

those who, by teaching the truth, have caused so much emotion, so much excitement, where formerly superstition and unbelief held undisturbed dominion. But if we look to the history of the servants of God in ancient times, we shall see that the same afflictions beset those prophets and patriarchs of whom the world was not worthy, and who sought a better country. They also were content to be reviled and misunderstood. The patriarch left his home and his kindred, that he might obey the call and inherit the promise of God; and the prophet continued faithfully to deliver his message, unmoved by the horrors of the prison, the pit, and the dungeon. Thus then, error and human traditions pave the way for sorrow and suffering; and whenever an individual, by the grace of God, escapes from their sad dominion, the enemy does not yield up his prey without a struggle. And when the penitent soul has been brought to taste the glorious liberty of the children of God, we cannot wonder if those around should be involved in the same difficulties, and many of the dearest relatives should find it a hard task to reconcile their love for accustomed long-cherished error, with the bursting of natural affections. An occasional gleam of light will break in upon them, and make it no easy matter to persevere in their self-righteous system of unnatural exclusiveness. They can no longer effectually conceal from themselves the truth, that those whom they formerly loved as Jews, have in no degree ceased to have a just claim to their warmest affections, because, instead of being content with the name of a Jew, they have sought to become Jews in heart and life; and, instead of resting in the circumcision which is in the flesh, they have begun to seek for that which is in the Spirit, whose praise is not of men, but of God.

While this terrible conflict is going on, there is much that others may learn from it, who, in the gracious providence of God, have been spared such severe trials. We would not dwell with unnecessary minuteness on those painful scenes which take place, but we would magnify the grace of God, which is often shown in its blessed sufficiency in the weakness of those whom he thus calls to confess his name. We ought to learn that nothing but this grace can lead the heart of erring man to understand the true nature of those deadening forms of vain superstitions, which almost, if not altogether, stifle and destroy the effect of those glorious truths, which were committed to those who have so far lost sight of them amidst the rubbish under which they have been almost buried.

There is something very touching and instructive in the following narrative, which we find in the Third Annual Report of the Society of Friends of Israel at Bremerlehe, near Bremen.

The circumstances which are here detailed have, on a former occasion, been very briefly referred to in the pages of the "Jewish Intelligence;" but as the account then given was very short, and extended to but very few particulars, we willingly make room for the following statement.

The interview took place at Frankfurt-on-the-Order, where Mr. Neander, the Agent of the Bremerlehe Society, himself a son of Abraham, met with our missionaries, Mr. Bellson and Mr. Hartmann. Mr. Neander reports as follows:—

July 11.—This evening I was informed that my father had arrived. Several Jews collected in front of our lodgings, but remained quiet. A Jew of my acquaintance requested me to visit my father, but I was to go quite alone, and without the knowledge of my friends. I mentioned, however, the matter to Brother Bellson, who dissuaded me from going there alone at night, as it

might occasion a tumult among the Jews. I wrote accordingly a letter to my father, in which I briefly expressed my feelings, and asked, whether he would not permit me to bring a friend with me; but I received no answer.

July 12.—Mr. Bellson and myself went out to call on my father. We found the door of his room locked. We then went towards a street where we hoped to find the Jew I knew, above alluded to. I looked around, and my heart was moved on seeing my old father leaning against a house, and looking fixedly and mournfully at me. I trembled, and said to brother Bellson, "Look, there is my father!" My father changed his posture, and went towards the back of the house. I followed alone; and as soon as he was aware of my presence he stood still, supporting his feeble body on a chest. I took hold of his hand, and exclaimed, "Father!" He was silent; his look assumed more of tenderness. At last he said, "If your mother saw you now, it would be the death of her. From the time of our receiving the distressing news, her eyes have seldom been without tears. Our outward circumstances are very good, but our heart is broken. Alas! what a child we have lost in you." My heart sunk within me under a weight of sadness, and, after a long interval of silence, I exclaimed nearly as follows:—"Oh, how painful it is to me to find you, my parents, incapable of comprehending that I have only now learnt to know and to love the true living God, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the God who is my Creator, Preserver, and Redeemer.

He. Do not speak of this subject at this time and in this place, and listen to what I now command you; I only devote one hour to private conversation with you; you may fix a time when you can come. But I will not go to your lodging. I dare not do so on account of my large family, many members of which are now here.

Our meeting was fixed for five o'clock in the afternoon. I awaited the hour in prayer and supplication to the Lord. I entered his room; he locked the door. He looked very sad, but still there were traces of parental love visible in his face. Having taken a seat at my side, I expressed my sorrow for his conduct towards me hitherto—that he considered me as a dead and lost son—but told him that, under the weight of that distress, I found my consolation in the sure belief that God is my father. On this, my father asked, why I had embraced the Christian faith?

J. Because in this faith I have life, peace, and true eternal salvation.

He. But what is your belief? Do you not believe in more than one God?

I now acquainted him with the principles of my faith, which was the faith of Abraham, David, and all the patriarchs of the Old Testament. The Lord enabled me to do it with cheerfulness; blessed be his holy name!

After I had been speaking about ten minutes, he seemed to sink into a deep reverie; we were both silent for a while, and I looked up to Him who is great and mighty.

At last he spoke in an impressive and earnest manner: "The Hebrew letter you sent me fifteen months ago, and which I still preserve, continues to be a marvel to me. I showed it also to Rabbi I—, in S—. But beside us and your mother, your letter has not been read by any one. You quote so many beautiful scripture passages, and assure us that you believe in the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob."

I. Oh, father! if you only became acquainted with some dear pious Christians, you would learn to your astonishment, that such are indeed children of God. These souls have a very great love for our Torah, and are also children of Abraham.

I then communicated to him something of my own experience, which appeared very remarkable to him. I cannot describe my feelings on sitting thus close by my old dear father, and I exclaimed, "Tell me, father, do you hate me? Oh tell me, that neither yourself nor my mother will curse me any more!"

He. We have been very much irritated against you; and if, two years ago, you had come near me, I could have stabbed you in cold blood; but I console myself with thinking that there are more parents who must make the same experience: and after all you remain our child, and our heart is moved whenever we think of you. But your mother must not yet see you, without having been prepared for it; she would

not be able to bear the sight of you; but write frequently, and I will then also answer your letters.

I could have exclaimed Hallelujah; this was more than I had expected.

Somebody knocked; my father went and opened the door, and some Jews of his acquaintance entered. They remained silent, but looked at me with astonishment. I was much agitated; I therefore asked my father's leave to visit him again, to which he answered in a kind tone, "Yes;" and I left the room with praise and thanks.

July 13.—After having preached the Gospel to several descendants of Abraham, I went to my father. There were some other Jews present, and my father was busy packing goods which he had bought. On my saluting him, he shook hands with me, and sighed, but did not speak. I asked whether I should leave, as he was so much occupied, to which he replied, "If you have nothing particular to do, you may as well remain here, I shall soon have done. I then assisted him in packing, and noted down several things for him.

This business having been finished, he sat down to supper, and began to speak with me of the wisdom of the Rabbies. He then asked me why I did not believe in those things? And on my discussing the subject with him, and drawing his attention to the doctrines of the Scriptures, both the Old and New, in their holiness and heavenly wisdom, he did not speak for some time, until at last he exclaimed, "I cannot comprehend your faith."

Our conversation then turned on sundry family matters, and he soon began again to lament the heavy blow my conversion had caused my family, &c. &c. I expressed my sorrow at their grief, but felt that they had no cause for it, it being my full conviction that I shall be saved through the grace and tender mercy of God, as manifested in the atoning death of the Messiah our Redeemer.

While he now sat in deep meditation, leaning his head on his hand, the Jews present began invading against me with much bitterness and blasphemy. My father then rose, took my hand and said, "Come, let us speak a few words with each other alone."

I followed him to a large open space at the back of the house. When there, he took my hand and said with great emotion, "Marc! for I will still call you by that name,—Marc! I had taken the resolution never to see you any more. Myself and your mother said in public, 'We have no son more called Marc—he is dead.' But I cannot repress the feelings of my heart; for, though deeply wounded, it still tells me you are my child; and believe me, I cannot bear to hear you scoffed at. I now tell you, that our heart still clings to you, our first-born son, who has cost us so much. Go, therefore, now, and come again tomorrow evening, that we may take leave of each other, but give me a letter to take with me to your mother, and say only that you believe in the God of our fathers." He ceased, and his eyes filled with tears. I could have sunk down, I was so agitated; I could only exclaim, "Father! my father!" and fell into his arms.

At last he began in a low voice, "But tell me candidly, are you really contented, and do you feel happy in your faith? I know that I cannot induce you to become a Jew again. If that were possible, my letter and my paternal promises would have effected it two years and a half ago.

I again declared to him my happiness in Christ Jesus our Lord, and we then parted cheerfully.

The 14th in the afternoon, I met my father alone. He took the letters for my relations. He was very much occupied, and seemed rather reserved. I felt very much depressed. After some conversation, we embraced each other and parted with tears. My last words to him were, "I will remember you, dear father, before the throne of God!"

A TASTE FOR READING.

BUT how shall the relish be created? I answer read—read until it becomes captivating. For this you must, in a good measure, "keep the ball rolling." You may use frequent, but not protracted, intermissions. Mark your place when you close the book, and return to it before you forget the last paragraph. Unless