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A Famous Tower.

(By L. C. Lowe.)

Three hours from Jaffa we came in sight of the majestic tower of Ramleh, rising 150 feet above the surrounding plain. It is built of white limestone, and is of Christian architecture. It is a tower that has a history, and would do honor to any city. Judging from its architecture, it must have been built during the Crusades, and very early in that wonderful movement. It must have been designed for military purposes, as it is a magnificent watch-tower, looking out over the wide plain of Sharon. It is surrounded by olive orchards, which are as old as itself, but not as handsome. They are,

of the ships of many nations. In the foreground stood Lydda—made famous by Peter's miracle and the lame man to whom such blessing came—a snug little old-world hamlet, which would look very queer to Western eyes.

We tried to imagine what would be our feeling were we hurled from this height to the ground, as were the forty martyrs during the Crusades.

Descending from this 'Tower of the Forty Martyrs,' our attention was attracted by hoarse, piteous cries and groans, to a group of lepers, clad in faded, ragged garments, eyelids gone, hands gone, some parts of the body decayed or decaying, the long matted hair hanging loose about their dis-

some other people nearer home.—'Epworth Herald.'

A Child's Rebuke.

'Do you ever pray?' asked a tiny bit of a girl of an avowed infidel one day as she had strayed into his office from an adjacent room on the same floor.

She was a pretty, bright child, and the young lawyer had been pleased with her fair face and winning ways, and had often, by means of candies and other small gifts, encouraged her to come; and at this time, although the office was crowded with clients, he had called her to his side and given her a seat upon his knee, where she had remained unusually quiet, until a pause in the conversation had given her opportunity for the question which seemed uppermost in her mind.

'Say, do you?' she persisted, as he hesitated, visibly embarrassed. Although he was now an open follower of infidel doctrine he had in his boyhood a Christian home, and somehow, he could scarcely have explained why, he was ashamed to meet the honest blue eyes of that five-year-old child, and frankly acknowledge that he did not pray.

'Do you?' he inquired at last, desperately; hoping thus to change the, to him, very obnoxious subject; for there was an unmistakable smile showing upon the faces of his visitors at his evident unwillingness to answer.

'Oh, yes, of course!' she answered promptly, not in the least disturbed by the question, 'once every night and morning, besides lots of other times. But, say, do you? You know—you did not tell me.'

'Didn't I?'—the color actually crimsoning his forehead. 'Well, I think I might say, "God bless my little child!" Do you think that would do?'

'Yes, sir,' naively, 'but I think you would much better pray for yourself.'

'I could have stood up and faced and answered the most scathing rebuke ever levelled at infidelity in public,' he said, in repeating the story afterwards to a company of friends in my hearing. 'I could have laughed in the face of the most eminent divine who dared to urge upon me the duty of prayer; but that child's question completely nonplussed me. I believe in all the defeats I ever experienced, I never felt so unspeakably little as I did that day.'—'Christian Standard.'

About Two Churches,

The following story comes from Waterloo, Ia.:—The members of the Presbyterian church decided to erect a new place of worship. Stone was scarce; in fact, there were no quarries and no rock suitable for building purposes nigh at hand. At last their attention was called to what was apparently a large boulder which stood in the middle of a plain about eight miles from the town. The huge mass of rock was like an island in the midst of a vast sea. About eight feet of it projected above ground. The work of excavating this gigantic boulder was at once begun. When exposed to view it was found to be 23 feet



A FAMOUS TOWER.

however, more useful, for they produce fruit even in their old age.

To the right of the tower are the magnificent ruins of a mosque, built in honor of Saladin, the Moslem hero of the third Crusade. He was the beau-ideal of Moslem chivalry, and is one of the most interesting characters of history to all who admire courage and magnanimity. This great Mohammedan temple must have been the glory of that people, for even in its utter ruin everything about it bespeaks its ancient wealth and grandeur. Saladin, the mighty man of valor, found his superior in Richard the Lion-Hearted, who defeated him in a great battle near the sea, and gave to the Christian forces control of the coast from Jaffa to Tyre.

We began the ascent as soon as the guard permitted. What glorious things we saw, and heard, and thought of! There to the left the dancing, dark-blue waters of the Mediterranean, dotted with the white sails

figured haggard faces. Oh, what a terrible sight of suffering! But such sights, and still more dreadful ones, were very frequent. There to the front and seemingly not far off, are the beautiful purple mountains of Judea and Samaria, the perfect and cloudless day, the glorious azure sky, the balmy atmosphere, all round and about Ramleh, stand out a glorious picture, a feast to be remembered forever.

From the top of this tower, built by Christians who gave their lives for the cause of Christ, we heard the muezzin call the faithful Moslem to prayer. Five times a day, between six a.m., and 6 p.m., he prays with his face towards Mecca, beginning every prayer with 'God is one God, the only true God, and Mohammed is his prophet.'

It seemed strange to see so many people, especially little children, who look exactly like our children, but who could not understand a word spoken by us, who know what money is, and are as eager to catch it as