

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF JESUS.

Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Shed on Calvary;
Shed for rebels, shed for sinners,
Shed for me.

Precious blood, that hath redeemed us,
All the price is paid;
Perfect pardon now is offered,
Peace is made.

Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Let it make the whole;
Let it flow in mighty cleansing
O'er thy soul.

Though thy sins are red like crimson,
Deep in scarlet blood,
Jesus' precious blood can make them
White as snow.

Now the holiest with boldness
We may enter in,
For the open fountain cleanseth
From all sin.

Precious blood' by this we conquer
In the fiercest fight,
Sin and Satan overcoming
By its might.

Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Ever flowing free!
O believe it, O receive it,
'Tis for thee!

Precious blood, whose full atonement
Makes us nigh to God!
Precious blood, our song of glory,
Praise and laud.

Let us kneel, Hallelujah!

PALESTINE THE PEOPLE.

Having said something of the land, I now proceed to speak of its inhabitants. No land, perhaps, exhibits a greater intermixture of people than Palestine. Jerusalem may be called the capital of monotheism. Jews, Mahomedans and Christians meet here as on common ground. The Jews regard their ancient capital with peculiar reverence; the Mahomedans look on it as one of their holy places, and value it as a prize which is theirs after having been a bone of contention for centuries; and Christians of every sect feel the most tender interest in the places sanctified by the footsteps of our Lord. Here we see the flag-ends of the decaying Christian sects of the East, Latin, Greek, Abyssinian, Coptic, and Syrian pilgrims, and the Protestant tourists. Scholars, fanatics and men who love their Bibles meet here as in a common centre. As you walk through the streets of Jerusalem, you see the Russian, with his long, unkempt locks surmounted by an Astrachan fur cap or tall felt hat without a rim; the Syrian, with his head enveloped in a gray silk handkerchief of harmonious colors; the Jew with his dirty-looking side-locks dangling on each cheek; the portly Turk, with his snowy turban or red fez; the respectable-looking European from the West; or the swarthy Arab, with his fine figure and manly bearing.

The *fellaheen*, or cultivators of the soil, in Palestine are Arabs. Most of these are Mahomedans, but some are Latins or Roman Catholics, some Greeks, and some Jacobites, &c. The Bedouins, or wild Arabs, are generally fine-looking men, tall, strong, and erect in their bearing. They are nominally Mahomedans, but know very little of the Koran. The various tribes live by raising cattle, camels, &c., and, like our Indians, by plundering each other. They are much like the Midianites of old. (The names of these chiefs remind us of our American Indians, as *Oreb*, "Crow," and *Zeeb*, "Wolf.") You see these Bedouins frequently along the roads in Palestine; they are either on camels, bringing a load of firewood, &c., for sale, or on beautiful Arab horses, and are almost always armed. Some of them look quite picturesque mounted on their fleet chargers, with a long spear in their hands, and their belt full of pistols and daggers; most of them have also a gun slung over their shoulders. As I crossed the plain of Sharon, from Nablous to

Jaffa, I saw several encampments of these people. The tents are black and dirty-looking. The men had herds of cattle, and are not loath to attack a solitary traveller nor to levy blackmail on the cultivators of the soil. I noticed in the paper, not long since, that they had a fight with the German colonists at Haifa at the foot of Mt. Carmel in which several had been killed on both sides. In point of civilization and religion, these wild Arabs are on a level with our wild Indian tribes, it is more pleasant to read of them in books than to have them as neighbors.

The Jews of Palestine are of interest historically rather than actually. I never saw a people with a more mean, hang-dog look than that of most of the Jews you meet in the streets of Jerusalem. They interpret Lev. xix. 27—"Ye shall not round the corners of your heads, neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard"—to mean that they must not cut the hair on their temples, so you will see these men with one or two long, dirty looking curls dangling down on each side of their faces. This, with their cringing looks and general untidy appearance, makes them look about as repulsive as any men I have ever seen. Some of them go about the streets selling old clothes, or keep little second-hand shops. Most of the bankers and money-changers in Jerusalem are Jews, and some of them are fine looking men. Some are also artificers.

Several experiments have been made by benevolent societies to induce the Jews to cultivate the soil, but generally without any success. They are represented as indolent, keen at a bargain and very litigious. It is not difficult to find the causes of their present degraded state. One is that many of them have come from Poland and Roumania, where they have been treated as outcasts, but the chief reason is that they have become thoroughly pauperized by being sustained by their co-religionists in Europe and America. I was told, by a good authority, that £8,000 a month (nearly half a million dollars a year) are distributed among the Jews of Jerusalem. This is enough to make any people indolent and worthless. Another gentleman told me that he *knew* well men were paid to be abled as patients, in Sir Moses Montefiore's hospital, in Jerusalem, in order that the managers might draw the money for a large number of in-patients! The Jews are of a noble stock, every capital of Europe sees them occupying positions of wealth and influence; as you go along the Ghetto, or Jew's quarter in Rome, you will see that, notwithstanding social ostracism and many disabilities, they have thriven by their industry so as to compare favorably in cleanliness and general thrift with the rest of the inhabitants of Rome. But in Palestine a vicious system has treated them as paupers and robbed them of their manliness.

The number of Jews in Palestine is increasing yearly. Outside of the Damascus and Jaffa (north and west) gates of Jerusalem, a number of new houses have been put up by Jewish building societies. I have noticed lately in the papers, a project to found a large Jewish agricultural colony in the land of Gilead, east of the Jordan. If Palestine were under a stable government, as it may be hoped it will be before long, and if the Jews would throw away the fancy that they are "the people of God," and dwell less on the past and more on the future, and go to work and try to make a future for themselves, I have no doubt that they would prosper.

It is a touching sight to see the Jews at their wailing place, at the west wall of the foundation of the temple area. Here are several large stones, remains of the Temple of Solomon. Men, women and children assemble here on Friday afternoons to bewail the fate that

has overtaken them as a people. Old men would weep, the tears coursing down their aged cheeks as they recited their prayers and kissed the ancient stones; women's voices, tremulous with emotion, would burst forth in wild cries or be quenched in suppressed sobs. It was a sad sight, and it was sadder still to think that they knew nothing of Him who said, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden" they have rejected Him who bore all their sorrows.

The Samaritans are interesting as a people probably soon to die out. Only some 170 of them now remain to offer the sacrifice so long offered on Mount Gerizim. They are gradually becoming absorbed into Mahomedanism. My muleteer, who conducted me from Jerusalem to Nablous, and thence to Jaffa, was one of these "perverts." He was a fine-looking, active man and very civil, but manly and independent, though as keen in money matters as you please. These Samaritans are the only worshippers of God who now offer a sacrifice. The Samaritan passover had just passed when I visited Nablous, and a friend gave me some of their unleavened bread and some of their dainty festal dishes. I saw the altar where the lambs were slain and the oven where they were roasted. I did not see the high priest himself, but saw his son, who wears the peculiar dress by which the priesthood is distinguished, and his hair hanging down his back in a single plait, such as girls wear now, which is another mark of Samaritan priesthood. If he lives he will succeed his father as high priest. These Samaritans have an ancient copy of the Samaritan Pentateuch in their synagogue.

(To be continued.)

THE BLESSING OF NOT GETTING.

There is one class of mercies and blessings of which we are not sufficiently ready to take note. These are the things that God keeps from us. We recount with more or less gratitude the good gifts that we receive from him, but there are many blessings that consist in our *not* receiving.

In one of Miss Havergal's bright flashes of spiritual truth, she quotes these words of Moses to the Israelites: "As for thee, the Lord thy God hath not suffered thee so to do." Then she adds: "What a stepping stone! We give thanks, often with a tearful, doubtful voice, for our spiritual mercies *positive*, but what an almost infinite field there is for mercies *negative*! We cannot even imagine that God has suffered us *not* to do, *not* to be. There is no doubt that very many of the Lord's greatest kindnesses are shown in saving us from unseen and unsuspected perils, and in keeping from us things that we desire, but which would surely work us harm instead of blessing, were we to receive them.

There was a trifling accident to a railway train one day, which caused an hour's delay. One lady on the train was greatly excited. The detention would cause her to miss the steamer, and her friends would be disappointed in the morning, when she should fail to arrive. That night the steamer on which she wished to embark was burned to the water's edge, and nearly all on board perished. A carriage drove rapidly to a station, one afternoon, just as the train rolled away. It contained a gentleman and his family. They manifested much annoyance and impatience at the disappointment. Important engagements for to-morrow could not now be met. Sharp words were spoken to the coachman, for the fault was his, as he had been ten minutes late in appearing. An angry scowl was on the gentleman's face as he drove homeward again. All the evening he was sullen and unhappy. The next morning's papers contained the account of the terrible bridge acci-

dent at Ashtabula. The train he had been so eager to take had carried its sleeping passengers to a horrible death. The feeling of bitter disappointment was instantly changed to one of praise and thanksgiving. In both these cases the goodness of God was shown in not suffering his children to do what they considered essential to their happiness and success. These are typical illustrations. In almost every life there are several deliverances at some time or other, though not always so remarkable or so apparent. There is no one who has carefully and thoughtfully observed the course of his own life, who cannot recall many instances in which providential interferences and disappointments have proved blessings in the end. We make our plans with eager hope and expectation; then God steps in and sets them aside. We submit perhaps sullenly, with rebellious heart; it seems to us a sore adversity. But in a little time we learn that the interference was to save us from some peril or loss. If God had let us have our own way, pain or sorrow would have been the inevitable result. He blessed us by not permitting us to do as we wished.

Who can tell from how many unsuspected dangers he is every day delivered? When a passenger arrives at the end of a stormy voyage, he is thankful for rescue from peril, but when the voyage is quiet, without tempest or angry billow, he does not feel the same gratitude. Yet, why is not his preservation even more remarkable in this case than in that? He has been kept, not only from danger imminent and apparent, but also from terror or anxiety. Each of our lives is one unbroken succession of such deliverances. There is not a moment when possible danger is not imminent. Yet we too often forget God's mercy in saving us from exposure to perils.

Passing into the realm of spiritual experiences, the field is equally large. God is continually blessing us by suffering us not to do certain things which we greatly desire to do. He thwarts our worldly ambitions, because to permit us to achieve them would be to suffer our souls to be lost or seriously harmed. One man desires outward prosperity; but in his every effort in that direction he is defeated. He speaks of his failures as misfortunes, and wonders why it is that other men less industrious and less conscientious succeed so much better than he. He even intimates that God's ways are not equal. But no doubt the very disappointments over which he grieves are in reality the richest blessings. God knows that the success of his plans would be fatal to the higher interests of his spiritual life. The best blessing God can bestow upon him is to suffer him not to prosper in his plan to gather riches and to attain ease. The same is true of all other human ambitions. To let men have what they want would be to open the gate to ruin and death for them.

Sometimes the ways of God do seem hard. Our fondest hopes are crushed. Our fairest joys fade like summer flowers. The desires of our hearts are withheld from us. Yet, if we are God's children, we cannot doubt that in every one of these losses or denials a blessing is hidden. Right here we get a glimpse into the mystery of many unanswered prayers. The things we seek would not work us good in the end, but evil. The things we plead to have removed are essential to our highest interests. Health is supposed to be better than sickness, but there comes a time when God's kindness will be most wisely shown by denying us health. He never takes pleasure in causing us to suffer. He is touched by our sorrows. Every grief and pain of ours he feels. Yet he loves us too well to give us things that would harm us, or to remove the trial that is needful for our spiritual good. It will be seen in the end that many of the very richest