

## A Narrow Escape.

From the story of the life of Daniel Landsmann, the eminent missionary and scholar, by Pastor P. H. C. Steup, we gather the following incident: He was born in Jerusalem about 1845, and baptised as a Christian, August 26, 1863. He was sorely persecuted, even by his own relations in Jerusalem, who often threatened him with death, but he experienced some miraculous deliverances. As an instance of their intense hatred, he relates that in the year 1864 he was invited to lunch with his aunt, who seemed to be more favorably disposed toward him. He refused the invitation at first, expressing his fear of an attack from his relatives. His aunt assured him, however, that there was no danger of this. He went to the house on the second day of the Purim feast. He received a hearty welcome from his uncle and aunt, and they treated him to coffee and cakes. He took a bite of cake, and while on the point of taking a sip of coffee a terrible suspicion made him turn pale. He tried to overcome his suspicion, and, in order to rid himself of it altogether, he took his little baby cousin on his lap, and began to play with him. Straightway the thought came to him to offer the little one some of the cake and coffee. 'Come, Josie,' he said, 'even if you have breakfasted already, you can have some of my cake;' and with this he put the cup to the little one's lips.

The child's parents rushed excitedly around the table and knocked the cup from his hands on the floor. They stood before their intended victim deathly pale, not able to utter a word. Landsmann told them that it was in his power to have them punished by the authorities for their murderous intention of poisoning him, but that he had learned from his Master, the Messiah, to pray even for such enemies, and that he would continue to love them, despite their cowardly hatred.

At another time, on the day of the dedication of the Institute for Proselytes, after the festive exercises, while out promenading with three friends, he was attacked by a party of Jews. His companions fled, and he was carried to a graveyard and shamefully maltreated. The Jews cursed him repeatedly.

'Curse Jesus, and we will let you go,' they said.

'Jesus is my Lord and Saviour,' he replied; 'I cannot curse him.'

Upon this they threw him into a deep ditch, and threatened to bury him alive if he would not curse Jesus. The Lord, however, gave Landsmann the courage and strength to remain true to the Redeemer, and while his frantic persecutors were heaping the earth upon his feet he testified in a loud voice of his faith in Christ. Meanwhile his friends had gone for the police, who arrived on the spot of the outrage in time to save his life.—*Christian Herald.*

## 'Holy' And 'Wholly.'

While there is danger of forgetting the ordinary and accepted use of a word in hunting up its origin, such an examination is often profitable and always interesting.

A young girl was trying to learn the Ten Commandments. Her mother told her to shut the Bible and write them from memory. She brought the result of her effort for inspection, and lo! she had written the Fourth Commandment, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it wholly.'

The mother said, 'Why, don't you know how to spell better than that? The word is not "wholly," but "holy."'

The good grandmother, who was sitting by, looked up with one of her peculiar smiles and remarked:

'Maybe that child hasn't really made a mistake, after all. At least her idea of holy is preferable to that of a good many of our church members. They think that they keep the Sabbath if they go to church in the morning, and then feast, or lounge about, or visit, or go riding, or read the secular papers the rest of the day. They don't understand that when God said "keep it holy," he meant the whole of it.'

When I went home I examined my Webster's Unabridged, and learned that the two words 'holy' and 'wholly' came from the same Anglo-Saxon root, which is 'hol,' the whole. The radical idea of holiness is completeness, wholesomeness. A man is whole, physically, when he is in perfect health, obeying all the natural laws under which he lives. And a man is whole, or holy, spiritually, when he is conformed in his character and life to the higher law—the law which God has revealed for the soul.

## The Finger of God.

(By C. W. King, in S.S. 'Times'.)

During a season of revival a friend was praying one evening for a certain unconverted neighbor. After this manner he prayed: 'O Lord, touch that man with thy finger; touch him with thy finger, Lord!' The petition was repeated with great earnestness, when something said to him, 'Thou art the finger of God! Hast thou ever touched this thy neighbor? hast thou ever spoken a single word to him on the question of salvation? Go thou, and touch that man, and thy prayer shall be answered.' It was a voice from the throne. God's servant arose from his knees self-condemned. He had known the man as an impenitent for a quarter of a century, yet had uttered not a word of warning. Hundreds of opportunities had come and gone, but the supreme question of life had been set aside for such topics as 'the weather,' 'the latest news,' 'politics,' 'trade,' etc. His first duty as a Christian had been left undone.

We men and women in the service of Jesus Christ are often in prayer for those around us,—in homes, in our congregation, in our Sunday-school. Does that still, small voice never come to us as we pray, saying, in effect, 'Thou art the finger of God. Go thou, and touch that one?' In our daily intercourse with men, how many opportunities for a personal word about a personal Saviour do we let slip? How many times do we teachers meet with our Sunday-school classes with not a word for the boys or girls about an immediate and full surrender of the heart to him who died for them? The lesson has been carefully prepared, the illustrations are helpful, the scholars are interested and attentive; but there is no direct appeal to them on this most vital of all questions. And this goes on, week after week, month after month. Grand opportunity is lost. The boys and girls do not come to Jesus; the brightest and best years of their lives are lost; and in the end they themselves, some of them at least, are lost. Need we be surprised at this if we, the fingers of God, have failed to touch their tender hearts on this matter of personal faith in Christ?

It is hard work, this personal dealing. The boys don't care very much for it; the girls turn shyly away. You are led to feel that it might estrange some of them from you, and therefore you avoid the personal and the direct. But, on the other hand, there is a worse thing to be feared. If you habitually shun the matter of personal religion, the scholars will soon doubt your sincerity and real interest in their salvation. A spirit of indifference will take hold of them, and, before long, you may find them among those

'too old to be in the Sunday-school.' For many a boy it is a question of now or never. Never will they have more time to think over this vital question. Never will their hearts be more responsive to your appeals. The child is nearest the kingdom—only a step. Later in life it may be a long and sorrowful journey. This is our opportunity. Let us see to it.

## Service.

Sophia had been praying for twelve years to become a foreign missionary. One day she had so prayed, and the heavenly Father seemed to say:

'Sophia, stop! Where were you born?'

'In Germany, Father.'

'Where are you now?'

'In America, Father.'

'Well, are you not a foreign missionary already?'

Then Father said: 'Who lives on the floor above you?'

'A family of Swedes.'

'And who above them?'

'Why, some Switzers.'

'Who in the rear?'

'Italians.'

'And a block away?'

'Some Chinese.'

'And you have never said a word to these people about my Son! Do you think I will send you thousands of miles to the foreigner and heathen when you never care enough about those at your own door to speak with them about their souls?'

Not a few need the lesson Sophia learned. 'Beginning at Jerusalem.' As a salt of the earth, sweeten the bit of it next to you; as the light of the world, conquer the darkness nearest you.

'There,' said a neighbor, pointing to a village carpenter, 'there is a man who has done more good, I really believe, in this community than any other person who ever lived in it. He cannot talk very much in public, and he does not try. He is not worth two thousand dollars, and it is very little he can put down on subscription papers. But a new family never moves into the village that he does not find it out and give them a neighborly welcome and offer them some service. He is on the lookout to give strangers a seat in his pew at church. He is always ready to watch with a sick neighbor and to look after his affairs for him. He finds time for a pleasant word to every child he meets, and you will always see the children climbing into his waggon when he has no other load. He has a genius for helping folks, and it does me good to meet him on the street.'

The great need just now is the genius for helping. On the one side is a world in need, on the other side Christ's compassion and power; the key to the situation is in one word, Surrender—surrender of self to be ministered to, surrender of substance to Christ, surrender of self for service.—Rev. O. P. Gifford, D.D., in 'Watchman.'

## If I Knew.

If I knew the box where the smiles are kept,  
No matter how large the key  
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard—  
'Twould open, I know, for me.  
Then over the land and the sea, broadcast,  
I'd scatter the smiles to play,  
That the children's faces might hold them fast  
For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough  
To hold all the frowns I meet,  
I would like to gather them, every one  
From nursery, school and street;  
Then, folding and holding, I'd pack them in,  
And, turning the monster key,  
I'd hire a giant to drop the box  
To the depths of the deep, deep sea.  
—Anon.