

that vigorous inner life which is the only spring of activity and usefulness in such a work as mine.

*The Jews ready for hire to become Christians.*—I have no time by this post to detail my conversation with Jews. I am gradually extending that friendly acquaintance with them without which religious conversation is naturally felt to be abrupt or intrusive. I stood the other day in one of the crowded bazaars, and looked at the British manufactures piled up in a stall kept by Jews. "Is it not strange," I asked, "that our country makes clothes for all the world?" Then, as they replied with interest, I told them how God has given us coal and iron for our machinery, and the sea around us for our ships, and intelligence and energy: but that all these would not have made us a great nation without the Holy Book—the law and the gospel, which had made men's minds free, and our government just. It is true, I said, that few walk according to the gospel, but all enjoy its temporal blessings. "You," replied the Jews, of whom a crowd had now gathered round me,—“you receive the gospel, we the law only.—You say Messiah has come, we still expect him.” Then I tried to tell them the glad tidings of forgiveness and eternal life through the crucified One, and assured them that the day is coming when all Israel shall believe in him; that then they shall not do iniquity nor speak lies; when they shall be true Christians, not like the Nazarenes of Aleppo, but really love him and serve him. “Ah, we know now,” they exclaimed, “yours is the English (Protestant) religion. You do not lie or cheat.” As I moved away, after a full declaration of my message, they asked, “Was it only to tell us *this* that you came here?” Then five or six followed me, and when we had reached a quiet street, they gravely said, “We are all brokers. Every day each of us tells a hundred lies. We cannot do our business without them. I give my hand and solemnly assure a man that a garment is worth fifty-five piastres when its true price is only fifty. Now we are willing to be Christians, and we will tell no more lies. Only you must promise us that we shall not starve.” I cannot buy men: and if I did, would it not be a great sin to change your religion for money? “That is not

what we mean. We do not ask to have as much as we earn now, but only bread. This man,” said one, pointing to another, “has five souls on his neck (dependant on him)—must he see them starve?” “I can give you a better promise than wine, that of the faithful God. If I give you a bill of exchange on London, would you not believe it and give me the money? Now God has said by his Son, ‘If any man leave houses or lands, etc., for my sake, he shall receive a *hundred fold*.’ Will you not believe him? Did your father Abraham know where he was to get his bread when he left his country and his father’s house?”

Such is my daily work. A young Greek Catholic has joined my little congregation, with some appearance of earnestness.

*House Accommodation.*—Winter had begun to find us living very much in the open air, when the landlord of the Kittab house, an Italian, dishonourably broke our agreement. We were in great distress. Man’s extremity is God’s opportunity. A house belonging to the British Vice-Consul had been vacant for some weeks. I had admired its size, airiness and healthy position; but when told that the rent was 5500 piastres (above £40), I could not think of it. In my distress, I went last Friday night to consult the Vice-Consul about the conduct of the Italian. He offered me his own house. To my surprise and delight, he agreed to take 10,500 piastres (about £78), for three years (paid in advance). We occupied the house in less than twenty-four hours. Thus, after nearly a year of change, uncertainty, and unsettledness, very detrimental to my work, after many a precious half-day stolen from nobler work to look at some utterly unsuitable place, which had been described with truly Oriental panegyric, we suddenly find that God has cared for us, and given us a delightful, cheerful, healthy, and commodious dwelling. But I could not be content with it if it were not also very convenient for my Jewish work, though a little distant from the Christian suburb. It contains a fine room capable of receiving a congregation of two hundred.