

THE CITIES OF REFUGE

Joshua, chapter 20



One more hill! If he can only make it! If his breath will only last!

Gasping and panting the man struggled on. He could hear his pursuers shouting behind him, and knew that they were gaining. But he would not give in. He would not. He would make it yet.

Over the rocks. His head was bent almost to his knees, but he was almost there—ten more strides.

One—two—three—four—five—six! Four more now! And his breath was going! Seven—eight—nine—and he threw himself inside the gates! He was safe in the city of refuge. No one could touch him.

That was one of the rules God gave the children of Israel. Six of their cities in the Promised Land should be set aside and called cities of refuge, cities of help. If a man did wrong, but did not mean to, he could run to one of those cities, and there he would be safe. Once inside, his pursuers could not harm a hair of his head, until it had been proved that he had done something wicked.

God made this plan because he loved his

