

of David, who was both the suffering servant of the Lord, and the anointed king foretold in prophecy, who is now enthroned on high, will yet be acknowledged by His own race to whom He first came in the spirit of Heavenly love.

Meanwhile though we grieve over the treatment that our Jewish brethren are receiving in Russia, we rejoice to know that here in America, Jews and Christians are living together on terms of peace and goodwill, and that there are silent influences at work which are breaking down barriers of prejudice and bigotry.

F. H. D.

THE GREAT DECISION.

IN Ethiopia there dwelt a man, who was an idolater, and worshipped gods of his own imagination, and who held an important position under his queen, Candace.

But he was dissatisfied with his religion. Rumours of wonderful events happening in a distant land reached him—rumours of the death of One who claimed to be the Son of the true God, and he determined to make a long pilgrimage to that land, that he might see for himself what this could mean, and discover whether there was anything that could satisfy the cravings of his soul. He arrived at length at Jerusalem; but the rigorous ceremonial of the law, the slaying of the victims for sacrifice, and the sprinkling of their blood, could do nothing but terrify him. All was inexplicable, and he proceeded to return to his own country.

One thing, however, he carried with him. Being wealthy, he was enabled to procure a parchment roll of the prophet Isaiah; this he held in his hand and read as his chariot carried him homewards.

As he thus read, greatly perplexed, Philip the evangelist drew near, and stopped the chariot. He had heard this man reading aloud from his roll, and he said to him, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" He replied, "How can I, except some man should guide me?" and he desired the stranger to come up into his chariot.

The place where he was reading was in Isaiah liii.—"He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed. All we, like

sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

And from this passage Philip preached unto him Jesus.

Light dawned upon the dark mind of the Ethiopian. He saw Jesus to be the true sacrifice; he saw his sins laid upon Him. When they came to a place where there was water, he prayed to be baptized; his request was granted, and he went on his way rejoicing.

Now, reader, that Ethiopian had to make a great decision; and though it meant to him certain unpopularity, probable persecution, and possible death, *he decided for Christ*. You also have to make a great decision. What will you do?

Will you reject Christ, and go away sorrowful, burdened with sin, without God and without hope? or will you accept Him?

Is it so hard to believe God, when He offers salvation through His Son?

Read over again these words regarding the Saviour which the Ethiopian read from Isaiah. Believe in Him to whom they testify, and then you also will go on your way rejoicing.—*Cheyne Brady, in Good News.*

AFTER MANY DAYS.

SOME years ago a party of English hunters in the far West, descending a thickly wooded mountain, came suddenly upon a glimpse of an Indian camp in the valley. A strange, unusual sound ascended from the camp, which, on their drawing nearer, proved to be an attempt at singing. About thirty in all, men, women and children, were gathered around a leader, who, to the surprise of the party, was found to be leading them in a religious service. They were singing "Rock of Ages." The settlement was an isolated one. They had no connection with any other tribes. For fifteen years no missionary had been among these people, and yet for all these years this daily religious service had been kept up. Fifteen years before a Methodist missionary had been there for a short time, and had taught them about God. And this was the result! For three weeks the party stayed with these Indians, and for the first time in their travels left all their property exposed and unwatched. Nothing was taken. On leaving, the chief asked them if they had lost any-

thing, and on being answered in the negative, said simply, "We love the same Jesus that you do."

One of the joys of the Great Reaping time will be the ingathering of such unlooked for harvests.—*Selected.*

TRIALS.

WHEN the heart is faint and weary
With life's sorrows and its strife,
I would ever look to Jesus,
Giver of Eternal Life.

In the secret of His presence,
He will hide me, yes, I know,
Safe from everything that's harmful,
Safe from every earthly foe.

And what now to me is mystery,
Will some day be understood;
Then I'll know what God is doing,
Has been done to do me good.

Give me grace, oh! blessed Father,
Not to ask Thee, why nor what,
But to calmly, blindly trust Thee,
Tho' dark clouds enshroud my lot.

—E. M. Cox, in *Parish Visitor*.

LOOKING AFTER ONE SOUL.

THE Rev. Dr. Rainsford, of St. George's, New York, not long ago had printed the following extract from "Daniel Quorm," and sent a copy to each member of St. George's Chapter:

"He first findeth his own brother Simon." Now, I am sure that 'tis a good plan to go looking after one soul. Every soul in the world belongs to our Lord. He made 'em every one and he bought 'em every one with His precious blood. They're His every way; and the devil is a thief. I've very often thought what a poor master the devil's servants have got. Why, when he came up to tempt our Mother Eve in Paradise he hadn't got any bit o' a little thing for to bribe her with, and all he could do was to steal her Master's apples. He hasn't got anything of his own. * * * Andrew didn't say, "I'll try to do all the good I can," and then do nothing, because he couldn't find any to do; but he says, "There's Simon, I'll go and catch him." That's the way; pick out one soul, and set your heart 'pon it; begin to pray for that one, and go on tryin' till you've got it, and then try for another. We might do a good deal of good in the world if we didn't try to do so much. I've heard folk a singin' and meanin' it, too,

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small."

An' because realm o' nature wasn't theirs, they didn't give anything at all."