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At Jericho.

'Lydia, I was disappointed. The place looked so poor, and everywhere were marks of the robber hordes who sweep down upon the place, bringing such terror and destruction. The ancient grandeur of the place has departed, and the beautiful legends the old people tell of the former Jericho sound incredible.'

'You saw our little cousins, and Aunt Eunice and Uncle John?' inquired Lydia.

'I do not see how he could enjoy his money when he knew people were suffering for it,' said Lydia.

'I do not know. But one day, Lydia, a strange thing happened. We had been there a week. I can never forget that day,—it was the most wonderful day of my life.'

'Father and I were in our room at the inn. It was very warm, and the sun's rays, reflected on the bare rocks, beyond the city, intensified the heat. Everybody was indoors.

ed a young woman near by. "Why, there is Cousin John from Cana," said a young man eagerly. While the people exclaimed, the old man behind us said aloud, "Yes, it is Jesus." The people took up the words, and they spread rapidly among the throng.'

'Was it really Jesus the Nazarene?' questioned Lydia. 'What did he look like, Elizabeth? I have heard much of him.'

Elizabeth looked away to the dim outline of the distant mountains, and Lydia saw the tears fill her eyes as she answered, 'I can't describe him, Lydia. He was so humble and strong and noble; no human being could ever make you see what he was like. He looked at me once, and smiled. His face was so gentle, and his eyes so tender and loving. I wanted to go to him. I would have followed him anywhere; all the children wanted to go to him.'

'His look was not like that of any other person. He did not give you just a passing glance, but his eyes rested on your face an instant in such a beautiful way, you felt that he had left a part of his presence with you, and that you would always be kind and loving. I believe he looked at every one in that vast multitude. The people were silent. The faces of the men were more gentle, and many women were weeping.'

'As he passed us, father turned and followed with the rest. Jesus had not gone far when he stopped and beckoned to some one above us. We all looked up, and there in a tree by the road sat Zacchaeus. Because he was so small he was afraid he would not be able to see Jesus, so he had run on before and climbed this tree. And Jesus told him to hasten down, for he was going to abide with him that day. Zacchaeus hurried down and received him with great joy.'

'But the people were disappointed, and began to speak to each other: "This is not the Christ." "This is the friend of publicans and sinners." "He is the oppressor's friend, he cares not for the poor." It made me very angry to hear them talk so against him, but I did feel sorry to see him associate with the wicked Zacchaeus.'

'Some followed Jesus to the house, openly protesting, and they heard Zacchaeus tell him that he would give half of his goods to the poor, and if he had wronged any man he would repay him fourfold. Of course the people only scorned him the more for trying to deceive Jesus with promises of good deeds.'

'But he did all he promised. He gave back to Uncle John all his property, and fourfold additional. They are so happy. All whom he had oppressed received the same treatment. The people now know he is sincere, and the once hated Zacchaeus is loved and respected,—but as far as wealth is concerned he has no more than the rest.'

'How much he must love Jesus?' exclaimed Lydia wistfully.

'You would love him too, Lydia, if you could only see him.'

'I think I do now,' she murmured.

Elizabeth looked into the sweet hazel eyes with loving sympathy, then they both silently turned their faces toward the far-off city where so soon the Christ was to suffer for the sins of the world.—S. S. Times.'



'AND ZACCHAEUS RAN BEFORE, AND CLIMBED UP INTO A SYCAMORE-TREE TO SEE JESUS, FOR HE WAS TO PASS THAT WAY.'—LUKE xix., 4.

'Yes, we saw them, but they had been passing through very trying circumstances.'

'Surely nothing has happened to them!'

'Well,' explained Elizabeth, 'a great calamity had befallen them. You remember Uncle John's writing of his having to sell first one piece of land, and then another, in order to satisfy the chief of the publicans who lives there? Well, when we went to Jericho they were living with Uncle John's brother. Everybody despised the wicked Zacchaeus, but he did not seem to care so long as he kept getting more money.'

'Presently we heard a shout of many voices, and away up the road, coming straight for the entrance of the city, was a great multitude of people, all on foot. Nearer and nearer they came. There seemed to be one man robed in white whom all the people gathered around, as we stood in the street, and an old man close behind us murmured with solemn reverence, "It is the Messiah."

'The multitude surged towards us, and some of the Jericho people recognized friends and relatives from other parts of the country. "There is my brother from Galilee," exclaimed