

Pastor and People.

Through Phoenicia.

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A PERPLEXING PROBLEM—ITS SOLUTION—THE PROOF—ALEXANDER'S CAUSEWAY—NEW TYRE—THE DAY OF REST.

It was towards evening as we drew near the city of Tyre. It would never be expected that this sandy neck of land, that leads out into the sea, where we see these ruined walls, was originally formed by the hand of man. Yet so it is. When Alexander the Great laid Palestine and Syria at his feet, there stood out still in defiance the city of Tyre, built on an island, some little distance from the shore. To get possession of the Island City, which could in his rear be a dangerous enemy, commanding the great sea when came his supplies, Alexander built a causeway, to connect the mainland with the island. In this way he took Tyre, and the bridge by which he passed over his army and warlike engines has become that sandy road, built up by the waves and sand into an isthmus fully half-a-mile wide.

A PERPLEXING QUESTION.

The island, the site of new Tyre, is about a mile long, and much less than that in width. The question has not yet been settled as to whether the Tyre of the time of David and Solomon, and the Tyre of the prophets Isaiah and Ezekiel, was on this island or on the mainland. After examining the locality, and reading a great part of what has been written on the subject, it seems to me that the preponderance of evidence points to this conclusion that ancient Tyre was on the mainland; but that its holy places and citadel were on the island that guarded the mouth of the harbour.

ITS SOLUTION.

It would seem necessary to conclude that ancient Tyre was on the mainland:—1. From the necessities of its commerce. There is no city of antiquity, if we except Athens and Rome, in regard to which we have such a full account as Ezekiel has given of Tyre, in that chapter of unrivalled description, the twenty-seventh of his book. It would occupy nearly one of our pages to enumerate the articles of traffic that found a market in Tyre, and an outlet thence to the markets of Egypt and the west. Is it at all likely that a city with such a trade should be situated on a small island.—2. From the character of its water works. In our last chapter, mention was made of our visit to the "fountains of Tyre," about four miles south of the island, on the shore. Now if the city was on the island, and if it received its supply of water from those wonderful reservoirs on the mainland, it could have been the easiest thing in the world for a besieging army to capture the island-city, by cutting off its supply of water. It is clear that the city for which these magnificent reservoirs, the most wonderful of the kind in the East, were constructed, could not have been on the island, but on the coast.—3. From its name. The word Tyre is derived from the Hebrew word Tzor, which means a rock. But what kind of rock? It is not the kind of rock that we see in the low-lying island of modern Tyre; but exactly the kind of rock that we see raising its proud front over the sea, some miles south of the island, and known to sailors as the White Cape. That is the kind of rock that the Hebrew Tzor means. "They embrace the rock for shelter."—Job xxi-8. "The mountain of the Lord, the rock of Israel."—Isaiah xxx. 29. "He is the rock."—Deut. xxxii. 4 In all these, and in many other cases, the word means a high, elevated rock, to which men go up for protection. We might go farther, indeed, and say it means a ridge, high and sharp, for the word Tzor is used of the edge of a knife or sword. There is no doubt it is the same old Hebrew root that we find in our own word "Scur," (another form of Tyre is Sarra, which meets us in Plautus and Virgil,) in such epithets as the "Scur of Egg," which Professor Jamieson says rises to a great height. "Viewed sideways," H. ph. Miller says, "the Scuir resembles a tall, massy tower, 470 feet in height, perched on the apex of a pyramid, like a statue on a pedestal. That is, we should imagine, how the White Cape looks to a sailor approaching from the west. The White Cape is, therefore, the "fortified Scuir" of Joshua. "Then the coast turneth to Ramah, to the strong city Tyre (i. e., the fortified Scuir)."—Joshua xix. 29.—4. From the statement of Strabo, who three hundred years after its destruction by Alexander, tells us (xvi. 2) that ancient Tyre stood four miles south of the island city, i. e., between the fountains and the Scuir. In that very plain, an hour-and-a-half south of the fountains, Irby and Mangles mention "the rubbish of an ancient city."

From these and similar arguments, we are strongly of opinion that the Tyre of the Old Testament was on the mainland; that it arose, like Edinburgh under its rock, under the protection of the Scuir; hence its name, Tzoro or Sarra; that at last it extended eight miles along the coast; that the island in the mouth of the bay became its sacred place and its citadel, the site of its famous temple and of its castle; and that when the magnificent city fell, all that remained of Tyre took refuge on the island, and has been content since to be there "cribbed, cabined, and confuted."

THE THEORY EXPLAINS THE LEADING FACTS.

This theory gives consistency to history and Scripture, in all their references to Tyre. In this theory we see explained: 1. How the city could grow to such vast proportions. There could never have been a great city on the island, nor room for a great fleet in its harbours; but the scene assumes the grandeur becoming the days of Tyre's glory, when we place her on that bay which, not unlike the bay of Naples, sweeps from the foot of the cape to a point opposite the island, when we cover that coast with groves and vineyards, like Eden, the garden of the Lord (Ezekiel xxviii. 13); when we adorn it with palaces, the "perfection of beauty" (xxvii. 4); when we surround the city with walls and towers, and

All this vast bay—her harbour—with forests of masts xxvii. 9), such as we see in the harbours of our own great trading ports. In this theory we see explained (2) the strange riddle that Tyre was destroyed, and yet that Tyre flourished. The prophet Ezekiel tells us plainly that Nebuchadnezzar would destroy Tyre. And yet the same prophet tells us (ch. xxix. 18), "Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, caused his army to serve a great service against Tyrus; every head was made bald, and every shoulder was peeled; yet he had no wages, nor his army for Tyrus for the service that he served against it; therefore, thus saith the Lord God, Behold I will give the land of Egypt unto Nebuchadnezzar . . . and it shall be wages for his army." That Nebuchadnezzar took Tyre, and yet did not take it, is explained by the fact, that though he took the city on the mainland, never again to raise its head, yet he could not, for want of a fleet, take the stronghold on the rock, which work remained to be done by Alexander the Great, who did it by building the causeway to which we have already referred.

ALEXANDER'S CAUSEWAY.

It was no doubt in building this causeway that the words of the prophet received their full and final accomplishment; for, let the reader mark well, that the prophecy in chapter xxvii., from verse 3rd to verse 6th, is general, covering about three hundred years. "I will cause many nations to come against you." That includes the Chaldeans and the Grecians; both the siege of Nebuchadnezzar and that of Alexander. "They shall destroy the walls of Tyrus, and break down her towers." That is Nebuchadnezzar's work. "I will also scrape her dust from her, and make her like the top of a rock; it shall be for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea." That is Alexander's work. "For a spreading of nets." How? Some, foolishly, have said, by the shore sinking and the sea advancing. There has been nothing of the kind. Others say, by fishermen carrying their nets inland. No. Quintus Curtius tells us, without ever dreaming of Scripture, how this remarkable Scripture has been fulfilled. He tells how Alexander fought with the sea in constructing the mound from the shore, and how the sea washed away in the night all the work of the day, till the iron-willed Macedonian behought him of the ruins of old Tyre, that had lain there for three hundred years. The words of the historian are these: "A great quarry of stones lay ready to his hands, in the ruins of ancient Tyre." ("Magna vis saxorum ad manum erat, Tyro veteri praebente.") The ruins of old Tyre, buried beneath the water, gave the material and means to conquer new Tyre. "Her stones, and her timber, and her dust," were sunk in that causeway, which is now a place to spread nets on. How awful, in its literalness, has been the fulfilment of the prophecy. "I will scrape her dust from her; thou shalt be sought for, yet thou shalt never be found again." We should think not. Men have brought back to light the ruins of Pompeii, of Nineveh, of Ephesus, and recently even of Troy, but who will bring up from the bottom of the sea the ruins of Tyre? When the matter is so impressively simple, and so grandly literal, it is a pity that travellers and writers on prophecy have sought for the fulfilment of the words "It shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea" on the island and in its ruins, to which the words never referred.

NEW TYRE.

Now Tyre, on the island, which did not come within the scope of the prophecy, became an important city; rose and fell, and rose again, like many other cities. In the time of our Saviour it was a flourishing town, and being only thirty miles distant from Nazareth, may have been visited by him before he began his public ministry. Once during his ministry he visited at least the neighbourhood, and walked probably over this causeway, on which he might have seen fishermen drying their nets, and where he buried the city, whose idolatrous religion ruined the ten tribes, and came very near being the ruin of the southern kingdom also. Might there not, therefore, be a deep and reasonable root of aversion in the objections Christ made to help a woman belonging to a race so deeply debased, and so wickedly concerned in the ruin of God's chosen people? It was not that he pretended to refuse the woman, but he spoke what he felt. The Phoenicians had degraded themselves below the level of "dogs." Their city, like the cities of the plain, was so abominable, that it must, like those cities, be buried in the depths of the sea. But her strong faith carried the day against that awful record of guilt, and brought from the lips of Christ the exclamation, "O woman, great is thy faith."

So much of our time has been spent in trying to clear up the unfortunate confusion into which writers have fallen with regard to new and old Tyre, that little can be said now as to our visit.

THE DAY OF REST.

Having ridden through the streets of the little town, a place of some two thousand people, we passed out to the western side, (where there are no walls,) and found our tents pitched on an open space looking out over the Mediterranean, which lay like a sea of molten silver beneath the beams of the moon. Here we passed the Sabbath, for our company, (consisting of Americans, among whom was one of the Astors, of New York, and some gentlemen from Australia,) had agreed to cease travelling always on the Sabbath, which was a sweet boon to our animals and their drivers. There was then no Protestant church in Tyre, so we gathered into the tent of the American party, and there we all joined in worship, reading as the lesson for the day those chapters in Isaiah and Ezekiel to which reference has been already made. The day was calm, the sky was clear, and the sea lay motionless. From the door of the tent we could see the Lebanon range, with Hermon in the background; the White Cape closing in the view to the south, while the country above Sidon met the eye in the north. A respectable woman, calling herself a Protestant, sought us out. Her boy had been with the American missionaries, and she was exceedingly

anxious to talk with us about spiritual things. Her heart seemed drawn to us because we were Protestants. We were rained by her and her boy of the Christian Church that Paul unexpectedly found in this very place. "We landed at Tyre," Luke says, "for the ship was to unlade her burden; and finding disciples, we tarried there seven days; . . . and when we had accomplished those days, we departed and went our way; and they all brought us on our way, with wives and children, till we were out of the city, and we kneeled down on the shore and prayed."—Acts xxi. 4, 5, 6. Tyre early became a Christian bishopric; and the fourth century Jerome speaks of Tyre as the most noble and beautiful city of Phoenicia, and as still trading with all the world. Here, again, we find fulfilled the words of the prophet Isaiah, which, in the light of the distinction drawn above between the two Tyres, are quite in harmony with the threatenings which were so literally fulfilled on old Tyre. "And it shall come to pass after the end of seventy years that the Lord will visit Tyre; and her hire shall be holiness to the Lord." Is there a fulfilment of these words, in still a higher and more literal sense, yet in the future? Will Tyre again rise to glory, in connection with Christianity in the East? Or may not these words refer to that nation which now occupies towards the western world the place Tyre occupied in ancient times? If Rome is modern Babylon, and heir to its vices and punishment, why may not Britain be modern Tyre, and heir to this promise? Whether this be so or not, it should, without doubt, be the supreme desire of every Tyre, i. e., of every commercial people, to realize the condition foretold of Tyre: "Her merchandise and her hire shall be holiness to the Lord: it shall not be treasured nor laid up; for her merchandise shall be for them that dwell before the Lord to eat sufficiently, and for durable clothing."—C. nadian Christian Monthly.

Mr. Moody's Brother.

The following story which Mr. Moody told at one of his great meetings in London at the Haymarket Theatre, shows how he uses anecdotes for illustration, which he often introduced with wonderful effect:

The first thing I can remember in my life was the death of my father. He died suddenly one beautiful day in June. He fell dead upon the floor, and it gave me so shock that I never forgot it. The next thing I can remember was the sickness of my mother, and the third thing was my eldest brother becoming a prodigal. I well remember how that mother mourned over that boy—how she used to send us off to the post office a mile and a half from where we lived to see if there was not a letter from him, and how we used to come back day after day bringing the sad tidings, "No letter." I remember how we sat round the old family fireside and talked about our father—how he looked and what he used to do. Mother would tell us what he said, and we would sit there as long as she would talk about him; but if anybody mentioned that eldest brother all would be hushed, for the tears used to flow down my mother's face at the mention of his name, and sometimes I would see her turn away to wipe her eyes while she was busy at work; and sometimes she would say "O that I could hear that he was dead! It would be such a relief. I do not know but what he may be in want in some foreign land."

The house in which we lived was on a hill, and when the wind used to blow mother used to be more sad. She would say, "Perhaps he is on the ocean, and there may be a gale. He may be exposed to fierce winds to-night." Many a time I woke up past midnight, and listening, I have heard her pray: "O God, save my boy! O God bring back my boy!" Year after year the mother pleaded to God for the boy, and on Thanksgiving Day, when the nation gives thanks to the Almighty, it is a customary thing for the families in the United States to gather round their boards, and as we used to do so, mother always placed one vacant chair for her absent boy. "Perhaps," she said, "he will come back to-day, and we used to go and watch at the window and see if he was coming."

Long years passed away, and the hair that was once so black began to turn gray, and the step that was once so firm began to tremble. I could see that her trouble was bringing her down to an untimely grave. She was indeed just going down to the grave with a broken heart—such was the love and pity with which her heart used to yearn over the boy. I often thought she loved him more than all the rest of us. The other children grew up and passed away from that village. Her two youngest children were sitting by her side one day, and there was a stranger seen outside the house, and without going upon the piazza he stood looking in upon that mother that he had not seen for years, and when the mother saw him she did not know him; but when she saw the tears trickling over the long black beard that had grown in the interval—in those tears she recognized her long lost boy. She sprang to the window. She said, "O, my son, is it possible you have come back? Come in, come in." But there he stood, and he said, "No, mother, I will never cross your threshold until you forgive me."

Young men, do you think that mother forgave that boy? Ah! there was not anything in her heart that she wanted to do so much all those long years. She had forgiven him all along, and had not anything to forgive now. She ran to the door, she met him upon the threshold, and threw her loving arms round his neck; she pressed him to her bosom and wept over him. She would not hear a word of self-reproach from him; she was only too glad to have him back. When the news reached me in a distant city, I can't tell you how my heart leaped within me for joy; but the joy that it gave us as a family, is nothing to the joy that will be in heaven to-night if you will only come to Christ.

If we were but realizing this truth, beloved—"we are Christ's"—we should never be downcast any more.

The Land of the Leal.

The following lines, almost unappreciated in pathos and Christian feeling, were formerly attributed to the Scottish poet, Robert Burns, but they are now admitted to have been the production of Lady Nairne:

"I'm wearin' awa', Jean,
Like a man when it is thine, Jean;
E'en wearin' awa', Jean,
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair, Jean,
In the land o' the leal.
Ye were aye leal and true, Jean,
Your task's ended noo, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
She was bathed and fair, Jean,
And we grudged her naught sair
To the land o' the leal.
Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,
My soul lings to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on thee
To the land o' the leal.
Now, fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
This world's care's vain, Jean,
We'll meet and aye be faim
In the land o' the leal.

The Argument of Prayer.

A frequent and favorite contributor reports the true story of a layman who is now preaching Christ in the Eastern States, and who recently related these facts before a large audience. It is a touching and remarkable testimony to the efficacy of prayer when prompted by a heart in accord with the Holy Spirit: "I am nearing the sunset," said the venerable speaker. "A long life has been passed, and as I look back upon the route over which I have travelled, I can say it has been a land of deserts and of pits, a land of drought and of the shadow of death which has brought to me a thirst which only the water of life could quench. My childhood was spent in a prayerless home, my manhood was given to the study of these books which were the principal ones in my father's library, as far back as I can remember. Of a studious nature, I read them carefully, and sought to satisfy the demand of the soul in the reasonings of Tom Paine, Voltaire, and Rousseau. They did not satisfy. Later I studied A. J. Davis, and in Spiritualism found only a temporary relief. Compe and Darwin were favorite authors, and their arguments were perfectly familiar to me. I read the Bible only to misinterpret its truths and to pervert its teachings; was ever ready to dispute with Christians, and prided myself on my power to puzzle them with my atheistical doctrines. One evening a neighbor, a devout Christian woman, came in, and I at once beset her with my favorite topic, seeking to undermine her faith and trust. She made but little reply, and after a few moments surprised me with the singular remark, 'Father L., hadn't you better pray?' and before I was aware of it, I was on my knees, listening to a most wondrous prayer. She seemed to be before the open door of heaven, leading me, a wayworn pilgrim, to its very gates. She prayed as the birds sing, and with holy earnestness asked that light might flash into my darkened soul. Rising, she quickly bade me good night and left. Then the Holy Spirit took possession of my heart. The Christian boldness united to a womanly modesty and simplicity, the peaceful joy which irradiated her countenance, compelled me to ask, What is the cause of such serene joy?"

"I had seen Christians die in triumphant peace, and the question came up, What gives them this trust, and what sustains them in an hour when they stand on the confines of the other life? That night I prayed and no light came to me. I read the Bible, but it was a sealed book. My scepticism and infidelity were so dark and dreary, and the long wasted, worse than useless life, stood out in such appalling contrast with the life of my little friend, who seemed to live in an atmosphere of joy and song, that again I prayed and begged for light, and at last my prayers were answered, and for a year I have rejoiced in Christ as my Saviour, my Redeemer. My wife has become a Christian, and joy and sunshine, and prayer and peace, are abiding guests in my home." Such is the testimony of the old patriarch who for the past year has been actively engaged in service for his new found king.—Advance.

Life and Doctrine.

The only way to conserve orthodoxy is to nourish spiritual power. Living faith in, and earnest zeal for Christ, will always ensure sound theology. Love for a person, rather than faith in a creed, is the vital idea of the Gospel. When we accept of Christ as Saviour, to pardon sin, renew the soul, impart life, comfort in sorrow, keep from sin, save with a great salvation, we cannot go very wrong in doctrinal belief. To keep the church doctrinally pure, we need only keep up strong faith and ardent love towards the person of our Lord and Saviour. So long as there is health at this point, there will be health everywhere, but whenever enthusiasm for Christ abates, the whole theological system is jeopardized. The cure for prevailing scepticism, is personal love for Jesus. If by any means the perplexed can be induced to drop their reasoning and go to living; cease speculating and seek full salvation; consecrate themselves to Christ, and make it their chief desire to draw life to their souls, awaken personal love and enthusiasm for the Lord, and eagerness to enjoy the fullness of his saving grace, they will be relieved from doubts, become sound in doctrine, enter into a great peace, and marvel at their former troubles, and rejoice in believing "the record God has given of his Son."

The doctrine of election is never introduced to narrow the door—the door of Gospel grace is open night and day; and the motto ever remains, though Satan has ever tried to erase it: "Whosoever will, let him enter." Election never was intended to stand between the sinner and the sinner's Saviour.

Random Readings.

It requires great light to discern darkness.

PREVENTION of sin is one of the greatest mercies God can vouchsafe.

A wise man will make more opportunity than he finds.

RESERVES in confession mark confession—none serves in obedience nor obedience.

THERE is such a thing as a neglected precept finding a man out on his dying bed—wasted hours!

How many discoveries of God there are in an hour of trial that are never made out of that hour?

The hardest speech made against free grace are by those who know nothing of the plague of sin.

WHEN God speaks of rewarding virtue, it is with overlasting life-like happiness; it needs nought but perpetuity.

The severest restrictions of religion cannot be deemed intolerable, since they are not commensurate with its rewards.

CONTENT is a kind of gangrene, which, if it seizes one part of a character, corrupts all the rest by degrees.—Dr. Johnson.

Those who outlive their income by splendor in dress, etc., resemble a town on fire, which shines by that which destroys it.

DEEP shines of our state by nature would keep us from halving the glory between man, and the sovereignty of God's grace.

I AM the Lord God's, and His alone. How can I mingle with the clouds of the valley, and mix myself up with the potshards of the earth?

WHAT is a proverb but the experience and observation of several ages, gathered and summed up into one expression?—Dr. South.

The best style is like glass which is not seen itself, but which shows everything beyond it. As in dress so in style. That is best which attracts least not.

It is a great thing to have a vivid apprehension of what we do believe, to have the evidence of things not seen, the substance of things hoped for.

WHEN the Father gave a people to His Son, He gave them individually; and when He gave an Advocate to His people, He gave Him as an individual advocate.

We want the flowers—He says, The frost. We want the sunshine—He says, The winter first. The evening and the morning were the first day—the evening first—I believe it.

Or all those who have reached the heights of speculative science, not all are entitled to the commendation bestowed on Sir William Jones—that he was "learned without pride; and not too wise to pray."

Who can keep but Thyself?—with a thief within ever ready to open the door! "Holy Father, keep through Thy name"—it is as if he had said—who can keep but Thyself, with so much inward echo to the evil without?

God is called the Father, not in condescension to our understandings, because a human father's love is the best image human creatures can have of Him, but because He is the eternal Father, and the love of the Father and the Son is the root and bond of all creation.

WHATSOEVER is in the Scripture, believe me, is high and Divine; there is verily truth, and a doctrine most fit for the refreshing and renewing of men's minds, and truly so tempered, that every one may draw from thence that which is sufficient for him, if he come to draw with a devout and pious mind, as true religion requireth.—St. Augustine.

It might seem incredible, if it were not established by the experience of all ages, that those who differ most from the opinions of their fellow-men are most confident of the truth of their own. But it commonly requires a conceit of the superiority of a man's own judgment, to make him espouse very singular notions; and when he has once embraced them, they are endeared to him by the hostility of those whom he contemns as the prejudicial vulgar.—Sir James Macintosh.

He is nailed to the cross of shame and glory. A wretched thief, hanging over the mouth of hell, turns to him his dying eyes—his white furrowed face becomes stiffened with a look of intoneness of desire—dry lips part and quiver, "Lord," he cries, "remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." Did Christ answer, "I cannot leave you now—I am in pain; besides it is too late—too late!" Oh, no! but He turned upon him a look in which love and sorrow shone together, and said, "Verily, I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in paradise"—keeping his promise, "I will in no wise cast out."—Ches-ful Words.

"In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul." Carnal men seek their relief under trouble from carnal things. Some try what relief the rules of philosophy can yield them, supposing a neat sentence of Seneca may be as good a remedy as a text of David or Paul! but, alas! it will not do; submission from fatal necessity will never ease the afflicted mind, as Christian resignation will do. It is not the cruciating, but regaining of the affections, that composes a burdened and distracted soul. One word of God will signify more to our peace than all the famed and admired precepts of men. Flavel.

If it were true that there is no God, what evidence can the atheist have that he himself shall not exist? Whatever was the cause of his existence here, may be the cause of his existence hereafter. Or if there is no cause, he may exist without a cause in another state, as well as in this. And if his corrupt heart and abominable works make him so unhappy here, that he had rather be annihilated than run the hazard of a future existence, what hindereth him he may be happy forever? The man, then, is a fool that wishes there were no God; hoping thus to be secure from future misery; for admitting there were no God, still he may exist hereafter as well as here; and if he does exist his corrupt heart and vices may render him miserable eternally, as well as for the present.