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From Jaffa to Jerusalem.

Jaffa—Jaffa, where the oranges come from. Just as Brazil is inseparably connected with nuts, and 'Brazil where the nuts come from' has become a byword, so Jaffa, in the minds of most, recalls oranges—oranges, large, oval, and juicy, without pips, or nearly so.

But Jaffa possesses other attractions besides its oranges, of greater if not of such immediate interest. Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, was the port of Jerusalem. To it, in the days of Solomon, came the cedar wood used in building the temple. From this port, now partly blocked by the ever shifting sand, embarked the prophet Jonah when he fled to Tarshish; here, St. Peter restored Dorcas to life, saw his vision, and received

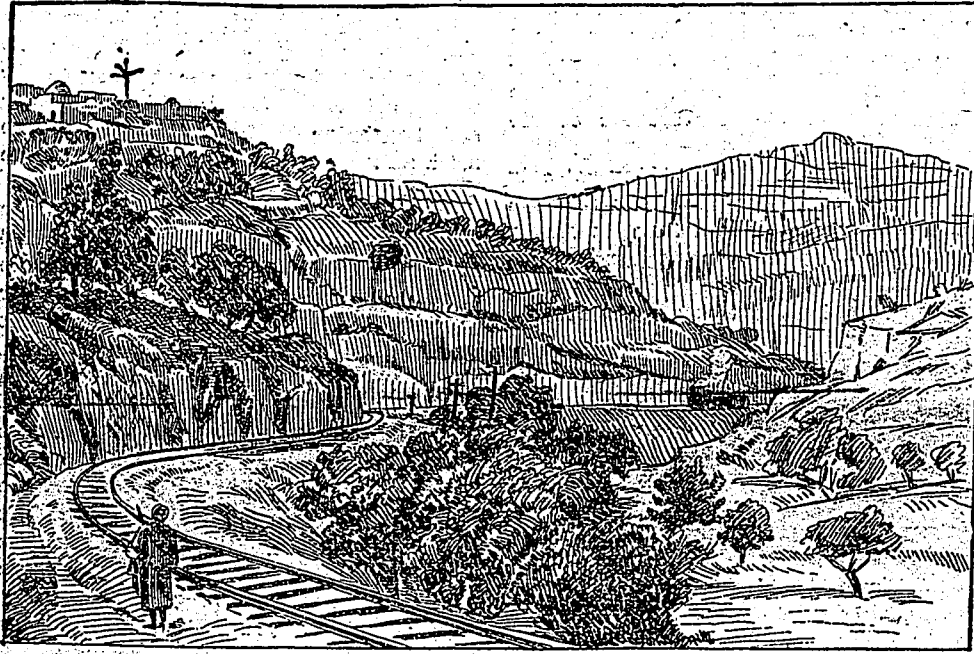
We have spent many pleasant hours talking about certain philosophical subjects in which both were interested. In this way we had learned to appreciate one another highly; his language had always been so chaste that his religious views had never so much as been hinted at, but when death entered his household, and I sought some words to comfort my sorrowing friend, it was only then that I found out the terrible condition that he was in. After the ordinary greetings, and my expressions that under such circumstances there was but one consolation in our sorrow, to my consternation, he replied, 'I find none.' Opening his heart to me, he told me how he had given all his thought and study to German philosophy. The rationalistic teachings of

'What does that mean?' he asked me. I then explained as clearly as I could the apostolic definition. Taking him step by step along as to just what faith meant, and what 'faith in Christ' signified, how 'faith in Christ' wrought the change and accomplished the work, which we struggled in vain to do. Every minute or two eager questions interrupted my line of reasoning, but they were such as come from a man in dead earnest. The Spirit did give me power to answer them satisfactorily to my questioner. After two hours' conversation, he arose and said: 'Thank God, I can accept that. There is nothing irrational about it; for you will never know what you have done for me.'

It was a most delightful sensation to notice the change that came over that man's face; the despair seemed to vanish, and the light that stole into the darkened soul flashed out through his eye and expressed itself in his voice. He confessed himself happy in his new-found hope.

'Ah!' said he, 'Egyptian darkness is noon-day compared with the darkness of agnosticism; it is icy and deadly.'

Is it not strange that so many of our gifted and intelligent men are inclined toward agnosticism? Is it not a repetition of the prophet's warning, 'According to their pasture, so were they filled?' If they feed on such pastures as the German rationalistic philosophers, they surely cannot expect any better results. It is like reading on the wind—it brings forth the whirlwind. How true it is that even in this day of great gospel light and grace the Lord can turn to many a one and say, 'Have I been so long a time with you, and yet hast thou not known me?'—Rev. Walter T. Griffin.



the messengers of Cornelius. On the road from Joppa to Jerusalem is Kirjath-Jearim, where the ark remained for twenty years in the house of Abinadab. Along this great highway of ancient trade, on which toiled the bondservants of Solomon, the remnants of the five conquered nations, bringing the cedar wood and fir trees and gold from Hiram, king of Tyre, now runs a modern railway. The traveller is quickly carried from the ancient port to the Holy City, but fortunately no effort of modern science can rob the Holy Land of the subtle charm it will ever possess, and our interest clings not to the flourishing German colony established there, or to its rising trade, but to those scenes of long ago, which seem to live again before our eyes, so real and vivid is their remembrance.—'Our Darlings.'

The Despair of Agnosticism.

A short time ago I received word that a friend whom I prized very highly had met with great domestic sorrows; his home had been invaded by death, and the pride of the father's heart (a daughter of about sixteen, gifted, beautiful and amiable) was suddenly taken away. The father and myself had been friends for a long time. I found him a rare man, highly intellectual, extremely well read, delighting in all that was elevating and ennobling, perfectly at home in art, philosophy, literature and science.

Schopenhauer and his school had gained complete ascendancy over his mind, and he doubted everything. He could find nothing better than the teachings of the old Epicurean philosophers, and stoicism was his ideal. It was painful, indeed, to find that this man, so well informed on many subjects, was ignorant of the first principles of Christianity. Although born and reared in New England in a Christian home, he was a practical heathen, 'without God and without hope in the world.' When I told him I could conceive of nothing more awful than to feel one's self simply the victim of outrageous fortune, to have no assurance of a Father's hand guiding, of a Father's sympathy, comforting in times of distress, and a Father's house awaiting one, in answer he said: 'I can conceive of nothing happier, nothing sweeter, nothing more inviting than what you hold out. But, alas, I cannot realize it.'

I asked 'Why cannot you realize it, and make it yours?'

'I cannot,' he replied.

When questioned why, he responded:

'I have not the faith.'

'What do you mean by faith?' I then asked.

To my surprise, he quoted Paul's definition, Heb. ii, 1, 'Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.'

No Room For Old Mother.

By Lu B. Cake.

'Going north, madam?'

'No, ma'am.'

'Going south, then?'

'I don't know ma'am.'

'Why, there are only two ways to go.'

'I didn't know. I was never on the cars.'

'I'm waiting for a train to go to John.'

'John? There is no town called John.'

'Where is it?'

'Oh, John is my son. He's out in Kansas on a claim.'

'I am going right to Kansas myself. You intend to visit?'

'No, ma'am.'

She said it with a sigh so heart-burdened the stranger was touched.

'John sick?'

'No.'

The evasive tone, the look of pain in the furrowed face was noticed by the stylish lady as the gray head bowed upon the toil-marked hand. She wanted to hear her story; to help her.

'Excuse me—John in trouble?'

'No no; I'm in trouble. Trouble my old heart never thought to see.'

'The train does not come for some time. Here, rest your head upon my cloak.'

'You are kind. If my own were so I shouldn't be in trouble to-night.'

'What is your trouble? Maybe I can help you.'

'It's hard to tell it to strangers, but my