their annual visit. Although wealth abounds, each holds it for the Giver, and uses it for His glory.

From that dwelling the voices of the Hebrew brother and sister join with Ernest B. in singing the beloved sacred songs of earlier days. Each knows that wealth can take wings and fly away, so from the heart they can still sing—

“ Guide us, O 'Thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrims through this barren land ;

We are weak, but 'Thou art mighty,  
Guide us with Thy powerful hand.  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed us till we want no more ! ”

And oftener still—

“ Jesus, the name I love so well,  
The name I love to hear ;  
No saint on earth its worth can tell,  
No heart conceive how dear.

“ This name shall shed its fragrance still  
Along this thorny road,  
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill  
That leads me up to God.

“ And there with all the blood-bought throng,  
From sin and sorrow free,  
I'll sing the new eternal song  
Of Jesus' love to me.”

