

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

THE LAST "PRINCE IN ISRAEL."

But although numbers do thus come to remain in Jerusalem, in addition to those who come for the pilgrimage only, yet this strange immigration adds nothing either to the population or the wealth of the city permanently. For they bring little money with them, are past the age of productive labour, and do not "increase and multiply," for they come only for burial—and it seems to me here, as elsewhere, that poverty and piety accompanied each other, for I saw very few, indeed, among these enthusiasts and martyrs who were either men of social position or wealth. Now, as when Christ came, it is the poor, the sorrow-stricken and the heavily laden who voluntarily take up the burden of the cross, and make their lives a sacrifice for the hopes of the future. But there is one exception to this rule in the person of a foreigner, who, although he has not made Jerusalem his home, has yet been as a father to her people. The last real "Prince in Israel" is not the great banker, Rothschild, but his kinsman, Sir Moses Montefiore, one of the truest and least selfish philanthropists of our age whose name is never mentioned in Jerusalem by any native of any creed without a benediction. By the Jews he is almost idolized, and well he may be, for from his hands have been showered down upon that forsaken people benefits and bounties innumerable, which never will be known, for he, unlike some of our most noted public benefactors, does not obey Pope's supplet—

"Do good by proclamation,
And smile to find it fame,"

for much of his magnificent charity is so administered that no one ever knows it except the beneficiaries and the donor. He has been in these later days the special providence of Jerusalem, and without his aid a large portion of the scattered remnants would have perished from absolute want. His philanthropic efforts have been nobly seconded by the testamentary bequest of Judah Touro, of New Orleans, who left the bulk of his large fortune for distribution at Jerusalem. The large and costly hospitals which Sir Moses Montefiore has erected at Jerusalem attest his charity in a shape where it could not be concealed; and the Jews, who daily feel the practical exercise of his charities, might well re-echo the famous saying about Washington, "God has made him childless, that he might be the father of his people," for it applies as truly to the one as to the other.

As though to verify the truth of the scriptural warning, "Whom He loveth He chasteneth," this most Christian Jew, whose whole life has been one long work of charity, benevolence, and "loving his neighbour as himself"—and more than himself—is not only childless, but deprived in his old age of the wife who (as he told me), for much more than a quarter of a century, had been his constant companion, guide, counsellor, and participator in all his noble charities. All who have seen or who know the noble, simple-hearted old patriarch will understand how difficult it is in speaking of Jerusalem not to make perpetual mention of *him*, whose name is now so identified with it and its people by charities as generously and nobly planned as they have been modestly executed.

Let due honour be paid to a genuine *man* in this day of mock patriots, and pseudo philanthropists, whose benefactions figure largely in the newspapers and glorify the giver in public dinners and royal demonstrations of gratitude in the shape of portraits of "Her Majesty." We republicans ought certainly to appreciate true republicanism—which means manhood—even when displayed by a man of different religion and different race from ourselves under such circumstances.

I wish Sir Moses Montefiore could be regarded as "a representative man" of any nation or any creed; but I have found him an exception in my wanderings over many lands and among many people. The people are industrious, or rather would be, were there anything to exercise their industry upon; but, apart from the small traffic in relics and souvenirs of the Holy City and the holy places adjacent, there is no employment either of the muscle or the ingenuity of labourers or craftsmen, for there is no demand for aught else. In walking through Jerusalem this is made patent to the traveller or pilgrim, and he inwardly wonders, "How do all these people live?"—*From Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine for March.*

MY WORK.

He crowned my life with blessings full and sweet,
In His great love He pardoned all my sin;
Then to His fold He led my wandering feet,
And bade me know the peace and joy within.
"Dear Lord," I cried, "I'll gladly work for Thee;"
His loving voice said only, "Follow me."

He led me to His pastures green and fair,
Beside still waters oft He bade me stay;
But I, with heart all full of anxious care,
Murmured because He made so smooth the way.
Saying, "I have no work to do for Thee."
"Child, this is work," He said, "to follow me."

Yet still I murmured, "Lord, the way is fair,
And it is very sweet to walk with Thee;
But shall Thy servant have no cross to bear?
No battle to be fought and won for Thee?"
And in His love the half I could not see,
My Saviour gave this answer unto me,

"Are there no little crosses for each day?
No inward battles to be fought with sin?
Nothing to do to smooth another's way?
To help a soul the crown of life to win?
Hast thou remembered My great love for thee,
And dost thou live each day, each hour for Me?"

Then seeing all my need and sin and pride,
I knelt again before my Saviour's feet,
Praying for strength to follow by His side,
Praying for help, temptation's power to meet:
And now, each day, let my petition be,
Teach me, dear Lord, to follow after Thee.

THE AGED CHRISTIAN.

"At evening time it shall be light."—ZECH. xiv. 7.

Oftentimes we look with forebodings to the time of old age, forgetful that "at eventide it shall be light." To many saints, old age is the choicest season in their lives. A balmy air fans the mariner's cheek as he nears the shores of immortality; fewer waves ruffle his sea, quiet reigns, deep, still and solemn. From the altar of age the flashes of the fire of youth are gone, but the flame of more earnest feeling remains. The pilgrims have reached the land of Beulah, that happy country whose days are as the days of heaven upon earth. Angels visit it, celestial gales blow over it, flowers of paradise grow in it, and the air is filled with seraphic music. Some dwell here for years, and others come to it but a few hours before their departure, but it is an Eden on earth. We may well long for the time when we shall recline in its shady groves, and be satisfied with hope until the time for fruition comes.

The setting sun seems larger than when aloft in the sky, and a splendour of glory tinges all the clouds which surround his going down. Pain breaks not the sweet calm of the twilight of age, for strength made perfect in weakness bears up with patience under it all. Ripe fruits of choice experience are gathered as the ripest of life's evening, and the soul prepares itself for rest.

The Lord's people shall also enjoy light in the hour of death. Unbelief laments, the shadows fall, the night is coming, existence is ending. Ah! no, crieth Faith, the night is far spent, the day is at hand. Light is come, the light of immortality, the light of a Father's countenance. Gather up thy feet in the bed; see the waiting band of spirits. Angels wait thee away. Farewell, beloved one, thou art gone, thou wavest thy hand. Ah! now it is light. The pearly gates are open, the golden streets shine in the jasper light. We cover our eyes, but thou beholdest the unseen; adieu, brother; thou hast light at eventide, such as we have not yet.

"O long expected day begin,
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we tread the appointed road
And sleep in death; and wake with God."

—Spurgeon.

A TRADITION OF LAODICEA.

Some time after the death of the last of the apostles, there was an elder in the Laodicean Church, of the name of Onesiphorus, a prosperous and courteous gentleman, on whom the world had smiled. His children had received a liberal education, and were adorned with every accomplishment of the age. Their father's position gave them access to the best society of the place, and their own tastes led them to seek it. Though professedly a Christian household, it required some sharpness of eye to perceive the difference between them and "the world." Their manners were not of the old-fashioned, strait-laced kind, but much more agreeable. They had travelled, they had seen famous

places; they had been in distinguished society; they could converse on all subjects connected with taste and fashion; they had read the last new book of the season; but, if at any time the name of Jesus happened to be mentioned in conversation, there would instantly fall a dead silence upon them, as when some unfortunate subject had been touched at a dinner-table by one who knew no better. Onesiphorus, the tradition tells, has made an entertainment for his wealthy neighbours, and a large and fashionable company is assembled, partly Christian, partly heathen. The gorgeously-furnished rooms are lighted with a hundred silver lamps. Everything that could recall the Nazarene, and offend heathen prejudice is courteously and delicately kept out of sight, in the spirit of the most advanced "liberality," and the Cross is never mentioned nor alluded to. Music and dancing are going on, and the hours are swiftly flying, when, in the midst of the gay and glittering assembly, a stranger is noticed of different mien and bearing from all the rest. No one seems to know him, or whence he came. Wherever he moves, his calm gaze (which yet has a certain trouble and rebuke in it) creates a strange uneasiness, and those who meet his eye shrink and quail beneath it. Only one in the company seems to be at home with him—a child whose taste was for the Gospel of John and the songs of Zion. Moving through the rooms, and going up to some Christian, the stranger would whisper a word or two in his ear, that seemed to carry some mysterious and startling power. From group to group he passed, disconcerting all to whom he spoke. Who could he be? What could he have to say? The dance ceased; gradually the mirth was hushed. As mysteriously as he had come, he again disappeared, and the feast was broken up and the guests were scattered, and the Christians went home (some of them at least) to weep bitterly.

It is a parable of what goes on still, when Christ—secretly whispering to the conscience of those who are forgetting Him in worldly conformity—repeats this word with power: "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten: be zealous, therefore, and repent."

PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.

We have just received the decennial missionary statistics showing the condition of the Indian Missions at the close of 1881. How they would have gladdened the hearts of the devoted pioneers who sowed the good seed with many tears at the dawn of the century! During the past decade the native Christian community in India, Burmah, and Ceylon has increased from 318,363 to 528,590; in India alone from 224,258 to 417,372. The increase in India between 1851 and 1861 was 53 per cent.; in the following decade it rose to 61; and in the last it reached 86 per cent. The Protestant native Christians of India have trebled in twenty years, increasing from 138,731 to 417,372. At this rate, even allowing for no increase of ratio they will in a century number a hundred millions—a total far in excess of the number of Christians in the whole world at the close of the first three centuries. But the past experience justifies us in looking for a steady increase in ratio, so that it is not impossible, as Mr. Rouse of Scrampore remarks, that men now living may before they die see that number of Christians in India. As to the number of foreign missionaries, they have been increased in the last decade from 488 to 586, while the native ordained agents have been more than doubled, rising from 225 to 461. The number of native preachers has advanced from 1,985 to 2,488. The female agents, European and Eurasian, have increased from 423 to 541, of native Christian Zenana agents, from 947 to 1,944; of Zenanas visited, from 1,300 to 9,566; of Zenana pupils, from 1,997 to 9,228; of female pupils, from 31,580 to 65,761. These figures must inspire the liveliest feelings of gratitude and joy in every Christian heart. How they rebuke the sneers of the witlings who in the "Edinburgh Review" used to pour contempt and scorn on the "consecrated cobblers" who had left the shores of Britain with the vain hope, as the scoffers deemed it, of converting the million-peopled empire of the East! How they rebuke, too, the faithlessness of the timid and the half-hearted Christians who have never extended the slightest help to the missionary cause! Well may the friends of foreign missions "thank God and take courage." Their most sanguine hopes have been already more than realized.—*The Christian Leader.*

"In all labour there is profit: but the talk of the lips leadeth only to penury."—Prov. xiv. 23.