

cedar crashed, the golden pinnacles of the dome were like spikes of crimson flame. Through the lurid atmosphere all was carnage and manslaughter—the echoes of shrieks and yells ran back from the Hill of Zion and the Mount of Olives. Among the smoking ruins, and over the piles of the dead, Titus planted the standard of Rome.

Thus were fulfilled the last avenging prophecies—thus perished Jerusalem. In that dreadful day men were still living who might have heard the warning voice of Him they crucified, “Verily, I say unto you, all these things shall come upon this generation. * * O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee. Behold your house is left unto thee desolate!” And thus were the Hebrew people scattered over the face of the earth, still retaining to this hour their mysterious identity—still a living proof of the truth of those prophets they had scorned or slain—still vainly awaiting that Messiah, whose Divine mission was fulfilled eighteen centuries ago, upon the Mount of Calvary.

THE BABE OF HEAVEN.

“Does you love God?”

The question came from a sweet pair of lips. Opposite sat a young gentleman of a striking exterior. The man and the child were travelling in a stage-coach. The latter sat on her mother’s knee. Her little face, beautiful beyond description, looking out from a frame of delicate lace-work. For four hours the coach had been toiling on over an unequal road, and the child had been very winning in her little ways, lisping songs, lifting her bright blue eyes often to her mother’s face, then falling back in a little old fashioned, contented way, in her mother’s arms, saying by the mute action, “I am happy here.”

For more than an hour the dear babe, scarcely yet entering the rosy threshold of her fifth year, had been answering the smiles of the young man who had been pleased with her beauty. He had nodded his head to her little tunes; he had offered her his pearl-handled penknife to play with, and at last his heart went over to her at every glance of a holy love, and a trusting faith made his pulses leap with a purer joy, and as the coach rattled on, he began to wish the end of the journey were not so very near.

The child had been sitting for the last fifteen minutes regarding the young man with a glance that seemed almost solemn, neither smiling at his caresses, nor smiling in the dear face that bent above her. A thoughtfulness seemed to spread over the young brow that had never yet been shadowed by care, and as the coach stopped at the inn door, and the passengers moved uneasily preparatory to leaving, she bent towards the young man, and lisped in her childish voice these words,—

“Does you love God?”

He did not understand, at first, in the confusion, and bent over, nearer—and the voice asked again, clearly, almost eagerly, “Does you love God?” The thoughtful, inquiring eyes meantime beaming into his own.

The young man drew back hastily, blushing up to the very roots of his hair. He looked in a sort of confused, abrupt way, at the child, who, frightened at his manner, had hidden her face in her mother’s bosom—turned to the coach door—gave another look back, as if he longed to see her face, and then he left the coach.

He hurried to his hotel, but the little voice went with him. There seemed an echo in his heart constantly repeating the question of the child—“Does you love God?”

Several gay young men met him at his hotel. They appeared to have been waiting for him, and welcomed him with mirth that was almost boisterous. They had prepared an elegant supper and after he had been to his room, escorted him to the table. The full gleam of the gas fell upon the glittering furniture; red wines threw shadows of a lustrous crimson hue athwart the snowy linen—there were mirth, wit, faces light with pleasure, everything to charm the eye and please the palate, but the young man was conscious of a void never experienced before. His heart ached to see the child again, and ever and anon he seemed to hear her words,—

‘Does you love God?’

It came to him when he held the red wine to his lips—it was heard amid the clatter of the billiard balls, the shout of merry laughter that filled the wide room, everywhere. Whichever way he turned he saw the earnest glance of that blue-eyed child, heard the low voice singing, the low voice laughing, the low voice asking thrillingly:

‘Does you love God?’

It followed him to his bedside. He had tried to drown it in wine, in song, in careless levity; he strove to sleep it away, but heard it in his dreams.

The next night he met a fashionable friend. He was to take her to some place o