

to bedew them with their bitter tears, to stretch their arms over them as though to embrace the sacred marble, to wail in pathetic lament the destruction of their Temple and the dispersion of their race; and to pray, in perfect agonies of importunate supplication, for their restoration to God's favor and their ancient well-being. Into the very holes in the stones they breathe their prayers, and writing them on slips of paper they push them in between the stones, and leave them there as a memorial before God—prayers for family blessings or for private help—prayers, many of them, for sick or sorrowing ones at home, or in far-away lands, who have begged to be remembered at this sacred spot.

Dr. Frankl, himself a Jew, thus describes the scene as he beheld it: "Several hundreds of Jews, in Turkish and Polish costumes, were assembled, and, with their faces turned toward the wall were bending and bowing as they offered up the evening prayer. He who led their devotions was a young man in a Polish *tatar*, who seemed to be worn out with passion and disease. The words were those of the well-known Minchu prayer, but drawled, torn, shrieked, and mumbled in such a way, that the piercing sound resembled rather the raging frenzy of chained madmen, or the roaring of a cataract, than the worship of rational beings. At a considerable distance from the men stood about a hundred women, all in long, white robes, the folds of which covered the head and the whole figure—like white doves which, weary of flight, had perched upon the ruins. When it was their turn to offer up the usual passages of the prayer, they joined the men's tumultuous chorus, and raised their arms aloft, which, with their white robes, looked like wings with which they were about to soar aloft into the open sky; and then they struck their foreheads on the square stones of the wall of the Temple. Meanwhile, if the leader of their prayers grew weary, and leaned his head against the wall in silent tears, for a moment there was a death-like silence. I happened to be near him, and I could mark the sincerity of his agitated soul. He gave a rapid glance at me, and, without stopping short in his prayer, said to me, 'Mokam Kodesh,' i.e., 'holy place,' and pointed to my covered feet. My guide had forgotten to inform me that I must take off my shoes. I now did so, and was drawn into the vortex of raging sorrow and lamentation."

Who will not echo the concluding strains of the plaintive Hebrew hymn, so often sung on this spot, and known as the Wailing Song:—

"Lord, bring back, Lord, bring back,  
Bring back Thy people speedily,  
O restore to their land,  
To their Salem speedily.  
Bring back to Thee, bring back to Thee,  
To their Saviour speedily."

THE speech of the tongue is best known to men; God best understands the language of the heart.—*Warwick.*

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### Epworth League in Canada.

UP to March 1st forty-seven Epworth Leagues have reported organization in Canada, with election of full staff of officers, and a membership of nearly 2,000. Many more are in process of organization, and a very widespread interest in the subject is manifested. There are now vigorous Leagues in centres of population in every Conference in the connexion, except Newfoundland, where, however, an active propaganda is at work that will soon report marked progress. This is a very encouraging showing for an organization so new, so comprehensive, and so thoroughly efficient for promoting among our young people Christian culture and Christian work.

THE Sunday-school teacher who is getting tired of his work has lost his grip on his class, and unless he can recover it, he had better quit, for his usefulness is at an end. Perfunctory teaching is a poor business. Neither the teacher nor the taught enjoys it, and the man who is content, week after week to go through a soulless routine with the Word of God in his hand is too dull either to learn or teach the truth. Why should such a one desire the place of teacher?

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