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The Ghosts of Ruined Babylon.

(A sceptic convinced by the fulfilment of a Bible prediction.)

Dr. Cyrus Hamlin tells the following story:—While he was in Constantinople soon after the Crimean War a colonel in the Turkish Army called to see him, and said:

'I want to ask you one question. What proof can you give me that the Bible is what you claim it to be—the Word of God?'

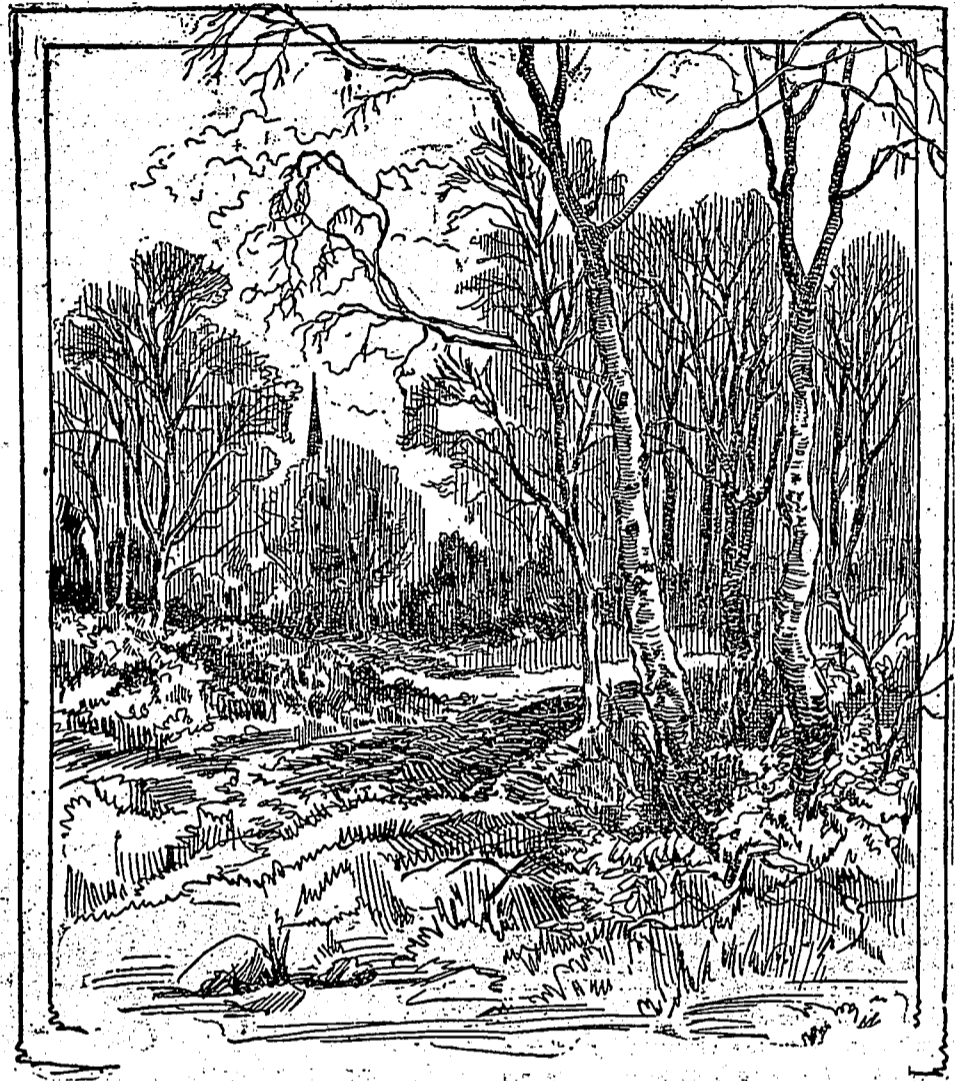
Dr. Hamlin evaded the question, and drew him into conversation, during which he learned that his visitor had travelled a great deal, especially in the East.

'Were you ever in Babylon?' asked the doctor.

'Yes; and that reminds me of a curious experience I had there. I am very fond of sport, and, having heard that the ruins of Babylon abound in game, I determined to go there for a week's shooting. Knowing that it was not considered safe for a man to be there except in the company of several others—and money being no object to me—I engaged a sheikh with his followers to accompany me for a large sum. We reached Babylon and pitched our tents. A little before sundown I took my gun, and strolled out to have a look around.

'I caught sight of one, or two animals in the distance, and then turned my steps toward our encampment, intending to begin my sport as soon as the sun had set. What was my surprise to find the men striking the tents! I went to the sheikh and protested most strongly. I had engaged him for a week, was paying him handsomely, and here he was starting off before our contract had scarcely begun. Nothing I could say, however, would induce him to remain. "It isn't safe," he said. "No mortal flesh dare stay here after sunset. In the dark ghosts, goblins, ghouls, and all sorts of things come out of the holes and caverns, and whoever is found here is taken off by them and becomes one of themselves." Finding that I could not persuade him, I said: "Well, as it is I'm paying you more than I ought to, but if you'll stay I'll double it." "No," he said, "I couldn't stay for all the money in the world. No Arab has ever seen the sun go down on Babylon. But I want to do what is right by you. We'll go off to a place about an hour distant and come back at daybreak." And go they did, and my sport had to be given up.'

As soon as he had finished (said Dr. Hamlin) I took my Bible and read from it the thirteenth chapter of Isaiah: 'And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation: neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their fold there. But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there. And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleas-



FLOOD TIDE

(By Susan Coolidge.)

All winter long it ebb'd and ebb'd, and left
the cold earth bare.
No pulse of growth the bare boughs stirred,
no hope the frozen air.
No twitters cheered the snow-heaped nests,
no songs the vine and trees,
As outward, outward swept the tide, and
left the world to freeze.

Then came a subtle change, a time when,
for a moment's space,
Life seemed to stay its flying feet, and
cease its outward race,
And, poised as waves poised, turn its face
toward the deserted shore,
And, with a pitying rush, come back to visit
it once more.

We saw the freshening forces rise in every
yellowing stem,
In budding oak, and tasseled larch, and
scarlet maple gem.
Inch after inch, wave following wave, it
rose on every side,
And now the tide is at its flood, the blessed
summer-tide.

For every ebb there comes a flow; brave
hearts can smile at both.
The waters come, the waters go; we watch
them nothing loth.
Lo, by a Hand invisible, their bright waves
seem to sing,
'The Lord who rules the winter is the Lord
that sends the Spring!'

ant palaces: and her time is near to come, and her days shall not be prolonged.'

'That's it exactly,' said the Turk, when I had finished, 'but that's history you've been reading.'

'No,' answered Dr. Hamlin, 'it's prophecy. Come, you're an educated man. You know that the Old Testament was translated into Greek about three hundred years before Christ.'

He acknowledged that it was.

'And the Hebrew was given at least two hundred years before that?'

'Yes.'

'Well, wasn't that written when Babylon was in its glory, and isn't it prophecy?'

'I'm not prepared to give you an answer now,' he replied. 'I must have time to think it over.'

'Very well,' Dr. Hamlin said. 'Do so, and come back when you are ready and give me your answer.'

From that day to this he had never seen him; but what an unexpected testimony to the truth of the Bible in regard to the fulfilment of prophecy did that Turkish officer give!—Sunday Companion.

Be mindful of God in the small things of life and you will not forget him in the great ones.—Ram's Horn.