

kindred she resolves to cast in her lot with the Israel Jehovah leads.

One is reminded of Christ's words to a people that were rejecting Him, and finally erected the cross on Calvary through the instrumentality of the Roman procurator—Luke iv. 23-30; of that other episode also, and only related by Luke, the companion of the Gentiles' great apostle—xvii. 11-19; and Samaria's fallen daughter, who, too, found grace in the Saviour's sight, falls by association in parallel line with the others—John iv. 4, etc.

How strangely true! Children of the kingdom cast out, outcasts from far gathered home; Rahab of Jericho faithful, the delivered slave race thankless and craven, "their carcasses" studding the entire way from bondage to the promised land.

Is life a voyage? Ever must there be a watch on deck; where lighthouses are thickest, the eye must never sleep. A battle? The sentinel must ever pace his round and guard his post; the sin that easily besets is always ready, the roaring lion walking about. The man overboard, struggling; the vessel stranded, over which the billows roll; the life-boat riding through the surf; the fortress or camp under attack, are circumstances which keep alert; the pressure is on, on; we must awake or die. When waters are calm, sea open, foe apparently at rest, the long watching without danger begets sameness, and sameness carelessness, neglect. There are beauties near home we care not to see, and travel weary miles to feast our eyes on scenes not near as lively. Yet facts are stern: a danger neglected is not a danger averted; a beauty uncared for is not shorn of its beauty thereby. A curse remains a curse—a blessing, a blessing. The guidance of Moses, the deliverances of Jehovah, Sinai's thunders, Elin's palm trees did not save; "they entered not in because of unbelief." But in Jericho a harlot, to whom some faint rumours of deliverance came, believed, cast her lot with the faithful in Israel, and dwelt among them, one of the people. Even the Pharisee, knowing her place in David's royal line, might have therein read how in every nation he that fears God and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him.

Her history has some practical inquiries regarding ourselves. Let them be put and answered.

We have privileges, light, liberty: what is

right we know, and even where our social surroundings have their tone from the unbelieving world, Christianity utters its protest and demands duty. Are we walking by our light, approving our own conscience as it speaks? or, resting in the mercies inherited, are we neglectful of the blessing and responsibilities they bring?

"Too cheaply truths, once purchased dear,
Are made our own."

With self-satisfaction we

"Stir the martyr fires
Of long ago.
And wrap our satisfied desires
In the singed mantles that our sires
Have dropped below."

But even now the trumpet calls—

"Profession's quiet sleep be o'er,
And in the scale of truth once more
Must faith be weighed."

Let us heed that call, and be watchful every one.

Rahab had certainly few privileges; there are none of us would be willing to be esteemed as she when her record of simple shame reads "an harlot." Nevertheless, *faith* changed that harlot into one whose name has been deemed worthy of a place in line with Abraham, Moses, David—aye, and to be named in the ancestral line of the Messiah who has come. Will any pretend to say his or her position is more hopeless than hers? Would any be willing to be esteemed socially, morally as low as she? Yet was she saved. Why not you? Christ's words for such have a solemn sound: "The men of Nineveh shall rise in judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it: because they repented at the preaching of Jonas; and, behold, a greater than Jonas is here. The queen of the south shall rise up in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it: for she came from the uttermost parts of the earth, to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and, behold, a greater than Solomon is here." Nor was her course simply one of self-seeking; her family and kin were her instant care:

"Have we been faithful as we knew,
To God and to our brethren true,
To heaven and earth?"

Her work was simple—to draw the scarlet thread across the window as a sign. There would appear no reasonable doubt but that the passover sign upon the door posts and lintels suggested the "scarlet" thread, and