

Jews! A score of Russian Czars cannot do it. Every people on earth has tried it and failed. They have outlived the Tudors and the Plantagenets, the Romanoffs, the tyranny of Spain, the dynasties of France, Charlemagne, Constantine, the Cæsars, the Babylonian kings and the Egyptian Pharaohs. It was God's own race for four thousand years, and the awful persecution it has survived for two thousand more stamps it as a race still bearing some mysterious relation to the plans of the Eternal. The beauty and fidelity of Jewish women command my homage, and among wealthy and educated Jews the exquisite refinement of Jewesses, their culture and high breeding, blended with a sort of Oriental grace and dignity, put them among the

MOST CHARMING WOMEN IN THE WORLD.

But the Jew is tricky! Is he? Were you ever taken in by a Methodist class leader on a real estate trade? Did you ever get into close quarters with a Presbyterian speculator? Did you ever buy mining stock on the representations of an Episcopalian broker? Did you ever take a man's word any quicker because he was a Baptist or a Roman Catholic? Did you never see a stone weighing twenty pounds concealed in a bale of cotton grown by a Southerner? Did you never find lard in the butter sold by a New England Puritan?

The belief that the Jew is more dishonest than the Gentile is one-half nonsense and the other half prejudice and falsehood. The anti-Jewish feeling which now seems to be rising again is un-Christian, inhuman and un-American. No man can share it who believes in the universal fatherhood of God and the universal brotherhood of man. It is born of the devil and is detestable.—*George R. Wendling in N. Y. Herald.*

"ETERNITY, O, HOW LONG!"

In Germany is a certain cemetery; at its entrance stands prominently two monuments; on one is emblazoned these words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and on the other, "*Eternity, O, how long!*"

A young man of vicious, wicked character, sought the company of a Christian young woman. She would not favor his suit, and to spite her, he stole the silver plate of the house, and hid it in her trunk. She was tried for the theft, and sentenced to death, according to the law of that age. When led to the scaffold and told to lay her neck upon the block, her hour had come; obeying the axe-man, with her countenance glowing with upper-world glory, she shouted, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The axe gleamed in the sunlight, her head fell from the gory block, and angels bore her to join the blood-washed martyr throng—"Washed in the blood of the Lamb." The beginning of sin is as the letting out of water, and this man's sin soon found him out, and he was brought to answer for his multiplied crimes, to the same place. He confessed his sin, and the innocence of the young woman, and when told his hour had come; "Lay your head upon the block"—with agony writhing, anguish torturing his guilty soul, he cried out, "*Eternity, O, how long!*"—*W. T. Ellis.*

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

A weather-beaten sailor, on making his homeward passage, as he doubled a stormy cape, encountered a dreadful tempest. The mother had heard of his arrival outside the cape; she was awaiting, with the anxiety a mother alone can know, to see her son. But now the storm had arisen, and when the ship was in the most dangerous place. Fearing that each blast, as it swept the raging deep, might howl the dirge of her son, with faith strong in God she began praying for his safety. At this moment news came that the vessel was lost. The father, an unconverted man, had till this time preserved a sullen silence but now he wept aloud. The mother observed, "It is in the hands of Him who does all things well;" and again the subdued and softened spirit bowed, commending her son and her husband, in an audible voice, broken only by the bursting of a full heart, to God.

Darkness had now come on, and they retired, but not to rest, and anxiously