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THE

Great Beyond:

A JEWISH STORY

ELIZABETH WHEELER.

THE GREAT BEYOND.

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BY

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THE GREAT BEYOND.

CHAPTER I.

FROM AFFLUENCE TO POVERTY.

"What a glorious sunset! What a subject for the artist!"

As these words were uttered the beautiful dark eyes of Naomi Isaacs were slowly raised towards the distant scene that her husband had called her attention to.

The evening was lovely, just such an one as the sunny hours of spring usher in, bringing with it hopes of brighter days. The air was balmy, and through the open window could be seen a wide expanse of country, dotted with numberless villages as far as the eye could reach, and the silver stream of a northern river was wending its way past wooded upland and lowland, where, here and there, peeped the grey stone mansions of some of our merchant princes. Evan Isaacs was one of these,

and his palatial residence, situated on the side of the hill, betokened no lack by its owner of this world's riches.

He was the only son of a manufacturer, who had recently joined his wife in another world. We must say another world, for to say which world is impossible. His whole soul had been cast into his business, merely to amass wealth for his only boy. The fear of cold poverty coming upon him, as he had experienced it in his boyhood, was so great that no rest could he find till his banking account was high, his houses and land extended, and shares and stocks on the same par, and in the midst of this the soul had been called away—by that God whom he professed to worship, by that God who had endowed him with many gifts, but all used to gain the longed for end-wealth. Evan Isaacs stood at the bedside of his father; no words of comfort could he speak, for he knew them not-nor the One who comforteth; and thus Abraham Isaacs passed away from all here to those unknown regions from which none return. Nothing did he bring into the world and nothing could he take away. In gaining his object

—wealth—he lost his health and his strength, and empty his soul embarked on the sea of eternity.

Evan Isaacs, on this particular evening, was thinking of his departed sire, and of the Great Beyond, wherever and whatever this was. As his eye fell on this glorious sunset and on the grandeur of the scene around him, a gentle touch from his wife who was standing by him, and gazing on the picturesque scene, called forth the utterance:—"'Marvellous are all Thy works.' Great God! Hast thou made me for naught? Am I to toil here with brain and responsibilities, end my days, and empty to step out on the unknown beyond?"

"No, Evan," said Naomi, "'All Thy works shall praise Thee,' and should you and I be mute? 'Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.'"

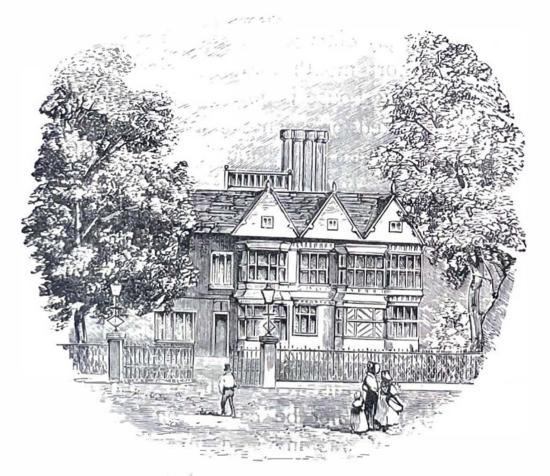
"Yes, that is true, but God surely has not made me to amass wealth, live in ease, and then pass out of existence, having been of no use to any."

"Yes, Evan, you are right and will know sooner or later, as many another has before you, that 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom,' which springs from that exhaustless fount that was opened for thee."

The unknown future and the deep unrest, like the troubled ocean, occupied all Evan Isaacs' leisure hours, till something occurred to turn his thoughts into another direction for a time. But the Hand that guided his affairs was bringing all together for the good of him whose heart He had stirred towards brighter things beyond.

Evan Isaacs started at the usual hour for business. His hurried footsteps and agitation of manner as he entered the office showed some great perplexity in the business world that he was eager to know the issue of. It was known, however, too soon, for one of the clerks coming in a few moments afterwards, and receiving no answer to his oft-repeated knocks, entered and beheld his master with an open letter before him, and seated helpless and insensible in his chair.

Medical aid was soon summoned, and two hours after the time he set out for business, Naomi, attracted by the sound of carriage wheels, went to the window. At the door a cab stopped, and without any notice she saw the prostrate form of her husband. She did not stop to sob and faint as some women would have done, but in calm and collected tones gave her orders,



and ere many minutes had passed away she was standing by the bedside of her beloved one, who was just returning to consciousness after unwearying efforts of physicians who had been hastily summoned.

Naomi, naturally unselfish, had nerved herself for her husband's sake, but the effort caused a reaction. She was, however, naturally robust, and after seeing her husband in a sweet sleep she retired for rest, and ere morning dawned she was ready for any emergency.

One short month had fled since then. The princely house is now in other hands. The unlooked-for crash came the morning that Evan Isaacs was found in his office His father had been a shareinsensible. holder for many years in a large banking company. At his decease Evan took his place as one of the firm. An unexpected failure came, and he was unprepared. Believing it a paying concern, he had sold out in other quarters to increase his shares, and now the calls were so heavy that his business could not be carried on, for his ready money was invested in this bank. He saw at a moment's glance into his affairs that hope was useless. He, however, paid 20s. in the pound to his creditors, and with the sum of £200 left his home, and with his young wife and child moved into a small house in a secluded village.

Two friends of other days offered him a berth in their establishment, but Evan Isaacs refused, saying, "I will never be a servant when I have been a master," so to this secluded spot he, with his family, drove one autumn evening, there to wait till something turned up, but really an opportunity of feeding his pride—to spend the remains of the wreck, and to leave his



wife and his boy beggars, if he continued in this course. If he, however, had only possessed the moral courage to meet the inevitable, and had embraced opportunities as they arose—done his duty to those near to him—his life might have been a happier

one, a spark, as it were, kindling a flame amidst the ashes. But his early training was at fault. His father, intent upon amassing wealth, had neglected to inculcate principles into his boy, so that when he stood alone, with no father and no wealth to back him up, he became a helpless wreck. No energy—no perseverance; and thus his days went by, for nothing did "turn up" as he expected. He had lost his opportunity. At last his health broke down. He caught cold, which took such a hold on him that consumption set in. He spent his hours in vain regrets, and, with nothing better to occupy his mind, he became weaker and weaker. He knew nothing of the Heavenly Comforter. The reader will have surmised ere this that Evan Isaacs was of the Hebrew race. Many of that nation have oft found comfort in the reading of the Psalms, and they know their great Jehovah as the beneficent Creator, full of compassion, long-suffering, and plenteous in mercy, and thus they pour out their heart before Him. But Evan Isaacs knew not this, and thus despair took possession of him. He dreaded entering the confines

of an eternal world. All was darkness, and he was afraid of the plunge; but once or twice came the words, "Have mercy upon me, O God," words which had often been read, but carelessly heard, in the synagogue. Then again and again would he repeat them, but no comfort could he get.



CHAPTER II.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

It was a beautiful spring Sunday evening, just such another as when Evan Isaacs and his wife, a few months before, had from the window of a grander dwelling than they were now the occupiers of, looked out on the distant sunset. The dwelling was changed, but not so the harbinger of day, for as then, so now, was he sinking in the Evan Isaacs, become quite western sky. an invalid, was sitting at the window. was just over, and the villagers were wending their way to the little church at the top of the hill, and the chimes of the bells were being wafted across by the gentle Evan listened, and the chimes gave place to other sounds—the sound of footsteps on the stairs.

Three months ere this Evan had been scanning a letter sent to his father by a brother in Australia. Twenty years had elapsed since last he had set foot on English soil.

At the dinner table, in the midst of angry words, he had left his parental roof, saying, "You shall never see my face again in this world," and across the seas he roamed. Parents and son never did meet again on earth.

Michael Isaacs one summer evening set foot in Melbourne, a penniless youth. Strolling along the streets, sounds from a Methodist chapel arrested his attention. He said to himself, "I will go in here and rest. No person will know me, and I shall be able to think out what course to take." He entered. A few humble Christians were met for prayer. Michael Isaacs was surprised to hear such prayers, and offered to the "Great Jehovah."

Then came the hymn sung by the faithful few—

"Not all the blood of beasts, On Jewish altars slain."

Michael listened to the end, and was almost persuaded to be a Christian. He, not like his nephew, had been brought up with a knowledge of the Scriptures. All the endless rites of the Mosaic ritual he well knew. He was an intelligent young Jew. He had been taught to look for the Great Deliverer, the Great Prophet of his people. Often had he seen his mother, when the thunder pealed and the lightning flashed, run to open all the windows in expectancy of the Messiah; and here in this little building he heard the Christian band sing—

"Jesus, Thou Prophet, Priest, and King, My Lord, my life, my way, my end, Accept the praise I bring."

He rose to go, but a friendly hand was laid on his shoulder. Then came the words, "For where art thou bound?" The question was put as to the welfare of his soul; but poor Michael, thinking only of his lonely position, said, "I have just landed from England, and do not know where I am bound."

The genial colonial Christian took the words as they were meant, and with a moistened eye he looked down on the homeless youth, and thinking of wellnigh thirty years before, when he himself landed on foreign shores without a friend, said, "My lad, come home with me till you find

a better one, and welcome." He had no idea that such an event as this could happen on foreign shores; but he had yet to learn that the Gentile he had been taught to despise had a warm place in his heart for his nation.

Michael walked by the side of his new-found friend this summer eve, till at the door of Henry Carlisle's colonial home a comely matron welcomed him as her own son; and, after a hearty supper and the reading of a chapter in the New Testament, which left him amazed with wonder, and a simple heartfelt prayer, the Jewish wanderer was lost in slumber amidst downy pillows and snowy coverlets.

Yes, as the wandering voyager sailed across the main an unseen eye was watching him and would gently lead him till shepherded within the fold. Other sheep from the family circle from which he had broken were to be brought in, and the wanderer was to be the means.

The following morning, after reading and prayer, Michael was called aside by his host and asked what he thought of doing. While thus conversing a friend stood at the

door, inquiring for the newcomer from the old country. This friend was one of the little band of the evening before, but above the majority as to worldly position. was a merchant—a man of integrity, whose Christian character was well known in the locality in which he lived, and elsewhere He traded with England and with other countries, and just now was seeking a lad for his office. Michael's parents had been poor, but he himself, amidst many disadvantages, had studied of an evening, eager to get on, not for wealth, as did his brother, but to attain an honourable position among his fellows. He thought by improving himself he would be better fitted for what might turn up. Thus his mind expanded—he learnt to think above many of his fellows.

The circumstances connected with Michael the merchant had just heard of, and hastened to see the "new-comer" and to offer him a berth if fitted.

Michael's handwriting, &c., were quite satisfactory. Then came the question, "What testimonials have you?" He seemed to think all was over with him

now, and a carelessness took possession of him. He said, "I have none. Nothing at all that will commend me to your notice; indeed, I think it is all the other way, for, besides having no testimonials, I am a Jew." The two Christian friends looked at each other in astonishment. Then the Christian merchant grasped the hand of the young Jew, and said, "My friend, you have enough to commend you to my notice and my interest. My Saviour was a Jew. Michael looked at the speaker with steady gaze.] Your Jehovah became a man, a Jew, to atone to the mighty God for my guilt. From one of your nation I heard the glad tidings, and I hope to spend an eternity with Jesus, the sinners' Friend. So, for His sake, I offer you a situation and a home with me. I have no son, and you may fill the place." Michael still looked on the speaker with steady gaze. No words could he utter. A sob from a full heart was all the response for a few moments. Then came the utterance, "Thank God, I am a Jew!"

An epitome must be written now. Years rolled on, the merchant died, his wife also. Michael Isaacs succeeded to the large concern. But when his benevolent friend was passing into his rest, his adopted son stood by him and with breaking heart uttered, "Thank God, now I am a Christian. Oh! what have you done for me? Taught me the paths of peace, and ere long I, too, will spend an eternity with Jesus, the sinners' Friend, and

> 'Above the rest, this note shall swell, Our Jesus hath done all things well.'

Good-night till then, till the resurrection morn."

The aged Christian slept peacefully away to wake up in the presence of Jesus, the sinners' Friend. After everything was settled, Michael Isaacs turned again to business. He one day received from England an expensive article of English manufacture used in his business, with the maker's name in full—the name of the playmate of his youth. Once before he had felt impelled to write and make inquiries as to the name, still was silent, feeling assured that the manufacturer was a wealthy man and that the head of such a firm could be no

relative of his. But now the second time the feeling came he listened to the whispers and penned a line to Abraham Isaacs stating his reasons for thus writing. Not for pecuniary gain he wrote, for he was in the position not to require it, but stated many items which, if he was his brother, would lead to the writer's identification; a secret wish to reach his father's house, to tell of Jesus, the sinners' Friend, was the leading motive. But, oh! that the missive had reached old England's shores at an earlier date; as the reader knows, it was now too late for the long lost brother. However, Evan Isaacs opened the letter intended for his father. In the cottage home he penned a line to his uncle. He knew him to be such, for the facts connected with his leaving England he often heard from his father's lips.

The English mail arrived in due course, and eagerly among the many missives did Michael Isaacs draw from the envelopes his nephew's letter.

How his heart beat and his pulses throbbed at the details mentioned by Evan Isaacs; for he had told him all. But instead of sending a letter by the return mail, he made up his mind to go himself, and ere, perhaps, it was too late, to tell his Jewish relative the news of the heaven-sent Sacrifice. This was uppermost in his mind.

As the vessel sailed out on the ocean wave, what mingled feelings were Michael Isaacs'! How well did he remember the evening when he landed well nigh twenty years before! And as the vessel sped on her course, how thankful was he to know that the One who upheld the universe was Jesus, the sinners' Friend!

On Saturday night, about 10 o'clock, the steamer came into the docks, and on the following Sunday evening we find Michael Isaacs, a bronzed man of some fifty years of age, inquiring at Laburnum Cottage for Evan Isaacs. His little grand-nephew showed him into the room where his father was seated. Evan looked up at the visitor with intense emotion, for there, standing before him, was the *fac simile* of his departed parent, only that the hair and beard were white.

Michael Isaacs stood for a second before his brother's son; tears unbidden started down the bronzed and manly cheeks, but

quickly recovering himself, and seeing the emotion of the wearied form before him. he extended his hand, with the words. "I am just come across the ocean, my boy, to see my brother's son and to act towards him, if I can, a father's part. Lift your eyes and your heart to your father's God-He will befriend you. He will provide." Evan was more overcome now with emotion than a few moments before. Just at this juncture, Naomi, who had been in the garden, came in and looked intensely puzzled at the present state of affairs. However, Michael Isaacs soon found out that he was in the presence of his nephew's wife, and coming forward with extended hand, without waiting for an introduction, said, "I am Michael Isaacs, your husband's uncle, and yours too. Last night I arrived from Australia, expressly to befriend you, if I can. Nothing, as you know, but what our Hebrew brethren would think a duty." Naomi took the extended hand in both her own and with her tears thanked her benefactor. Requisite restoratives were given to the invalid, and then he was more himself—able with intense interest to listen to his uncle's narrative as to the care extended to him in a foreign land. Michael Isaacs had purposely not touched upon the fact that he had left the faith of his fathers; but, reader, this remark should not have been made, for had he not, in believing in Jesus of Nazareth, but kept to the faith of his fathers?

After the evening meal and the lights had been brought in, once again the conversation began.

Michael Isaacs saw his own father's flute in a very prominent position. He knew it well and remembered the days of his boyhood, when the lips that now were silent brought out its melodious sounds.

He said, "I remember that flute; it is the same. Your father and I oft sat together on a stile in a field near by where we lived, to practise. I was the first to try to sound its notes, but your father, younger than I, made such rapid progress that I gave up learning. I was discouraged, yet proud of my brother." Evan said, "Yes, he taught me, and now I while away an hour, for it recalls the home of my boyhood and

my father too. Mother died when I was but ten years old, and father's whole delight was in me, all his leisure hours were spent with me. Oh, but I wish he had taught me something more than the getting of money. He would say, 'My boy, it is in our nature to love gold, for do you not know that Aaron ground the golden calf to powder and made the people drink it?' It was only meant to cause a smile, but anyhow the love of gold gained it for me, and would that I had never known its value, for then I should not know its loss."

Michael Isaacs saw that his nephew was again becoming excited, so he silently took down the flute, and asked Evan to play. It was but a simple instrument, but that Sunday evening the notes were exquisite, and to their sensitive nerves brought a calm. Michael Isaacs, although not a skilled musician, knew there was one before him. "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast;" and true it must be when the breast of a Nero could be so soothed. Evan said, "My father once told me of an old harpist dropping down dead one night after playing with a violinist, the

power of music was so great. It is soothing, but, oh, it is not lasting. My troubled breast wants something more. I am hastening towards that Great Beyond, and I know not the way. I have neglected opportunities; life is gone for me. But is there a life beyond?"

Michael Isaacs quietly sang a tune to his nephew, and said, "Can you play that?" "Oh yes, if you will sing it once more," and then the full rich voice sang out to the accompaniment—

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

He continued to the end, for his nephew still played on. To the wearied Jew the name of Jesus sounded like music indeed to his ears. Earnest prayer had gone up from the singer ere the words were uttered. This was the first time that the Gospel news had been ever heard by him. The ground had been prepared.

When finished, Evan Isaacs was silent, but his uncle's deep-toned voice uttered—

"In a believer's ear," "And to the weary rest," throwing the weight of his voice into the words "believer" and "weary." Yes, my reader, that name above all other names is sweet only to the believer's ear, and rest only to the weary one. Wearied with sin, wearied with sorrow, that name alone gives rest.

Michael Isaacs then sang another tune, while Evan, hastily taking the instrument, eagerly began to play, and the rich tones of his uncle rang out—

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

But Christ, the Heavenly Lamb, Took all my guilt away; A sacrifice of nobler name, And richer blood than they.

My soul looks back to see

The burden Thou dids't bear,

When hanging on the accursed tree,

For all my guilt was there.

Believing, I rejoice,

To see the curse remove;

And bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,

And sing redeeming love."

Evan Isaacs played on to the end. He seemed spellbound.

His uncle rose to go, but Evan pressed him to stay and be his guest.

Naomi was not in the room, and had heard nothing of what had passed, and she very warmly seconded her husband's invitation.

Michael thankfully accepted, and on bidding his nephew good-night, said, "My poor boy, I have crossed the ocean wave to tell you of Jesus, the sinners' Friend." Naomi was preoccupied with preparations for her guest, and did not hear, but Evan grasped the hand of his uncle, and the latter fell asleep with a thankful heart in thinking that his work had not been in vain.

The next day Michael Isaacs took his little nephew by the hand and travelled from shop to shop, giving orders for a plentiful supply of provisions to be sent to Laburnum Cottage. Naomi was constantly attending the door, and the articles increased more and more, till cupboards were full of many comforts that the dwellers in the little cottage had not known for many a day.

Evan Isaacs recovered strength, and his whole aspect changed for the better.

The evenings were spent in conversing of eternal things, and to Evan's inquiring mind his uncle unfolded much that caused the former to wonder at. He was as a child, for he was ignorant of the Scriptures—they were as a sealed book to him—but his interest increased more and more, till, with wonder and with adoration, he found that the great "I Am" was not only He before whom angels veil their faces, but the same before whom the seekers of Jesus of Nazareth went backward and fell to the ground when He, the lowly Jesus, once again said, "I Am" (not I am he).

Evan Isaacs said, "Why did God permit sin?"

His uncle replied, "I cannot answer that question, but I know if Adam had not sinned I should never be in the Paradise above, for nothing but an infinite sacrifice could ever take me there. Adam was told the consequences of eating the forbidden fruit, and he ate and suffered. I tell my child if he puts his finger into hot water it will be scalded. He goes directly and

does it, Am I the cause of his sin? No; but, as a father, I know an antidote and supply the remedy: so the great Jehovah applies the remedy for sin. But, oh! at such a cost."

Michael read of all the sacrifices that Moses commanded to be offered, but his nephew was puzzled to know the reason. His uncle told him, "Death must come in between man and his Maker, for God said, 'The wages of sin is death,' and the ever recurring sacrifices were to teach our fathers this truth, and the Judge of all mankind—the just and holy God—accepts the substitute in the sinner's stead. The Infinite comes down to the finite and teaches by nursery pictures, as it were, the coming One. On earth was sin, and heaven must give the sacrifice to make atonement."

Michael Isaacs read, "'Without the shedding of blood is no remission," and then, Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.' Not the lamb of an Israelite, but the Lamb of God. Look unto me and be ye saved.' Repent and believe the gospel.' No true repentance without faith, and no real faith without

repentance. Who, then, can gaze on the bleeding Lamb of God, who behold His wounds, and still go on delighting in the sin that caused those agonies, that caused those wounds?"

As the great, grand truths dawned on the opening mind of the young Jew, he was lost in wonder to think that the "Great I Am," who led his fathers out of Egypt's cruel bondage, who brought them dry-shod through the deep, and gave to them the splendid cities of their enemies, full of riches, full of glory, and, after bearing for centuries with their sins, should afterwards become a man, descend to this earth, and weep over the city of Jerusalem, whose children He would so often have gathered so tenderly under His wings, and then die for His people's He could feel as none other when her people were led as captives into other lands, and whose sons and daughters had so suffered at the hand of their enemies, and all her glories were levelled with the dust. The tale of such love as this, of which no finite being could fathom the depth, height, length, and breadth, drew the heart of Evan Isaacs towards the Author of it all,

and in adoration he bowed to the Giver of heaven's choicest Gift.

No fear now of the Great Beyond, for now he knew that the dark, deep torrents of death another had braved for him and bridged them by Himself, and in the arms of his Saviour he would be safely carried across to Canaan's shore.

Now he found out that he was created for a nobler end than to amass riches that might crumble away and leave him bare. For a nobler end he was made, for a nobler cause—to glorify his beneficent Creator on this very earth that had been so marred by the creature; to fight the good fight of faith by the same Spirit who moved on the face of the mighty deep in the ages past, when this earth was chaos, wrapped in darkness. Yes, the eternal Spirit could, through the merits of the Mighty Sacrifice, breathe life amidst the darkness into the soul of this Israelite, and make him to walk in the paths of peace—to go beyond the law—even to love his enemies.

Evan Isaacs now took the newly given Bible, and with absorbing interest read from the beginning. There he saw other laws laid down besides the Ten Commandments, which none can disobey with impunity. Much which men of science are now bringing to light was known when Israel trod the sandy desert of a foreign land.

Half a million or more of a race were taught the way to health and peace. Who can disobey nature's laws or the laws of health without suffering?

If a man is a drunkard, ofttimes the consequence of his sin is visited on the fourth generation; and so it is with everything else, in disobeying laws, whatever they may be, laid down by the Great Lawgiver.

"Cast on me thy care," says the Creator. Well He knows the feeble frame of man; but if he will not do so, the weight of his care brings him to despair and to an early grave. Thus was it with our Jewish friend, but when he received Jesus, the sinners' Friend, as his own, the sins were gone and the cares also, and he thanked his God for all his troubles, for all his crosses. In parting with his earthly father's wealth, he was in a position now to be a son and heir of glory, and he left himself, his sins, and

his cares to the great Burden Bearer, and calmly rested in his new-found joy.

Evan had been careful not to converse with his uncle before Naomi; he dared not, hitherto; but now he could leave the consequence of his confession also. But he delayed the confession. He knew, too well, what the consequence would be. He was still weak, but day by day he got brighter. Naomi saw the change, and inwardly rejoiced.



CHAPTER III.

OUTWARD BOUND.

One lovely summer day Evan Isaacs drove with his uncle, wife, and child out into the country — heard the feathered songsters breathe their notes of praise, heard the music of the rippling stream, saw the flowers in the hedgerow, the cattle grazing in the meadows. A few months ago these very sights and sounds he could not bear, but now his heart bounded with delight at the lovely picture. He thought what a scene of magnificence must this have been when fresh from the hand of the Creator, if so lovely now. Some may surmise and tell us that this planet is but a fragment of what was once a harmonious whole. Be that as it may, there will be new heavens and a new earth, and these earthly beings are destined to be the dwellers therein. God's grand prerogative, to work all together for good, has brought wondrous things to pass for the creature who has sinned, for the

creature who was created for so high a destiny, which could not have been if sin had never entered. If there had been no sin to be atoned for, the King of kings would not have become a man and have been the substitute for His creature. Then heaven's gates must have been closed for ever to Adam's race. Innocency could never allow us to enter its pearly portals; but the blood of our great Redeemer has purchased unsearchable riches that the mines of this terrestrial ball could never yield. The King of kings will come and escort us Himself and welcome us into the eternal courts of His heavenly mansion, which His sufferings and His agonies have purchased for all who will repent and believe His glorious Gospel.

But, reader, if thou hast not left the welfare of thy soul in the hands of Jesus, the sinners' Friend, that does not alter the fact that thy sin has been atoned for. Your believing or not believing alters not this fact. God must be glorified ere a single soul can be saved. Not one sin from Adam down to the end of time but what the Saviour has suffered for, or the kingdoms

of this world could never have been taken from Satan's thraldom.

Oh! who can hear of this great transaction between God and the sinners' Friend, and refuse to accept it? The fearful and the unbelieving will never receive the grand benefits of such a transaction—such a transaction that sun was darkened and rocks were rent when Jesus, the sinners' Friend, paid the sinners' debt.

"Is it well, is it well with thy soul?"

Dark will the waters roll and the billows swell if you attempt to land in eternity without Jesus, the sinners' Friend. No welcome there; but you will land where the shore is eternally dark, where the rays of a sun can never be. The believing Jew could say:—

"It is well, it is well with my soul; It is well when eternity dawns."

He could lift his eyes towards the eternal shore where Jesus, the sinners' Friend—the Light of this dark world—and the Light on that eternal shore will for ever shine. This glorious Sun will shed His rays, and blood-

bought sinners bask in the sunshine in the eternal city of the heavenly Jerusalem.

"Oh, glorious realms of everlasting bliss, Oh, glorious future there."

Evan Isaacs said, "I never expected to see these beauties again and to so enjoy the sight." His uncle answered, "I should like you to see some of the beauties of the Antipodes," but before he could continue, Evan quickly said, "You are jesting?"

"No, indeed I am not, for I think a voyage and entire change of scene would make a new man of you. God, I believe, wants you here. I have no sympathy with the man, or woman either, who, because of trouble, which is the common lot of all, walks up and down the earth with solemn face and dejected mien, longing to depart. Heaven and earth might not be so far apart, and the ransomed sinner need be thankful to be a faithful servant to the Heavenly King, wherever his lot might be cast. Should angels do all His will, in heaven and on earth too, and saved sinners not have a share? The seething crowds of humanity around us, do not they need a care? Should carriages roll on, God's time and money spent, all for self—all for pleasure? The heralds of mercy are sinners saved by the grace of the Heavenly King. Who could wish to lay his armour down and enter His courts having been a coward in the battle of life—a deserter from the army of the Eternal King?"

Evan Isaacs looked up with a yearning feeling to do something ere he was called to lay his armour by. His uncle saw it, and said, "I must return in less than a month. Come with me, and in six months you may return, not only strong in faith, but strong in muscle, and strong in nerve, fitted once more to enter life's battlefield, not in your own strength, but in the strength of Him who has called you out of darkness into light." "Can you—do you mean what you have said?" "Yes, and it is not the outcome of our present talk. I thought of it a week ago."

Before they returned home it was settled that a doctor should be called in, to give his opinion as to the undertaking; and if thought to be feasible, Evan and his uncle were to start on the voyage in a fortnight. It was thought wise by all parties for Naomi and her child to remain in England, and, if Evan Isaacs recovered sufficiently for him to return to England and bring them out to Australia, or for them to go out to him.

The face of Naomi wore a different expression—one of relief, one of hope, and with a feeling of brighter days to come she busily prepared for the comfort of her husband.

One lovely autumn evening, a bronzed man of some fifty years, and a young man twenty years his junior, whose whole appearance betokened a very weak body his pallid brow encircled with raven locks, were seen on the deck of an Australian liner, just about to start from the London Docks. The deck was crowded with those who were either seeking health or wealth on the shores of another land, waving their handkerchiefs to loved ones who had come to see the last of sons, of daughters, brothers and sisters, who perhaps would never meet again till they anchored in another port, in another land than the one for which they were then bound.

In a cottage some sixty miles distant a lonely woman, with her boy of eight years, were sobbing their sorrow into no other ear than that of their heavenly Protector. The voyagers were Michael Isaacs and his nephew; the mourners Naomi Isaacs and her little son.

They all thought that a few short months would elapse and they would meet again. But who is there that can lift the veil of the future? Only the great Unseen, who alone knoweth the sorrows that will work together for our good—only the great Disposer of events can lift that veil, and naught can happen to those dear to Him but what must work together for their good.

Soon the vessel was out on the mighty deep. How proudly did she ride over the billows, bearing with her a living freight who would all act their part on the stage of life. But how different will the future be of those who have Jesus, the sinners' Friend, for their captain, and the ship He guides sailing into the port for which He is bound. Many a poor emigrant who crossed the main for happiness has found

ere the journey of life has been ended, that after sailing across life's troubled ocean the Heavenly Pilot is the only safe one, that the heavenly port can alone give peace and rest.

"We are out on the ocean sailing To a land that hath no storms."

How tenderly did the bronzed colonial, who had known what it was to rough it when first he sailed across the deep, nurse the invalid! The first few days he required great care, and all that money and kindness could procure was his.

He remained in his cabin for three weeks, and from that time seemed an altered man. The wan look gave place to health, and ere the ship arrived at Melbourne strength increased, and with an elastic step Evan trod on Australian shores. The evening on which the vessel arrived was a glorious summer one, and the elder voyager could but call to remembrance the first hours of his arrival in a foreign land. As the cab rolled on the little Methodist chapel came into view, which he eagerly pointed out to his nephew. What changes since then! What

cause for thankfulness! What notes of praise ascended!

The voyagers soon arrived at Oakfield, a beautiful house standing within its own grounds; the vegetation surrounding it luxurious. The sweet notes of the feathered songsters sounded as if to welcome them home. The reaping machines were busy doing their work in several surrounding paddocks, and the sweet chimes of a neighbouring church sounded in their ears as the two passed on.

After six weeks of ocean life the whole scene and its surroundings were greatly appreciated by our friends, and with thankful heart they ascended the steps of their colonial home.

Evan Isaacs had posted a letter to his beloved wife at the first port of call. In it was a full confession of his Saviour. Eagerly did Naomi break the seal, but no words can depict her consternation at the contents.

"The traitor!" she cried, "to come to our house and to rob me of my husband, to get him among the Gentile dogs to forsake the religion of our fathers. My husband an idolator! Oh, if he dies, Abraham's bosom he will never enter. I shall never see him more. Oh! to me he is dead for ever. I should have to, I thought, mourn an earthly loss—I never expected him to recover—but an eternal loss! Woe is me that ever I was born!" She paced the room several times. It was a conflict severe to do what she believed to be right, which was to mourn for her husband as if he were dead. She clasped her boy to her breast, tempted, for his sake, to do anything but to live with her husband, and to countenance, as she thought, his awful sin.

Michael Isaacs had asked her to accept a large amount before he left, so she had a good sum at her command in a neighbouring bank, but she scorned the thought of giving up her husband and accepting the gold. Deep was the conflict, but the influence of her early training prevailed, and she was ready now to give up all. But how to act she did not know. She penned a letter amidst blinding tears to her husband, who was eagerly looking out for the English mail; but when the longed-for

letter arrived he was ill prepared for its contents.

The Christian who is young in the way is often times surprised at the first contest in the battlefield. So it was with our Jewish convert. With beating, throbbing breast, and with trembling hand, he broke the seal, and there he found in finding his Saviour he had to part with the idol of his heart.

To his wife he was dead. The words seemed unreal. To the law he could appeal and demand her, but as a Christian he was ready to leave the issue of events in the hands of Him who is too wise to err, too good to be unkind. He had the full assurance of faith that all would work together for good; so with a calm demeanour and placid brow he now went to his uncle and unfolded to him his new and his bitter sorrow. He was astonished at the action of Naomi. With no earthly influence except her past training, her self-reliance in the matter surprised him much. Evan Isaacs cast all on his God, sought for daily strength at the throne of grace, and found in his weakness the strength of Another was made perfect.

He assisted his uncle in the business concern a short time in the day, believing that occupation was a good antidote for care; and so the days went by. He was tempted at times to demand his only boy, fearing Jewish influence which he knew would be wrong, but as yet love for his wife kept him from acting a father's part.



CHAPTER IV.

BITTER EXPERIENCES.

AFTER the letter had been posted to her husband she resolved to go to her father. She had told Evan in the letter what she thought of doing. Maurice Davis was a well-to-do merchant, and he thought when he gave his only daughter to Evan Isaacs that he had made a good speculation.

When he heard, however, that without his advice his son-in-law, after his father's death, had risked his thousands in one speculation, his indignation knew no bounds. Angry words led to separation, so that when the crash came Evan could not turn for relief to his father-in-law. No doubt he would have helped him rather than his daughter should suffer, but Evan's pride kept him away, and his obscure home Maurice Davis had never found. He knew of the disaster, and said, "He will come to his senses now." So every day Maurice Davis looked for a letter, or to see the delinquent enter his office; but eight months

went by, and no letter and no son-in-law appeared, so Maurice Davis tried to drown thought in his own business speculations.

On a lovely summer evening a dark-eyed boy was gazing thoughtfully out of the window watching for his mother, who had gone to a broker, and was just returning with the news that the next morning he was coming to purchase the things which had of late formed their little home. He came, and in less than an hour a van was at the door, taking from the sight of the inmates of the cottage all that had helped to make home happy the last few months.

With the small proceeds of the furniture the Jewess and her boy took train for London, and not many hours passed away before she stood on the steps of her child-hood's home. An old servant, who had known her in those days, answered her summons. "Oh! Miss, is it you?" she said; "the master is at dinner." No mention of mistress, for she had passed away many years before. Much as the faithful woman tried to hide her surprise, Naomi saw it.

She went forward to the drawing-room, and told Sarah to apprise her master.

The door of the dining-room opened, and Maurice Davis stood in the hall inquiring who was the visitor.

- "Miss Naomi is in that room, Sir."
- "Miss Naomi" for a moment was a perplexity, but quickly recovering his surprise he went to meet his daughter, summoning all his ire to come down in vengeance on her head.

She, however, knowing the character she had to deal with, was prepared. So, as he entered, she, with her boy by her side, went forward to meet her parent with the words, "Oh! father, shelter me. I have no home. Evan is gone with the Christians."

"The scoundrel! The sneak!" Then all his sympathy went out to his daughter and her boy. In quick tones, not entering into particulars, he said, "Come and have some dinner." In a very matter-of-fact way he led Naomi in, and over the remainder of his meal commented on the conduct of his son-in-law, lauding the present action of his daughter to a very high degree. The only effect, however, on the listener was to draw out her sympathy towards her absent

husband, making her to doubt whether her present action really was a right one. Between love and her sense of duty the conflict became fiercer and fiercer, and as yet she knew not the One who could help her to do right. To fight such a battle alone was too hard she found, but the step had been taken and now she would not draw back.

The days wore on. Naomi was not happy, much as she tried to forget. Every day would her father praise her, and call her a brave woman; but all this only tended to make her think of all she had given up. A small cottage, poor as it was, in comparison, was more to her with her loved one than all the cold grandeur of her father's house. Gold was lavished upon her, but with it she had to be a silent listener to the curses on her husband, and her little one, too, a hearer of it all. Neither she nor her father guessed what was passing in the youthful mind. He was thoughtful beyond his years, and neither the words uttered in his presence, nor his father either, did he forget. All the brightness had been taken out of the life of the little one, for he

loved his father. When nothing else could take Evan Isaacs out of himself his boy did, but now there were no fond caresses from that loved parent. The child had a very active mind, and even at so early an age we find him planning in his fashion and keeping his thoughts to himself.

In the sunny, southern home of Michael Isaacs his nephew penned a letter to his wife, and with the full determination to write by every mail, even if no answer ever came.

Amidst glorious surroundings what sadness often reigns in the human breast! This lovely summer eve Evan Isaacs sat at the window writing to Naomi. Now and again he lifted his eyes towards the prospect before him. There in the distance were the mountain heights, and the murmuring sound of the river as it wended its way amidst the foliage at the end of the lawn. The songsters were sending forth their notes of praise, the glorious sun was shedding his gorgeous rays in the western sky, and the golden flood was lighting up the winding paths of the wooded dell. All was lovely in nature, and yet man, for whom it was

created, alone is silent. All speaks forth the praise of Him who doeth all things well. As Evan Isaacs dwelt on this scene he thought of the beneficent Creator, and then came a flood of light into his soul, and hope returned to his breast that the Maker of the beautiful scene before him was present everywhere, and He could bring all things right in His own time. Then came thoughts of His mighty love, followed by a peace from above, in leaving the issue of all these unexpected events in His Almighty hand.

As his words flowed on his anxiety became greater for the salvation of his all, as it were, on earth. His heart burned within him to tell of a Saviour's love.

"Oh! Naomi, more than life to me, I must write to you, if you never pen a line to me again. I know your heart and your tender conscience too, and also your love for me, and with all combined, with no comforter, how I feel for you! You remember that Sunday evening when first my heart yearned for the Great Beyond. Oh! Naomi, death's dark waters divided this scene from that,

but I have found the One who has bridged the dark waters for me, and lighted up the valley which leads to that other land. Our fathers for many centuries, through the veil of types, were shown Him, but they will not, cannot see Him but by the Spirit of our God. Oh! Naomi, God had His own way of showing me Himself. He stripped ine of all things here. You know something of what I went through; and am I to be a sharer of all those heaven-sent joys, and you despise them? I know you will see with me sooner or later; but oh! Naomi, if you will not believe the gospel that the Christians preach, after it has been put before you, God alone knows the sorrows He will bring you through to have you for Himself. The cords of love at last drew me, and now I have a peace that passeth all understanding. The beauty of our Scriptures surpasses all comprehension. As their meaning unfolds I am lost in wonder, and in wonder, too, in not having seen the heaven-sent Lamb through the veil of types ere this. It is so plain.

"Our fathers were in Egypt's bondage. Their cry for deliverance reached God's

omniscient ear; His promise to our father Abraham was to be made good. But there was an impassable barrier—Pharaoh, and the Red Sea of Egypt; but all this was nothing to Jehovah. He was going to free His people. 'The wages of sin is death,' and how could He deliver multitudes of sinners? By the death of a substitute now could be showered numberless blessings on The blood of the Paschal their heads. Lamb being shed was to be the means of Jehovah leading His people out of Egypt's slavery, and of leading them through the dark sea. My beloved wife, the lamb only pointed to the heavenly Lamb that was to atone for the sin of the whole world. Nothing on this sin-stained earth could be found to atone to Jehovah, and so heaven must give, and the Giver was the Gift. His own arm brought salvation. Says Jehovah, 'Beside me there is no other saviour:' 'Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth;' 'Cursed is he that putteth his trust in man; ' 'Cease ye from man whose breath is in his nostrils.'

"The night before the Nazarene was crucified He took the supper with His disciples.

He ate of the Paschal Lamb, and the next morning offered Himself as the true Passover, the antitype of all that had gone before. But we are not told to trust in Him as man. He is our Great Jehovah, who became a man to be the promised Saviour of His people.

"If I could only prevail upon you to read the Christian's Book—the New Testament -you must then see what the law and the prophets pointed to. Oh! it is wonderful. Your sin has been laid on God's Lamb, whether you believe it or not; but before any can receive the benefit God will make him to own his need of such a mighty Ah! all I can write is of no avail. Saviour. God's Spirit must make it plain; and if we never meet on earth again, my prayer will be answered, that you may be a sharer of all the riches of the Heavenly Canaan. The manna of which our forefathers ate came down from heaven, and Jesus, the sinners' Friend, was the true Bread from heaven that gives life to sin-stricken souls. Where is the waving corn of this world, feeding her millions, but what has died first, and the germ of life that was buried in the husks has sprung up and fed the multitudes of earth. Life through death everywhere, and eternal life through Jesus, the sinners' Friend.

"Farewell, Naomi; but once again this hand will write to you, and still remain,

"Your Devoted Husband."

The letter duly arrived, but Naomi did not receive it. Although she had written such a cruel epistle to her husband, she was eagerly looking for a reply. Her father, however, intercepted it, carefully stored it away in his pocket, and in the evening he perused it.

The reader will say, "A mean action this;" but Maurice Davis did not think of the meanness. His whole anxiety was to save his daughter from the sin (as he thought, idolatry). "Hear, oh! Israel, the Lord our God is one;" a Triune Being they could not grasp the meaning of, so would not believe. Still the Hebrew word for God signifies plurality. "The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," and again, "Let us make man." These verses are in the first book of the Bible.

In Daniel, "The form as of the Son of God" is spoken of as being with the three in the furnace.

Maurice Davis expected to read vindictive words from his son-in-law, but what was his consternation at seeing the words written there. He felt impelled to read to the end, and the words, although for a time forgotten, lived in his memory. They touched his conscience. Nevertheless he was harder still in his curses on his son-inlaw. He had a bad conscience in taking his daughter's letter, and in the evening when he met her, instead of the usual praises for her "heroic conduct" in flying to her father, "her only protector," he became morose; and when he did speak at all, he uttered "The sneak! The coward!" &c. This was more than Naomi could bear, so she said "Good-night, father," and retired.

The Australian mail, that she had been so eagerly looking for, she knew had arrived that day. She gazed fondly on her boy, who was sleeping the sweet sleep of childhood, closed her eyes, but no sleep came. Her husband, whom the ocean divided from

her, she kept thinking of—of the happy days they had spent together—of the awful separation. Still she muttered, "Better to separate here than to go into perdition."

This, my reader, is what she believed; but with the thought came the longing to meet again, then a flood of tears, and the weary one was resting in slumber.

The next mail she eagerly looked out for, but still no letter, for this one received the same fate as the other. Evan, too, looked out for the coming mail; but no tidings came for him, and, to soothe his troubled breast, he took the pen and wrote another letter to his wife.

The longing in his soul for her salvation, and knowing that she was so little versed in the Scriptures, made him wish to write as to a little child of the heavenly things he had learnt.

"Oh! Naomi, through that wonderful veil of types, if you could only see Jesus, the sinners' Friend. All that seemed nothing to me but heathenism, now are to me magnificent object lessons of the 'Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.'

"The tabernacle in which our fathers in the sandy desert worshipped contained the veil that kept the people from the inner court where God's glory shone. But inside was the mercy seat, whose blood-sprinkled top atoned for sin. There, in darkness, stood the ark covered with pure gold. The Israelite in the outer court could not enter the Holy Place because of sin, but the ark and the mercy seat were there in God's presence; and, Naomi, the ark that will bear me safely over death's dark waters was hidden for ages in the courts of heaven above; but heaven's treasury gave up the priceless gift, and on the Roman Cross He shed the blood that atones for the guilt of The veil of the temple was rent in twain at that transaction, and now you and I can bow before the throne of grace in the inner court of heaven, through the merits of the Saviour who is Jehovah's Fellow. none but God can save us from sin, the Nazarene is God, and I believe Him to be my Saviour. 'Without shedding of blood is no remission.' So God has become man in order to die for man.

"Our fathers had to pass the brazen altar

with the sacrifice ere they could enter the outer court; so I, by the sacrifice of Jesus, the sinners' Friend, pass to the inner court, for outer and inner are all one now. No veil divides, for sin, the barrier, has been atoned for. Oh! that you would read the Christian's Book, for all is so plain there.

"You say that our Messiah is coming as king, and His kingdom shall be an everlasting kingdom. But in the Book of Daniel we read, 'Messiah shall be cut off,' and so He was. We all know that the number of weeks which this prophet predicted to intervene before that cutting off is fulfilled. The Messiah, I believe, rose from the dead and ascended into heaven, after He had made atonement, and when He comes to earth again it will be to take the kingdoms of the world He, the everlasting God, will have no successor, for He will reign for ever and ever, and His kingdom will be an everlasting kingdom, and His dominion will have no end, but ere He could take the kingdoms back from Satan's thraldom sin must be atoned for, and He has graciously accepted a substitute, and

what is man that he should cavil at the way his Deliverer has ransomed him? 'Deliver him from going down into the pit, for I have found a ransom.'

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."

Maurice Davis read this letter also, and he could not erase the words from his memory, much as he tried. They opened up a new line of thought, but his mind, not yet enlightened by the Spirit of God, was all darkness still. The letter was put with the others, and his poor daughter's hours were spent in remorse and worry; nothing brought her peace.

No mail brought any more letters to the sorrow-stricken man in his colonial dwelling.

One evening he was sitting with his uncle, much tried and depressed by the circumstances. But his hope was in God. Michael Isaacs said, "When will our people repent of their sins and be gathered to our land? But you and I have a city to dwell

in, whose builder and maker is God. We shall be captives in the chains of love. What sorrows have our fathers undergone; houses razed to the ground; foreign intruders leading them in chains to other lands. After months of suffering and of starvation, still they would not repent, though Jehovah, by the holy prophets, warned them. He gave them timely warning, and would have shielded them, but they would not repent; and now we are a scattered people. Evan, you should read the prophets. Some are afraid to read them because they think they are difficult to understand; but they would not have been written if man could not understand. Read them as a whole, and you will see in the different reigns how prophets were sent to warn the people of coming danger. If they had repented Jehovah would have permitted no foreign potentates to have entered the gates of His favoured people. But even Jeremiah, after taking the Lord's side, and coming from Him to them with words of warning, they treated him so badly as at last to put him in a low, damp dungeon; but when the Babylonish monarch became the conqueror

he sent his princes to liberate the poor captive prophet from the court of the prison, and he was allowed to go to his own home; but oh! his lamentations when he beheld the scenes that war had wrought. But he looked forward to the time, although his eyes would not behold, when the land of his fathers and the beloved city would again be peopled, the vineyards again be planted, the fields again be sowed, and villages again be populated."

Naomi looked wearily forward to her aimless life. Although she had written as she did to her husband she was anxious to know his mind; but this was denied her. Her look became each day more and more dejected. Her little one watched his mother and knew all was not right.

One night Maurice Davis tossed on his bed. Hours of unrest caused him to oversleep himself the next morning, but his grandson was up and alive, out on the lawn, skipping in the early morning sunshine. The gate opened and he saw the postman. Only one letter was in his hand, which he held out to the boy, saying, "Take that to your mother." The child was de-

lighted; he ran to his mother with glad and eager steps, holding the missive aloft. Naomi was standing at the table waiting for her father, who generally was so punctual. She heard the door open, turned her head and then saw Ben with a letter. How her heart beat as she saw the well-known hand-It was that of her husband. writing! Quickly she tore the envelope and read the following words:-"I cannot forbear writing, although no answer comes to my former letters written to you. You are ever in my thought; how can it be otherwise? I have now ventured to send you the Christian's Book." As she was reading the words she saw her son taking a packet from the postman. He had returned with the parcel he had previously overlooked. So with the packet in her pocket she perused the These words of love comforted the letter. Her husband was the same stricken heart. and he had written to her. Then there could be no doubt but that her father had intercepted the letters. What bondage had she placed herself under by the step she had taken! No home, no husband, no money of her own, except that given her

by her father. To him she was bidden to go when she wanted gold, but something came over her now. She felt she could never again ask for a penny—to take it from the one who was loading curses on the head of him who loved her so well; she felt indignant to be treated as a child and for her husband's letters to be taken from her. She heard a footstep—it was her father's; she heard his "No letter in the box [of which he kept the key]. We must be early, I thought we were late." "And so we are," said his daughter, "the postman has been and has brought a letter for me, and before you go to town I shall thank you for my letters that you must have taken possession of." The face of the Jew became pallid before his daughter, his conscience told him of the meanness of his action, and all coming so unexpectedly he could find no words to utter. He cowardly drew the letters from his pocket book and placed them before Naomi. He felt, too, that silence was his best shield from any unpleasant words, so he quickly went on with his breakfast, giving no reason for his mean action. Had Naomi been silent, too, she would have saved herself

the trouble which followed, but she would have lost the blessing that it brought.

"Well, father, I do not think this is treating me as you should." He was her superior as to monetary affairs, and he knew it too, so meanly used the fact as his weapon. He turned quickly on his daughter with an angry look, saying, "Treat you indeed! Are you going to act like your ungrateful scoundrel of a husband? speak to me in this way, you shall not find a shelter under my roof." Knowing her circumstances, he thought she would meekly bow in submission. But no; this action roused in her all that independence of spirit that had been lying dormant, simply because it had not been called into action before. She answered not now, but left the table, hastily packed her things and, waiting for her father to leave the house, hired a cab, and on the impulse of the moment, scarcely realising her action, drove with her boy to the railway station.

CHAPTER V.

A MEETING.

THERE on the platform she stood with her little one, gazing on the box containing all her worldly possessions, and not knowing what to do next. She all of a sudden thought of the packet in her pocket. She booked her luggage, then withdrew to the waiting-room, and drew out her purse. contained one sovereign and a few shillings only. However, amidst it all, she felt at She could now breathe the free liberty. air of heaven once more, although poverty was staring her in the face by the action she had taken. She then broke the seal of the little packet, and there was revealed a beautifully-bound Testament, on the flyleaf of which was written: "To my dear wife, from her devoted husband." This was enough to take away all loneliness of feeling. The thought came—"Oh, if I could only fly to him; I cannot stand to my resolution, to treat him thus. I am burdened; I know

not how to act. Can I be right to allow my father to curse him whom I love, and he so devoted to me? No, he is the father of my boy. If I were sure I was right I would not shrink from duty's path." She read casually from her little book, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," and found them to be the words of the Nazarene. Again she turned the leaves, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." Then her eye fell upon the Epistle of St. Paul to the Hebrews. She read on. Much she could not understand, but she read enough to make up her mind that at the first opportunity the book should be opened once again, but she felt she could not stay in the waiting-room of a railway station all day. She had amused Ben with a book she had bought from the stall, and he was eagerly turning over the leaves of it. She took him by the hand to see what to do, when her eye caught the bill of ships sailing for Australia. Her yearning heart went out across the ocean wave to the one who could and would protect her, and she longed to be with him. But how

to accomplish this she knew not. She was turning to get some refreshment, which she felt she so much needed, when a stranger accosted her. She turned to see a benevolent-looking elderly gentleman, who placed his hand on the head of her boy, saying, "Come to meet father, I suppose? Pardon me, madam, for addressing you, but I know you to be the wife of one in whom I have been much interested. I wanted to be his friend, but he would not allow me the privilege. I am a partner of the firm of I offered your husband a R—— and Co. berth in our establishment, and no doubt it would have led to something better. is still doing nothing, could you prevail on him to accept, or let me befriend him in some way? I am greatly interested in the I have heard you are living lewish nation. in a secluded nook, and I did not like to intrude."

"Sir, we are not come to meet my husband, for he is in Australia. I know you well by name, for my husband has spoken of you, but he is far away now. His uncle took him out there for his health. But he has turned Christian, and I have been living

with my father, for I was quite determined to cast him off for ever, but I cannot stand to it; I am not sure of my ground or I would keep to my resolution."

"Turned Christian!" This seemed all that Mr. R-could grasp; it embraced all to his mind just then. But, as his thoughts travelled, he took in at a glance the domestic scene. He said. "Why not go out to your husband?" Naomi was too proud to say she had not the means, but she answered, "I should like to go." Before another answer could be given, Mr. R—— said, "There is a shipping office close by; will you come with me and make inquiries?" She acquiesced; she could not tell why, for she knew she had no means. However, she soon found herself at the office, and her newly-found friend conversing with one of the employes. Mr. R—— turned to Naomi and said, "A vessel sails at 5 p.m. I would advise you to avail yourself of it."

Before she could utter a word he was at the counter busily writing. He handed a cheque to the clerk and received; in return, two second saloon tickets. He put them in Naomi's hand and begged her acceptance for the sake of her husband, and then turning to Ben he placed an envelope in the boy's hand, and before Naomi could find utterance he was gone. In looking into her son's envelope she beheld a note for £20 The two were utterly bewildered. Mr. R — would gladly have stayed and have seen them on board, but was afraid the pride of Naomi would keep her from accepting his favour.

Slowly the pair walked back to the station where in so short a time much had transpired. Naomi was indeed bewildered, but feeling rather faint from fasting, she turned into a restaurant and there ordered a substantial meal for herself and child. well on to three o'clock now. She hailed a cab and ordered the man to drive them and the luggage to the docks. She was light-hearted; such a tremendous weight seemed gone. She saw the vessel in the distance, passengers, &c., hurrying to and fro, friends in parting conversing here and there. On some faces care, others tears, and others, who were taking friends with them, were full of hope. Among all,

not one face did Naomi know, and she and her son descended to the saloon. At the advertised time the vessel steamed out of the docks and was soon lost to view on the blue waters of the channel. The evening



was lovely, just about the middle of autumn. Naomi stood on the deck and, with wistful eyes, gazed on the receding shores of her native land. The sun, with autumnal tints

in the western sky, at last faded from view, and soon the moon, with her silver sheen, smiled on the dancing waves. What had transpired since she and her beloved husband looked together on the western horizon? Another Sun had shed His rays on Evan Isaacs—the glorious Sun of Righteousness. He was now no longer afraid of the Great Beyond, for that Sun had pierced the gloom, and opened up to him the pearly portals of a brighter sphere than that his fathers trod-of a Canaan whose fields are of fadeless bloom and through which flows the river of life, that can alone satisfy the longing and thirsty soul. Naomi gazed on the distant horizon, and she thought, too, of the Great Beyond. was treading now an untried path, the ocean wave was bringing her to another land, but thoughts of earth faded from her view just then, and she, too, was absorbed in the contemplation of the land unseen. little one was sleeping the sweet sleep of childhood, but her own thoughts were too busy just then for sleep. She was thinking of her husband's letters, and then she remembered the Christian's Book. She

resolved then and there to commence. In her cabin that night she did so, and read the history of the Nazarene. His genealogy traced to David, the king of Israel, greatly surprised her. Then His wondrous conception, His miracles, His holy words; then His death and resurrection. The words spoke at once to her soul; she felt there was One speaking as man never yet spake. Then she read a part of the Gospel of St. Mark. In St. Luke she traced His pedigree to Adam, but in the opening chapter of St. John she read, "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us;" "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." She stopped in wonder; she contemplated the words and could read no further—" The Lamb of God." And was heaven obliged to provide a Lamb to take away my sin? His Son; oh! what She then fell into a slumber, and a gift. was awakened the next morning by the sounds usual on board ship. She soon recollected her circumstances, and as her eye rested on her little Book the thoughts of the preceding night came to her mind.

That day on the deck of the steamer the

little volume was read again. Her eye fell on the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of St. John—" For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life," and again, "And shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life." She simply believed, but then came the thought, "Surely such a gift at such a cost demands some return. But I have nothing of my own." She was just ready now for some Christian, real and earnest, to instruct herdawning mind, but amidst a ship's crowd who could there be that would be able to instruct her? put away her book, and sat silently watching her boy at play. But a distant eye had been watching her too, and one also that was too familiar with the book she had been reading not to know it. This was a true-hearted Christian gentleman who was on his way to Australia to preach the good news of salva-His wife, just as devoted as himself, tion. was sitting by his side, and she also had been noticing Naomi in her loneliness. She said, "That sorrowful lady seems greatly interested in her book. How much like a

Jewess she is—very much like those we saw once in Spain. If it was not for the book she has been reading I should have thought she was one of Judah's daughters."

In the evening Mrs. H—— strolled towards that part of the deck where Naomi was resting. The evening was beautiful, the sea with only a ripple, and the moon lighting up the star-spangled heavens. Mrs. H remarked on the beauty of the evening, then sat down by the side of Naomi. said, "That was a grand hymn last night— 'For those in peril on the deep,' What a comfort to be able to turn for aid to a higher power! The beauties of creation are painted in splendour, so what must the artist be? The starlit heavens, how they pourtray His handiwork! The telescope has pierced the heavens and found 50,000 stars round a lesser planet than ours, yet in infinite space what countless numbers must there be: and to think that the One who made them all should descend to this minor planet and die for her inhabitants." This was said to test the faith of Naomi. Then came the answer in slow and distinct tones: "The thought is sublime indeed, and for me a unit in creation." "Yes," answered Mrs. H——, "but the units make up the whole."

Naomi was reticent as to her former Mrs. H—— talked much faith just then. of Israel's race. "It is wonderful," she said, "how prophecy has been fulfilled, and is still as regards the Israelitish nation. The land of Israel, full of magnificent cities and villages peopled with seething crowds of Syrian race driven out of Egypt, when the proud Assyrian sat on Egypt's throne. the time of Joseph, Pharaoh favoured the people who sprung from the same race as he; but when the Assyrian gained the throne the Israelites were forced from Egypt's bondage, to inherit the cities God had promised to Abraham—the people that God chose peculiar to himself, from which was to spring the Saviour of the From them we get the Holy Scripworld. tures, from which we learn that God must punish sin, and from them we learn how merciful and how long-suffering He is. His eye is on His people now, and soon will come the time when Israel's race will once again possess the land of their fathers. Isaiah prophesied of Immanuel's land, and

that before the child was able to discern the evil from the good the kings should cease to reign in Palestine; and so it was, her land was forsaken of her kings when Jesus was twelve years old, when Archelaus was dethroned."

Naomi said, "I cannot understand how it is the land of Palestine is forsaken of her kings, when God said that the throne of David should stand for ever."

"That is easy to be understood. Christ, the Saviour of the world, was born son of David as man, and as son of God also. He died at the time when the nation was looking for an earthly king. He has died to atone for sin, and soon, very soon, He is coming to claim the kingdom for His own, the kingdom for which He has bled and died. Then the throne of David will stand for ever. His kingdom will be an everlasting kingdom and His dominion will have no end. Other worlds might have been involved in the fall. With this we have nothing to do. He died for this Oh! glorious time, when Christ world. will come and claim the kingdoms for His own.

"God's attributes are justice, mercy, truth, and love. The blood of Christ satisfieth each Now both Jew and Gentile can be folded in His arms of love; can both be safe within the fold, where there is one Shepherd over all, gently leading towards those green pastures through which flow the still waters. But why were these priests wanted, and so many sacrifices offered? Oh! they were all to foreshadow the Saviour. The priest was a type of Jesus Christ our Great High Priest. He took the sin of the whole world on Him, and by His death made atonement, and now He has gone into the inner court of heaven—into the very presence of God; and what is more, he is seated on the same throne in the world of light the throne of God and of the Lamb, God's Lamb, God's gift to fallen humanity.

"Every sacrifice pointed to the Saviour. The two goats showed forth the death and substitution of Christ for His people. The death of the one was the means of Israel's sins being confessed on the head of the live goat, and sent into a land of forgetfulness. So your sins and mine God has blotted out of remembrance. But if we sin again, God

as our Father will forgive if the sin is confessed. He is just to your Substitute, who has paid the awful price of forgiveness. Then, again, He has not only died for your sins, but for you. So, in heaven even now, you stand before God perfect, but only in your Substitute. But where there has been true repentance there can be no more wilful sin, and where there is true faith works must follow."

"But if I should sin?"

"If you do not confess, God as your Father still loves you, so He chastens you here, that you may not be condemned with the world.

'When I stand before the throne, Dressed in beauty not my own, Then, Lord, shall I fully know, Not till then how much I owe.'

Oh! to have part in the first resurrection over which the second death hath no power. What a time will that be when the dead, small and great, stand before the Great White Throne. No deliverance then. No mercy there. But may you and I, when we stand before the throne of Christ—our-

selves hidden in the robe of God's righteousness through the mighty sacrifice—receive a reward for some good deeds done in the body here. Let us not be weary in well-doing."

The night wore on, and the two friends descended to the saloon; but many an evening was spent in sweet converse on eternal things. Mrs. H—— made notes of what passed. When Naomi was alone she studied for herself, and searched for herself, till she found that the precious gift of her husband was a key to the words she had oft heard in the synagogue from the Rabbis of her people. The seeds sown in many a Jewish heart, by the oft read words of Holy Writ, have no meaning till the Sun of Righteousness by His Spirit calls them into life. What is foolishness to the sinner, dead in his sins, blooms forth into life in the Christian till his heart wells up with holy joy, and he should be and is ready to give up his ransomed powers to the glad service of his Redeemer—Jesus, the sinners' Now he is fitted by the Spirit of Friend. God to keep the law of God; but as the law was laid safely in the ark, in the inner

court of the temple, whose top was overlaid with pure gold, emblem of His Godhead, so the law has been fulfilled by Jesus, the sinners' Friend, and the Christian is seen in Him. The God-man has atoned for sin, and the one who believes in Him is seen only in Him by that same eye which rested on the blood-sprinkled top of the mercy seat.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood
From Thy riven Side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power."

When one thinks of the earthly Jerusalem, its temples and all its glories now levelled with the dust, what a solace to be able to lift the eye towards the heavenly city, the heavenly Jerusalem, where the true temple will for ever stand, formed of precious stones, the believing millions cut out from this world's quarries, but made fit to form a temple for God to dwell in. Every stone fittedere it enters the celestial building. Soon the topmost stone will be brought in with rejoicing, and "Angels shout the harvest home."

Naomi had not spoken of her nationality, but she thought that her new-found friend must know, for every word seemed so to suit her present circumstances. Mrs. H— was well versed in the Scriptures, and Naomi learned much that afterwards she was able to teach to other ears. She had often read of Daniel's image, of the seventy years' captivity of the Jews prophesied by Jeremiah, and, just before the expiration of these years, of Daniel's prayer and confession of his people's sins. Mrs H—— explained that the image was a picture or a kind of object lesson of what nations should rise and fall in the fulfilment of God's purposes. Nebuchadnezzar was the head of gold—he who led in chains to Babylon God's favoured but erring people. Then came the Medo-Persian government, and Cyrus fulfilled God's counsel in bringing back His banished ones to the forsaken land of Judah. Greece and Rome, which the other parts of the image represented, helped to How the Romans fulfil His purposes. scourged His people; and shall all these

nations go free? Where is Babylon? Now lying waste, with mementoes of the past lying on the banks of Euphrates' waters. Where is all the glory of Greece and Rome? Their wings are clipped, other nations own their lands, other nations have risen and they have fallen, and out of them all, oh! Israel, thou wilt rise again, and thy land, which tyrants have laid low in the dust, will rear her lofty towers once more. Fields of golden grain, vineyards, and gardens devastated by earthly tyrants will flourish and bloom again. Thou wilt inhabit thy forsaken land once more, and no earthly potentates will cause thee to feel thy thraldom. The King of kings, whose scars of warfare are in His wounded hands and feet, whose thorn-clad brow is crowned with glory now, will be thy King. No more captives in the tyrant's chains, but captives in the chains of love, falling down in adoration before Him who is thy King-whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and whose dominion is without end. Thy land, oh! Immanuel, will spread from shore to shore.

The hours passed by very pleasantly for

Naomi in the company of her new-found friend. The vessel went by direct route, so that the days were void of any special excitement beyond going on shore for an hour or two here and there.

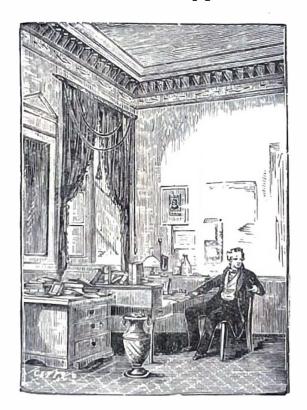
After being many days with only sky and sea, Naomi was awakened by the stewardess one morning at six telling her that there was land ahead. The morning was beautifully clear; the sea with only rip-The sky was of cloudless blue. ples. the vessel slowly steamed into the harbour all were on deck, eagerly looking out for friends; but Naomi and her boy were alone. Still as the vessel came nearer and nearer the landing stage a feeling of gladness and of joy stole into the breast of Naomi. Her confidence bade her spirits run high, that there was one to welcome her in her adopted land, one who would shield and comfort her; but her heart too was full in knowing that though all earthly friends might fail, she now knew the One who never would. With a heart full of thankfulness she descended to her cabin and thanked the One who had protected her while in peril on the deep, and

who had led her His own way, and amidst trial and temptation had brought her safely into an earthly haven, and amidst storms and cloudy skies was bringing her too into the haven of eternal rest. None can depict her feelings as she stepped on Australian soil. Her first thought was to drive at once to her husband, but then came the thought, "No, I will go quietly towards evening." She left her luggage at the docks and strolled with Ben up the streets of Melbourne, entered a boarding house and ordered What a treat for the stormbreakfast. tossed voyager is his first meal on land! They remained there till on towards evening and in the twilight wended their way towards the outskirts of the city. English look of all she saw, the beautiful villas and the luxurious vegetation greatly How her heart beat as she surprised her. entered the gates of her husband's abode!

Evan was sitting in his usual seat in the window, absorbed in writing to his wife. This seemed the only relief he could find just at present. He was too absorbed in his occupation even to look at the beauties of nature this evening. His uncle had not

yet returned. He laid his pen down at last, buried his face in his hands, and uttered aloud, as a relief for his troubled breast, "Naomi! Naomi!"

The visitors by this time were at the hall door and had approached unob-



served. The servant quickly answered the summons and beheld a closely-veiled lady and boy. The former said, in sweet low tones, "Is Mr. Evan Isaacs at home?" "Yes, ma'am," said the maid. "Please to walk in. What name shall I give?"

"No name, but simply inform him that a lady would be glad to see him on important business."

Just as Evan Isaacs was uttering "Naomi! Naomi!" a knock at the door aroused him from his reverie. Then came the words—

"Please, sir, a lady wishes to speak to you; she is in the drawing room."

Oh! how the heart of Naomi beat, as the well-known step approached; nearer and nearer it came, till her husband stood before her.

Naomi rose, but could not utter a word. Ben was at the side, hidden from sight. His mother had bidden him not to speak till she had seen how she was received by her husband.

Evan Isaacs looked on the still figure, and as it dawned on him who she was, and as he was advancing to clasp her to his breast, the man, who was only just recovering from a terrible illness, fell on the nearest chair in a fainting condition—the shock was too great for him. His nerves, of late, had been at their fullest tension, and now came the re-action.

Naomi violently rang the bell, and the servant who had answered her former summons again appeared on the scene, at which, at first, she was much bewildered; but the matter-of-fact colonial girl did not waste any time, but quickly brought restoratives. The greatest, however, was as he was returning to consciousness to hear the words of affection from her he loved. "Oh! Evan, forgive me. Oh! my best-beloved one, how could I have treated you so? Can I ever make amends? You, who have been so devoted to me; how can I part from you now? Truly we know not what is before us."

An hour afterwards, Naomi was seated on the sofa with the arms of her husband encircling her, and his boy, whom he had clasped to his breast with heartfelt joy, was in the next room telling his uncle all his adventures.

Oh! what an evening meal was theirs in that colonial villa. Such a meeting seemed almost worth the previous bitter parting.

The husband and wife unfolded to each other their inmost thoughts, and although there had been this unlooked-for estrangement, each to each was dearer. The husband knew that his wife had acted so because she thought it her duty, and her husband was still dearer to her for the love he had borne his Saviour. Now, one in heart and one in purpose, they could travel together the heavenly road till both were anchored safely on the heavenly strand, where no more billows roll, where no more storms assail, to that Great Beyond that they had found, where suns ne'er set, nor sunsets fade, for the Lamb, which is Jesus, the sinner's Friend, is the eternal Light on that eternal shore.

Evan Isaacs, in the same seat where he had so often written to Naomi, now sat with the dear one before him. As they were conversing, Michael Isaacs came in and said, "I think we have great cause for thankfulness. I wish I had that flute of yours, I would soon ask you to sound some of its notes." Naomi said, "I brought it with me; I will fetch it." When parting with her things she dared not part with that, for, like "those evening bells," many a tale its music told.

There, in the oriel window, with the

clear, full moon shedding her silver sheen on all around, sat the three, who now were one in faith.

Michael Isaacs said, "How I wish I could ask you to unite in singing—

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

But I do not wish to offend Naomi's conscience."

To his consternation she turned towards him, her eyes kindling with emotion, and said—

"My conscience has found peace in believing that the Lamb of God has taken away the sin of the world. On Him I rest my soul's salvation, and rejoice in Him who is the God of my salvation."

The two Jews looked at each other, and then silently sent up a note of thanksgiving; and Evan Isaacs sang out, with closed eyes and with much emotion, the hymn in full.

"My soul looks back to see,

The burden Thou didst bear,

When hanging on the accursed tree,

For all my guilt was there.

Believing, I rejoice

To see the curse removed,

And bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,

And sing Redeeming Love."

Naomi had never heard it before, and, when finished, she said, "Will you repeat the last verse?"

"Believing, I rejoice

To see the curse removed,

And bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,

And sing Redeeming Love."

Her clear, sweet voice joined in this. Then she broke down entirely—and tears came to her relief. Michael Isaacs thought it best to leave the two, and Naomi, in the arms of her husband, was soothed as a little child.

The next morning Ben was up, fresh and gay, charmed with all his surroundings. The child was now free and happy, possessing all that tends to make a child so.

After breakfast, he went with his uncle to the city, and the heart of the little one was made glad in the purchase of many things which help to brighten the hours of a child. He returned to his father and mother exuberant with spirit, and how glad was the father to see his boy once more, and to hear the prattle that had always so delighted him.

Now Naomi and her son were come Evan had no thought of returning to his native land, and so the child was put under tutors, and he soon made rapid progress.

When all were seated one evening round the early winter fire, Michael Isaacs said, "I am pleased to see you all the inmates of my house, but going a voyage has kindled a desire to take another."

Evan looked up quickly. "I should have thought," said he, "that to fetch such a dead weight as I on the last voyage would have given you a thorough distaste for any other."

"No, Evan; that voyage I took to England to tell you of the way of life has been fraught with matter that I shall not easily forget, or you either; but I have a great wish to visit the land of our fathers. I have amassed enough to make my mind easy for this life, and were it not so my God would supply all my need; but business has so occupied me that I feel I should like now

to place it in other hands. I have a good manager—one who thoroughly understands the concern in all its branches—and I thought that under these circumstances I should like your name to stand for the firm instead of mine." Thus it was arranged, and in less than a month Michael Isaacs was once more on board a steamer. Naomi was installed as mistress of the house, and after all her vicissitudes she performed her duties with a thankful heart, not to gratify and please herself, but as a servant of Him who had redeemed her at such a cost, and now her ransomed powers were used in His service.



CHAPTER VI.

MAURICE DAVIS AND HIS MISFORTUNES

THE day that Naomi left her father's roof Maurice Davis went to his office, but the transacting of any kind of business seemed entirely beyond his powers for that day. His mind was preoccupied not only with the scene at the breakfast table, but with the contents of the letters he had given up to his daughter that morning. However those thoughts soon passed away, and Maurice Davis was occupied in another direction. He went home with the ful. intent of giving his daughter some of his mind, but at dinner-time no daughter appeared on the scene. There was no person on whom he could vent his ire, so he silently ate his dinner, then took up the daily paper, but could gather nothing that conveyed any meaning to his agitated mind. He rang the bell violently, and asked the servant whether her mistress was out.

The domestic, fully alive to the unpleasant state of affairs, yet forced to be ignorant, merely said, "The mistress and master Ben went off in a cab about three o'clock to-day. She had luggage with her; she did not say where she was going."

Maurice Davis now knew more than he cared to know. He knew, too, his daughter and knew she would not return, and to give vent to his feelings he cursed his son-in-law, threw down his paper and began ruminating, ejaculating now and again, "This is Christianity, as they call it—to take a daughter from under her father's roof; to separate man and wife." He had no letters to refer to, but he could not forget some of the words he had read there. He tried, that night, to forget, but he tossed on his bed, his mind in too much of a turmoil to sleep, so the morning found him in more of an unrest than the preceding night.

His coffers were fast filling, but they did not give him ease. He had no other child but Naomi, so now his hearth was a lonely one indeed.

He had business on the Continent to transact, so in the effort to forget, he quickly prepared for a journey, and after finishing his task he strolled into a neighbouring park. He was there accosted by an English friend, who, seeing his dejected look, said, "With some of your gold I would try to cast off some of that gloom." After a little persuasion, Colin Myers got Maurice Davis to a gambling table.

His little daughter of fourteen years, her father's pet, had been strolling in the park beside him, when Maurice Davis met her father. He turned to her and said, "Go home, I shall follow soon."

She, however, with her quick intuition, knew the haunt where her father was bent on going now. She knew, too, something of the midnight hours that her mother had watched for the return of her father. She clasped his arm as she was moving away, and, gazing earnestly into his face, pleaded with him in vain. He coveted the gold of Maurice Davis, so shook her off with a scowl, saying, "Go home, I tell you." His indulgence in the vice of gambling had made him inhuman. It had now such a hold on him that he was fast on the way to bring himself, his wife, and child to ruin.

The downward course, too often, is not traversed alone. The innocent are tempted

on to ruin, and, when too late, they wake up to their folly.

That night Maurice Davis, to drown thought, staked his gold, and, as is often the case, he won and won till the early hours of morning. He returned to his hotel elated, and thus evening after evening was spent.

Instead of returning to England to his business, he wasted his time and his money. The capital with which he wielded his large concern was touched again and again till the foundation of his establishment was shaken. As with the shocks of a coming earthquake he was warned, till at last the crash came, and Maurice Davis was obliged to declare himself a bankrupt.

His son-in-law lost his gold through want of judgment, but Maurice Davis by the vice which had crippled other branches of the same family.

We will not profit by other people's experience. We have to learn sometimes by fearful costs.

At sixty-five, for a man to begin life again without a capital is often a hopeless undertaking.

Maurice Davis now had nothing to gamble with. He had no comforter. His conscience, instead of comforting him, did but upbraid him.

He left his residence one autumnal morning, helpless. Going down the street in a dejected frame of mind, not knowing for the moment what to do, he met his tempter once again. The man still had gold—still had a home. His dupe, commencing gambling late in life, could not so well play his game and so he lost, but his tempter gained.

Explanations need not be given here. The mind is better filled with that which will tend to a better life. "As a man sows, so must he reap." There is no alternative, but ofttimes the beneficent Creator uses our very falls to help us to a higher height. Woe be to man or woman who attempts unaided to cope with the temptations of life. In the battlefield there is no laying the armour down. If we do evil, we suffer the consequence. If well, the reward. If in no other way, we have the reward in ourselves.

Maurice Davis said to his would-befriend, "A curse be on the evening I met you at C——. We can take different roads now." The former with an ironical smile said, "Yes, I shall gain by it," and passed on.

"What is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?"

So says the poet, but, thank God, this is not so in every case. There are some who are willing to help a weary brother gliding down the stream of life. There is many a lifeboat ready manned to face the stormy deep, to bring poor shipwrecked mariners safe to land.

The sight was a pitiable one, to see that crest-fallen Jew pass down the crowded streets, uncared for and unnoticed by any; all going their own several ways. Maurice Davis could not make up his mind to take a low lodging yet. He would hold out while his little store held out. So he entered a respectable inn. After he was seated and had been refreshed by a good supper he took up the paper, and when a customer entered the room he glanced over his glasses to see. He recognised a

traveller with whom he had formerly done business, and whose employer had suffered much by Maurice Davis's failure. So to negotiate with him would be a profitless scheme; still the kind-hearted Christian man felt for the Jew, and took in with a glance his position, and instead of offering him charity he offered him a small amount to help him to a livelihood. Laying down £5, he said, "If ever you can repay me, do so; if not, you need not trouble."

That night Maurice Davis began turning over in his mind how best to invest the money so kindly lent; live he must, somehow. He was ashamed to let his own people know his state of affairs. His remorse was very great when he thought of all his folly.

In his trouble, how different would it have been if he had known where to go for comfort; but, like a great many others before him in seasons of remorse, of the very folly he had displayed he looked upon the consequences as his fate. "As a man sows, so must he reap," and Maurice Davis found this to his cost

To be a servant to another man in his

old age was not to be thought of, so he decided to invest his £5 in an article that would bring him a good profit—one, too, that the general public did not know the right value of, and so travel from village to village in a part where he was not known. Thus he commenced an arduous task to him. Had he been younger and more energetic he might have made money, but as it was he was only just able to provide for his daily existence.

This continued for some years; and now, my reader, we will leave him for a time and turn to Michael Isaacs. Trouble might come, but he knew where to turn.

How often, in times of difficulty, the man of the world turns, in his despair, to means which only tend to his destruction, both in this life and in an eternal world.

The Christian can turn and find shelter from the storm in the shadow of the Rock of Ages—that Rock which towers up above earthly wrecks, and is a sure landing-place and a strong refuge for the poor tempest-tossed mariner on this world's stormy deep.

CHAPTER VII.

A VISIT TO THE HOLY LAND.

Arrangements were made, and Michael Isaacs was once more on the ocean wave. All was given up to his nephew as to business concerns. His uncle thought if ever he did return that he would settle in England. The vessel bore him onward over the mighty main, and not many weeks went by before he landed at Joppa, and was on the way to the Holy City—the city of his fathers, the chosen people of God.

Michael's motive in coming here was this. He had heard of many of his nation returning to the land of their fathers, and he longed to put the Truth before them; and he, knowing the Hebrew language, thought he would visit their several haunts and draw his people into conversation, and then turn the point towards the Scriptures. Often much is done privately in this way. Day by day, with his mind free from business, what pleasure did he derive from the reading of the Scriptures in his own land.

One day at a café a Jew entered and seated himself at a table. Almost directly he took God's name in vain. Michael Isaacs said, "You have broken the Third Commandment." He turned quickly to his informant, and made no reply. Michael said, "He that offends in one point is guilty of all."

"Oh!" said the Jew. "You are a Christian. Christ was a clever man. No man ever lived so clever as He. If He had not said He was God He would not have been crucified. How could He be good if He said He was God and He was not?"

Michael Isaacs, then, with great warmth, replied, "I tell you what He was. He was our Messiah."

- "Oh!" said the Jew. "Our Messiah is to be king."
 - "Yes," said Michael, "and so He will."
 - "But our God is One God."
- "Yes; but our Hebrew word for God signifies plurality, and that is shown in the 1st chapter of Genesis: 'The Spirit of God moveth upon the face of the waters,' and 'Let us make man.' He is a Triune Being.

Again, the Prophet Daniel—when Shadrach and his two companions were in the fire, there was one with them like unto the Son of God."

The Jew said, "I will not accept that our Jehovah is any other but One God."

"No," said Michael Isaacs; "neither will I. Our father Abraham was chosen. In his seed should all the nations of the earth be blessed. David said, 'The Lord said unto my Lord.' The first is Jehovah Messiah was to spring from speaking. David's kingdom was to be an David. everlasting kingdom. 'Without the shedding of blood, there is no remission.' 'In thy sight shall no man living be justified.' 'Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.' 'Beside me there is no other Saviour.' I tell you, if you search the Scriptures you will find that Jesus Christ has fulfilled a vast amount of prophecy. 'Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given. His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.' Who but Immanuel could fulfil that? If God must save by blood, where is the finite creature that can atone?

afforded innumerable lambs for Earth atonement, but still the sin was there. of all the riches of this planet nothing could be found to atone, 'for their redemption is precious, and it ceaseth for ever.' price needs not to be augmented.] my friend, heaven had to provide the sacrifice ere God could claim the kingdoms from Satan's thraldom tainted by sin. Blood must be shed. The attribute of justice must be satisfied, in order that the attribute of love might assert itself. nite love to fallen man has been an advancing tide from eternity, and now in its onward course it is bearing redeemed creatures back to God to dwell with Him throughout the eternal ages."

- "But why were all the sacrifices if they were of no avail?"
- "I tell you, my friend, they were only the veil to see Messiah through."
- "Why the temple in all its beauty, and why the tabernacle, if nothing availed?"
- "Oh, my friend, everything pointed to the Saviour of the world—just like object lessons or nursery pictures, as it were, for the Israel of God to see through them—their

Redeemer. Even the half-shekel redemption money, for rich and poor Jesus Christ is the price of redemption. The poor cannot be saved for less nor the rich for more. 'There is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved, but the name of Jesus.' The two goats. The one on which the Lord's lot fell was sacrificed, and then when the blood was shed the sins of Israel were confessed on the live goat, and sent into a land of forgetfulness. That is what God has done with my sins, through the blood of Christ, seen through this veil of types, and so it is with other sacrifices. The wings of the living bird were dipped in the blood of the dead one, and then sent away into the heavens with its wings dripping with the blood of its comrade. So my Saviour, my substitute, stands now in the inner court of heaven for me through the blood of His atoning sacrifice. My sins He bore, my sins He atoned for, and the everlasting gates were lifted to let the Mighty Victor pass. When He died the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottomnot from the bottom to the top, as by

human hands. Then the holy things in the holy place were brought to light; man could enter now, could bow before the throne, and find grace to help in every time of need. The heavenly bread that alone could give eternal life was on the cross; He died that millions might live. He died the true corn of wheat, ere the millions could be fed. Oh, how I wish, my friend, that you could see as I do!"

The Jew listened, but his heart was He boasted of being one of hardened. God's chosen people. Michael Isaacs said, "He chose you for earthly blessings-He chose me for heavenly. They are sure; not dependent on my merits, but on the merits of the great Redeemer of mankind. earthly blessings are taken from you for a time for the sin of the nation. Why are we scattered? Why have foreign potentates held their sway in our once favoured land? Why has Jerusalem been trodden under foot—the land, the land of milk and honey, whose teeming thousands were fed from the vine-clad hills of Palestine, from the golden corn of the granaries of Canaan? For sin, and for nothing else, as the prophets foretold. Our kings have ceased to reign, the sceptre has departed from Judah. Still, the kingdom will be an everlasting kingdom, and how if David's descendants are gone, are scattered, are lost? No; like King Joash of old, who was hidden for six years in the temple while Athaliah held sway, so the true King is hidden now in the temple above, and the time is very near when He will take unto Himself the throne of His father David—the kingdoms that are His right by birth, His right by conquest, the kingdoms which He has ransomed by His blood.

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

And now, my friend, farewell. Think over these things;" and in parting he offered him a Hebrew New Testament. The seed was sown. Thus Michael Isaacs moved in and out among his people, travelling from place to place, and finding out for himself the truth of the Scriptures he had so learned to love.

What grandeur of architecture, what industry displayed for so small a country, comparatively, to yield so much increase.

In close proximity with sea and mountain its heights, its verdant valleys-almost the vegetation of every clime flourished here. The barren heights of many a mountain bore the upturned mould upon its sides, brought from the plains below, till the stony rock became the foundation of luxuriance surpassed by no other land. The plains yielded an abundant harvest of golden grain; the inherited cities of their enemies were unsurpassed in architecture and resplendent with earth's glories. All this the beneficent Creator gave unto his chosen people; still they persisted in sin, and now those mountain tops are bare, those cities lie in ruins, wild beasts roam the wastes. For hundreds of years Israel's sons and daughters have dwelt in other lands, but the eye of God is over them;—He who prophesied their downfall as none other could, when the land of Israel was full of magnificent cities still in their glory; the God of ages, looking down the stream of time, saw all ruins—all the glory gone; and when, as a man, He looked on the city of Jerusalem, a few years ere the Romans levelled its walls to the ground and made its streets run down with

blood, He, with the tenderness of a father, wept over the city, and knowing her fate said, "How often would I have gathered you, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." All prophecy must be fulfilled, and the time is coming when the indolent Turk will have no more dominion there. The sons of Ishmael will have to give place to the sons of Isaac, and King David's Son and King David's Lord will reign in Zion. will they look upon Him whom they have pierced and mourn; but the time, too, will come when, in adoration, they will bow before the mighty Conqueror, and crown Him King of kings and Lord of lords.

As Michael Isaacs viewed the ruins of Samaria, he read of the wickedness of her kings. The peaceful valley lay at its foot, luxuriant once with verdure. All nature peace; still, in captive chains, her people were led away, and still Judah would not take warning, and then her turn advanced apace. Galilee, where trod the Saviour, was dear to our traveller. He loved to gaze upon the blue waters of the lake, and to think of Him who walked on its waves

and spoke peace to the raging tempest—"It is I, be not afraid," came in gentle accents from the tender Shepherd. Oh! to know Him more; then fear will be banished from our breasts when His heart of love in a measure becomes known to us.

I was out on the stormy deep,

The sky was black with clouds and the raging tempest roared.

The angry billows foamed, and in the darkness The crested wave, lit up by a fitful flash of lightning,

Bore me onwards.

I caught at the broken pieces of the wreck

To bear me up;

But, as I grasped each one,

A foaming billow forced it from me.

The stormy heights and the broken fragments of the wreck

Were all I saw by the flash of heaven's electric fire.

Then all was darkness.

But on the top of the deep, dark sea,

I saw another Light,

When I had found the fruitless effort of leaning on

Such frail supports,

To help me o'er the troubled wave.

From the depths of my breaking heart

I cried in my distress

To the God of the mighty deep,

To the God who rules the wave.

And across the blackened surface I saw this Light approaching; For the Light of the world was there, Brighter than the lightning's flash. And above the roar of the awful tempest I heard a still, small voice, "'Tis I, be not afraid." Morning dawned, and the hand that had bled for me Drew me onwards; The side that was pierced for me now sheltered me; Those feet that were torn for me now led me on, And landed me safe on the "Rock of Ages." And now, when troubles come, When friends all fail, And stormy billows roll, I am safe; I want no other shelter, I want no other Helper. "Soon on the heavenly strand I'll be For e'er to dwell, where there will be no more

Michael Isaacs remained in Palestine for several years. Then he thought he would return to England.



sea "

CHAPTER VIII.

THE END.

TEN years passed away. Evan Isaacs had amassed a fortune, and as wealth was not his object, he thought he would like to retire from business and return to his native land and settle down, especially, too, as his only son, the Ben of our story, did not like business. He wanted a college course, so his father was anxious to gratify him. For some months the project had been talked of.

Evan Isaacs had the London papers sent out to him, and taking up one that the mail had just brought in, he saw his old residence was to be sold. He telegraphed to his London agent to make the purchase, laying down no restrictions. By the next mail came the news that the purchase had been made.

Evan Isaacs gave orders for the place to be put in order and furnished, and after his Australian affairs were wound up, our three friends were once more on the deep blue sea.

As the vessel left the harbour that beautiful autumn evening all stood on the deck with wistful eyes gazing on the land of their adoption, where so many mercies had been vouchsafed to them. After a pleasant voyage the vessel steamed into the London docks, and the family set foot once more on English soil. How well did Naomi remember when last she stood there! What blessings had been hers, and now she was going home!

As the cab drove up to Airdale House Evan and Naomi seemed in a dream. They could not realise that the home of their early married life was to be the home of their declining years.

An experienced middle-aged person had been engaged to manage household matters for the reception of the voyagers. The little family entered once more the threshold. We cannot depict their feelings—we must leave that. Naomi soon was able to take things into her own hands once more, thankful for all that was past.

It is Sunday evening once again. The

Jew and the Jewess are looking out of the same window, on the same landscape, on the same sun that was setting in the western horizon so many years before. At last the deep-toned voice of Evan Isaacs is heard: "We have found, Naomi, the Great Beyond, and above all, the One who will lead us there. His ways are past finding out. Oh, how He has led us to bring us to Himself! All the troubles are as nothing to be compared to the fact that there is no uncertainty now, but that we have found—or rather, that He has found us—Jesus, the sinners' Friend.

His ways are marvellous.

The heights and depths of eternal love
We ne'er can fathom.

He only, who is love, can measure this."

Naomi answered, "My cup is full, and to overflowing it would be if I knew that my father shared it."

Maurice Davis was tired of his wandering, lonely life; so he thought he would like once more to see the great city. No person would know him now. Then came the yearning desire to see his daughter's

residence. Whatever stranger lived there he would not know him. So the following day he took his pack and went towards Airdale House. As he came nearer his heart beat, he could not tell the reason: but see the house once more before he died he felt he must. He opened the gate and went up the pathway towards the hall door -pre-occupied-thinking of days gone by, and not until he had pulled the bell did he remember he should have gone to the side Naomi saw him. Then a servant appeared, asking if the man could see the mistress. Naomi did not recognise him, only the fact that he was a Jew. With the natural respect which she had for her own nation, and much to the surprise of Mary, the maid, she invited the Jew into the dining-room. He said, "Madam, can I sell you anything to-day?" Maurice Davis looked up for his answer, when he saw that the lady's eyes were filled with tears and gazing intently upon himself, and all power of speech for the moment taken from her. At last, as if caused by the re-action, she screamed out "Father!" then fell fainting on the floor. To find her father, and in such a position, was more than she could stand.

The Jew with the pack was at home in that room and rang the bell hastily, and in a tone of authority ordered restoratives. Mary, a girl well able to take in what must be done, did not stop to reason the cause of it all. She quickly appeared with what was wanted. Maurice Davis was supporting his long-lost daughter in his arms. She soon came round. Her heart's action was weak, and the shock proved too much. However, her strength of mind was brought into action, and, propped up with pillows, with her father seated by her side, she asked him to summon Mary once more. other servant was away for the day—so Mary had been alone to be a witness of this scene. On the morrow she was leaving the service of Naomi Isaacs. She soon appeared. Naomi, without any explanation whatever, told her to pack her box at once, order a cab, and go to her home. She would pay her railway fare. The reasons for her leaving so suddenly were not personal. Her home was some fifty miles away in the country. By sending her off then she

would not come into contact with the other servant, to be able to have food for gossip. The girl was leaving to be married; there was no fear of her delaying her journey, especially as she gave her mistress the promise she would go by the next train. She was most trustworthy. When she heard her mistress address the Jew as father, it was not difficult for her to guess at her sudden dismissal.

Evan Isaacs had not returned from the city. Naomi showed her fatherher husband's wardrobe, and placed it at his disposal. Six o'clock came, and Evan Naomi took him aside and returned. told him of the unexpected events of the day, and in a few moments he went He was not to meet his father-in-law. prepared for his humble and crest-fallen As he took the hand of the elder manner. Jew he removed all embarrassment by saying, "Father, I heartily welcome you to my house, and trust that my home may be yours as long as you live." Just at this moment a sturdy youth appeared. father put his hand on the shoulder of his boy, and said, "Behold your grandson."

The manly youth took the proffered hand with the words, "Grandfather." He could say no more, but that one word brought the tears to the eyes of the elder, who, with his hand on the youth, said, "God bless you, my son."

To be a wanderer a few hours before, and now to be once more in the bosom of his family, who can depict his feelings?

The dinner-table that evening was surrounded by those whom sorrow had mellowed, experience made wiser, and, above all, two members at least the light of Christianity had brightened; still there was a want of freedom. No doubt it was owing to the consciousness of the father as to the former treatment of those dear to him.

A knock at the door! After the sound of wheels had ceased, Evan Isaacs went into the hall to see his long absent uncle, and you may be sure, my reader, a right hearty welcome awaited him.

In a short time he, too, was at the dinnertable. The rest of the evening the conversation did not flag, for all were eager listeners to the story of the traveller. Much of what he had written was recapitulated now, and the elder Jew was not the least attentive listener. He had never forgotten, wholly, the contents of his daughter's letters from her husband. But all he heard now seemed like a story that even a child could understand. No more curses on the Christians. He had witnessed some of the fruit of a Christian, in the way his son-in-law had treated him after all the past.

Maurice Davis listened with intense interest to the recital of Michael Isaacs The Scriptures he had oft heard travels. in the synagogue on Sabbath Days had no meaning to the ear of him who was intent on amassing gold. Now the words fell on his ear fraught with life and peace; the beautiful land of his fathers devastated for the sins of her people; the prediction of Jehovah fulfilled to the letter; all the sacrifices done away, and at the time of the Jewish Passover Christ was crucified. Could this be the true Passover, as his friend had said? "I will look more into this," he thought. Certainly it was worthy of thought, if nothing more. "Anyway, our sins have marred Jehovah's plans," he said aloud.

Michael answered, "To what do you refer?"

"Our people are exiles, and without a king, and the throne of David was to stand for ever."

"Yes," said Michael Isaacs, "and in no other way but by the man Christ Jesus, as son of David, who has purchased the kingdom from Satan's thraldom—atoned to God for sin, and as King David's son, he claims the kingdoms for his own, and as King David's Lord, His kingdom must be an everlasting kingdom and his dominion will be without end.

'Redeemed Creation join in one,
To praise the Sacred Name,
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.'"

The next day Ben and his father went into the city, and just as they alighted on the platform Evan Isaacs' quick eye saw the merchant, now with snowy locks, who had so befriended his wife and boy ten years before. On the impulse of the moment he accosted him, saying, "Do you remember me?"

- "No," said Mr. R—, "you have the advantage."
- "I am Evan Isaacs, whom you befriended ten years ago, by sending me a wife."
- "Is it possible that it is you, my friend?" and eagerly grasping his hand, he led him into a waiting-room, and then Evan Isaacs told his friend his tale. Tears filled the eyes of the benevolent man when Evan said, "Our home is ours again; but, oh, how different!"
- "I should like to come and see you, if you will allow me."
- "Nothing on earth could give me more pleasure."

It was arranged that he should dine that same day at Airdale House. Mr. R——was anxious to see Naomi. Ben, whom his father had quite forgotten stood by; Mr. R——, after the introduction, said,

"Is this the little lad who looked so sorrowful by his mother's side ten years ago, on this very platform? I have a family. The young people must know each other."

That evening, Naomi gracing her own

table, with thankfulness and with quiet dignity welcomed her friend of bygone years. There at the dinner-table sat her father, who for the first time heard of the events of his daughter sailing to her colonial home. He well remembered that day, too.

Friendly calls were made by each family, and a friendship sprung up which in after years was cemented by dearer bonds.

The work of Michael Isaacs was not yet done. As a guest in the house of his nephew he sought to do good to the aged father of Naomi, thinking he was close to the eternal world, and entering the beyond without a pilot. Earnestly did he talk till Maurice Davis said,

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

"God grant it may not be almost. Almost is but to fail."

These were his last words to Maurice Davis. After his useful life he was wanted for service above. One morning he passed peacefully away to his rest; not a struggle. His last words were—

"It is well, it is well with my soul."

"I'll bless the Lamb with cheerful voice, And sing redeeming love."

Maurice Davis stood by his side and saw him pass away.

One spring morning in the cemetery of the little chapel in the dell was heard the singing of the hymn sung by melodious voices—the hymn that his own rich voice, the voice of Michael Isaacs, had often sung:—

> "Not all the blood of beasts, On Jewish altars slain."

Not a dry eye was among the crowd gathered there, and one of the most tearful was Maurice Davis'. The friend of his children was gone—the one who had been such a friend—and now the truth of what those silent lips had spoken seemed with living power to speak to his soul. He was reticent on most matters, and on this particular subject more so than ever; but now he could no longer be silent.

The body of his friend was lowered into the grave, and the mourners returned to the house. How Michael Isaacs was missed by one and all I His good deeds were often spoken of; all his noble actions. At the evening meal Maurice Davis with much emotion said, "He was a noble fellow, and he has his reward. May some of us follow his footsteps! He never preached at his hearers, but to them, and not in words only. His weighty arguments a child could understand; and thank God, he has taught me the way to eternal happiness, through Jesus, the sinners' Friend. I can now from my heart say:—

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

I await my time, my children, but rest assured you will meet me in the heavenly land, in the heavenly Canaan. I shall dwell in the heavenly Jerusalem."

A year went by, and Maurice Davis left this scene for brighter realms. His sun set in peace.

Ben progressed in his studies beyond the expectation of his parents. His uncle's property lest to him did not retard his progress.

College honours were his; and above all, by early training, his character was moulded by his Christian parents. Now at the age or twenty-five, he was sought after by many young men of sterling worth. His parents' hearts were made glad to see their only boy equipped for the battle of life spiritually, morally, and physically.

In the dell leading from Airdale House was a little chapel hidden among the trees, and now in the lovely month of May the red and white hawthorn, and the birds warbling among the branches, formed a pretty sight. Here Evan Isaacs had a Bible class for young men, and his son taught those of tenderer years, exhorting them to give up their youthful lives to the glad service of their Redeemer before they ascended the platform of life-to do as he had done, to join the ranks of the Christian band, to live the nobler life of working in every action for the smile and approval of the Great Master, thus giving a dignity to the humblest task in the eyes of man, and doing their part as units in God's creation, and resting their soul's salvation on the merits of Jesus, the sinners' Friend.

As the classes met, and the afternoon sun sent his rays through the window of the little building, it was a pleasant sight to see the two Jews leading the singing. Oh! how earnestly did they sing—

"Not the labour of my hands
Could fulfil Thy laws' 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."

Knowing the ceaseless rites of their fore-fathers, what rest was theirs in beholding the Lamb of God for sinners slain? What gratitude was theirs to the giver of every good thing for His wondrous gift to poor fallen humanity in giving Jesus, the sinners' Friend, to become our ransom from sin and the grave?

* * * * * *

It is a lovely spring morning; the birds are chirping their sweetest song; the sun is shining in a clear blue sky—the trees dressed in lovely spring green, with clusters of pink and white hawthorn. Amidst this

scene stands the little rural chapel of warmhearted Methodists.

This morning the doors are open; for a wedding is expected to be there. Soon the sound of carriage wheels is heard, and the expectant crowd eagerly watch and they see Mr. R—— leading his young and lovely daughter up the aisle—lovely in mind and in body too; and there stands



Benjamin Isaacs to receive her and make her his wife. Naomi, with glistening eyes, watches the ceremony which is not to take a son from her, but to give her a daughter, as, indeed, she proved to be. Radiant with Christian graces—with a heart full of love to her husband, she became a comfort to all she came in contact with. On the lawn of Airdale House the Sunday scholars were made glad that day, first by a sumptuous meal, and afterwards by a souvenir presented to each.

Another worker was added to the staff.

Benjamin Isaacs was a doctor now, and at the bedside of many the young Jew ministered, not only to the body, but to the soul also.

A small villa, situated near his parents, was taken, and happy intercourse between the families cheered the remaining days of the father and mother. Their declining years were also made glad by the merry prattle of their grandchildren.

Another Sunday evening, much like that of twenty years before, the chimes from the several churches in the villages around sounded in the dell; the glorious sun was setting. Evan Isaacs, with his little grandson on his knee, and Naomi, standing by his side, were looking again on the distant scene. Such a halo of grandeur appeared that the little one said, "Oh! grandpa, what a beautiful sunset." Naomi gazed wistfully into the face of her beloved husband and said, "Yes, little one, it is a glorious sunset;

and oh! Evan, we have found the path to the Great Beyond. These twenty years of trial, these twenty years of mercies, have revealed to us the One who can guide us there.

'Till then I would His love proclaim With every fleeting breath,
And triumph in His blessed name,
That quells the power of death.'

What a God; what a Saviour is Jesus, the sinners' Friend!

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



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