

soul. She presents the arguments for Christ's divinity, Messiahship, atonement, and resurrection, in a manner at once clear and unspeakably affectionate. In the course of an argument proving that there is no deed, except the crucifixion of Jesus, to which the Jews have in all ages given their consent, which can be assigned as an adequate cause for the fearful curse which has pursued them for eighteen hundred years, she quotes from the writings of Rabbi Solomon Marochan, as follows:—"The prophet Amos mentions a fourth crime, for which we have been in our captivity—of selling the just one for silver. It manifestly appears to me, that for selling the just one, we are justly punished. It is now one thousand years and more, and during all this time we have made no good hand of it among the Gentiles, nor is there any likelihood of our ever any more turning to good. O, my God, I am afraid lest the Jesus, whom the Christians worship, be the just one whom we sold for silver!" With what power must an admonition from a learned Rabbi come to a Jewish mind?

Leila lays this letter in her father's room. In the morning, with tremulous steps, she enters her father's presence. It is a sorrowful meeting for both. He is still an affectionate parent, but he feels that he is a Jew who cannot countenance apostasy, even in her whom he loves most on earth. In vain she tries to prove that Jesus is the Christ, he bids her leave the room, giving her a week in which to reflect, and telling her, that if at its expiration she still persists in her faith, she must be banished from the home of her childhood. That solemn week she spends in communion with her Lord—it passes—she goes to her father, and tells him that her faith is firmer than ever. She is sent away—like her father, Abraham, she goes out, not knowing what might be the issue of events. She is sent to her father's brother, a strict observer of the law, to be fully instructed in Judaism, with the hope that she might be induced to adore Jesus as the Christ. At her uncle's house, she is introduced into the circles of gaiety and fashion, that she may be led to think less upon the subject of religion. At first, her relatives treat her with kindness and respect, but when they see she is unmovable, kindness changes to cruelty, and respect to indignity. She is not permitted to sit at the family board. Once, she hears a servant say, "Eudice, let us turn our coats and go and pray to the Carpenter's Son." Thus does Leila bear shame for Jesus' sake.

At length the trial comes, compared with which all those which preceded it are as nothing. Two Rabbis and several other Jews come to her uncle's house, determined either to reclaim or anathematize the gentle Leila. A bell, by which she was usually summoned, when her presence was required by her uncle, and which the servants derisively named "the Christian's bell," calls her to meet the elders of her nation. On the stairs she meets her cousin, a young man who is at heart Christian; he tells her to be firm, for a great trial is awaiting her. She appears before her judges with full reliance on the Saviour. After dinner they spread their Jewish books on the table and begin their arguments with her. For seven hours she reasons with them with a heavenly mildness and dignity. She still says, "I believe in Jesus." A Rabbi rises—"Then," he says, "on God's behalf I smite thee," and the blow falls on her cheek. The other Rabbi asks her, "Do you still believe in Jesus of Nazareth as your Messiah?" "I do, I will,

I ever shall; I hope soon to be in heaven with him." Then one of them spits in her face. Might she not adopt the prophetic language of the suffering Messiah—"For thy sake I have borne reproach, shame hath covered my face. I hid not my face from shame and spitting." O! what a glorious promise does the Saviour leave to his faithful followers—"Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven."

The Rabbis excommunicate her, and pronounce an anathema against any Jew that will keep her company. She leaves her uncle's house. Where shall she go? She proposes to engage herself as a governess or servant in some Christian's family. She writes to her father, telling him all that has happened. His righteous indignation is aroused against the cruel men who have so unfeelingly cut her off from her nation. He even sends them a request that they will extend the excommunication to himself, for he is resolved never to enter a synagogue again, or to receive any Jew, except his own family, into his house. He receives his daughter with open arms, and she is again happy in her father's love.

Disease has fixed its fatal dart in Leila's bosom. The hectic flush tells too plainly that this earth will not much longer be a home for her, but that she is soon to pass away to the "better country." Her few remaining days she spends in trying to do good to those around her, nor are her efforts unrewarded. Constantly, earnestly she urges her father to come to Jesus, nor are her gentle pleadings addressed to him alone, but she writes to her brethren, according to the flesh, epistles full of earnest entreaty, that they will attend to the salvation of their souls—that they will go to the cross of Christ. In the society of her father, and her cherished Christian friends, she gently fades away, for disease lays his hand lightly on her head, though this progress is none the less sure on that account.

She is lying on the bed of death. "Father," she says, "will you grant me one request—a dying request?" He could not refuse. "It is that you will never doubt Jesus, my Saviour. Read the New Testament." And then that father confesses to his dying daughter, "I believe in Jesus." Happy father! happy daughter!

Her last words were, "Farewell, my dear papa. I am going to glory. Serve Jesus. You will soon be there."

She has gone to join the throng who praise Jesus in the temple above. "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb."

Her father did not long survive her. He too sleeps in Jesus.

It is difficult, nay, impossible, to compass the memoir of this lovely Christian within the limits of a newspaper article, without being forced to omit the record of much that is interesting. We cannot too strongly recommend those who read this short and imperfect sketch to peruse the volume bearing the title of "Leila Ada," written by Osborn W. T. Heighway, and which has been republished in this country. This narrative should give us great encouragement to labour and pray for the salvation of the Jews. They are not beyond the reach of the love of Jesus; they sadly acknowledge, in the prayers which they annually offer on the great day of atonement, their desolate state—"Woe unto us, for we have no Mediator!" O Christians, can we hear this doleful knell of all their best hopes, and shall we not tell them, in the language of the apos-

tle John, "We have an Advocate with the Father Jesus Christ the righteous?" Let us go to them in the spirit of our Lord, who said that he came to save the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and tell them that there is no other name except his, given under heaven, where by we must be saved. W. N. S.

### The Strength of the Church.

We are at this moment entering upon a marvellous epoch in the history of the World, and are opening a great volume in European history, to be followed by, perhaps, the most memorable events that have happened since the beginning of the World. I really feel awed by the position of the Christian Church, I do not know to what to compare it. I feel sometimes that we are in that position towards the enemy that our army was at Waterloo about five o'clock in the evening, at the moment when the cavalry and infantry went down steadily to fight, but a short moment before the battle concluded, and when they brought the charge along the whole line. I think we are in this position; the whole world is opening to the Christian Church, and she must rise and do something as she never did it before. May every regiment, may every part of the Christian Church, rise up, go in, and take possession of the land. We have had our Genesis commencing at Home! we have had our Exodus, and missionaries are gone abroad, we have had our Leviticus, and all our laws and regulations are laid down. We have had our Numbers, and our travels in the wilderness, now going back, and now going forward; and I think we are opening the Book of Joshua. Now in an especial sense we are to cross the Jordan, enter in, and take possession of the land. Some people think that it augurs ill for this view of the case that we commence the war by making alliance with Turkey. But the Book of Joshua commences with the alliance of the Israelites and the Gibeonites. They were more acute diplomats than ever were the Russians. They got the better of Joshua, but yet, when he had lifted up his hand, and pledged his honour that he would assist them, he was not backward in the day of battle; and the sun stood still, and gave him an opportunity of keeping his truth and fealty to them. I do not look at these alliances as a bad augury for us. I think it is rather a strong proof that we are in the right; that, contrary to our feeling as men, contrary to our feeling as Christians, we stand by the cause of truth and righteousness, and we have no object of our own to gain. But, if we are to do this work, I take it there must be an immense revolution in the Church. I think we have not a glimmering of what is before us. I do hope that in the next twenty years people will smile at us, just as we smile at the wonder of our ancestors when they saw coaches going six miles an hour. I do believe that very soon, instead of being amazed at what is doing, the Christian Church will look at an idol as we look at a fossil brought up out of the earth—and this is not very far off. The truth is, there is a force in the Christian Church not yet defined. There is a latent force in every Christian man, infinitely more than the man himself knows. Look at a story which I had from a friend who visited the pastor of a small parish in a portion of Germany, who educates poor children, and stirs them up to a divine life. When you come to ask him, "Can you do anything for Christ?" his answer is, "Yes we can; we have no money, but let us select six men, and