

THE JEWISH CONVERTS

BY E. W.



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A PLEASANT VISIT TO ROSE COTTAGE.

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LONDON :
G. MORRISH, 20, PATERNOSTER SQUARE.

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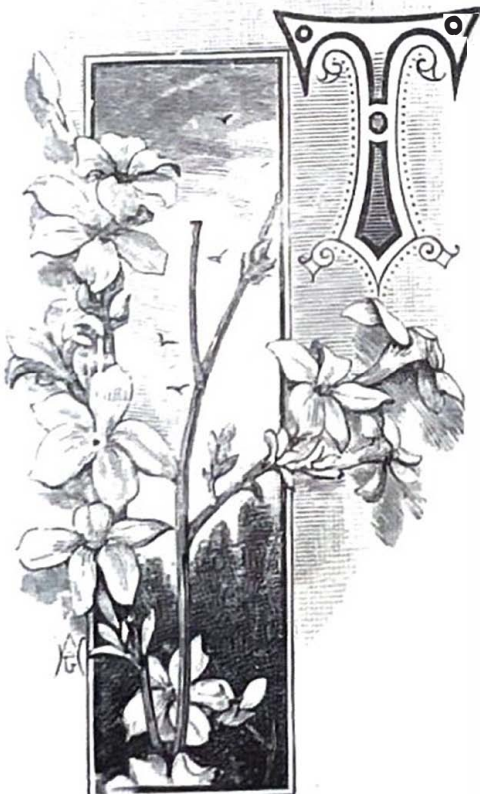




The Jewish Converts.

CHAPTER I.

A JEWISH HOME.



HE rich Jewish merchant, Isaac Barnard, had an only son named Mark, for whom he engaged a tutor. His only care was to have the knowledge that this tutor possessed the necessary qualifications to educate Mark as befitted his station; so Reginald Stevenson was chosen, and he

became an inmate of this Jewish home, where wealth and luxury abounded.

Sarah Barnard, Mark's mother, was a gentle lady, and since the day she had stood with Isaac underneath the canopy erected in her father's drawing-room for the marriage ceremony, no earthly care had set on her brow. On that day, Isaac, then dark and handsome, and just on the threshold of manhood, had trampled into fragments the glass goblet which had contained the wine shared by himself and bride. The scattered fragments shewed to the guests that, as that broken goblet could never be one again, so Isaac and Sarah could never be disunited.

The young wife, indeed, had no care, if wealth could prevent it. But even this is no barrier, where God intends that His glorious gospel should shine. He has ways and means, even to shed its rays in the palace of a Cæsar.

Reginald Stevenson was a Christian, and had been earnestly praying that a way might be opened, whereby he might have a sphere of service for his Master. The

request was granted, as we have seen, and Reginald was installed as Mark's tutor.

After the usual hours of study, he repaired to his own private apartments, and often was he seen studying the Holy Writ, which had been handed down to him by the race in whose house he had now found a home. Reginald was a high-souled, intellectual young man. He had been brought up under the influence of a christian father and sainted mother, who were now in the realms of the blest. As you beheld his smooth, intellectual brow, eyes full of fire of genius, still with a calm, heaven-born expression; you would be led to think that the pupil must be blest indeed with such a teacher; and so this youth most certainly was. His heart, naturally warm and impulsive, had entwined itself around the heart of his teacher, and these two found in this Jewish home sweet companionship.

The teacher felt his responsibility in educating this Jewish lad, not only mentally, but morally, so to the All-Powerful he went for wisdom, and his

request was granted ; and the Jewish youth, amidst the fashion, display, and worldliness of his parental abode, was beginning to find out that life has another goal unto which both young and old were all hastening. He delighted to gaze on the calm, noble expression of his teacher, and he felt that Reginald possessed something that his relatives or himself knew nothing of—what that was, indeed, he was at a loss to know. He longed to know each day. He made up his mind to inquire of Reginald, and at last an opportunity offered.

Mark took a row on the lake in his father's grounds, and then moored the boat in a secluded spot, thinking he would sit down and decide how he could broach the subject to his tutor, when whom did he see, seated in the very spot he had chosen, but Reginald himself, earnestly reading ! And so absorbed was he, that he did not observe the approach of his pupil until almost close to where he was reclining. Reginald looked up and beheld Mark's bright smile. The latter seated

himself near his teacher, and without any apology, and, in his own frank way, asked him what he possessed so different from any person else around him.

Reginald said, " I have eternal life in Christ, and the knowledge of this and of the One who bestows it, sends a sweet peace into my soul, that this world can never give or take away." And then, in warm and earnest language, he told him the story of a Saviour's love.





CHAPTER II.

MARK'S CONVERSION.



MARK had been taught to despise the One whom Reginald, in such deep and earnest tones, was speaking of in that twilight hour ; but now what he heard from his tutor's lips sent an arrow home to his soul, and only the Divine Hand who sent it could heal the wound thereof.

Reginald told Mark that the despised Nazarene had been sacrificed for him : that He, as the God-Man, was the true Passover, and that he was sure He was God, or he would not trust in His blood. How that through the Paschal lamb in Egypt of old, being slain, the Israelites had been sheltered from the judgment of

the destroying angel, but the faith of the Israelite in each household had to be exercised ; one could not act for another, and it did not do merely to put the blood in the basin ; it must be put, as Jehovah had willed it, on the door-post of each house, and through the blood the trembling Israelite could go inside and feed on the paschal lamb ; but the Israelite, strong in faith, could also go inside, resting with confidence on the word of Israel's God, " When I see the blood I will pass over you." He did not say, when you see the blood, so that the trembling Israelite, and the one strong in faith, were both alike safe 'neath the blood-stained lintel ; but the full enjoyment of rest and peace, which was the outcome of individual faith in Jehovah, was only possessed by the one who fully trusted that mighty Deliverer. And when Israel's feet trod the shores of Egypt's sea, that same One brought them through on dry land, on the ground of the shed blood ; but to those who endeavoured to traverse that untried path any other way, those crystal walls of salvation, which

proved such a safeguard to the Israel of God, were only judgment to the Egyptians. So it is now—whoever wants to be saved from impending doom must come God's way ; none other will do. " There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved," but the name of Jesus. He said, " I am the way, the truth, and the life : no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." Faith is the gift of God. We are saved by grace, through faith, and that not of ourselves : it is the gift of God.

Reginald chose this subject, as the preparations for the Passover were being made, and everything, amidst all the worldliness of that Jewish household, was being carried out in the strictest form, only again verifying the truth of the scriptures, which they only knew in the letter thereof.

Mark drank in eagerly every word. The Spirit of God was teaching that son of Abraham. None other can reveal the hidden things of God : it is all foolishness to the man of the world, and still Israel's

God so loved the world as to give His only Son to be the Paschal Lamb to take away its sin.

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

Mark received these words, not only into his head, but into his heart, and the seed sown by Reginald sprang up into eternal life.

That evening was a remarkable one to those two. Mark begged to be excused from the family gathering, and retired to his room, and there, alone with the God of Israel, this Jewish youth poured out his soul to his Jehovah, and confessing like Daniel of old the sins of his fathers, and ere he rose from his knees he possessed that God-given peace that the world can neither give nor take away. The language of David became his : “ Bless the Lord, oh my soul : and all that is within me, bless his holy name.” He found joy and peace in believing : not in tears, not in prayers, but simply in believing.

When he thought of his Saviour-God

being the lowly Nazarene, he was lost in wonder. The name of Jesus was indeed precious to him now, and oh! how his heart yearned over his nation; but more especially so over his father and mother, who had only brought him up for this world.

He longed to read that little volume that he had so often seen in Reginald's hand; he had not read the truths unfolded in that precious volume, the New Testament; its admonitions and its injunctions he was ignorant of; he was however naturally an upright youth, who would have scorned to act meanly. He knew nothing of those words, "Whosoever is ashamed of me before men, of him will I be ashamed before the holy angels in heaven." Yet he felt that he could no longer keep this secret from his father. His heart, too, yearned within him to tell of a Saviour's love, and so he made up his mind to confess that Saviour. He well knew the issue of events dependent on such a course, so again he repaired to the throne of grace and found help for this

time of need, and sweet peace filled his soul.

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





CHAPTER III.

THE JEWISH TUTOR.



HE next morning Mark took his place at the family board. The quick eye of his mother detected something unusual in his manner. The usual topics were discussed at the morning meal, letters opened, and at last Isaac Barnard departed to his business in the town. He had been too absorbed in his morning paper to notice Mark. He was happy if his boy were happy. The following week was the "Passover," and Mark felt that he could not go through a mock ceremony when he knew that Christ, the true Passover, had been sacrificed for him ; so he determined that evening to confess to his father his present faith. He did not tell Reginald of his resolve.

Isaac returned at the usual hour. The

dinner was over ; father, mother, and son were gathered round the fire alone. This was not so at all times, as the house was often full of company. Silence reigned for some time. Sarah was plying her needle over some piece of fancy work, and Isaac was reading a newspaper. At last the voice of Mark was heard in the following utterance :

“ Father, I cannot join in the coming feast, for I believe that Jesus of Nazareth is our true Messiah.”

This was enough. Sarah looked up aghast. Isaac rose to his feet, and stood as one transfixed. At last, with pallid face and trembling voice, he commanded his son to go to his room. He then violently rang the bell, and requested that Reginald Stevenson should be told that his presence was needed immediately. Poor Reginald was unprepared for this hasty summons. He came, and there, with calm dignity, he answered the following questions :

“ Have you instructed my son to despise his father’s faith ?”

“ No, Sir. I would rather teach him to

honour it, if your faith is to trust the God of Israel."

"I do trust in the God of Israel."

"I do, too, most implicitly."

"Then I am favoured in having such a tutor for my son. My son has confessed to me that he believes Jesus of Nazareth is our true Messiah."

"I, too, Sir, firmly believe that Jesus of Nazareth is the true Messiah and my Saviour-God."

Isaac's rage and indignation could ill brook this, but he was a true gentleman, and controlled himself, and gave Reginald a hearing, as Felix of old gave Paul, and Reginald uttered the following words, fearing he might never have another opportunity—

"Yes, I do believe Him to be my Saviour-God. In Him I fully trust. The God of Israel said in your Holy Writ, 'Without shedding of blood there is no remission,' and that same One also said, 'Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth,' 'I am God, and beside me there is no other Saviour. And, Sir,

this name of Jesus 'is sweet in a believer's ear.'”

Isaac listened, his conscience was probed. He well knew those words, “Without the shedding of blood, there is no remission,” and still year after year he went to the synagogue on the Day of Atonement, and after having spent hours in the recital of numerous prayers, the sound of the ram's horn at sunset had sent him to his home, believing that the sins of the past year were all forgiven. Years after this memorable evening, when his son was in the Jerusalem above, this son of Abraham thought of these words. However the hatred of that precious name broke out afresh when he thought of his only son. Sarah was silent, but was none the less interested ; still the time came, when this gentle lady, in mistaken zeal, cursed her son on her dying bed.

The next morning Reginald Stevenson received a notice of dismissal, with a cheque containing a full term's salary in advance, as well as that almost due. Reginald, however, had sown the seed in

that Jewish house that would spring up yet. Mark appeared at the breakfast table with a calm, restful expression, but mixed with sadness, for he well knew the issue of the circumstances that had happened—that unless he recanted, he would be an outcast. Poor Mark, however, had gone that morning to the throne of grace, and had there found grace to help in this time of need.

After the morning meal, his father requested Mark to follow him into the library, and although this parent was stern and inexorable, he could not, much as he tried, suppress a feeling of curiosity to know more of this Jesus of Nazareth.

“Mark,” he said, “you are young, and therefore easily influenced. This idea that you have taken into your head is only the outcome of a severed brain. You have had too much study lately. I wish you to take rest and change. I will seek another tutor, who shall accompany you wherever you express a wish to go.”

This was the first intimation that Mark had of his separation from Reginald.

Bitter was the thought ; but he dared not utter it. Reginald had left that morning with no opportunity of seeing his beloved pupil. He commended him, however, to the God of his fathers, and now that God was going to act for him, to shew him " the more perfect way."

Mark thanked his father for this offer, and expressed a wish to see Jerusalem. This was eagerly granted, and when Isaac heard that word Jerusalem, his heart bounded with hope that his boy would not utterly reject his father's faith.

Isaac thought it prudent not to press his son to stay for the coming feast, and thus have a scene ; he liked to take life easily, and so he hastily chose a clever man, one highly recommended for his talent and integrity ; but he was a Jew. Isaac thought that this management on his part would withstand any more attacks from the christian faith. But who can fight against the God of Israel? He is above all, and working all together for good for the One who loves Him. Mark was a chosen vessel unto Him. He was going

to care for this young disciple. None ever trusted Him in vain, and this Mark was led to prove. His faith failed him not, though all seemed against him now.

The following day was fixed for his departure, and early that day a tall dark stranger was introduced to Mark by his father. The dark penetrating eye of this new friend took in at a single glance the character of the pupil committed to his charge. The dark handsome face and manly form, with eyes possessed of intellectual fire, and with a character well formed, strong in mind as well as in body, was a fit subject outwardly to accompany this Jewish youth in his travels. So Isaac thought, but man cannot read the heart.

Benjamin Alexander had been strictly brought up a Jew, but as he stood before father and son, there was a little volume in his pocket, that he was beginning to prize more than all the world beside. He had picked it up only a few days before in the streets of London—a beautifully bound pocket testament, that some person had dropped ; but this precious volume was to

drop seeds into Jewish hearts that would spring up into eternal life.

Oh my reader! how different are the feelings of a Jew, as he for the first time reads of the Redeemer's love, to the careless indifference with which that wonderful story is read by so many of those who have known it from their earliest days. Oh! careless reader of those wonderful words of life, wake up from thy sleep of lethargy; for the Judge stands at the door, "no time for mirth or trifling here."

At 3 o'clock that afternoon a cab was at the door to take Benjamin and Mark to the railway station, where they took tickets for Dover and Calais. During the journey very little was said. The tutor saw that his pupil was sad, and indeed he was, thinking of his dear friend Reginald, and of hours that would be no more. Benjamin did not wish to intrude himself, so he withdrew from his pocket the little volume spoken of. He had commenced the first chapter of St. John, and was so interested that he was surprised to find that he was at the end of the railway journey, where the

steamer was ready to start for Calais. Quickly he put the volume away, and escorted his charge to the steamer.

It was a calm and peaceful evening, and in a few hours they were on shore. A motley crowd met their gaze; the French tongue sounded strangely in their ears, although each was conversant with that language. They soon arrived at Paris, and drove to an hotel, and were supplied with everything in the way of comfort that money could procure.

There was a kind of reserve between teacher and pupil that time alone could efface; but time did at last, and these two found companionship like David and Jonathan of old, and this friendship as we shall afterwards see was cemented by holier bonds.

They went to the south of France. Isaac gave Mark a letter of introduction to an old friend of his, David d'Israeli, who welcomed the son of his friend to his house, and there pupil and tutor found rest and change for five weeks. Botany was a favourite study with Benjamin, and

he thought this in a measure would draw away the mind of his pupil from his trouble. God alone is our stay, we know, in times of trouble ; still, He works by means in the beautiful laws of nature. Any study or employment that tends to take the mind off self is to be followed with alacrity. Where is the one who is truly happy whose mind is centred in self? If God is good in giving His weary workers rest and change, let them employ their minds in that which will tend to raise them towards their Creator. Mark and Benjamin spent much of their time in roaming the hills and dales of lovely southern France, studying the flowers and plants of every hue, thus raising their minds and hearts to that One, who said when contemplating the beauties of the lily, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

One evening, after the pleasant pursuits of the day, Mark was walking alone on the grounds of his host. The lovely mountains in the distance were rising in grandeur into heaven's ethereal blue. The evening

was calm and lovely, speaking peace to all around save to Mark. Only one short week before had he been on other such grounds in his father's palatial dwelling. No mountains rose there to relieve the background ; still wealth was there as well as here.

Mark was thinking of that evening when he heard for the first time from Reginald's lips wonderful words of life ! He was thinking, too, of the little volume he had seen so often in his teacher's hand, and which he had so longed to read, and now a like one was in Benjamin's. He strolled on, and in one of the winding paths he espied Benjamin. The pupil linked his arm in that of his tutor, and on they strolled. No word had yet been uttered by either as to their faith. At last Mark said, in his usual frank way, " You seem to have a very interesting book ; it is so small, and yet every day for the last week I have seen you reading it."

Benjamin started ; he knew not what to say. He had been reading day after

day only a narrative of interest to him. He had not yet read it by the light of the Spirit of God. He little thought that he was to be taught the way more perfectly by his Jewish pupil.

Benjamin then said that he had picked up a volume in the street, and that it was a wonderful history of the Nazarene, and that it was so interesting that he had read its pages again and again, and he wished that he knew of some person who could explain it to him.

Mark said, "What is it you would know?"

"I would know who this Jesus of Nazareth really is."

Then Mark, in all the zeal of his youth and pent-up feelings, said: "I know who He is—He is the true Messiah, my Jehovah, my Saviour-God, my Redeemer."

Benjamin stood aghast, gazing earnestly into the face of his pupil, whose upturned, calm, heavenly expression contrasted so greatly with Benjamin's anxious one. There in the twilight did Mark pour forth into Benjamin's ear the same tale

of a Saviour's love that Reginald had so recently poured into his. Benjamin, though with a capacity to take in the writings of the greatest and cleverest men of the day, stood rapt in wonder when he heard the breathings of his Jewish comrade. How that Jesus was the Captain of His people's salvation; the same who stood before the Israelitish leader, Joshua, of old, before he entered to fight the battles of the promised land, saying, "As captain of the Lord's host am I come." Benjamin was lost in wonder, indeed. Yes; the God of Israel did not bid His weak ones fight without telling them that He would go before them; and oh! Israel, if thou hadst trusted thy gracious Redeemer, who had brought thee out of Egypt's bondage, and through the blood of the paschal lamb carried thee safely through to the other shores of "Egypt's dark sea," how much wouldst thou have been saved! But, blessed be God, He loves thee still for the fathers' sake, and down-trodden Jerusalem will rise again; King Solomon will sit again

on thy throne, and that throne will stand for ever ; but thou dost not think that thy King will be Jesus of Nazareth, and that thou wilt look on Him whom thou hast pierced. Blessed Jesus, every knee to Thee must bow, and own and crown Thee Lord of all !

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

Then Mark told Benjamin from whom he had learned these truths, and there in the evening hour these two young Jews knelt down before the God of their fathers, and asked Him to shew them what He would have them do.

Benjamin desired to hear more of his pupil. He had fully explained to him of the Passover ; but there were of course many things that he could not understand as types of Jesus of Nazareth.

Benjamin said, “ You know our fathers were told to sacrifice a bird, and to dip the wings of a living one into the blood of the

dead one, and then to send it away into the heavens. What could this have to do with Jesus of Nazareth?"

Mark well remembered all that Reginald had told him as to this. "That the dead bird typified the Lamb of God that took away the sin of the world, and the blood-stained living one prefigured Christ entering the heavens, by His own blood for us. At any moment, as the sinless One, He could enter heaven; but when He took upon Himself the sin of the world, He was bound to expiate it, and God was so satisfied, that He raised Him from the dead and seated Him upon His throne—the throne of God and of the Lamb thus shewing forth His Godhead. The throne of God and of the Lamb! Who could sit on God's throne, but Himself? He has said, 'I will not share my glory with another.'"

Now it was Benjamin's turn to find joy and peace in believing, which he did that same evening; and thus Reginald Stevenson gave place to a Jewish tutor, that he might, through him, find his Saviour-God.

My Saviour-God! Oh, what a word is this, that Thou, Creator of this vast universe, shouldst leave heaven's glories and Thy eternal throne, and walk this earth of Thine, and at last allow Thy creatures whom Thou couldest, with one breath, have sent into eternal woe, nail Thee to the accursed cross, that Thou mightest take them up into the heights of Thine eternal home, to walk with Thee when time shall be no more.

That very night, ere sleep closed his eyes, Benjamin Alexander was a new creature in Christ Jesus. He could say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" and that same Redeemer was the "despised Nazarene," and that He had loved him and given Himself for him.

The friends met the next morning at the breakfast-table, one in heart and one in purpose; but poor Mark was to have no earthly prop. Benjamin's career on earth had almost run its course he was to go to be with that Lord whom he had so recently known. No persecution was he to receive. This was to be left for Mark,

who naturally seemed the least able to bear it.

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





CHAPTER IV.

AN OUTCAST.



SARLET fever was raging in the town, and Benjamin's strong manly frame was the first to succumb to its ravages. Mark nursed him as tenderly as a woman, read to him from his treasured volume comforting words of life : how that "Christ his precious dust would take and freshly mould." Mark too gained knowledge for himself, and each day he was lost in wonder in contemplating the love of his Redeemer. The beautiful truths expounded by St. Paul dawned on his yearning soul, how that Christ would come Himself into the air and receive His own, to be for ever with Him ; and now that Mark was seeing his friend passing from him, he was conscious of the fact that

he would meet him again—that to the Christian to be absent from the body was to be present with the Lord.

The time came for his friend's departure, but ere his happy spirit took its flight he left a bright testimony behind in that Jewish household that was never effaced. The wife of David D'Israeli was a devoted attendant on her sick guest, and listened in secret to the reading of those wonderful words of life. She did not openly confess the Saviour, however, till on her death-bed.

Benjamin and Mark had one evening strolled down a quiet street and heard singing: they stopped and listened, and the words of the following hymn resounded in the calm evening air:—

“ 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.

“ Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place ;
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

“ 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.”

This was the first time that words like these had ever reached their ears, and oh! how their hearts responded to every word. They turned into the building from which the sounds proceeded, and heard prayers offered from simple hearts to their Jehovah.

They went to this meeting two or three times. Benjamin had expressed the wish to Mark, that one of this little Christian band should bury him ; and so it was. Only Mark followed the funeral cortège as a mourner. A chapter was read at the grave, and a hymn sung ; and after prayer was

offered, the body of Benjamin Alexander was committed to its last resting-place, until that day when those who sleep in Jesus shall be called forth.

Mark returned to the home of his host ; but only for a few hours. David D'Israeli politely told him that he must at once leave his house, as only now did he know the faith of those whom he had treated as his guests. Mark was heavy at heart ; he knew not what to do. There was a steamer to start for England in a few hours, so he at once set out for Paris, and arrived at the same hotel where, only a few short weeks before, he had been with Benjamin. He thought it right to go to his father's house. So after an unusually rough passage, he arrived once more in the great city, and was at last at home. Within an hour he saw his father, and told him the story of Benjamin's illness and death, and of his own fixedness of purpose in the belief of the Nazarene.

Isaac, seeing his purpose foiled, was in a rage. The zeal without knowledge for his faith led him to cast off his son—his

only son, and to mourn for him as one dead. That very evening, Mark was ordered by his father to leave his home, and never to return ; he should never see his face again in this world. He never did ; but he did in another. This did not come unexpectedly to Mark ; but what was only in expectation, came now with full force—a blow, the full strength of which he had never anticipated.

He stood trembling with livid countenance. At last he ventured to say :—

“ May I see my mother ? ”

Not even this was granted. Not a coin was given him ; not even the luggage that only a few hours before had been brought to the house. And now for the sake of his faith, my reader, this Jewish lad gave up home, father, mother, wealth, and luxury. He dared not lift his eyes. He turned to go ; but ere he left the hall, he managed to leave on the library table the Testament that Benjamin had given him. Not many hours afterwards that book was taken up by Isaac, and put aside, but not destroyed.

Mark that spring evening descended the steps of his father's residence and went into an untried path, into an unknown future. Out among the seething crowd he passed, "alone in London," though in that city were all who were dear to him. Nothing had he in the way of luggage except his overcoat flung across his arm. He had, however, some gold in his pocket and that would last him for some time.

He walked along with a wonderful alacrity, strong still in faith in Jehovah Jesus. An unseen Hand was leading him. He had, too, an inward feeling of exultation (deep as the pang was to part from his friends) that he was suffering for Jesus, for whom his love was intensified day by day. The more he realised His love, the more it drew out from him. He felt, too, the presence of that unseen Hand, and a peace that he never could describe filled his soul. God's ministering angels were doubtless leading him; and if our eyes could be opened, as were Elisha's servant's, we should no doubt see, as it were, the chariots and horses round about the moun-

tains of Samaria. Because miracles are not performed now, do not let us think for a moment that God has not ways and means whereby He can take care of His own.

“Omnipotence hath servants everywhere.”

“He does the very best for those
Who leave the choice to Him.”





CHAPTER V.

A SHELTER FROM THE STORM.



IN London Mark was not a stranger, and as one saw the fair young Jew wending his way, at 7 p.m., through the crowded streets, and beheld his calm, peaceful, heavenly expression, one would not think that a thick cloud of trouble was hanging over him; but the cloud was not so thick as to obscure him from his divine Protector. "Every dark cloud has a silver lining." The Sun of righteousness is ever shining.

At last Mark turned into a quiet street off the main thoroughfare, and as he passed an unpretentious building, he heard voices singing. He paused and listened to those beautiful words—

“Art thou weary, art thou languid,
 Art thou sore distress’d?
 ‘Come to Me,’ saith One, ‘and coming,
 Be at rest.’”

Poor Mark wiped away a falling tear, and listened to the end. He then entered the building, and found some Christians met for prayer. As they poured forth their simple petitions Mark could not but feel that he had been led there.

There was silence for a little time, Mark did not look up ; he was on his knees with his face buried in his hands. At last he heard a very familiar voice, whose accent and whose tone bespoke that of a gentleman. He dared not look up now, his heart was too full ; for that voice was petitioning for a young Jewish convert, and amidst the flutterings of his heart and his pent-up feelings Mark recognised the voice of his friend, Reginald Stevenson. Then a hymn was given out and sung, the following—

“There is a name I love to hear,
 I love to sing its worth,

It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

“ It tells me of a Saviour’s love,
Who died to set me free ;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner’s only plea.

“ It tells me of a Father’s smile,
Beaming upon His child ;
It cheers me through this little while,
Through deserts waste and wild.

“ It tells me what my Father hath
In store for ev’ry day ;
And, though I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

“ It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my smallest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part
That none can bear below.

“ It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
It dries each rising tear,
It tells me in a still small voice
To trust and never fear.

“ 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.”

The sweet words of this hymn sent its savour to the poor wounded heart. Such a hymn he had never heard before. He had a cultivated taste, and earth's voices had often blended in his hearing to give forth sounds of melody, that could be only truly appreciated by an ear like his. Now rough voices blended in these words, and the accent of the uncultivated met his ear, still Mark thought he had never heard aught like them. The *words* now riveted his attention, not the music. A time is fast hastening on when we shall no more praise Him with lisping and stammering tongue, but voices will join in sweet harmony in the chorus of the redeemed in the courts above, such as even angels have never heard ; and the voice of Mark will help to swell that chorus.

He had not the courage when the

meeting was over to speak to Reginald—not, however, from diffidence, for he had moved in society, where self-consciousness is but little known. Mark was weak from the effects of the journey, and also from all the trying events of the past few hours. He sat as one transfixed; but he was not unnoticed. Reginald's quick eye had noted his entrance, and now when Mark looked up, it was to see his friend, and to feel a warm grasp of the hand; but each was too full to speak his thoughts. Reginald was overcome to see his Jewish friend under that roof. The two left the building, and walked on some distance without a word. Reginald knew full well by Mark's countenance, sad, yet peaceful, that something unusual had happened; but he had too much refinement of feeling to ask questions, and he knew that his old pupil would soon open his heart to him.

Although there was only a few years' difference in their ages, Mark looked up to Reginald: his superior intellect, his strength of character, his firmness, still

mixed with gentleness, called forth the respect of all with whom he had intercourse. At length he ventured to say, " Shall I hail a cab ? "

Mark said, from the depths of his breaking heart, " Oh ! no ; I have no home to go to. "

Reginald knew all now, for he was well acquainted with the consequences of a member of a Jewish family confessing the name of Jesus. Reginald had no home either. He was a tutor in a gentleman's school, and lived in the house of a minister, whose conduct during the week so denied what he preached from the pulpit, that Reginald thought of seeking another appointment. He had found a happier home in the Jewish household of Isaac Barnard than ever he had known before or since, except in the loved home of his parents, whom he daily missed ; still his Father was guiding him, too, and would do so until parents and son should meet above, no more to sever.

“ Yes, we part ; but not for ever,
Joyful hopes, our bosoms swell,

They who love the Lord, no never,
Know a long, a last farewell."

What a glad reunion there will be on the morning of the resurrection, when Christ will come to claim His own. The ancient Israel of God knew what it was to be guided by the great Jehovah through sandy desert and stormy times; and, blessed be His name, the Israel of God knows now what it is to have the same Jehovah, only He is now known as Jehovah Jesus Oh! the privilege to be under His banner.

"Friends may one day soothe, the next day grieve,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive :
Oh! how He loves."

We want no other friend when we have Him.

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

Let us go and tell Jesus, not spend our breath in complaints to creatures who cannot help. Go to Jesus for His sympathy, and then you can go and comfort others and tell them, who have been hitherto strangers to it, of Jesus and His love.

Again Reginald and Mark walked on together in silence for some time, when the former told Mark that he knew where he could find lodgings for the night, and it was only about a mile from where they were now standing. Mark was glad to avail himself of this opportunity, so Reginald hailed a cab. They were soon on their way, and when Reginald told Mark that he was going to take him to one of his own people his heart bounded with joy.

Reginald had been recently introduced to Hyam Isaacs, who with his wife found joy and peace in believing that their long-expected Messiah was Jesus of Nazareth, their Saviour. They had each possessed a Testament, but feared to tell each other for some time ; and when each made the confession, what joy was theirs !

Hyam had been cast off by his family, and thus his wife and children were entirely dependent on his own exertions. Though now with a limited income, but with a comfortable home, they knew a peace and a happiness unknown before.

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

The visitors soon arrived at the door of a small detached villa. It was quite dark, so that Mark could not see the outward surroundings. The door was opened by Hyam himself, a man of medium height, about sixty years of age, with snowy locks, the high nose of his race surmounted with gold spectacles. His whole expression shewed him to be a man of culture and intellect. Reginald received a hearty welcome ; and having told his friend the object of so late a visit, Mark received a warm welcome in that Jewish home, or rather Christian home, and such an one as he never forgot. The two friends were led into the general sitting room, where the family were seated at supper. Rebekah, Hyam's wife, welcomed Mark as her own son when she heard his tale, for she had so recently known what her own husband had to suffer for the name of Jesus. His own brother dared not speak to him. He had been cut off

by all his kindred, and mourned for as dead.

Here for some weeks Mark found a home, and was taught by his host the more perfect way. Hyam told his youthful hearer many things that surprised him. Mark had often delighted to read of his forefathers walking round the walls of Jericho, and how those walls fell flat to the ground at their mighty shout. He had however seen no spiritual meaning: but now he learned that Israel's God, the Captain of their salvation, would have all the glory and that through faith in Himself, not in anything that they could do, the way was made plain for them to enter the city. What were walls to Israel's God? He spake and it was done.

They entered that city, but the way that led up to it was through redemption ground—bought by the blood of another. So now what are difficulties to Jehovah? Let us only trust Him. He will fight for us, and work in us, to do of His good pleasure, all through the blood of the Lamb. O! that His blood-bought peo-

ple could go on with full purpose of heart, with full trust in their great Redeemer, who will never leave them nor forsake them. His Spirit ever abides with His people ; but the world (the blest Redeemer when here on earth said) will not receive Him, because they do not see Him. We walk by faith and not by sight ; but by and by our faith will give place to sight. We shall see our Jesus ; no eye will ever behold God but in Jesus ; He will sit upon the throne of God—that God who has said, “ I will not share my glory with another ;” but He seats the Man Christ Jesus on His eternal throne ; so the Man Christ Jesus must be Jehovah.

Mark found this great Jehovah to be indeed his Guard and Guide through all the tangled ways of this world.

After Mark had spent some weeks with Hyam Isaacs, he, through the influence of his kind host, who knew the manager of a large business establishment in France, got an appointment there ; so Mark returned to within a few miles of the spot he had so recently left. He had a good



MARK AND HANNAH. (See p. 61.)

salary, and did not remain long in lodgings, but took a pretty villa near the mountains of lovely southern France, overlooking the blue waters of the Mediterranean. He furnished it, and in a short time obtained leave of absence ; so he returned to his native land. He did not go back to France alone, but took with him, to share his joys and his sorrows, Hannah Isaacs, Hyam's eldest daughter, who, like himself, was also travelling towards the heavenly city.





CHAPTER VI.

HANNAH BARNARD.



ANNAH, whose glad smile and welcome met Mark on the threshold of his loved home, was of medium height, with the aquiline nose of her Jewish race. She wore an expression of sadness ; still, as the beholder gazed on that face, he could perceive from what race she sprang ; also that there was an amount of intellect, not of an ordinary character. Possessing great reasoning faculties, she was not one who would take as truth all that was propounded to her, but searched "the scriptures to see if these things were so ;" and her pocket Testament was the companion of her way, unfolding to her the hidden meanings of her own scriptures that she knew so well.

Her maternal grandparents, who were

strict Jews, had adopted her ; and when her father knew of a Saviour's love, he found he was powerless to cause the child to unlearn all that she had learned in that Jewish home ; so to the All-powerful he went for help, and that same One who had so enlightened him, remembered his child. About one year before Mark became an inmate of Hyam's home, she had confessed her Saviour. She had learned much during that short year, so that now she was enabled to impart to her husband that which the Lord had taught her.

One evening they read together Leviticus xvi., where the dead goat and the living one are set forth as types of the great Antitype. Hannah said the goat on which the Lord's lot fell was sacrificed, and then, and not till then, the sins of the people were confessed on the head of the living one, when the animal was sent into the wilderness—into the land of forgetfulness. The dead goat was one aspect of the death of Christ, as being the propitiation for the *sins* of the whole world, and the live goat prefigured the substitution of Christ

for His people. Yes, blessed be God, many a child of Abraham knows this wondrous truth; and though now Jerusalem is in the hands of the Gentiles—all sacrifices done away—that Jesus is his Saviour-God—the One who gave the sacrifice that He Himself demanded. God had been dishonoured here on earth, where He should have been glorified; and Jesus came to glorify Him, to atone to Him for sin; and if no single soul had ever been saved, atonement must be made, and God be fully glorified.

This was the first object of the Saviour, and now, dear reader, God is so fully glorified, and so fully satisfied, that He can come out and offer to man the forgiveness of sins; and not only this, but the sacrifice of Christ is so efficacious, that He can offer a home in heaven, in His very presence to the believer on that Saviour. Man in innocency as a son of Adam could never have entered heaven; but as a child of God, through the blood of the Lamb, he can now enter the celestial courts. O! the immeasurable heights

and depths of the love of God through Jesus Christ our Lord. Blessed be His name, His death is enough to save a thousand worlds, if necessary ; its value is infinite.

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

Hannah, when professing the Jewish faith, had been most zealous in her belief ; and now, as a Christian, her natural character shone out. She was earnest now, she loved reality.

Several happy years were spent in their Southern home, which was enlivened by the prattle of a sweet child named Rachel, who was now about eight years old, when the health of Mark gave way. At last he was compelled to give up his appointment and live on the savings of the past years, hoping against hope that health would be his again. But no, he was to be called to the Jerusalem above, and Hannah and Mark were to be separated.

The last evening came which these two were to spend together on earth. The sun was sinking behind the western horizon. The moon at her full was rising in all her loveliness. The blue calm waters were fringing the distant shores ; the birds were singing and chirping ; the reapers were returning from the golden grain ; all things were going on in their natural course. The pretty French window opened on to the lawn, and the calm breath of evening was sending its delightful fragrance into the room where they were sitting. Mark was reclining on the couch, and rose to go to the table, where tea was so temptingly laid, with lovely flowers adding an air of freshness to the repast. This was the last meal of this loved husband. He partook of little, for a weakness crept over him, and he returned to the couch. Ere an hour had passed away, his spirit winged its flight to that celestial clime where sorrow is unknown.

Hannah was a widow.

“ In the Christian’s home in glory,
There remains a land of rest.”



HANNAH A WIDOW.



CHAPTER VII.

ISAAC BARNARD.

BITTERLY had Isaac felt the separation from his son, and soon after he had cast him off Sarah passed away, and she cursed her son on her dying bed. Such, my reader, is the mistaken zeal of some of the Jewish race. But ere she died, a peaceful expression stole over her face. Let us leave her ; we know not what passed through her mind. Perhaps truths she possibly might have read in her son's Testament spoke peace to her soul, when making her exit into the eternal world. Many we expect to see in heaven we shall not find, and many unexpected will be there.

Isaac was now bereft indeed. Riches

he possessed, which procured all that this poor world could afford ; but nothing brought him happiness. Lasting peace nothing in this world can bestow. The void in the heart of man, that is ever craving for something to satisfy, nought but the Creator who made that void can fill :

“ Jesus, only He can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live.”

Not religion, but Christ. Reader, only try Him, you will never repent it.

[ORIGINAL.]

Once I dreamed of happiness,
And sought it in this world of tears.
I grasped a shadow, and thought it was the substance I possessed ;
But to my cost I had to learn
That in this transitory scene
No rest is found,
No sure foundation.
He, whose sovereign will hath sway,
Permitted this, to teach me this deep lesson.
And when 'twas learned,
I heard, in accents sweet,

“Come, heavy burdened one,
Come unto Me, and rest.”
I came, and found there, too, a sure Foundation,
Even the Rock of Ages.
It was through fiery trial I found this blissful
 haven,
For my poor wayward, wilful heart
Would not be led in paths of peace,
In calm dependence on my God,
But chose the path, that seemed to me the best
But e’en then an unseen Eye was watching,
And now the goal is gained.
Need I fear that I shall wander more ?
Ah ! no, for He who is my Rest,
Will guide me to the end.

Isaac, to find solace in his loneliness, was looking about one day seeking for some books in the library, in the perusal of which he might drown his thoughts, and found Benjamin's little Testament. There in his luxurious chair, a blazing fire on the hearth, everything around reminding him of his wealth, sat Isaac. Although the wife and son, who had so often sat with him in that room, were now no more with him, Isaac was not alone, for the God of Israel was as interested in him as He had been in Mark. God, the

lover of all mankind, was leading Isaac by a right way. He knew this son of Abraham with all his wealth was not at ease. Thoughts of the way in which he had treated his boy were uppermost in that busy brain ; and now Mark was gone to that land where Isaac could make no recompense to him. To Abraham's bosom (or to the place of the departed) he believed his son had gone ; but his rest was on another bosom.

“ Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershadowed
Sweetly his soul shall rest.”

Isaac had just heard through David D'Israeli that his son had died. Mark's prayer had gone up times without number for his parent's conversion, and now that he had gone to that “ better land,” his prayers were about to be answered.

Isaac at last opened the precious volume ; he read on, until his interest was so great, that he was not aware it was almost midnight. He could not forget the beautiful

third chapter of St. John, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up." He knew well from boyhood the account of that scene in the wilderness, over the sands of which his fathers had trodden. He had a bright, intelligent mind, with great reasoning powers; and these truths that were propounded in this little volume, commended themselves to his intellect, but his conscience had not yet been touched.

The next day he went as usual to his counting-house – the quick, sharp, intelligent man of business, whom all his employes were afraid to offend; and whom on the other hand, they one and all respected. He was shrewd; he would only have those about him who knew well how to serve him. He had mixed with men of the world, of all characters, and he could easily read those who came in his way. He had amassed wealth, and now that he had neither wife nor child to work for, he was beginning to lose interest, for money (although he was a Jew) was not his god. He had

amassed a fortune, for everything he touched seemed to prosper.

In the evening he returned home alone ; and after the dinner was over, he repaired again to the library. The little volume was at once sought for ; but this night the Spirit of God was dealing with him. He found out that he was a sinner, and came short of the glory of God—that not only had he broken the law, but he had within him a nature to sin—that the more he tried to do good, the more evil was present with him. He admired the great apostle Paul, and because he was a Jew, he was the more interested in him. He read his epistle to the Roman Christians, in which the apostle tells to them his past experience, how that when he had tried to better himself he had failed, and had found out that he had no power whatever to do the thing that was right. He found out that the only One who could give him the power was God through Jesus Christ our Lord. And then in a note of praise, he cried out, “ I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord.” There

is therefore now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus. They have another standing, before God. He now reckons the child of Adam, who believes in Jesus, as dead through Jesus Christ our Lord, and alive again through Him—all through Him, from first to last, the Author and the Finisher of our faith. Now the child of God has His Holy Spirit to give him the power to walk aright.

Isaac saw all this and felt it, too (that which takes some a life-time to learn), and like the apostle he uttered a song of praise.

Isaac, like his son, was zealous in all he undertook; and now he was ready to leave all and follow Jesus. He had many relatives, brothers and sisters, with whom he had intercourse; still, giving them up was not to him what it had been to poor Mark. Isaac had wealth at his command, he need not fear poverty—speaking after the manner of men. God alone knows the future, however; wealth takes wings and flies away. Friends may one day soothe and the next day grieve.

Those who have the Eternal as their refuge and their strength need fear nothing. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Isaac did not fear, the faith of his son was now exemplified in him. His heart, however, seemed to yearn for something or for some one who could share his new-born joy. A week later he received a letter from France from David D'Israeli, telling him that he had heard his son's widow was dying.





CHAPTER VIII.

THE JEWISH ORPHAN.

CHRISTIANS whom Hannah had met with rallied around her now, and after the remains of her loved husband had been committed to the dust, it was requisite for her to think how she could maintain herself and her child. Her funds were not yet exhausted, and she purposed staying where she was and endeavouring to obtain some pupils, whom she could educate with Rachel; but God purposed otherwise.

After the funeral Hannah's only earthly comfort was the companionship of her child. The evenings were spent together where Hannah and Mark had delighted to

sit, and now it was the joy of the mother to read to little Rachel of a Saviour's love. She knew her darling would be His, and join her parents in the new Jerusalem ; but she little knew through what deep waters the child would pass ere she could say that Jehovah was her Redeemer.

One evening Rachel was sitting with her mother, around whose heart the little maid was entwining herself more and more. Hannah had a heavy sorrow pressing on her now, and her faith in the God of her fathers was to be tested. Hannah, when her earthly prop was taken from her, comforted herself with the thought that she was left to protect her child ; but now she was conscious of the fact that her earthly course was well-nigh over, and that her darling child would be an orphan. Her father and her mother both had gone to that " Better Land." All her relatives still held the Jewish faith, and to whom could she leave her little one? Her feelings, long pent up, now burst forth into a passionate fit of weeping. At last, however, this subsided, and she

could calmly leave her darling to the all-wise Creator.

Hannah had been thinking that if she could leave her child to some christian friend, all would be well ; but God had other means whereby the lamb was to be brought into the fold.

How often are our plans frustrated ! It was not His will to place Rachel in the hands of Christians, but to send her to her grandfather's house. Ways and means are nothing to Him when He has a purpose in view.

Tea was over, and Hannah was seated in an easy chair, propped up with pillows. Rachel was sitting at the French window opening on the verandah, where sweet-smelling flowers, lately watered by the little girl, were sending forth their sweet fragrance to the invalid. The crescent moon was shedding her silver sheen on the pretty lawn in front, and throwing a mellow light through the rustling trees. Rachel was old enough to remember, and she never forgot, the last evening she spent in that room with her

darling mother. Hannah told her to go into the next room for a packet. The child obeyed, and quickly returned. It contained a pocket Bible (the last gift she now bestowed on her child), also the address of a gentleman, of whom we shall hear more later on. Hannah told Rachel to put them both carefully away. The mother knew she could not leave the child a better gift than her Bible. It was a chart that would lead her safely through the tangled mazes of life. When that mother's spirit had winged its flight to the mansions above, the precious words in that volume spoke peace to Rachel's soul, and nerved her to contend for the true faith of her fathers amidst much persecution and strife.

Hannah at last told Rachel that she was going to leave her, that God would take care of her, and she must believe that Jesus had loved her and had died for her, and by-and-by He would take her up to be with Himself, where she would again see her dear parents. Hannah thought it right to tell her child

all this, that the blow of separation might not come so heavily upon her. The dear child sobbed until her heart was well-nigh broken. She flung her arms around her mother's neck, and clung to her. This was too much for Hannah, she sobbed too; but nature was relieved. She commended her darling to the God of her fathers, to Him whom none trust in vain.

“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.

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

Hannah and Rachel never more sat there together. The former was not able to leave her room the next day; but Rachel was her constant nurse. Her

mother requested her to read the fourteenth chapter of St. John : “ Let not your heart be troubled. . . . Ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father’s house are many mansions.”

Hannah then sang in measured strains :

“ Now I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies ;
I’ll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.’

There was her child, and she knew not how she was going to be cared for ; but she knew Who was going to care for her. Jehovah had bidden her to leave her fatherless child to Him, and she was now enabled to do so.

She had attending on her a bright, warm-hearted, intelligent girl, who had come with her from her native land, and at the present moment she seemed the only one to whom Hannah could leave Rachel. She, however, calmly rested in her Father’s arms ; and that evening, at 8 p.m., her happy spirit winged its flight to the mansions of the blest. She never

knew whom God intended to be the guard of her child. How many there are left as orphans, none but the gentle Saviour to care for them ; and often these little friendless ones are far better off than when they had their earthly protectors. He can open the hearts of all for the tender lambs. Would that there were many more ready to help Him in caring for the friendless ones !

About ten minutes ere Hannah passed away, Isaac Barnard appeared at the door. Martha answered the summons, and shewed the visitor into the room of her dying mistress. She was, however, too near the eternal world to be cognisant of his presence, and after Isaac saw her spirit pass away, he bowed his head and sobbed aloud. He saw the calm, peaceful, handsome face, and thought, " Would that I had been acquainted with her in life ! " He did not wonder that his son had loved that face which he now saw fixed in death. He had, however, in the short time that had elapsed since he had first read God's wonderful words of life, known more by

their perusal in secret than is known in a lifetime among hundreds of Gentiles. He had learned that he would meet his dear son again ; and as to his wife, he dared not think—that he must leave to the all-wise Creator.

Isaac's sobs were at last hushed by the sound of sobs coming from behind the curtains, from one he had not yet seen. Little Rachel had hidden there at the sight of her grandfather. He was a man of medium height, with curling raven black hair. He had all the appearance of a son of Abraham. He was about fifty years of age. Isaac, in his trouble, rose to find out what these sobs meant.

He had never known of his son's child, and when he beheld her, with the face and expression the same as his boy's, he waited not to ask a question, but clasped the child to his breast, nor did he part with her till her tears were dried and her little breaking heart comforted.

Children always find out who has sympathy with them, even when they do not know what that word means.

She did not need to be told who was her friend. She had often seen the photograph of her grandfather. He led her into the pretty sitting-room, where she had so recently been with her darling mother, and where Martha had prepared a homely meal. Isaac thought it right to partake of some refreshment, and to tempt the little one to take some also; and there, on her grandfather's knee, Rachel was soothed and fed like an infant; and at last she dropped off into the sweet sleep of childhood.

Isaac had never felt so happy as now. He had found, in his hour of loneliness, one upon whom he could bestow his love, and one in whom he could, in a measure, compensate his boy for all the sorrow he had caused him. God never lays more upon us than He will enable us to bear.

Isaac tenderly delivered up his little grandchild to her attendant, and then sought rest for himself.

The next morning he had an interview with Mons. F.—, a member of that little

Christian band, whose meetings Hannah had attended. He had called to take Rachel to his home, to train with his own children ; but God had willed otherwise. The time of the funeral was settled, and all arrangements made. Isaac thought that the sooner he took Rachel from these scenes the better.

On a lovely morning the funeral cortège started for the cemetery. Many followed in the train, once known to Hannah, and who would meet her again in the heavenly Canaan. Isaac and Rachel were the chief mourners—the Jew and the little Jewess were comforters of one another. At last the body of Hannah was borne into the cemetery. All was new to Isaac. He had never till now been at any Christian service. The body rested in the little chapel. A Christian man read 1 Corinthians xv., then gave out that hymn to be sung :—

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

Then after a prayer the remains were committed to the dust. Isaac knew the French language, but was not so fully conversant with it as to understand every word of the beautiful hymn he had before him in the hymn-book that had been passed to him.

The mourners returned to their home, but only for a few days. Isaac made all arrangements in a very short time, and at last that spot which had been the scene of so much joy and sorrow was left behind, never more to be looked upon by sire and grandchild.

To Rachel's joy, Martha was to be her constant attendant. Everything was new to her. Childhood has its feelings, but fresh scenes and fresh faces soon efface the memory of the past. She was occupied with all the pretty scenes through which she passed. Isaac delighted to point out every object of interest.

At last they arrived in Paris. To the little Rachel's eyes nothing had ever appeared so beautiful. The Channel was crossed, and she, with her grandfather

was soon in the suburbs of the great city, and mounted the steps of the same house that her departed father had descended to go into the unknown future ; but he was now in a nobler mansion in a brighter sphere.





CHAPTER IX.

RACHEL'S NEW HOME.

ENTERING the house, Isaac found that preparations had been made to receive him and his companions. The servants were eagerly expecting the new inmate, and all full of wonder as to what the lady would be like ; but to their surprise the visitor proved to be a sweet innocent child of about eight years of age, who won all hearts to herself. Such grandeur, of course, Rachel had never seen ; yet it did not surprise her, as might be supposed, for she had been brought up amidst refinement, if not in the midst of luxury and elegance. Isaac was proud of her, as well he might be. Hannah had educated her thus far herself ; she could speak French fluently, and for her age

could play the piano wonderfully well. Her father and mother both had been talented musicians. Her English studies were far in advance of her age, and she was so natural, too, in all her ways, that Isaac did not wish to spoil her by any of this world's arts ; so he endeavoured to find some christian well-educated lady, who would train her for her after-life—yes, but not for what Isaac expected. He thought that his wealth would be enjoyed by her ; that she would know no earthly sorrow. True it is, that we are often fitted for our after-life, but none save the all-wise Creator knoweth the after-life of any of His creatures. The paths in the thickets of life are winding, but there is One who can lead His children through them all, and at last give them an eternal home, far above “the din of earthly strife.”

Isaac was successful in obtaining the services of a high-souled christian lady. She had been early cast on the world. Her father was an officer, and his pay small to maintain his large family ; so that the elder ones had to seek their own living.



Under the training of a christian mother, Caroline Barton had had sound principles inculcated, together with a first-class education that made her a fit teacher in every way for the orphan child. She was highly accomplished, and her mind was well trained. She was rather under the medium height, and was thought plain ; but few persons who looked into that face could call her so ; true, the features were not marked, but she had an intellectual brow, and an expression which bespoke a mind, not only cultured, but far surpassing that of the average woman. Above all, she was a sincere Christian, walking before Jehovah, and not before men. Though often misunderstood, she went on her course, regardless of smiles or frowns. This was the person whom Rachel Barnard had to train her young mind, to take up that work which had been commenced by Mark and Hannah.

One summer day a cab stopped outside the residence of Isaac Barnard, and the lady above described alighted. She was soon in the presence of Isaac, who was

pleased with the lady's manner and address ; and after a few remarks connected with Rachel, he took her himself to his little pet, who was seated on the same seat which Reginald and her father had occupied on that memorable evening ; but the childish occupation, how different ! The little girl was dressing her favourite doll ; she saw her grandfather ; and in her natural childish way, sprang towards him, then stopped to give a smile to the lady at his side. There was something in the lady's expression that won the child to her at once. They were friends immediately, and when Isaac told Rachel that Miss Barton had come to be her companion and governess, she frankly said, " Oh ! I am so glad," and put her hand in that of her newly-found friend, and skipped along in sweet innocent glee.

Little Rachel, enjoy thy sweet innocent glee as long as thou canst ; the time will come when earth's sorrows thou wilt have to endure, in a way that thy friends would never have anticipated ; but never mind, thy father's God will be thy Guide ; thou needst not fear ; He will be with thee all

the way, until He receives thee into glory, where thou wilt again behold thy dear parents ; but thou wilt have learned ere that, that Jesus is thy all in all, and thou wilt long to see Him who is the chiefest of ten thousand, and the altogether lovely.

Miss Barton had a liberal salary and a comfortable home. She loved this happy child, and delighted to unfold to her things that Rachel was always eager to listen to. The morning walks were full of interest, for Caroline Barton turned everything to account. She could teach her pupil a lesson in everything—each blade of grass, each flower, each leaf. The fair creation around, though near the crowded metropolis, afforded ample scope to unfold the mind of the little Jewish maiden ; and, above all, Caroline was fitted to use all these things to turn the mind of her little pupil to the Maker of them all. She little thought, however, that during the hours which Rachel spent with her grandfather the little prattler recapitulated all to him.

He was an eager listener, and delighted to devote a part of his evenings to his

little pet. But after the child had left him, he revolved all over in his mind, took his Testament, and, like the Bereans, sought to see "if these things were so."

Caroline Barton not only taught Rachel things for this life, but that also which was for her eternal welfare, which in after years sprang up, and the pupil was enabled to give it out to others when she and her teacher were far, far away from each other.

Rachel became very proficient in music, and she had a sweet voice, too; often delighting her grandfather by sweet hymns, such as the following :

"There's a home for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Or can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier there."

Yes, little Rachel, no home on earth is like the home in that bright land


"Where joys supernal reign."





CHAPTER X.

A HOLIDAY.

 ONE afternoon, when teacher and pupil were at their studies, Isaac appeared. In an instant books and slates were forgotten, and Rachel ran to meet him. She perceived that her grandfather had something pleasant to tell her.

At last he said, "My Rachel, would you like to bid farewell to books, and go away with me?"

This was delightful. He then turned to Caroline and told her he wished to depart the next day for the continent, and would be glad if she would accompany her pupil, to go with him. He wished for her faithful attendant, Martha, to go also.

At the stated hour all were ready, and

the next day they were in Paris. This was not, however, to be the place of Isaac's destination, but Jerusalem, the city of his fathers. The more he read from his treasured volume, the more he longed to go. His purpose was to be accomplished, unlike his departed son, who set out for the earthly Jerusalem, but whose goal was the heavenly one.

Many scenes in Paris were sought out. The beautiful paintings and other works of art drew out the wonder of the little one.

They remained in this city for some time. Rachel could now speak French quite fluently, and her accent became much improved. Caroline had told her of Napoleon, and of his wonderful battles, so there were many things to be seen that interested her. She had been taken to Chislehurst, and had seen the residence of the Empress Eugénie, the widow of the dethroned Emperor Napoleon, and had also seen the little chapel, where his remains were buried. She had known one at Chislehurst who knew the young Prince personally, whose young

life had come to such an untimely end. Her little childish heart had felt very sorry for the poor Empress Eugénie ; and when admiring the beautiful Tuileries she wished that the dethroned Empress were still reigning in that land, feeling sorry indeed that Prince Napoleon should have died in Zululand, and left his widowed mother alone. On one occasion she had seen the Zulu king when he was in London ; and although a savage, he looked a king : he had the majesty of one in all his bearing.

How many widowed hearts there are sorely bleeding ! none are exempt, from the Queen to her meanest subject ; and were it not for the bright prospect of meeting again, many would give way to despair. This is the case with some who know not where to resort in times of trouble, and who do not know the mighty Comforter. Those who are acquainted with Him, can speak well of His name. He comforts those who are cast down, He shields them from the fiery darts of the evil one, He hides them in His

pavilion from the strife of tongues. Oh! would that many thousands more knew Jehovah-Jesus, the Mighty to save!

They visited Strasbourg and many places of note on the banks of the beautiful Rhine. On they went to Rome, and were most anxious to see the Vatican. Rome greatly interested them—Isaac especially, for he had an eye for the beautiful. The exquisite paintings and sculptures he saw there made him feel as if he could stand and gaze for ever. When he set foot for the first time in that place his feelings overcame him. He thought of the great apostle Paul suffering for his Master in that ancient city—that unbelieving Rome; of Paul whose writings had been handed down to him, and had been the means of speaking sweet peace to his soul.

“That lovely seven-hilled city,
That sits on Tiber’s breast,”

Thou hast much to answer for! With what gratitude should the heart of every Christian swell for the freedom that we



RACHEL OFTEN SPOKE OF THE STEPS UP WHICH
LUTHER WENT.

have in our days—each able to read the word underneath his own vine and fig-tree, and none daring to make him afraid. Such were the thoughts of the travellers as they stood in that very city where Nero, the tyrant, held his sway—the one who tortured the poor Christians, and had them tied to stakes, after their garments had been steeped in oil, to light his gardens at night. Then, again, how the early Christians endured the great fight of affliction. Would they have suffered thus for a faith that was not true? Ah! no; they had a heavenly city in prospect, a building of God, eternal in the heavens. They looked for a city that hath foundations.

Little Rachel often talked of the steps up which Martin Luther had commenced to go on his bare knees, when those beautiful words, “The just shall live by faith,” spoke peace to his soul. Yes, indeed, the just shall live by faith, as many a child of God has learned; but faith without works is dead. Shew me, says the apostle James, thy faith by thy works. Blessed be

God! He, who is the Reader of all hearts, knows what is true, genuine faith. It is not faith, however, that is our Saviour, but the Object of faith; still, man cannot read the heart, so it is only by our works that we can be known. "By their works ye shall know them." Oh that all the redeemed of God were living epistles known and read for the Master's glory!

Go to Him, failing Christian, whoever thou art, He will strengthen thee, He will cheer thee, He is greater than our hearts, for He knoweth all things. He knows what poor, weak things we are. "Without me, ye can do nothing," said our blest Redeemer; so why go on in thine own strength any longer? "Trust in him at all times, ye people;" not now and then, but at all times. He will be thy Guard and thy Guide, even unto the end. The Shepherd of Israel, who never slumbereth or sleepeth, is the "same yesterday, to day, and for ever."

Isaac, ere his conversion, had been accustomed only to one religion; and now that he professed to be a follower of the

Nazarene, he longed to be with those who were like-minded. He was puzzled with the multitude of more than a thousand creeds ; it had stumbled him greatly. Oh ! what a time will that be, when the church militant will be the church triumphant. All will be one outwardly then ; no jarring discords of men's opinions and creeds. But God has His chosen ones everywhere ; He knoweth them that are His, and when He cometh He will make up His jewels, that cost Jesus His life's blood to purchase. Go on, thou redeemed of God, He will lead thee in the right way. Thou hast thy compass and thy chart—thy Bible, and God for thy Guide ; thou hast nought to fear. Take His word for thy guide, not thy conscience, except in the light of the written word. Consciences are often seared, so that apart from the word thy conscience cannot be depended upon—cannot be your guide through all the tangled mazes of man's opinions. The heart that is true, however, will be led aright.

After some weeks in Rome, they em-

barked for Alexandria. They had all that money could purchase for their comfort. Naples they visited on their homeward journey, and saw the museum, which they were much interested in. The recent excavations of Herculaneum and Pompeii were the means of placing before them many scenes of interest. Even here Isaac learned a lesson—how uncertain life is. He thought of those buried cities, and of the mementos of the past, lodged now in the museum, telling their own mighty tale, and his heart bounded with thankfulness when he saw how good God had been to him in saving him from the errors of his people. And now, come the hour of his departure when it might, he knew on whom he had believed. His moments sometimes, however, were saddened by the thought of his departed wife. Cheer thee, thou loving husband, who knows but next to thy Redeemer, thy wife will be the first to welcome thee in the better land?

They visited Cairo. Here every scene interested them, especially the pyramids of Egypt—perhaps some of the work of the

Hebrew race; but none are left to tell the tale? Isaac read much of the wanderings of his fathers, and in doing so, he knew of the innumerable mercies bestowed on them by his father's God. He read of the passage through the Red Sea, to which he was now very near. The crystal walls that had been reared to save the Israelites, fell in judgment on their enemies.

Reader, will you be, or are you already, sheltered by the crystal walls of salvation—really death's dark waters, whose torrent was stemmed by the Redeemer? Yea, more, the waves and the billows went over Him that thou mightest pass over dry-shod safe on to the other shore:—

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

Isaac Barnard, in the midst of all, could not help recalling the time when his wife Sarah had been with him; nor that happy

day when he, just on the threshold of manhood, stood with her at the marriage ceremony in her father's drawing-room. The rude hand of death had come in and severed them ; but nought could separate him from the love of his Redeemer. The link that binds the redeemed souls to their Head on high can never be divided, for the link is not their faith, which one day flows, the next day ebbs ; but it is the Holy Spirit, through faith, that unites all believers to each other and to their Head in heaven. What have we to fear with such a Guard and Guide? Nought, surely. Would that all knew what it is to be saved by the blood of the eternal Son of God.

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





CHAPTER XI.

A VISIT TO THE HOLY CITY.



AFTER a few days they arrived at Joppa, and, with their guide, were at last in the holy city. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." So said one of old; and how the heart of every Jew must burn within him when he beholds for the first time that once noble city, the city of his fathers. Thou down-trodden Jerusalem, the time is fast hastening when thou wilt rise again, and O! daughter of thy people, thou wilt once more lift thine head among the nations of the earth; once more will joy be found in thy streets, and thy King shall reign in righteousness. Thou wilt behold

the King in His beauty, and thou wilt then look upon Him whom thou didst pierce. But thy God was above it all. He submitted to death, that His heart of love might flow out to thee. Thou art beloved for the fathers' sakes. Many of thy sons and daughters, however, can now say that they have in faith beheld the pierced side of their Redeemer, and can cry out to Him from the fulness of their hearts :

“ Oh ! Lamb of God still keep me
Close to Thy piercèd side ;
'Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide.”

It was about sunset on Saturday evening when the tired travellers reached Jerusalem, where they gladly rested after their long journey. The people they saw interested them greatly. The sons of Ishmael they beheld in the loose garb of their tribe, and they were dwelling where the sons of Isaac dared not enter ; but soon, very soon, this state of things will be no more ; therefore, thou son of Abraham, cheer thee.

The next morning being Sunday, they rose earlier than usual, and after breakfast sallied forth, and wended their steps towards Mount Zion. They saw a building on its summit which they had never heard of; and as they ascended the hill, sweet strains issued into the clear morning air. As they neared the edifice, they saw it was a church, and as they entered the congregation were singing the "Te Deum." Caroline said it was an English church. Some time after, the congregation rose again and sang:—

"Jerusalem, the golden,
With milk and honey blest;
Beneath thy contemplation,
Sink heart and voice opprest."

Then, after the prayers were ended, they poured forth the notes of:—

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

Isaac thought of two of his kindred, now in those courts above, who had

entered the portals of the heavenly Jerusalem, there to sing the everlasting song of God's redeemed.

After the service was over they returned to a mid-day meal, and rested in the afternoon, reading the old, old story of Jesus and His love, which had been manifested in that very city in life, and without its gates in death—He who now lives again for His people's good. He is their Mediator in the courts above, and the Prophet, Priest, and King of His ancient people. All pointed to Him who was to come. The tabernacle that was pitched in the sandy desert prefigured the divine Redeemer. His own arm, not another's, brought salvation. The tabernacle was divided into the holy of holies, and the holy place. So Caroline had taught Rachel, and she, now a girl of twelve, conveyed it all to Isaac, in her sweet childish way. None but the priest was to go into the most holy place, and that only once a year—then only through a sacrifice. In the most holy place was the mercy seat—a box made of shittim

wood, and covered with pure gold—and the top was called the mercy seat, because God's glory shone upon it: from there He spoke; but this mercy seat had to be sprinkled with the blood of the sacrifice, to shew that it was only through the death of a substitute that God spoke to His people, and then but through the one chosen by Himself.

There was a veil that separated the two courts. None but the high priest could go within that veil. Sin could never enter there. But in after years, when the sun was darkened and the earth quaked, and when the blessed Redeemer cried, "It is finished," the veil of the temple, which reared its magnificent pinnacle in that holy city, was rent in twain. The great transaction of atonement accomplished, men could enter now the Holiest of all, and Jehovah-Jesus could now say, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest":—

"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."

The ark pre-figured Christ. It contained the tables of the law, the rod of Aaron, and the pot of manna. The curses of the law the redeemed of God need not fear, for the Redeemer was made a curse for them. The children of God are fully satisfied, for their Redeemer is the heavenly Manna sent down from above.

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

As the ark was to Noah a place of safety, bearing him above the billows of judgment and at last landing him safely on Ararat's mount, so is Christ to the believer. He bears him over the billows of judgment, and will at last land him safely, not into an earthly haven, but in the heights of glory, where "we shall know without a cloud his full unbounded love."

The shittim wood shewed forth the humanity of our blessed Redeemer, and the gold His divinity. So that, approach

Him when we will, He is not only the Man Christ Jesus, but God over all, blessed for evermore.

Isaac was thankful to know these things ; and the beauties he was daily discovering in the ancient writings of his people filled him with wonder, and were the means of his sending up a note of praise to the Author of them all.

Think not, Gentile reader, that no Jewish heart has known the truths of salvation as thou knowest them. Hebrew voices will help to swell the song of praise in the fair creation above. Many a child of Abraham has had unfolded to him the wondrous meaning of those holy writings that his fathers have handed down. The converted Hebrew can certainly value the Scriptures in a way he never did before ; he can see new beauties arise each moment of his existence, and can praise the God of Israel for His goodness.

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

But the great work that excels all, is

Thy wondrous plan of salvation and the glorious gift Thou didst bestow on man.

Oh, that many a child of Abraham may realise in some little measure the love of his fathers' God!

Towards evening the travellers sallied forth. They seemed awe-stricken: very little was said to break the silence. The two elder travellers were thinking of the associations of each step they took. At last they came to the brook Kidron, where the monarch David had gone over when he was the rejected king. What he suffered through his rebel son! Still the heart of the father goes out to his wayward boy:—

“ How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp string, yearning to
Caress thee ;
To hear thy sweet ‘my father.’
From those dumb, cold lips, Absalom !”

A mightier than David at last crossed that brook—a rejected King was He: on He wended His way, and then His heart of love poured forth its life blood for those very rejecters. Isaac picked up

a few stones from the brook, small in comparison to their weight, He thought of the time when the stripling David killed the giant with a sling and a stone. Isaac spoke of it, and Caroline ventured also to say, "A greater than David has slain the power of the evil one—He, like young David, did it all.

"He death by dying slew."

"His be the victor's name,
Who fought the fight alone."

Alone in that dark hour, all the billows of God's wrath went over Him, for man's—his creature's sin.

One day, about 5 p.m. on a lovely evening, Caroline and her pupil went to the garden of Gethsemane, and Caroline sat dwelling on that scene of well-nigh two thousand years before, when the Saviour sweat, as it were, great drops of blood. But His path of suffering is over now.

"The crown of glory now adorns
The mighty Victor's brow "

She remembered the prayer of the great Redeemer, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." Though sometimes He allows us to have our will, that we may prove our hearts, yet how many troubles should we save ourselves, how many pitfalls and snares would be avoided, if we were simply doing His will. Blessed be His holy name! He leads us on. His eye is ever watching. He never lets us go. His sweet companionship is ours once more, the Father's smile we again behold. "Clouds may seem to pass between, and hide him from us;" but

"When past, eternal Lover,
Towards us, as e'er, Thou'rt bright."

A few days after, they all went to the Jews' wailing place—a spot where Jews from every clime are allowed by the Turkish government to go once a week. It is a place where part of the ancient wall now stands. Many names are engraven there of those who are now in the land of silence. Hebrews flock there from

every clime to mourn over the sins of their fathers, forgetful, or rather not cognisant, of the fact that it is their own sin in rejecting their Messiah that scatters them among the nations of the earth. But the throne of David will be built again there, and the rightful heir will take His place. To the outward eye all looks dark and drear; but after the Bright and Morning Star has appeared, the Sun of righteousness will arise with healing in His wings, and chase for ever the gloom away.

Many places of interest the travellers saw. They stood on the banks of the Jordan; they walked on the shores of Galilee; they beheld its blue waters never still, ever moving like the sinking sands of time, since last the Lord Jesus stood on its waves, speaking peace to His troubled disciples, saying, "It is I, be not afraid." Isaac could not see Him now; but He had spoken sweet peace to the soul of the Jew, and although the Hebrew could not now behold Him, he knew Him to be enthroned on high.

Yet the Hebrew delighted to walk on those hallowed spots, where long before his Redeemer stood. They wended their way—passing many scenes of interest—to Mount Carmel, and, like Elisha of old, their eyes looked far out over the wide expanse of the Mediterranean. The mountain brought to their remembrance Israel's sin in turning to idolatry and Elijah's challenge on that eventful day, when fire came down from heaven to consume the sacrifice. They had traversed Samaria and thought of Elisha's prayer that the eyes of his servant might be opened, when his enemies were seeking his life. Those words of his, "There are more for us than those that are against us," they felt the power of now. Elisha saw round about the mountains of Samaria chariots and horses of fire, and we know now that the angel of the Lord encampeth round about His people. What a mighty Protector we have! a strong fortress, whereunto we can continually resort. Amidst the "din of earthly strife," he hides us in His pavilion, His everlast-

ing arms are underneath us and round about us.

In many spots of interest the travellers read from their Bibles the different accounts of scenes which occurred far down the vista of time, and none but those who have done so can fully depict their feelings while reading.

Soon they arrived at Lebanon, and beheld its tall cedars—not, however, as in their primeval beauty. Now the axe has thinned its stately forest.

They stayed in the neighbourhood for some time. Assembled for prayer one evening they found a few Christians gathered, not in such a pile as they had seen on Mount Zion, but underneath a humbler roof. On the following Sunday morning, Isaac was told there would be a meeting, but for what purpose he did not know: he concluded it must be for prayer. But no; their purpose was, like that of the apostles of old, the breaking of bread; and when Isaac beheld that sight for the first time, his feelings overcame him, as he thought that in that very land his

fathers had cast out the now risen Lord, and that a few faithful ones were remembering Him in His death.

“ This do, He cried, till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend ;
Meet at My Table, and record
The love of your departed Lord.”

They remained longer in this spot than they had purposed, and delighted to attend those simple meetings, from which they derived much good.

The Lord is not confined to lofty piles and edifices. He is faithful to His promise, “ Where two or three are gathered in my name, there am I in the midst ” Oh, that all believers would meet as did the church of old. No sect, no division then! Every weary, worn traveller in those days, if he were a believer in Jesus, knew where to go, when he, for the first time, entered a city such as Smyrna or Ephesus, assured that he would find one assembly, one church, one faith, one baptism ; but now, amidst the 1200 creeds of Christendom, where is the true-hearted one to turn?

To God, and to God alone: He will shew him the right path.

O glorious future! when we shall all be of one mind, one chorus from every tongue, no more divided opinions, but all one harmonious whole, all one glorious circle, of which Jesus will be the centre—He the chiefest of ten thousand, and the altogether lovely!

Isaac was sorry indeed to leave the scenes that his forefathers had looked upon; still, he lifted his eye heavenwards to another Jerusalem, another city that hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God.

Isaac at last bade farewell to the land of his fathers, and wended his way homewards.

They visited Switzerland, and the magnificent scenery here also raised their minds and hearts heavenwards, to the Creator of the vast universe, who is ever mindful of His creatures.

They attended a Lutheran church; but one evening, as they were going towards this edifice, their attention was arrested

by sounds issuing from a building somewhat less pretentious, and they eagerly listened to the last words of a hymn—

“Though sunder'd far by faith they meet,
Before one common mercy-seat.”

Isaac never till now seemed to understand the meaning of the mercy-seat, on which the eyes of Jehovah rested, beneath the covering of the tabernacle in that barren and sandy desert. His eyes, now, are resting with delight, not on the type, but on the great Antitype, who has entered the courts of heaven, after having made the great atonement. “This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.” “In burnt-offerings and sacrifices thou hast had no pleasure.” What a great day of atonement was that, when the mighty Redeemer hung between heaven and earth on that cross of wood! No wonder that rocks rent, and the sun veiled its face, when the great Redeemer died for man

After the hymn had been sung, a man with an Italian appearance and accent arose. He had been a Romish priest;

but light had been given him by God's Spirit, when reading the scriptures in the Latin tongue. His archbishop had detected in his discourses that it would be dangerous to allow him to preach to his brother clergy ; so had given him twelve months' leave of absence, with not a very full purse. However, God cared for him, and led him into the way of a Christian, from whom he learned "the more perfect way," and at last could say from a full heart, when he held his crucifix, "His wounds are my merits ;" no more works, no more penances ; old things are passed away, all things are become new ; and, like Isaac, he, too, could say, "I know whom I have believed."

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

This Romish priest soon got beyond the confines of his native land, and was free from all the trammels of his former religion ; and there in that little Swiss

meeting-house, Isaac the Jew heard from the Romish priest what he never knew before.

The subject was Solomon's temple. Isaac had seen in the ancient quarry at Jerusalem an immense stone that had been chiselled out on three sides, and was supposed to have been commenced for that great work—the building of Solomon's temple. This Italian now told forth the history. How that every stone was fitted ere it entered the earthly temple—no sound of hammer or chisel there. And now all true believers form the temple of God—that temple not made with hands. Every believer is fitted ere he enters that building. Jesus has done the work. He is the Master-Builder, the Foundation, and the Chief Corner Stone ; all is through Him, and for Him ; and ere long the topmost stone will be brought in with rejoicing. God is no respecter of persons : rich and poor alike require the same sacrifice. In days of old the atonement money was the same, from the highest to the lowest ; so now the blood

of Christ, and that alone, rears that glorious temple in the Jerusalem above.

At length one evening the travellers arrived home, after some months' absence. Much had been seen, and much had been learned ; knowledge gathered, the mind enlarged. Caroline, too, had also learned. Though she was accomplished and clever, this young woman of twenty-five years had not till now seen much of the world. She had, perhaps, one failing, and that not her own fault : her views of things in general were cramped through her early training and not having had an opportunity of travelling until now. She could thank God for His goodness to her.

Many who live in seclusion are oftentimes narrow-minded. True we have a narrow path, and a very narrow one, if we walk with God ; but that is not having a narrow *mind*--far from it. Our love is to go out unto all, especially to those of the household of faith ; and blessed be the name of the Lord, the household of faith is formed of believers everywhere, and when we will we can do them good. But when believers,

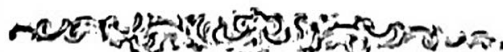
acting contrary to the word of God, go on with the world, as it were, in one hand, and with Christ in the other, we must take another path if we would keep near the pierced side of our blest Redeemer. Still, it is He who holds our hand, and He will never, no never, let us go.

Victory is always near, if our shield of faith be uplifted.

After the exciting events of the past few months, all were glad to be at home once more ; and wander wherever we will, "there is no place like home." The home of the Englishman is his castle ; but the Christian can say :—

"Though through earth's palaces I roam,
And every pleasure see ;
Nought with the heavenly home can vie ;
Nought like its pleasures be."

Blessed thought, "There is no place like home. There is no friend like Jesus."





CHAPTER XII.

FROM AFFLUENCE TO POVERTY.



RETURNING to his business, Isaac found everything as it should be. He had now an object to work for ; he had not yet learned that the Christian's only object should be his God.

However, all of us have very much to learn, and how God the Eternal bears with us ! What a Teacher He is ! What patience He has—teaching us line upon line, and precept upon precept !

If Isaac had given up his mercantile career now, he would have been saved many troubles ; but God willed otherwise. However, until his granddaughter was of the age of eighteen, no change occurred in his circumstances ; but at last a dreadful

crash came. Houses of business which affected him failed, and he was a bankrupt. He had no earthly helpers, for all his kindred had forsaken him. He was a man of honour, Gentile reader, if he were a Jew. He gave up all, even to the gold watch he wore. And on a winter evening Isaac and Rachel descended those steps, as Mark had done so many years before. Into the unknown future they went, with only five sovereigns at their command, which a creditor handed to him on leaving.

Isaac's faith was to be tried now ; but blessed be the God of Israel, his faith did not waver. He walked in the footsteps of his father Abraham, and could say :—

“ 'Tis well when joys arise,
'Tis well when sorrows flow,
And darkness seems to veil the skies,
And strong temptations grow.”

Caroline had been told of the change of circumstances, and that her services could now no longer be retained, and with real sorrow of heart she left that home. She

was soon successful in finding another situation in a christian family, and at last left for a home of her own.

When Caroline bade Rachel farewell, she reminded her of the letter contained in the packet, that her mother had given her. It was a letter from Reginald Stevenson to Mark enclosing an address where letters would always find him ; also telling him if he or his were ever in need of a friend, they might command him. Rachel deposited this letter in a safe place, and then sallied forth with her grandfather into the busy streets of London.

They entered a tram-car, which took them to Finsbury Park, where Rachel remembered that an old servant had taken a small lodging-house. They had not given her any notice of their arrival ; at 8 P.M. they were at Sarah's door. The house was a medium-sized brick one, with a garden in front. Imagine the surprise of Sarah to behold her late master and her young mistress ! She quickly invited them to enter. The best room in the house was at their disposal at once—a small parlour

with bay window, neatly and comfortably furnished.

Rachel, when an opportunity offered, told their faithful servant in few words what brought them there. She did not, however, tell her the whole circumstances, but Sarah guessed. Although Rachel had been brought up in the midst of wealth for all these years, she possessed a wondrous amount of perseverance and endurance that never until now had been called into action. She would now have ample scope for the exercise of these qualities. She had grown into a beautiful girl; her dark eyes wore a sweet expression underneath her long eyelashes. Her massive brown wavy tresses formed a coronet on her well-shaped head. She was attired in one of her plainest dresses, well-made, however, and fitting closely to her figure. A plain linen collar, and a gold brooch were all that this Jewish maiden, who had been accustomed to every luxury, wore on this eventful evening.

After she had returned from speaking to Sarah, she found her grandfather on the

sofa ; she came near and spoke to him, but he made no reply. His eyes were closed ; Rachel feared the worst. He at last opened his eyes, and seeing her lips move, and hearing no sound, he asked her to speak louder. This she did, and then she found out that her grandfather was totally deaf. She was obliged to write to him. A doctor was called in, who said Isaac was suffering from nervous deafness, brought on by trouble, and that as he recovered from this nervous prostration, the deafness would decrease.

This was the case. In one week he heard again, but not as he had done before. He was left with a continuous noise in the ears, like the roaring of the sea—sometimes almost unbearable.

In a little while, however, he was enabled to take all from the hands of the God of Israel, and he sought grace from Him to bear this heavy trouble—from that One who said, “ My grace is sufficient for thee.” He was soon able to bear all with quiet meekness and submission ; but this heavy affliction impeded the way to his getting

anything lucrative for the support of himself and Rachel. He knew not what to do. God was going to relieve this poor distressed Hebrew. He was about to provide for him.

A few days afterwards he was taken speechless at the dinner table. This proved to be a seizure. He was now confined to his room, from which he never more came out alive. Poor Rachel attended him to the last ; she was so unselfish. The girl's heart was well-nigh broken ; still she wore a smile to cheer her grandfather, who knew now that he was nearing the portals of the heavenly Jerusalem, and would soon leave her to wander here alone.

One week after he had entered Sarah's house, his happy spirit soared to his eternal home. Just before his departure, he told Rachel that he felt sure it would be well with her. How his faith was tried, when he had no earthly creature to leave her to. But he left her to the best Friend of all, who never forsook her.

We have not yet spoken of Rachel, as to her soul's salvation. She was a sweet,

amiable girl. She delighted to read the word of God ; she had been under christian influence, as has been shewn ; but she was not a believer in the heart—only in the head. Paul may plant, and Apollos water, but God alone can give the increase. We can labour, we can pray, but God alone can convert the soul, and He takes His own way of doing it. That night Rachel retired to her room, tenderly cared for by Sarah ; but the young Jewish maiden yearned to be alone, that she might pour forth her heart to the God of Israel. She felt now that only He could be her stay ; she cried to Him to save her, to give her the joy of forgiveness of sins. This was not denied her. She heard in accents sweet :—

“ Come, heavy-burdened one,
Come unto Me, and rest.”

She came, and found there, too, a sure foundation, even the Rock of Ages :—

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

While the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Are of sin the double cure,
Cleansing from its guilt and power."

That night Rachel was a new-born creature. She had now to go out on the platform of life, but ere doing so the tender Shepherd was going to make her His own.

The next day was her birthday. Her dear departed grandfather had always remembered it, and given her some memento. Sarah knew what day it was, and came with some sweet flowers, and in the usual way, without thinking, wished her "Many happy returns of the day." Rachel also felt a weight at her heart, together with a mysterious feeling of heaviness. Presently all dawned on her. She remembered that her dead grandfather was in the room below, and burst into a flood of tears, which greatly relieved the pent-up feelings. Her new-found joy unfolded to her, too, and with it the calm of peace, which she had never experienced before: she felt also an unseen

presence supporting her. At breakfast the poor bereaved girl ate for duty's sake of her lonely repast, and then began to meditate action. Sarah did not intrude on her; still, she acted in the warmth of her heart.

Rachel possessed now but one solitary half sovereign, so falling on her knees, she cried to her father's God, but could only say, "Lord, manage for me." Often had she heard Caroline sing a hymn, and now the words, bringing solace and comfort, came to her remembrance.

"Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah!
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
 Guide me with Thy powerful hand.
 Bread of heaven!
 Feed me till I want no more!"

She had scarcely finished the words when the hall door bell rang, and Sarah came to say that a gentleman wished to see her. Sarah was a Christian, and had attended a meeting of Christians; and when seeing her young friend so very

heavily burdened, thought it right to acquaint a christian gentleman who attended the meeting. She told him of the sad affair, but had mentioned no name.

The gentleman was ushered into Rachel's presence, and for a moment seemed to lose all self-possession. He had not expected to see so lady-like a form in such a position. He was a man of about forty years of age, with clear, open, intellectual brow, and a calm, heavenly expression. He fancied he had seen a face like Rachel's before, and so he had in the person of her departed father, but was unable to recall anything to his remembrance connected with that face. He had ever held Mark's memory dear. He saw at once he was in the presence of a lady, and felt embarrassed, and seemed not to know how to address her. At last he said, "Pardon me, but I heard of your bereavement, and would like to know if I can assist you in any way."

Rachel now thought of her mother's packet, and she withdrew from her pocket Reginald Stevenson's letter, and handed it

to her visitor in fullest confidence. She felt she could trust him. The reader of that note turned pale, and with great emotion told her that he was the one she was seeking. The poor girl had heard her mother speak of him in the warmest terms. He told her to leave all to him, that he would manage everything for her. The sorrow-stricken girl was only too glad to find so kind a friend to trust in.

Reginald Stevenson was now the principal of a high class gentleman's boarding school in another suburb of London, about twelve miles distant. He had married a christian lady as devoted to the Saviour as he was.

He asked for permission to see Isaac ; so imagine, my reader, his feelings when he gazed on those features, that were now fixed in death. He well remembered that eventful evening when last he held converse with him, and thought also of many events which had transpired since then, and of the present issue of them.

Reginald told Rachel that he thought

it would be advisable for her to be away from the present scenes, and prevailed on her to return with him. She accepted the invitation, and ere long arrived at the "Priory," Reginald's home. A lady, about thirty-five years of age, opened the door to receive her husband, whom she saw stepping out of a cab and assisting a stranger to alight. Rachel was introduced by Reginald ; and when his wife had been apprised of all the circumstances, this solitary girl found a home for a time, and in Mrs. Stevenson a more than elder sister.

The day for the funeral approached, and the precious dust of Isaac Barnard was committed to its last resting-place till the morning of the resurrection. Many from the christian band joined the funeral cortège. He was laid in his last resting-place one beautiful afternoon in a cemetery in the suburb of London in which he died. Many strangers flocking, on hearing of the event, to see the remains of the converted Hebrew put into the grave. Isaac's forefathers were buried in a Jewish cemetery ;

Hebrew inscriptions were on their tombstones ; but this Hebrew was carried to the grave by devout men, and voices joined in singing :

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

Some days after, Rachel by her expressed wish went to the grave ; alone she knelt there and sobbed aloud. She planted a flower, and gave orders for it to be cared for. In after years she had a tombstone put there, bearing the inscription—

Isaac Barnard,

FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS.

“ 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.”





CHAPTER XIII.

RACHEL IN A GENTILE HOME.

RACHEL had, in the midst of all her trouble, a spirit of independence natural to her Jewish nature. She had, as the reader knows, received a liberal education; so she endeavoured to obtain a situation as governess in a family, and was successful, but did not find there, however, a very congenial atmosphere. The family comprised the parents and five children. The three girls were committed to Rachel for her to educate. She found her task difficult, for the mother was a strong-minded woman of the world, and one whose strength of mind, or rather strength of will, led her often to do rash things. She had never

had her will curbed, so could now ill-brook opposition. Mrs. N—— allowed her children to read low-class novels, instead of training them morally and mentally, so that when the two elder girls were come to years when school books should have been almost put away, they were very far behind their companions. They had high notions of life, trying to realise what they had read in books; and also treated with contempt those who had no “blue blood” in their veins, forgetting that God has made all of one blood—that He is no respecter of persons. Still in His governmental laws there is order. He has said, “honour to whom honour is due,” and He puts people in one position as masters, and in another as servants, and if each maintained their proper position aright under their one great Master, order would be the outcome.

“Blue blood” alone is not worthy of honour, unless accompanied by a corresponding nobility of character. On the other hand, how often do we see a person by his own talent, energy and perseverance

so overcome difficulties as to rise to a rank far above that in which he was born. All honour, then, is due to him, not for what he is, but for how he acts. Many there are who have left us footprints on the sands of time, giving us heart and courage to try to achieve in some little measure that which they have done.

The father of the family in which Rachel was, had been in the business world, but by the advice of his wife (whose strong will always ruled her husband), had taken his capital and with it bought a large estate, where they thought to settle down in ease. But this was to be a short-lived pleasure.

To this place, one afternoon in the month of October, Rachel was driven. The autumn sun was shedding a red tinge on the fallen leaves. The clear air was invigorating, and the blue heavens looked lovely.

The cab rolled on till it stopped outside a gate, which was opened by a woman at the lodge. Up the winding path of the park Rachel was driven, until she came

to an avenue of trees which led directly to the hall door.

The door was opened by a prim looking woman of about thirty years of age, who evidently had not been accustomed to live with people of refinement, for she left Rachel standing in the hall, and called her mistress. Rachel was puzzled with this state of things. She was a Jewess, as the reader knows ; but she was a true-born lady, and here the young girl was treated as a hireling, indeed, when she had known what it was to hold her sway in her grandfather's palatial dwelling.

By the house and all its surroundings one would have expected to see a retinue of servants, but the inmates had purchased a large domain, and had not the means to uphold it as it demanded, and instead of finding the ease they expected, their want of management and ignorance made their life one continual ferment.

Life is changing—one day those in affluence take the place of their inferiors; but all honour be to those who do so willingly and bravely, and endeavour

by strength from on high to fight the battle of life. The educated woman, through circumstances over which she has no control, is to be sympathised with, who has to give up all, and oftentimes find a home with the really illiterate, but who possess withal the riches that once were her own.

Mrs. N. was not an illiterate woman, but she was not an educated one; she had a trifling knowledge of everything; nothing however did she fully understand, so that she was entirely unfitted to be a judge of another's work.

Rachel at last beheld a short, dark personage, possessed of great ostentation and self-possession founded on her estimate of herself. As to good society, she had only gathered a slight knowledge of its ways from books, so tried to act as a lady, not from the heart, but in imitation of others. The feint did not deceive Rachel, she at once saw the character of Mrs. N., and quickly formed her estimate.

Mrs. N., however, was possessed of shrewdness, and she at once felt in-

stinctively that a lady stood before her. She felt proud of having such an inmate, and was very gracious to her.

She then led her into an elaborately furnished drawing-room, full of everything that money could purchase; but lacking that which betokened true refinement. After a few remarks as to the "dear girls," Rachel was shewn to her own room.

At last she was left alone, and ere she divested herself of her hat and cloak, she knelt down and thanked the God of Israel for leading her here. She had acknowledged Him in her ways, and she felt that He had led her here; she buried her face in her hands and sobbed; not loud enough, however, to be heard by any but her Father and God. He heard and spoke sweet peace to the lonely orphan.

She brushed away the tears, and descended the stairs, and found her way into the garden, where she had been told the "dear girls" were. Soon Rachel saw them resting on a seat in the

garden. They did not rise to greet her, but said one to another, "It is only the new governess." Their ages respectively were ten, twelve, and thirteen years. As Rachel approached the eldest, the latter felt she saw one who possessed a something that she did not, and this made her feel the more uncomfortable. The girls, of course, thought that Rachel would come and pander to them. No; she did not speak to her pupils, but passed on and waited for a formal introduction.

What a different meeting of teacher and pupil from that when Rachel first met Caroline, so many years before. We cannot always blame children for being unnatural, cold, and repulsive—it is all in the training—as we sow, so we reap; and fathers and mothers who know not how to train children only reap the consequences.

Rachel met the whole of the family at the tea table. The elder ones—two youths: the younger, a dark lad, who was not possessed of a great amount of intellect, and even that, he

evidently had not cultivated; and his elder brother, by his pomposity and stronger will, had made him feel that he possessed a superior nature. They, much to Rachel's amusement, endeavoured to make her feel their importance. She, however, with calm dignity, had taken her full estimate of their characters; she possessed a kindly nature, and felt sorry indeed to see these youths idling their time in fishing, boating-excursions, and novel reading.

Although so young, she had seen life in varied forms, and knew that riches did not last always, that they took to them wings and flew away. Some have many talents, some have few; but it is in the power of all to improve that which they possess. Time is but the beginning of eternity, and it is not our own, and those who neglect to make the proper use of the God-given time, will most assuredly, sooner or later, repent it. How many thousands are living at their ease on the wealth amassed by their forefathers, and who have no object outside them-

selves, and imagine that they are sent into the world to please and to gratify self. Still, watch the unsatisfied expression of some of these sons and daughters of ease. Are they happy? Ah! no; they have the same yearning for something more, as all have, ever longing, and are never satisfied until they are satisfied with the Bread of Life. Some we meet, however, in every-day life wearing a calm, heaven-born expression: they have been taught by the heavenly Teacher—that to do His will from the heart is the only path of happiness; to daily deny ourselves, not to please ourselves but Him, who has bought us with His precious blood. Surely a reasonable sacrifice it is, for us to give up our ransomed powers and selves to the glad service of our Redeemer. Then comes the peaceful, satisfied expression that nothing can give but calmly resting on the Rock of Ages—the tested Rock of Ages. What a firm foundation! What want we more? No matter what waves might beat on that Rock, what wild surges break, this Rock has always stood,

and will stand for ever, and will be our shield against this world's wild wintry blast!

“ We'll stem the storm, it won't last long,
Soon we'll anchor in the harbour ”

Cheer thee, thou lonely daughter of Judah! a few more troubles, a few more sorrows on this surf-beaten shore, and thy frail bark will be anchored at last in that blissful haven of eternal rest.





CHAPTER XIV.

RACHEL AND HER PUPILS.

THE next morning Rachel and her pupils were together in the schoolroom. The former had no trouble to maintain order, for she possessed a vast amount of moral power, although so young. She had an influence over her pupils, and possessed, of course, that knowledge of which her pupils could have no idea, and "knowledge is power." She put them through an examination, and found, much to her surprise, that their studies had been neglected. They could paint a little, they could draw a little, and could play a little; but nothing could they do thoroughly. Their English education was very much at fault. The solving



RACHEL AND HER PUPILS.

of an easy problem they seemed to have no idea.

“Oh!” they said, “mamma thinks that girls do not require arithmetic; we have only to dress, play the piano, and look pretty when we grow older.”

O foolish parents, who train your children in this way! No wonder that there are the homes that we see around us; no wonder that husbands can go away to the gambling-table, and into other company than that of their wives. See the butterflies dancing about in the market, as it were, and eagerly caught by the speculator of that money market, not eager to buy for their intrinsic value, but for that which attends the purchase. Would that all those that had the care and the training of the rising generation knew how it should be carried out. Intellects can be crammed, but the moral training is often thought little of, either by parent or teacher.

Rachel, under Caroline's training, had learned differently; she was in every way fitted for her vocation, and on this first morning in the schoolroom she felt pity

for her pupils, who had been in the midst of disadvantages. She, however, with full purpose of heart, determined to bring them out of the groove in which they had been so long.

She sought for strength and wisdom at the throne of grace, and that One who is always ready to give, denied her not. She endeavoured to gain the love of her pupils, and was not long in doing this, so that they seldom found pleasure, but in her society. They delighted in their studies, and loved to please their teacher. They rapidly improved in everything, but like their mother, only lived for this world. True, they attended the church in the neighbourhood, where only was heard read Sunday after Sunday a written sermon, purchased from a London publisher. The man had no capacity to compile a sermon of his own. He was not a believer in heart, so he had not the power even to read aright the thoughts of the God-fearing men who had written them. He delighted in hunting, and his wife and daughters took very little interest in any-

thing else, but to dress for balls and dinner parties, instead of looking after the interests of the parishioners.

Such were the surroundings of the home in which Rachel was now an inmate. She attended the church, and each day she went only increased her yearning for reality that she could not find. She had her precious Bible, and delighted to read it too; so that since Caroline had left her, although she had been without the writings of man to tell her the meaning, but God's Spirit alone, there was not much but what she understood, prized, and longed to know more of. She had no earthly adviser, she stood alone; yet not alone, there was One who was leading her. If she wanted admonition, to her Bible she could go; if she required instruction, this was not denied her, and encouragement she found in the midst of all her trials. "Be not weary in well doing, for in due time ye shall reap if ye faint not." And a time did come, when the teacher reaped the fruit of her labours. The God of her fathers rewarded her. The seeds she

sowed in that schoolroom at last sprang up, and when that trio merged into womanhood they were fitted to fight the battle of life ; for, like Rachel, they were compelled to do so. And a time came when they, as wives and mothers, were able to take their places, not through their mother's training, but through one of Judah's daughters.

Rachel did not receive much gratitude from the mother of her pupils, for jealousy crept in. She did not lose the affection of her children, but her companionship they did not seek, as in former times. They delighted to be with Rachel, and had the capacity to know where the most good was gained. Rachel prayed for their conversion. She instructed them in the truths of salvation, and their young hearts were eager to know more.

Rachel was not gloomy. True religion, which is Christ, cannot make people gloomy. There are some who have found out that this world's pleasures can never satisfy. They try active service, such as district visiting, etc., to appease conscience, but all

to no purpose. They are cast in on themselves. The mind will have something, and at last feeds on itself. The outcome of all this is a dissatisfied frame of mind, a gloomy countenance, bringing unhappiness wherever it goes, and instead of the doctrine of Christ being adorned, His name is dishonoured by the counterfeit. A true Christian wears no gloomy countenance. The peace of God rules in his heart. What troubles God? Nothing, for He can do all things, so that the man of faith can calmly rest on the One who is the Almighty. He knows from God's word that his sins are forgiven him, that he stands in Christ a new creature, that through the blood of the blessed Redeemer God has placed His righteousness upon him ; that all his own righteousness is as filthy rags. Old things are passed away, and all things become new ; so what has he to fear? Nothing ; he can say :—

“ Just as I was, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bad'st me come to Thee,
Oh! Lamb of God, I came.

“Just as I was, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
Yea all I need in Thee I found,
Oh ! Lamb of God, I came.”

Mrs. N—— had not many associations. She only countenanced those who had some recommendation to her notice, such as wealth or pedigree.

There was a rich family, consisting of a lady and her three daughters, who no doubt meant well. The possession of ample means had altered their position in life from what it once had been, but a cramped and meagre education had unfitted them to mix with those whose society they now sought, so they always led unnatural lives, and were indeed to be pitied. How many there are in the lower ranks of society who seem fitted by their gifts to be with those far above them, and move on naturally, till they find their level there.

But when one sees people, who are not so gifted, ever intent on gaining a position, it is to be despised ; and more so when Christianity, more or less, has to a

great extent levelled distinction. God is not well pleased with this state of things, which is very prevalent in the present day. Let each fill the sphere allotted to him ; this gives true dignity if that is wanted.

Mrs. W—— was the wife of a retired tradesman. Her husband, possessing ample means, had therefore been able to provide the money to employ teachers for his daughters, but he was not in a position to judge of the capabilities of the persons whom he had engaged, and thus his daughters had been educated by second-rate people, who had given the Misses W.— ideas of “gentility,” instead of true nobility. All persons, high and low, have this in their power to obtain to, but it is no fault of the young, who are put by their seniors under the care often of those who are ignorant of what true nobility of character means.

Mr. W—— and his family removed into the country, where Rachel and her pupils were located. Very few knew anything of their antecedents. They moved among a class who thought their “genteel ”

plain garb was very lady-like indeed. These girls visited the poor, gave away tracts, explained the Greek text often to those who knew very little of the English one. All who were older could see that these people were living in a world of their own making.

Rachel met them. They felt intuitively that she was a lady, and secretly felt a jealousy they could ill control ; but shewed, however, their antecedents to Rachel by how they treated her. At the evening gatherings she was left out in the cold by these people. Yet not in the cold, for her mind was a world of its own. Her past associations, her travels, and her knowledge, too, made her glad to be so treated. She could not have found pleasure in talking of the things that they did. One topic would be literature, but while their consciences would not allow them to talk of the popular novel writers of the day, which was too worldly, yet the writings of learned Christian men were picked to pieces by these girls. The beautiful writings of a servant of Christ were one

day so much criticised in Rachel's hearing, that she felt bound to uphold them.

The school of doctrine that they had learned in did not quite coincide with the writer's notions of theology. Rachel could forbear no longer. She came forward and said :—

“ Pardon me, that writer is personally known to me, and I cannot hear him so spoken of without defending him. He is an honoured servant of Christ, and as to the book you speak of, have you read it ?”

“ Oh, no, but this morning we lent it to our cook. She could not understand the book that we read from, and from which he must have obtained his information. His writings are Mr. B——'s made easy.”

Dear fellow Christians, whoever you may be, or wherever you are, do not sit in judgment on honoured servants of God. All have learned from the same source, and because there is a similarity in the writings, this is not the reason you should give for it. Beware, for you are sitting in judgment on the divine Teacher. Value the writings while you have them ; look into

the Holy Writ, and see if these things are so, and then, instead of spending your time in needless criticism, talk of Jesus and His love. God keeps a book of remembrance of those who speak of His name—His name, not another's. When Christians meet let it be for edifying one another, instead of religious topics. It has the same air of worldliness about it as the topics of the dinner table of the man of the world.

Rachel had often sat in silence listening to the conversation of professing Christians, endeavouring now and again to teach her things that she had known long ere they. But like numbers, when we have found out a truth, we think none have known it before us. Let us not judge; the one who feels the most is often heard to say the least. This was the case with Rachel. The truths she had learned from Caroline had never been forgotten, so that she knew the scriptures beyond her years.

The three young ladies looked up at Rachel in surprise. Their ideas of a

governess were very cramped. "She must be seen, and not heard," this was their idea of one fitted to instruct the young. They had only bowed to Rachel hitherto—had never advanced further. The young ladies allowed Rachel to go on, because they could not find words to stop her. Rachel did go on, and told them of truths they had never heard before.

Mrs. N. was surprised at the vehemence of her governess; she did not make any remark, she was a shrewd woman, and saw the effect that Rachel's speech and warmth were having on her guests, and Mrs. N. was proud, too, of the tall, handsome figure before her.

Rachel had now grown into womanhood, and possessed indeed a handsome countenance, and a face, too, that betrayed great force of character. She was so wholly absorbed in objects outside herself, that her very unconsciousness enhanced her beauty. Never more did Mrs. W. and her three daughters enter that house as they had done before; they

had not the same confidence in conversation, and were ever fearful of Rachel—an instance of the influence of the stronger character over the weaker. They were indeed in an unnatural position now, and felt that one was in their presence far beyond them in every way.

One evening Mrs. W. and her daughters were seated with Rachel, her pupils, and the rest of the family. Silence reigned for some time, with the exception of an occasional remark. They had learned, like many nominal Christians, not to respect God's ancient people.

“Do you not pity the poor Jew? You see they have not the scriptures as we have them.”

Rachel answered, “If it were not for the poor Jew you would not have the scriptures as you have them.”

Mrs. W. said, “Oh! I was not aware that we are indebted to the Jew for the scriptures.”

This was the answer of the woman who pretended to read her Bible daily, and who regularly attended the village



AN EVENING WITH MRS. N.'S FRIENDS.

church. Yet so it is with many in Christendom. She was much surprised when told how many were Jewish writers.

Mrs. W. said they must have been a very wicked people to have crucified our Lord. Like many another, she thought that the Jews' hearts were different from her own.

The elder of the two youths then said, "Will you tell me, Miss Barnard, what is the meaning of common sense?"

He had treated Rachel very coldly, thinking that a governess should be treated differently from another person. He could give no grounds; it was only the outcome of his little mind.

Rachel, with ready wit, answered: "Oh, it cannot be explained—only those who have it know what it is."

The young man's mouth was closed; his intellect a little sharpened that day. It did him good, and he never forgot it.

At another time, when all were seated after the evening meal, with work in hand, the Misses W. again the guests, Miss W. spoke of the Jew once more. She said,

“What mean characters some of them are!”

Rachel answered with much warmth (the image of her beloved grandsire coming before her), “I can bear testimony that to this race belong some of earth’s noblest sons—because some have acted wrongly, should we brand all alike?”

“Oh, no!” softly said Miss W.; “decidedly not.”

There are many who have never travelled, who know but little of the human heart, whose ideas are cramped, and who know nothing whatever of the Jewish race, and look upon them with contempt.

Rachel, with great feeling surprising all, said: “The Jews have been (though not now) and will be the aristocracy of the earth. The land of their fathers will be restored to them—that land that once flowed with milk and honey. Jerusalem will be the joy of the whole earth; she will yet lift her head among the nations. ‘If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.’”

Rachel was wending her way to the heavenly Jerusalem ; still there were times when her heart burned within her when she thought of the earthly one.

Her hearers looked at her with amazement. At last Mrs. N. said, " I should like to see Jerusalem. What sort of place can it be ? "

Rachel remarked, " It is now in the hands of the Turk, and in the city where the temple of God once reared its lofty pinnacle a Turkish mosque now stands."

Miss W. answered, " One has read a great deal in books, but one cannot always believe."

Rachel said, " What I say I know is true, for my eyes have looked on these things ; my feet have trodden the streets of the earthly Jerusalem ; my eyes have beheld Mount Zion, and on its summit, in an English church, my ears have listened to that well known hymn —

‘ Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress'd ;

I know not, oh, I know not,
What joys await me there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.' ”

Not a sound was heard, all listened with breathless attention for more.

Rachel continued :

“ I have rested in the garden of Gethsemane in the twilight hour. I have looked on the waters of Jordan. I have stood on its banks, and have sat on the shores of Galilee. I beheld the blue waters of the Mediterranean from the heights of Carmel, and found shelter 'neath the cedars of Lebanon. The land of the Hebrew I love, for it is the land of my fathers.” Her eyes kindled with holy fire. “ But I have found what some of my fathers never found—a city that hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God. That God is my Redeemer, my Jehovah, my Messiah, my all in all.”

Never more in Rachel's presence was the Jew spoken of with disrespect ; never more was Rachel slighted. She could afford to have been silent ere this ; but

now all felt her power. She had not forced herself upon them, however. None far or near possessed the talents she possessed ; no voice surpassed hers, or even equalled it in richness of tone. Few could hold conversation with her. She never talked of people or of circumstances. She found her happiness in the schoolroom, where she could impart to her pupils the knowledge, in some degree, that was hers. This Jewish governess was no more despised ; all were glad to be taken notice of by her.

However, her stay in this house was soon to be brought to a close. Mr. N. did not understand agriculture, so that the money he had invested was nearly all lost, and the estate was put up at auction in order to pay creditors.

He was compelled now to return to business, and Rachel parted with her pupils.

Mr. N. and his family, with the little money saved from the wreck, commenced business in H——. Mrs. N. was now learning a lesson, that all things change

here. It made her think. She, too, looked into God's word, and found things by the light of His Spirit that were for her eternal welfare. She had to face the stern realities of life. Her husband's business was not enough to maintain such a family. The boys had no more time for boating, fishing, or novel-reading. They had wasted time they never could recall. They were in a position requiring them to earn the bread that perisheth, and through their parents' want of judgment they knew not the way. However, after a few rebukes from relatives who were some of them sensible men, the arrow struck, and these lads, being too proud to be thought ill of, began to study to get their own living. Eighteen or twenty was rather late for this. Their object was not for right's sake, they liked a good name.

Let us hope that, as they progressed with their studies, they learned to work for a better object. After years proved that they did not work in vain, for through much labour and perseverance they, though late in years, found their place on the plat-

form of life, and at last found out, and their parents too, that there was One who could strengthen them for such a battle.

Would that they had learned their lesson sooner ; they would have saved themselves much trouble and sorrow. But we all have our lessons to learn, some one way and some another. The divine Teacher knows what to teach each one.

Rachel's old pupils were now in a position to give out to others what they had learned from her. Their mother having found out the hollowness of riches, thought it very requisite that her daughters should know how to earn their livelihood, so she got the aid of masters to fit them, and soon they opened a school for the middle classes, and were successful ; but now we must leave them.





CHAPTER XV.

A VISIT.



SOME friends of Mrs. N., who lived in the south of Ireland, and had visited her during Rachel's stay, hearing of the changes, wrote to Rachel asking her to come to their house till she could find another situation. These people meant well, and no doubt thought to do Rachel a kindness. They were business people, who had risen from penury. The female portion of the family, being the eldest, had received no education whatever, and had risen to affluence, but were evidently purse-proud. Fortunate speculations enabled them for a time to carry a high hand. It pleased them to be in a position to patronise the handsome governess.

One day, towards evening, after a pleasant passage, Rachel arrived at the station, situated seven miles from the residence of these people. The family consisted of an aged father, two brothers, and three sisters. The carriage was waiting for Rachel. The eldest sister, a prim woman of forty, was seated in the vehicle waiting for her visitor, who felt, after the journey, ready for a warm welcome. But no, only a stiff bow, and an icy pressure of the hand. All their actions were so studied, trying to act as ladies, and failing in the unnatural effort.

How pleasant is the grasp of true friendship! How warm the welcome that a true genial heart bestows!

Rachel was driven along a road almost close to a lovely lough, with the beautiful hills on the right. She was glad to turn from the unnatural to that which was nature itself. And as she gazed at those everlasting hills, she lifted her heart in her loneliness (for this she felt, although situated as she was) to the Maker of all the beauty she beheld around her. Rachel

wanted a home for the time being so the warm-hearted girl tried to crush her feelings.

At last the carriage and its occupants arrived at the gate of the house, and then drove up the road leading to it. The dwelling was a pretty one-storied villa, the front of which faced the lovely lough, and overlooked the mountains on the opposite side, where many a legend connected with them was often told with interest by an intelligent car-driver.

When Rachel entered, the same coldness displayed by her companion pervaded everything.

At the dinner-table one and all were unnatural. Rachel pitied them, and felt if they could have only acted from christian principles, and have broken through this unnatural reserve, the home would have been a bright one. She felt it impossible to be happy there. The patronage stung her. Still her refinement and good taste kept her from betraying her feeling. She was taken to her room, where the same coldness was displayed in everything



A STIFF WELCOME.

The next day her sensitiveness was wounded by the coarseness and rudeness of these people, who seemed not to know that they had done anything amiss. Rachel was made to feel her position.

A few days after, a telegram was received informing them that a brother and his wife from Australia had arrived ; also the young wife's sister, and would be with them in a few hours. The wife was well educated and refined, but with no experience in things of the world ; she had much to suffer. Brought up in the midst of refinement, but with simplicity, for her parents were not rich, she, like Rachel, felt the coarseness of the sisters-in-law. Rachel bore, however, with true christian fortitude. The poor little wife was so unhappy, that her husband took some pleasant lodgings at the mountain-side, and where for a time all were free from the uncongenial atmosphere of coarseness, pomposity, and purse-proud relatives. Rachel often paid them a visit, and found pleasure in the society of sweet Ada H., the wife's sister ; but Ada at last went to England

to visit some of her mother's relatives, and while there her sweet face attracted the heart of an intelligent young man of business, and poor Ada had at last a home of her own, and thus Rachel became a companion for a time to the lonely wife, whose husband's business called him much from home.

It will be wondered why Rachel paid a visit to these comparative strangers. She had not known much of christian people, and being real herself, she gave others who professed the Christian faith credit for the same. These friends gave away tracts, visited the sick, and bestowed their means on those who needed. But they were not happy. Like many others who have not wholly given up the world, position and appearances to be maintained were their first object—not Christ. Riches do not always last, as has been already seen. They took wings and flew. Flood caused a great deal of damage on estates in Australia that brought in these people's revenues. And thus, the once prosperous family knew again the touch

of poverty. They had had means, and an opportunity to cultivate the mind ; they had not done so, and when their riches were gone they were in a worse position than at the beginning. An aimless life is not a happy one. The God-given talents are often buried, and the possessor wakes up to find that he has been of no use to himself or to others, and with hopes blighted, intellect weakened, and powers decayed, it is then too late to retrieve, not too late, however, to fly to Him who says, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." Let us hope that Rachel's friends learned their lesson. These changes of circumstances occurred after Rachel left them.

During her visit with these Irish friends, Rachel was beginning to be stumbled. Two or three frequent lady visitors, instead of talking of Jesus, whom she had learned to love so well, were always conversing on their neighbours' shortcomings, or on doctrinal points, that to Rachel's mathematical turn of mind seemed to possess such an infinitesimal element that the young girl felt if she waded into

it, she would have no time to work for her Saviour. These ladies seemed to have no object in life whatever. They never sought to improve the mind, and their faces seemed to wear such an unhappy, forbidding look, that did not commend their Christianity to Rachel in any way.

These people would have no intercourse with any, except with those who saw eye to eye with them in everything, until their circle got so narrow, their only horizon themselves ; hence they seemed to be so occupied with themselves that the note of praise so often sung by Rachel was quite forgotten by them. Rachel did not want however to be dwelling on unhealthy surroundings. She had been expecting too much from Christians, and had therefore been disappointed. Her only experience of real Christianity had been with Reginald Stevenson.

The inmates and friends of the house she had left did not commend their Christianity to her, and her Irish friends were no better. When she thought of her dear departed grandsire, oh! how

she wished to be with him, but then came the thought, Cannot I find happiness in doing my Master's will, in trying to make others happy, instead of pleasing myself? Cannot I give out to others, instead of expecting so much from them?

She had written to scholastic agencies, but nothing turned up for her. Then came the desire to be a missionary. How could this be accomplished? She did not want to be connected with any society. Having saved a few pounds, she thought of emigrating, and endeavouring to open a school in one of the colonies. She was always firm in her resolves, and after seeking guidance from her God and Father, she watched for an opportunity to carry them out.

She now opened her heart to a christian lady, whom she had met on one or two occasions, and who had gained her confidence. This lady said to Rachel, "When I first saw you, I thought what a field of labour that young lady would have in opening a school in the town I have just left." Mrs. A. told Rachel that she had

only recently returned from S---, a now favourite resort in the Canary Islands. There were many Spanish and Portuguese residents, but a number of English families, who had gone there to reside for a time, in order to retrench, had no school to send their children to, with the exception of one kept by a native, and although very few of these English residents ever thought of eternal things, they were not willing for their children to imbibe Roman Catholicism. The lady said also, that she knew, about sixty miles from S---, the town in question, a Christian clergyman and his wife—people who had given up worldly position out of love to the Saviour, and had gone out to a spot, beautiful indeed in itself, to be among a few inhabitants to try and point them the way of salvation.

Mrs. A. told Rachel she would write to them, feeling sure they would welcome her. She did write, and quickly received a reply, enclosing a letter to Rachel, asking her to come as soon as possible and she would find a glad welcome.





CHAPTER XVI.

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.



LADLY did Rachel accept the invitation of her new-found friend to spend the last week at her house. She bade her acquaintances farewell, and left one lovely spring afternoon for the little railway station, and in one hour was at her destination. No carriage awaited her, but her friend was there with one of Ireland's warmest welcomes.

Mrs. A. was a widow with limited means, still she had a refined home. After walking about half a mile, the two arrived at a pretty, rustic cottage, overgrown with Virginian creeper, and in summer this was entwined with roses.

A clean, homely-looking girl of about sixteen opened the door, and Rachel was taken into a pretty parlour, which contained no luxurious furniture, but everything that displayed good taste. The sweet perfume of the violets seemed so refreshing.

Before Rachel was asked to divest herself of her hat and cloak, the good-tempered Irish girl brought in a cup of tea, and that, together with the delicious home-made bread and butter, greatly refreshed Rachel; and the warm welcome besides made her feel as she had not done for many a day.

Her room was so pretty, only white calico hangings and coverings trimmed with chintz, made by the hands of her hostess; but there was such an air of comfort about all which was very refreshing. While taking off her things Rachel heard her friend at the piano, playing and singing with a very sweet treble voice—

“There is a home, ’tis better far
Than any earthly home can be.”

This took Rachel's mind from earth to that serener, happier clime, where one day she would meet those dear, departed ones, "no more to sever."

Rachel went into the parlour, and after a pleasant chat, the friends partook of the evening meal, and happily spent the rest of that evening.

Rachel, although she had been in the house of professing Christians, had never heard the Bible read or prayer offered amidst the family circle; but this was not so here. Mrs. A. read the fourteenth chapter of John: "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid;" and then such a beautiful, heartfelt prayer was offered!

Rachel felt she had found an earthly friend given her by her Father, who can open the hearts of all. What earnest petitions went up to the throne of grace for her that night! and then she joined her hostess in that sweet refrain—

"My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,

O teach me from my heart to say—
Thy will be done.”

Rachel retired to her room, and with a thankful heart for all her mercies, she lay awake for some time the present surroundings seemed an oasis in the desert ; but when she looked at her position, apart from this resting-place, she felt afraid of what she had undertaken. The adversary of souls was occupying her with her own weakness, instead of with the One who could use her and strengthen her for any work He thought fit to give her to do. She felt her lonely position, going out again into the unknown future, and for the moment she forgot her strong tower and the Rock of her salvation.

A great depression stole over her, and her feelings found vent in the following words—it seemed as if some unseen person was suggesting them :—

Jesus, Thou heavenly Guide,
Thy light afford, and lead me on ;
No path can I descry on this bleak moor,
I've roam'd o'er crag, and mount, and glen,
And found no resting-place for this poor soul of mine.

'I've breasted oft the crested wave
Of this world's troubled sea.'
And at last my strength is spent,
And lost I am on this wild plain.
I've heard of that stormy night,
And the dark sea waves of Galilee—
How Thy disciples heard above the storm
Thy gentle accents speaking peace :
And at Thy command the elements were still,
For waves and billows sank to rest.
And when Thy troubled ones were affrighted
At Thy hand of love,
Above the storm they heard,
' 'Tis I, be not afraid.'
O Thou, who art the same
As yesterday, to-day, and days to come,
Lead through the tangled maze,
And up the shining way,
Where gleams the Sun of Righteousness,
To chase the gloom away.
O lead me on, till this poor soul of mine
Is landed safe within the gates
Of that bright city of my God,
Whose everlasting doors were ope'd
With the price of Thine atoning blood,
To poor lost sinners such as I ;
Who when earth has passed away,
Will praise Thee with an eternal song,
Begun in this wild scene,
Where I have lost my way.

These breathings of her soul were heard. The troubled one was at last in a profound slumber, and the next morning she possessed renewed vigour to make the necessary preparations for her departure.

The day arrived for the lonely emigrant to start for Plymouth to meet the steamer for S——. After a somewhat rough passage, she went on board as a second-class passenger. In a few days, after a very pleasant voyage, she steered into the lovely harbour of S——.

Rachel had no heart-pangs in leaving England, because home and all connected with it were no more. She felt that God's hand was everywhere, and He was with her, roam wheresoever she might.

The vessel anchored about a mile from land, on a lovely afternoon. Indeed the weather was always lovely here. The mountains formed a complete background of the shore, which was dotted here and there with pretty villas, and the hills were studded with vineyards.

Rachel, though alone, did not experience



"SHE THOUGHT THERE WILL BE NONE TO SEEK ME."

any loneliness, for again she lifted her eyes to the everlasting hills, and felt assured that the God who made them, according to His promise, was with her now. As she was gazing from the deck on all the lovely scene before her, she saw a small steamer plying towards the vessel she was on. There were several people on deck, and, as Rachel supposed, either passengers for another part, or those to meet friends. She thought for a moment, "There will be none to see me, and how shall I travel these sixty miles upon those hills?"

The tug came nearer and nearer, and then all stepped on board. A genial-looking clergyman, and a lady with a very sweet face, were making their way to where Rachel was standing. They spoke to her, and said, "The chief steward has told us that you are Miss Barnard, and we have come to welcome you."

The gentleman gave Rachel a hearty welcome, and the lady, with eyes filled with tears, and a sweet smile, gazed at the emigrant, and drew her arm within her own, and while her husband was seeing

that Rachel's luggage was transferred in safety, drew her into conversation. She said :—

“ We came to meet you, and thought of staying a few days in S——, and to see you comfortably settled. You would have been welcome indeed at our house, but we could not leave home for several months, if not now, and were anxious to know that you were comfortably settled in every way. My husband and I arrived yesterday, and have taken furnished apartments for you (subject to your approval) with an old Spanish woman, who we found out will do all she can for your comfort. We have also seen several English residents, who are delighted at the prospect of an English governess settling among them. There is near the lodging a small but well-built room, capable of seating fifty persons. The landlord would be willing to let the place for a school.”

Rachel was overwhelmed with all this, and she could find no words of utterance—only a pressure of the hand of her newly-found friend.

In going through life, we meet with all sorts of people, but there are some kindly hearts, and Rachel had found them.

The steamer soon took the friends to land, and they mounted a hill, at the top of which was Rachel's future home. The appearance of the rooms was, of course, a change to English eyes; but they were comfortable. Rachel was soon able to make them more to her taste. The landlady made herself known with smiles and gesticulations. Rachel soon learned her language, and many an hour was passed away in converse on eternal things, without infringing on the good woman's prejudices.

The following day, Rachel and her friends called on the English residents. She had her testimonials with her, but she had no need to shew them, for the introduction of the clergyman friend was enough, and before they returned that day to her lodgings, Rachel was promised eighteen pupils, and with fees that placed her at once in a comfortable position. Several of the parents had brought with

them sundry articles of school furniture, such as forms, desks, maps, &c., and all eagerly placed them at Rachel's service, and the school-room in a few days had every requisite. When the new teacher looked around and saw maps, easels, black-board, terrestrial globe, object lesson cards, "royal readers," slates, and copy-books—all she needed, in fact—she could scarcely believe that she was so far away from English shores.

One afternoon, previous to commencing scholastic duties, she was busy preparing the room, when a knock at the door was heard, and on opening it she saw a cottage piano, that had been brought by two Spaniards from a neighbouring villa. All perplexity was soon at an end, for the mother of one of her future pupils soon appeared on the scene, and asked Rachel to accept the use of the instrument so long as it was required.

Rachel, with grateful thanks, acknowledged the kindness; and immediately on the departure of her benefactress, sat down and ran her fingers over the keys, and

struck some of her sweetest chords. She had that day bidden farewell to her friends, and now she was able to soothe herself with sending up hymns of praise in sweetest strains to her Father and God.





CHAPTER XVII.

MISSIONARY LABOURS.



ONLY a week after the arrival of Rachel at this lovely spot, her scholastic duties commenced.

One sunny morning Rachel opened the school door, at the hour fixed, and saw eighteen eager, up-turned, smiling faces greeting her, who had been waiting on the pretty enclosure in front of the school. Birds were warbling sweet songs in the luxuriant trees that formed an avenue up the road leading to this spot. The distant splashing of the waves on the shore close by, and the scent of the sweet-smelling flowers growing wild—all seemed to shed a peacefulness around, that teacher and pupils were able to set to work with willingness

—the teacher with a full purpose to educate her pupils as far as she was able, and the pupils to do what they could to please their teacher—and thus they started in harmony, and continued so throughout Rachel's sojourn there.

Before, however, the lessons began, all joined in singing a morning hymn, and a simple prayer was then offered by the teacher, supplicating a blessing from the Master of all on that day's labours. Rachel acknowledged Him in her ways, and He always blessed her efforts with success, and when the day was over, those young voices rang out in the calm evening air, and the hymn :—

“ 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,”

was sung with much feeling by Rachel. Her pupils joined in, and as she beheld the changing expression of their young faces, she could not fail to notice that a few of them, in some little measure, felt what they were singing.

They tripped lightly away to their various homes, and Rachel wended her way to hers. Her day's work was over, and with a thankful heart she mounted the hill once more, and entered her pretty little sitting-room, where her Spanish landlady had laid her evening meal, and Rachel was left alone. Reclining in her easy chair, she looked around and felt that after all her tossings, her Father had given her an earthly rest for a time, in what she could call "home, sweet home!" Her evenings were her own now, not like they had been in Mrs. N.'s house. She used these hours for recreation, study, or in preparing lessons for the next day, and ere she left that sitting-room for the night, the landlady was aroused by Rachel's rich voice sending up the notes:—

"How good is the God I adore,
My faithful, unchangeable Friend."

On arriving at the school the next morning, she was surrounded by the majority of her pupils, each with a lovely

posy of flowers. The sweet perfume in that comparatively small room would have been almost overpowering to some; but the teacher's lonely heart had been made glad that morning by seeing fresh young hearts eager to make her glad, and this overpowered her far more.

On the following Friday, Rachel wrote on the blackboard some scripture questions, to be answered on Monday morning. Many Bibles were opened on the Sunday by parent and child, the former helping the latter in her efforts to find the coveted answer. Let us hope that the eye of some was fixed in its search on a passage that pointed out the way of salvation.

Rachel was told that one gentleman, who never looked into the scriptures, or thought of eternal things, for the sake of his child was led to give up his usual occupation, and turn over the leaves of that heavenly message, and the little one for whom he worked brought the best answers. Rachel had sought for missionary labours, and what better scope is there than to be in a position to train the rising genera-

tion? How many stories in the reading-book was she able to turn to account by putting the way of salvation, through the tender Shepherd, before them! Thus the whole moral tone was excellent, and its influence felt by the parents at home.

Now Rachel set to work to devise a plan by which she might directly tell them the "old, old story." She sought for aid at the throne of grace, and the thought suggested itself to her, 'Why cannot I have a Sunday class?' She sent notes to the parents about the matter, and on the following Sunday afternoon not a pupil was missing.

The parents were some Presbyterians, Wesleyans, Church of England, &c., but there was not one among them who did not willingly allow their children to hear the "old, old story of Jesus and His love." Many of them had heard it on old England's shores in days gone by, and now the teacher's words on that first Sunday were recapitulated in many a home.

Tracts and books Rachel sent to these homes by her beloved pupils, and let us

hope that the seeds sown will spring up into eternal life.

It was a pleasant sight on that first Sunday, the teacher with her rich voice, striking the chords of the pianoforte, and leading her class in singing :—

“There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.”

And again, for the elder ones :—

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

Many Sunday hours came and went ; but the interest was kept to the last

One day a lady called on Rachel, and asked her why she did not give an address. She answered, “I cannot do that, but I would have a Bible-class at my lodgings ” And the following Sunday evening was a memorable one to her, for she was taken at her word, and twelve ladies came with their Bibles to Rachel's lodgings. She felt utterly powerless in herself to put

truths before them ; so when all were seated, she went into another room, and cried to the great Teacher for wisdom, and on her return to her visitors, the calm expression of the young teacher betrayed no weakness, and with a strong yet sweet voice, she led that grand old hymn, that many had heard in their native land :—

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

And when she came to the words :—

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

with what fervour did she sing them. All were attracted with her deep feeling. Then after an earnest petition for the divine blessing in clear and earnest tones, she read from the prophet Isaiah, chapter xlv. 22, “Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth ; for I am God, and there is none else.” Then from the first chapter of Revelation, “I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last,” “I am he that liveth and was dead.” How clearly

by these scriptures did she shew the Godhead of her blest Redeemer, and that without shedding of blood there is no remission :--

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

A great work was done that evening. Those who took no interest in their Bibles before, turned to see if these things were so ; and as much earnest prayer went up from that busy teacher, we may rest assured that she will have souls for her hire. Many Sunday evenings passed away in these reunions.

Rachel spent many years in this garden of nature, till her Master called her into another sphere. He had tenderly watched over her, He had deigned to use the weak vessel for His glory, and now He was about to give her a companion to cheer her pilgrim way.





CHAPTER XVIII.

THE JEWISH CONVERT'S HOME.



ANY pleasant evenings did Rachel spend with her newly-found friends. She had won the esteem of all by her conscientious regard to duty, and by the way she adorned the doctrine she professed. Rachel was thorough in whatever she undertook. In after years she often looked back on the happy years spent in her work in that distant land, and her prayers went up for those she would never see on earth again.

The summer vacation had commenced, and although she had been corresponding with her friends on the hills, who had given her such a welcome when first

she landed in her island home, she had never visited at the house of these friends, owing to various circumstances.

About this time she received a letter informing her that a Mr. Le Bret, a Jewish merchant, was expected in a few days. In a letter from a friend in London they were informed that he had recently found the Saviour—that his was not only head work, but real heart work too; and when reading the letter they had naturally thought of Rachel, being one of his own nation, and thinking she would like to meet one of her own people, invited her to their house. Rachel at once accepted, and in a couple of days was on her way to her friends. What a warm welcome did she meet with at the end of her journey!

The pretty rural retreat, hidden among the hills, luxuriant vegetation surrounding it, amidst which birds of various hues were warbling sweet songs. The crystal stream meandering here and there, all made Rachel feel she was in an earthly Eden.

Rachel was wondering what this Jewish

merchant would be like, and in the midst of these thoughts she saw a vehicle with two occupants driving up through the avenue: one appeared to be the driver, the other a fine, handsome man of about thirty years of age. Intuition told her that this must be the expected visitor, for her quick eye detected the traces of her race in the manly countenance. True it is, that the Hebrew race bear the marks of their ancestry; they are known everywhere—in every clime.

At the dinner table Rachel met Henri Le Bret. He was of French parentage and up to the age of thirty he had known very little of earth's sorrows. His parents were wealthy, and had given him a liberal education. Through a friend he had been led to Christ. He was staunch and true in all his dealings. His character was strong, and whatever he undertook was carried out, so that now he had accepted the Saviour as his Saviour, it was with an earnest purpose of heart he set out on the heavenly race. He had not many relatives, and those he had, soon gave him up. He,

however, was blessed with earthly means ; he had no poverty to fear, speaking after the manner of men, and he never did know poverty's cold fare, for God allowed him to keep his stewardship.

At the dinner table an animated conversation was kept up, and especially so, as on introduction Henri Le Bret was told of Rachel's nationality. Mr. H. also, in private conversation, afterwards, told his guest something of Rachel's history, so that when he met her again his manly sympathies—not his pity—were called forth. When he saw her handsome face, bearing the calm, restful expression that it did, after all her vicissitudes of fortune, he wondered, and her noble efforts called forth his admiration.

Only a few days did he stay with his friends ; but there was time for Henri and Rachel to have many conversations together. Whatever it was owing to, Rachel never could tell ; because he was a Christian, or because he was one of her own people, never before had she met any person with whom she could

speak so freely, and when he departed she wondered why it was she felt sorry. He had treated her with great deference, and when he bade her farewell, he frankly told her that he was sorry to do so.

Rachel spent one happy month with her friends, and then returned to her home, glad and thankful to have had such a rest, and with increased vigour for her loved task.

A few weeks passed away, when one morning a letter was brought her, bearing the London postmark. She read and re-read the address, but found that the handwriting was all unknown to her. She at last broke the envelope, and there, in manly expressions, she read that Henri Le Bret had never been able to forget her, indeed, he had not tried to do so; and now he asked her to be his wife, no dowry but herself did he require.

Rachel could not tell why, but she felt each line she read sent a gladness into her heart that she had never known before; and in a few days the heart of Henri Le Bret was made glad also, by

the missive from Rachel, telling him that she would be his wife.

Another post brought Rachel the news that he was on his way to his friends, and would see her first. She little thought why this visit was to Mr. and Mrs. H. It was to tell them of his happiness, and to ask for a home for Rachel till he could take her to his own.

What a joyful meeting that was for the Jew and the Jewess. He arrived about mid-day, and in an hour posted to his friends on the hills. Their joy was great, too, and gladly did they respond to his wishes that the marriage ceremony might be performed there.

Rachel had mingled feelings. With many tears she bade farewell to that loved spot that had afforded her such a happy home. A carriage with Henri and his friend awaited her, and over hill and dale they posted to another part of the country, and the next day Henri and Rachel were one.

No Jewish forms or ceremonies, interesting as they always are, and in a few

hours they bade farewell to their kind friends, and once more hill and dale were traversed, and after staying a few days in the island they took the steamer and soon found themselves in Paris. Here what mingled feelings were Rachel's! She thought of the time when she and her dear departed grandfather had traversed those streets, and now, leaning on the strong, manly form beside her, she could send up a note of praise to the Giver of all good.

The wealth that she had lost, now that she had learned her lesson, was restored to her; and how proud was Henri Le Bret of that tall, handsome figure beside him. Soon they were in the great metropolis, where in a remote corner Rachel had seen so much sorrow. That eye, however, that had watched her there, had watched her all the way she had gone, and was now giving her rest. She knew, perhaps, better now how to use riches, after having known their loss. She had early been acquainted with her father's troubles, and as she passed through the

streets to her suburban home, she did not forget her father. But he had wended his way to a nobler mansion than earth can e'er afford. He was basking in a brighter sun than Rachel had ever known, even in the sunny southern land she had left.

“ There is a land, a sunny land,
Whose skies are ever bright ;
And those we loved so fondly here
Will bid us welcome there.”

“ If the cross we meekly bear,
Then the crown we shall wear.”

Rachel had borne her cross, and will one day wear her crown ; and her loving Father was not going to let her feel all earth's thorns — He delighteth not to make His children unhappy ; but in His school the great Teacher knows how to educate each pupil.

Rachel at last arrived at home, and how proudly did Henri lead his bride up the steps to the hall door. All was ready—his orders were carried out to the letter,

and Rachel was installed as the mistress of his house.

To the same source she went for wisdom as in days of yore, and this was not denied her.

Among her servants she sowed the seeds that sprang up into eternal life.

The converted Jew and Jewess gained many Christian friends. Henri Le Bret of his means lent a willing hand to any work that furthered the spread of the good news of salvation, and both he and his wife adorned the doctrine of Christ their Saviour.

In a few years Rachel was gladdened by the presence of a bright-eyed boy and girl. The latter grew into gentle girlhood, a companion for her mother, as Rachel had been for hers in sunny southern France; and her brother, as he grew into manhood, returned in a measure to his parents all that they had done for him; and, what was better still, he, with his gentle sister, followed their footsteps in laying hold of eternal life. All were travelling towards the new Jerusalem

whose everlasting gates were opened with the price of the atoning blood of Jehovah-Jesus.

“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.”

“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.”



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