





Class BT 301

Book C 63

Copyright N<sup>o</sup> 1881

**COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.**







BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

---

**THE LEGEND OF THOMAS DIDYMUS.**

*12mo. Cloth. \$1.75.*

---

**GO UP HIGHER;  
OR, RELIGION IN COMMON LIFE.**

*12mo. Cloth. \$1.50.*

---

**THE HOUR WHICH COMETH AND NOW IS.**

*12mo. Cloth. \$1.50.*

---

LEE AND SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston.

2285  
4357

THE LEGEND  
OF  
THOMAS DIDYMUS  
THE JEWISH SCEPTIC

BY  
JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE  
AUTHOR OF "TEN GREAT RELIGIONS," "SELF-CULTURE," ETC.

“Οὐ πρῶτον τὸ πνευματικόν, ἀλλὰ τὸ ψυχικόν· ἔπειτα τὸ πνευματικόν.”  
“That is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural, and  
afterward that which is spiritual.”—1 Cor. xv. 46

263822

BOSTON  
LEE AND SHEPARD, PUBLISHERS  
NEW YORK  
CHARLES T. DILLINGHAM  
1881

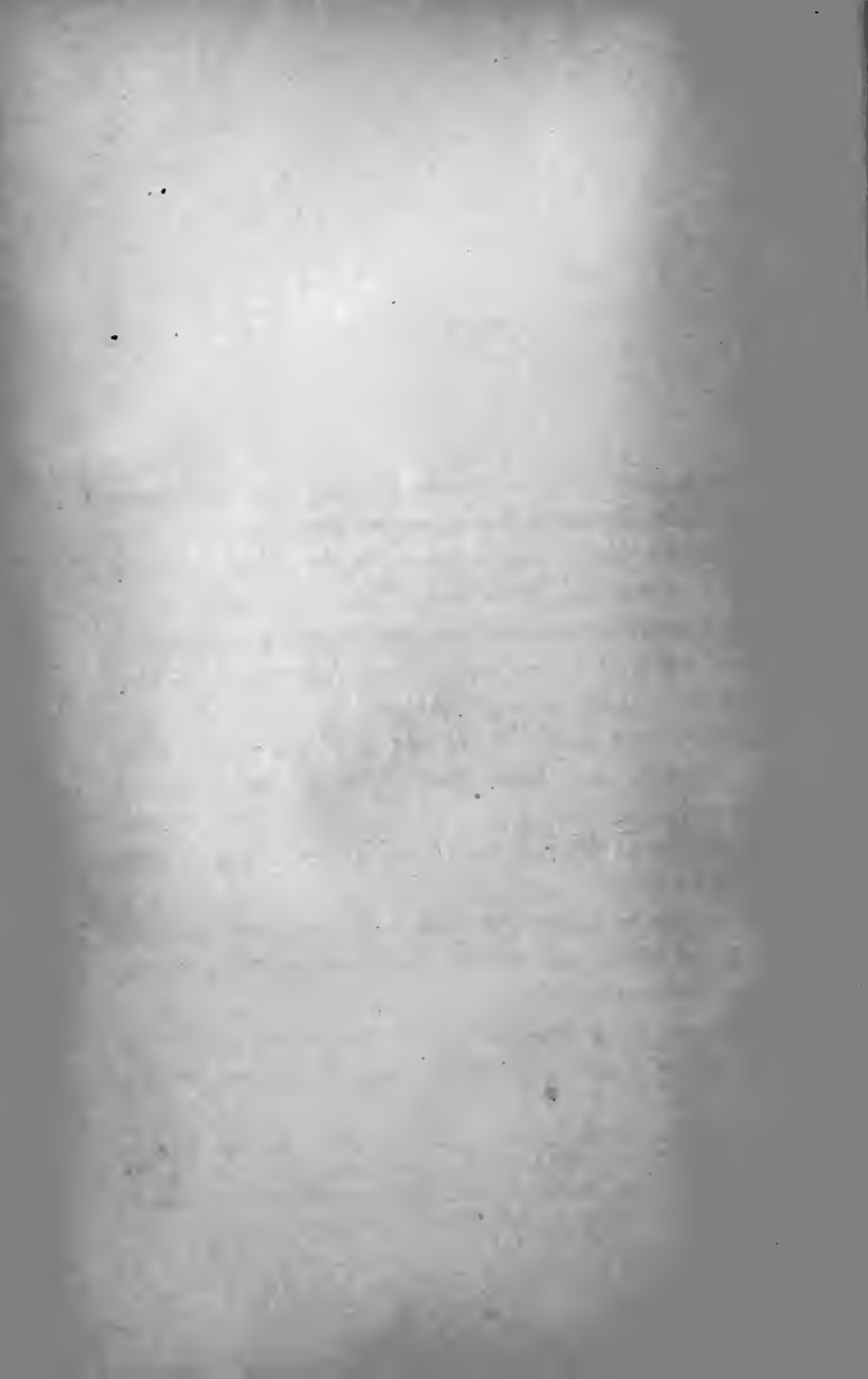
BT301  
, C63  
, 1881

COPYRIGHT, 1881,  
BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.



Ms. 9. 21733.

TO  
THE CHURCH OF THE DISCIPLES,  
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS,  
MY FELLOW-STUDENTS, DURING MANY YEARS,  
OF  
*The Life of Jesus,*  
*THIS BOOK*  
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.



## PREFACE.

---

THE purpose of this book is to reproduce the times in which Jesus appeared, the characters who surrounded him, the opinions, beliefs, and prejudices of the Jewish sects and people. After this, Jesus himself comes before us, not as we now think of him, idealized by the reverence and worship of centuries, but as he may have appeared to the people of his own day, — a prophet, one full of divine power, yet a man like themselves. I have tried to show how some were attracted, and some repelled, by his claims and his character. Especially I have endeavored to enter into his own purpose and expectation, his own view of the Messiah and his kingdom.<sup>1</sup>

This book comprises the results of many years' study of the life of Jesus, and may be considered a brief commentary on the four Gospels.

The number of those who have written on the life of Jesus within a few years shows that the interest in this

<sup>1</sup> "I am persuaded that the Bible becomes ever more beautiful, the more it is understood; that is, the more we consider that every word which we apply to ourselves has had at first a particular, peculiar, immediate reference to certain special circumstances." — GOETHE, *Aus Makariens Archiv. W. Meister.*

great story is by no means exhausted. The variety of the interpretations indicates that the full secret of the phenomenon has not been discovered. The great range of opinions, which includes such writers as Strauss, Renan, Neander, Hase, Farrar, Geikie, Furness, and the Dutch critics, may allow room for another view of Jesus, which differs somewhat from them all. Most of these writers arrange themselves in two classes. One class stands on the church tradition and creed, and, assuming Jesus to have been mysteriously and absolutely divine, tries to harmonize his human life according to this assumption. The defect of this mode of treatment is, that it allows little critical freedom, and presents a character devoid of reality. Doubtful points are avoided, or touched very carefully, from the constant restraint of what may be called this theological prepossession.

The other class, taking its stand on the simple humanity of Jesus, easily falls into the opposite, or anti-theological prepossession. Its tendency is to strip off all mystery, to explain away all that seems inexplicable, to deny at once the possibility of whatever appears supernatural. But these elements form such an integral part of the narrative, that they can only be removed by reducing the historical value of the four Gospels to its minimum. The figure of Jesus which emerges from this treatment is often as unreal as the other, and has the additional disadvantage of being rather commonplace. When we read a critical narrative of the life of Jesus treated on this plan, we end by asking how it was, if he was no more than this, that he has ruled the religious thought of the most advanced races of men during so many centuries.

The method adopted in the present work is different from either of these. I begin by taking the position of those around Jesus, who must have regarded him as a remarkable man, — inspired by God indeed, a great prophet, but yet, like all preceding prophets, purely and simply human. Whatever else Jesus was, he was certainly a man. Keeping this firmly in view, I have endeavored to see how far we are carried up by the legitimate influence of the narrative. Not seeking to accept, nor hastening to deny, what is unintelligible, I have left much, as I have found it, veiled in the obscurity of tradition. When so many things meet us in daily life which we can neither accept nor reject, but must allow to remain unexplained, how can we think it possible to understand all that meets us in the story of a being so original and remarkable that his advent has created a new heaven and a new earth? Some of the seemingly supernatural events have been here interpreted according to natural law; but there remains a large amount of this element which I leave in the story as I find it.

The clew which I have followed is that contained in the saying of the apostle, which I have taken as a motto: “Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural, and afterward that which is spiritual.” According to this plan, I have endeavored to place the reader and myself in the actual environment, looking at Jesus as he may have appeared to a liberal conservative like Nicodemus, a narrow zealot like Ben-Gamlah, a man of the world like Pilate, a Jewish Epicurean, a Jewish Stoic, a noble Roman matron like the wife of Pilate, a sceptic like Thomas, and an ardent, enthusiastic Jewish

woman like Miriam. I have also sought to give a picture of the time, the geography of the country, the customs of the synagogue and temple, the teaching of Philo, and the determined proselytism of the Pharisees. I present no list of the authorities from which my facts are derived,<sup>1</sup> but will merely say that the result of much study may be sometimes contained in the form given to a single sentence.

One advantage of putting these studies into a narrative form is, that the imagination is assisted in reproducing the times of Jesus by identifying ourselves with a single person, and following him through his experiences. Of course I cannot expect that this presentation of Jesus will satisfy all my readers. Those whose opinions are already formed in regard to the questions in dispute will naturally be often dissatisfied with my conclusions. But if those, who, like Thomas in this story, are in perplexity concerning Jesus, find him becoming more real, and brought nearer to them, by the present narrative, I shall be amply content.

Some will consider the portrait of Jesus in this work too purely human and natural, others as too supernatural. But, as I have said, I am unable to read the story without the conviction that Jesus possessed some extraordinary power over nature and life. In what it consisted, we are not called to decide. It is evident that these deeds were not

<sup>1</sup> Two exceptions I will make, — one in regard to the works on the gospel, by Dr. Furness of Philadelphia, which constitute, in my judgment, as valuable a contribution to this study as the present century has produced. The other is a book not widely known as yet, but containing some of the most original and profound investigations to be met with in any language, on the condition of the Jews and the Roman Empire at the coming of Christ. I refer to "Judaism in Rome," by my brother and friend, Professor Frederic Huidekoper of Meadville, Penn.

done to confute or confound opponents, but are a simple and natural outcome from the spirit of the Master.

If such a spiritual force was actually exercised, it would naturally cause other actions of a simpler order to be regarded as being also marvellous. Every new wonder creates immediately around it a penumbra of imaginary wonders; and I suppose some of the acts of Jesus which the disciples believed to be marvellous works, were not so. I have thus interpreted the feeding of the five thousand, the cursing of the fig-tree, the piece of money in the fish's mouth, etc. The last of these I have explained as a misunderstood proverbial expression of the fishermen of the lake. To show how easily a proverbial expression may be turned into a fact, I will add this incident. On the day when John Brown was executed in Virginia, and the whole North was filled with sadness, I heard two very ignorant men talking behind me in the railroad train. One asked the other, "What are they going to hang this Brown for?" The other answered, "I don't exactly know; but I heard tell that he set fire to a powder-magazine in Virginia." Some one had probably said in his hearing that Brown's course among the slaves was like bringing fire into a powder-magazine.

Some of the interpretations given here are, I think, new. The reason for driving out the money-changers, though it appears sufficiently obvious, I have not seen mentioned elsewhere. The simple way of reconciling John's paschal narrative with that of the synoptics, by the supposition of two suppers, and of a slight misplacement of events by the amanuensis of John, I have not found in the commentaries.

The difficulties which surround the history of the resurrection will probably be never wholly removed. In my narrative I have made much use of the results obtained by the penetrating insight of Dr. Furness. The main fact, that Jesus after his death came again to his disciples in visible form, and created a faith in immortality which transformed their whole being, seems to me undeniable. Without some such event, Christianity would have been buried forever in the Master's grave. The resurrection of Christ was the resurrection of Christianity. With all respect for those who believe that the apostles imagined they saw their Master, and that this self-illusion was the foundation on which the religion was built which converted Europe to faith in a Jewish Messiah, the supposition appears to me historically incredible. The house which is to stand must be founded on the rock of reality, not on the sand of delusion.

Since I first began this book, some years ago, several works of a somewhat similar kind have been printed. I have been obliged to deny myself the pleasure of reading these, — "Philo-Christus," for instance, — because I did not wish my own conception to be confused by the influence of a work written perhaps from a different point of view.

The reader will often find the results of modern scholarship embodied in the narrative, without reference to the sources from which they are derived, or the reasons by which they are supported. Thus, in the first chapter, the celestial phenomenon commonly spoken of as "the star in the east" is described as a conjunction of planets. This theory, first suggested by Kepler, indorsed by Dr. Ludwig Ideler, in his work on "Mathematical and Technical Chro-



nology;" accepted by such orthodox commentators as Olshausen and Alford, seems the best explanation of the narration in Matthew. In "Smith's Dictionary of the Bible" it is stated by an astronomer that such a conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn occurred three times between May and December B.C. 7. The astrologers of Persia, probably acquainted with the prophecies of Isaiah concerning a coming Jewish king, saw in these three planetary conjunctions a reason for believing his birth to be near at hand. The word translated "star" in Matthew is used in Greek for celestial meteors of various kinds.

It is sometimes urged as an argument against the authenticity of the Fourth Gospel, that it describes several visits made by Jesus to the feasts; while the synoptic Gospels give only one. But the reason for this is not far to seek. John's Gospel was partly intended to supply what had been omitted by the other evangelists. They mentioned only the *last* Passover, because only on that occasion did Jesus appear in a public character (John vii. 4, 10). He worked few wonders in Jerusalem, and those seem to have been purposely done in a way to deprive them of their miraculous aspect. These early visits were therefore omitted by the synoptics, who related events rather than conversations, but were reported by John because of the peculiar nature of the discussions. This I have tried to make clear in the course of the narrative.

In Miriam I have attempted to reproduce the character of those Jewish women who have been so conspicuous by their influence in the public life of Palestine and Rome. Such was Alexandra, who succeeded her husband Jannæus as

monarch of Judæa, a century before Christ, — a wise and energetic queen, during whose reign, says Josephus, the whole land was at rest. Such an one was that Herodias who wreaked her vengeance on John the Baptist, and whose influence on this very Herod Antipas was so great, that her ambition did the work which Miriam is represented as designing to do. She ruined him with Caligula, who deposed him, and banished him to Lyons. But in her case, too, the mixture of nobleness with wickedness appeared; for, refusing to accept the pardon of Caligula, she followed her husband into exile. Such a woman, also, was the beautiful and unhappy Mariamne, wife of Herod the Great, — the only person before whose influence his iron will gave way; and such another was Berenice, sister of King Agrippa, whose irresistible attractions at the court of Rome nearly compelled Titus to place a Jewish woman on the throne of the Roman Empire.

It is a year and a half since this work was completed. I have gone over it several times with care, but I cannot hope that some errors may not remain undetected. I trust they will not be important. The book has been prepared, not without a grave sense of responsibility, and with a sincere desire that it may help some open minds into a deeper faith in the common Master.

J. F. C.

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

Feb. 16, 1881.

# CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE.
CHAPTER I.	
THE LAKE OF GALILEE, AND THE SYNAGOGUE . . . . .	1
CHAPTER II.	
MIRIAM OF MIGDOL . . . . .	20
CHAPTER III.	
I GO TO A SCHOOL OF THE SCRIBES . . . . .	35
CHAPTER IV.	
I ENTER RELIGION, AND SEEK TO SAVE MY SOUL . . . . .	59
CHAPTER V.	
I GO TO ALEXANDREIA, AND STUDY THE HIGHER JUDAISM . . . . .	78
CHAPTER VI.	
THE FALL OF MIRIAM.—I GO TO THE MONASTERIES OF THE ES- SENES . . . . .	100
CHAPTER VII.	
I RETURN AGAIN TO MY OLD HOME . . . . .	121
CHAPTER VIII.	
I MEET JESUS OF NAZIRAH; AND I LISTEN TO HIM AS HE PROPHE- SIES, AND TEACHES THE PEOPLE . . . . .	141
CHAPTER IX.	
THE CONVERSION OF MIRIAM.—I BECOME A DISCIPLE OF JESUS, AND ONE OF THE TWELVE MISSIONARIES . . . . .	164

	PAGE.
CHAPTER X.	
THE MIGHTY SIGNS AND WONDERS . . . . .	177
CHAPTER XI.	
JESUS IN GALILEE. — HIS SUCCESS. — BEGINNING OF OPPOSITION .	194
CHAPTER XII.	
WHAT JESUS TAUGHT CONCERNING THE COMING KINGDOM . . .	204
CHAPTER XIII.	
JUDAS OF KARIOTH AND THE LETTERS OF BEN-GAMLAH . . .	234
CHAPTER XIV.	
LETTERS BETWEEN THE RABBI BEN-GAMLAH AT TIBERIAS AND THE RABBI ISHMAEL AT JERUSALEM . . . . .	247
CHAPTER XV.	
JOURNAL OF NICODEMUS, AND LETTER OF EPINETUS . . . . .	276
CHAPTER XVI.	
ON THE WAY TO JERUSALEM, LEAVING GALILEE FOR THE LAST TIME . . . . .	300
CHAPTER XVII.	
LAST JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM, NARRATIVE CONTINUED . . . . .	328
CHAPTER XVIII.	
LAST CONVERSATIONS OF JESUS WITH HIS DISCIPLES . . . . .	365
CHAPTER XIX.	
LETTER FROM BEN-TABBAI, A SADDUCEE, AT JERUSALEM, TO SUL- PICUS, AN EPICUREAN, AT ROME. — THE DREAM OF PILATE'S WIFE, WRITTEN TO SABINA POPPEA, HER SISTER, IN ROME . . .	393
CHAPTER XX.	
MIRIAM OF MIGDOL RELATES THE WONDERFUL EVENTS WHICH FOLLOWED THE CRUCIFIXION. — WHAT THOMAS ALSO SAW . . .	423

THE  
LEGEND OF THOMAS, CALLED DIDYMUS.

---

CHAPTER I.

THE LAKE OF GALILEE, AND THE SYNAGOGUE.

I, THOMAS, called the Twin, being an elder brother of the Assembly of God's children and of the Brotherhood in Jesus the Christ at Malabar, write this my memorial, for the help of those who may come after.

I was born in Syria, and belonged to the tribes called Jews. We learned, when we were children, that our God, whose name must not be uttered, was greater than all gods. He made the earth, the sun and the stars; and the gods worshipped by other nations worship our God. His home was in our sacred city, the joy of the earth, "beautiful for situation," on a mountain-top, looking down toward the east on the Sea of Death, and toward the west on the great water which divides Africa, Asia, and Europe from each other. Our country was small; but it stood in the very centre of the world. It was given to our Father Abraham by his friend Yahveh, the God of our nation, and given again to Jacob, his grandson. Here our people had lived, and they thought themselves God's own people, — the loved of Him who made heaven and earth. Here lived and reigned our great King Daweid (David), who conquered the surrounding kings, and made our tribes great and rich. Here reigned the mighty Solyma, who was so wise that he knew all things on the

earth, — trees, beasts, birds, — all things in the water, and all gems in the caves, and the virtues and powers of all. Our people had been slaves in Egypt, but were delivered by the prophet Moses; they had been slaves in Persia, but were delivered by the prophets Daniel and Nehemiah; and now they were slaves again under the Romans: but we expected the greatest prophet of all, and the last, to come, who would expel the Latin legions, and make the great and lovely city of Yahveh once more the delight of the world. For in our sacred books it was written that a righteous king should come, and subdue the whole earth by the rod of his mouth, and slay all wicked men by the mere breath proceeding from his lips. When he should come, our holy land, defiled by the armies of aliens, would become again pure and free. For this great prophet we prayed and waited.

And, indeed, many things showed that the time was near at hand.

Some years before, when I was a little child in my father's house in the province of Galilee, a great rumor went abroad, that angels had been heard singing in the skies, and declaring that some great good was coming to men. Also it was said that a wonderful star had been seen in the air, sending a ray of light into the very village where the prophet was then born. And, indeed, the king, Herod, was terrified, and feared for his throne; and it is said, though I know not the truth of the story, that he sent armed men to slay all the children in that village, thinking to kill the infant prophet. Foolish man! to suppose that he could hinder the decree of the Most High from its fulfilment. What God determines, will come to pass, even by the very means men use to prevent it.

Moreover, an old man who passed through our village when I was a boy, with a staff in his hand, journeying to Lebanon, sat in our gateway, and received milk and bread. And, when his hunger and thirst were appeased, he told how he had been in Jerusalem at the time when the star appeared sud-

denly in the sky, and that it seemed like three bright planets assembled in one place as if for consultation. And he said that he had also seen some Persian priests in white robes, and with mitres on their heads, priests of Ormazd, who had come from Edessa to Jerusalem, saying that the Scriptures of Zerdusht, whom the Greeks call Zoroaster, had also testified that a Saviour and Deliverer of man should be born in the west. And when the three stars were seen by them in the west, coming together to consult, they knew the time was at hand. So they had come by the way of Palmyra, or Tadmor in the Desert, to see that prophet who was also to be a king. And they said that while they travelled, and every night looked at the lights of heaven in the west, they saw the three stars go apart, and separate from each other. But when, in their journey, they had passed through Moab, and descended to the Jordan, and saw the dark mountains of Judæa rise before them, they beheld the three stars come together a second time, and remain standing side by side over our land. Then they knew that in this place the prophet was to come. But whether they found him, or did not find him, the old man knew not.

After this, many years passed away, and the Deliverer came not; so that the hearts of men were heavy with waiting. And the Roman soldiers were in camps, and in cities, and we were taxed to pay for their food and their wages. And they oppressed us, and carried away our wives and daughters into captivity, under pretence that we were rebellious; and they cruelly beat and put to death our chief men, to inspire terror and produce submission. And yet no Deliverer appeared. And so the days went by.

My home was on the western shore of the Sea of Galilee, which is the water of Genesareth. The plain where I lived was called, in my own tongue, "The Garden of Riches," so fertile was it, and full of lovely flowers and stately trees, and like a Paradise of plenty. The water of the lake was

pure and fresh: it was full of fishes, and three hundred vessels sailed to and fro from the cities on the western shore to those on the eastern shore. So deep down lay our lake, that it was as if one should pour water into the bottom of his cap; for the mountains rose high all around, and the sea nestled in their midst, sheltered from all cold winds by these high walls of stone. Perpetual spring reigned in this valley: the figs and grapes ripened during the whole year; and the fruits and flowers and trees of all climates mingled peacefully together. The lofty palms, crowned with leaves which rustled and crackled in the wind, stood by the side of dark green walnuts, and the spectral olive-orchards. The Lord, who gave this land of Palestina to our people to dwell in, made it rich within with fertile valleys, great plains bearing corn and wine and oil, clear-flowing streams, beautiful forests of oaks and turpentine-trees, and palms towering aloft like sentinels to guard the people. But the Lord had also put mountains around it to protect our people from the tribes who roamed for prey all about us. So Palestina rose like a fortified island from the midst of the desert below, walled in by Hermon and Lebanon on the north, and the rocky peaks of Sinai on the south. Those mountains were our friends; and all our land was a watch-tower, whence we could lift up our eyes, and overlook the plains below, reaching to the vast blue sea on the west, and across Jordan and its long valley to the mountains of Moab beyond.

But I lived in my mother's house by the shore of the Lake of Waterfalls; and to see these distant regions I must climb the hills. Many travellers, merchants of Babylon and Damascus, crossed our sea, journeying toward the coasts of Tyre and Sidon on the north, or to Egypt at the south. They pitched their tents by the side of the four great springs, from which the waters rushed in large streams toward the lake. And I, a boy, often walked through the plain when the sun of spring covered it with white and blue flowers, or



the summer caused it to burn with the red fire of the lilies. I talked with the birds, who made the air all alive with their song, and with the clustering blossoms, which seemed almost as alive as they, and thought of the wonderful history of our people. I pondered whether in my time the Great Deliverer would come.

From my early childhood, my mother fed my heart with the stories of our heroes and kings. She was one who was waiting for the consolation of Israel, sure that the Lord had not forgotten his people, though he tarried long, and his voice had now been heard by no prophet for long years. As in the days of the boy Samuel, "the word of the Lord was precious, for there was no open vision." But my mother told me, that, in the history of our people, there came always the darkest and gloomiest hour before a new dawn. It was a dark hour for our people in Egypt when Moses was born, their Deliverer. We were now, indeed, slaves to the Romans; but we were not ground into the earth, as our fathers were by the Egyptians. Cæsar was not as cruel as Pharaoh. It was a dark time when our people were wandering through the wilderness for forty years, seeming about to become as rude and wild as the robber tribes around them. They drove their flocks and herds from one hillside to another, like the sons of Esau. They dwelt in tents, like the Ishmaelites. But so the Lord changed these weak slaves of the Egyptians into hardy soldiers; and when they came to the shore of the Jordan, and saw the green hills of the land of promise glowing in the western sunset, they were strong enough and brave enough to enter into the land and take it.

Then she talked to me concerning the wild times that followed the conquest, — when there was no king in Israel, and every man did what was right in his own eyes. There was no law nor fixed government, nor any settled place for the altar of God. Some worshipped at Shiloh, and some at Bethel, and many continued to offer sacrifices at the places

where Baal had of old been worshipped, — at Baal-Hermon and Baal-Hazor and Baal-Judah. And then, when the calamities of the people were great, the Lord raised up men of might, and women of might, — Samson and Deborah, Gideon and Jephthah, — and under their strong hand, peace returned, and the tribes fought with each other no more, and had rest also from the Philistines of the plains.

Moreover, my mother told me of the days that followed, when the Philistines rose up again against Israel, and brought great armies, with armor and shields and swords and lances, and drove our people before them, and took the ark of God; and how, when the priest of God heard of this, he fell back and died. And they named the little child born to his daughter, ICHABOD, because the glory was departed.

And my mother told me that the glory departed from Israel, because the people had ceased to worship Yahveh, and worshipped the gods of the plain and the coast, — cruel Moloch, and licentious Ashtaroth, and all the Baals. They worshipped in the temples of the heathen, and in the groves of abomination, with shameful and horrid rites; and the land was defiled with blood, and the ark taken away to the temple of the fish-God, Dagon.

And then, in that darkness, the Lord raised up Samuel, a stern and awful prophet, who turned the hearts of the people to their own God and King, the God of the great and terrible name. And as soon as the people's hearts were right in his sight, their strength returned, and they smote the Philistines hip and thigh, and pursued them with great slaughter, even unto the spot where Samuel put up the stone which he called Eben-ezer, or the Stone of Help, because the Lord had helped them even unto that place.

And so my mother told me of the wanderings of our Father Abraham, king of men, from whom every Israelite is descended. For we all had our genealogies, kept sure by the sons of Levi in their sanctuaries. No other nation had this

science as had the Jews; for all our land belonged to families, and the scribes kept a record of the boundaries of every piece of land, so that, if it were sold, it should return to the same house at the end of fifty years.

Among all nations, men are proud of being descended from great ancestors. At Rome, men were proud who belonged to the Cornelian or Fabian houses; but, except with us, there was never known a nation all of whom were descended from the same ancestor. Every Jew in the whole world, whether he lived in Alexandria, or Persia, or Rome, or Athens, could say, "I have Abraham, the friend of God, for my father." This made every Jew a brother to every other Jew, and gave to us all the same family pride. We were the patricians of the world. What were Roman knights or senators, or Macedonian kings, to our ancient race? They were plebeians, born yesterday. To-day they chanced to be more powerful than we, and were our rulers; but to-morrow we should see them fall, as we had seen the fall of other vast monarchies which had also for a time been our rulers, — the Pharaohs of Egypt, oldest of empires, the Assyrians, Babylonians, Persians, Phœnicians. Cyrus the Great, conqueror of Babylon, had been our protector and friend. Hiram, King of Tyre, was an ally of Solyma. What had become of Cambyses, whose armies overran Egypt; of Sargon and Tiglath-Pileser; of the ships of Sidon? These all were gone. The ruins of Nineveh and Babylon were overgrown with trees, and, as our prophets had foretold, desolation had come up into their palaces. Hades was moved from beneath to greet them at their coming. Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees, had become as Sodom and Gomorrah. The city of Damascus, most ancient on the earth, was only a village, its pride and power departed. Tyre, formerly sitting on the sea like a queen, and sending her ships of merchandise to unknown regions, was only a heap of stones. All the

burdens and woes uttered against these mighty monarchies by Isaiah and Ezekiel had been fulfilled. All were gone; but we, the children of Abraham, remained, in whose seed all the families of the earth should be blessed. God had put into our hands the destinies of mankind; and when Messiah came, all other peoples, nations, languages, should submit, and bow down, and adore before Yahveh, Lord of lords and King of kings.

I went one morning to our house of gathering (or synagogue) to listen to the reading of the law and the prophets. Ours was an open town, large enough to furnish the Ten Men of Leisure, whose duty it was to be always present, so that the worship might never wait for want of the necessary number to make up a congregation. These Ten Men of Leisure sat on the high seats on each side of the ark, and presided over the affairs of the congregation. The house was on the summit of a hill, overlooking the sea, whose bright blue waters sparkled in the sun, and lay dark in the shadow of the hills which rose steeply from its eastern shore. Far away, at the upper end of our sweet lake of Galilee, were misty mountains, with the snowy top of Hermon soaring above all into the heavens. The morning was calm, and the sabbath rest seemed to be shared by all living things. The lambs' bleat was not heard from the distant hills, on which the flocks showed like streaks of snow; the birds were silent in their groves of olives; and the lake, on other days alive with white sails, was now without a boat on its surface.

Our house of gathering, built of large stones, and cedars from Lebanon, stood on a raised platform of volcanic rocks, and was entered through a porch of four cedar columns.

Before entering the house, I turned to take another look at the lake. The mountains, which swept around it, seemed to hold it in their protecting arms, as a mother holds her child. As it lay in their embrace, so we, the multitudes who lived on its shores, lay in the hollow of God's hand. How happy

our life in this delicious retreat! — perpetual summer around, mountains and deserts, solemn sentinels, guarding us from the robber tribes which roamed to the east of us. As I stood above the fair scene, I looked along the level beach below, in some parts of snowy sand, and in others a speckled line of black and white stones. All round the lake ran this white beach, like a silver girdle around the waist of a queen. And our lake was a queen in her beauty and riches. To the south rose the white walls of Tiberias, where dwelt our cruel ruler, whom the Roman emperor had confirmed as our tetrarch according to the will of his father Herod. Herod the father had left Galilee to be governed by Antipas his son, born of a Samaritan woman. Thus we were ruled by a family of Arabs and Samaritans, who in their wicked hearts sought to put an end to the worship of our God, the Most High. They built temples to the Roman god Jupiter, and worshipped stone idols, carved by Greek artists, and made like men and women. Beyond Tiberias, men might see the faint mists rising from the hot springs of Hammath. I, taught to abhor all heathen worship, looked with horror at this evil city of Herod Antipas, which he had built on our shores, and where he lived the life of a beast rather than a man. A rapacious plunderer, he sent his tax-gatherers (who were called publicans, or Telonai) to torment us with perpetual demands. They were like wolves and bears devouring the land. They had no modesty, no fear. They watched by the lake to see what was brought over in the boats, that they might accuse us of bringing what was forbidden by the Roman laws. They made us pay taxes on what we bought and sold, taxes on the sheep which we pastured on the bare hills, taxes when we crossed a river, a tax on each man's head, a tax on the house we lived in, a tax on each door in our house. All this money was taken to Tiberias, and there was spent by Herod and his friends on their feasts, for I do not think that much of it ever went to the emperor at Rome.

But this was not the worst evil this tetrarch did to us. Only a few weeks before the time of which I speak, I passed by a house near our town, and I heard a moaning sound, and went in. There, on the floor, lay the householder, with blood streaming from his face. When I had lifted him up, and bathed his face, he cried out, "Oh, woe, woe on this day! May blackness and night settle on it forever. My child, my child! Why did I not die when my child was taken away!" And then I learned that soldiers from Tiberias, sent no doubt by wicked Herod, had seized his daughter, a girl of sixteen, and beautiful as sunrise, and carried her away to the city, for the tyrant's pleasure.

Well may you think, my children, that we hated this devilish Antipas, this son of Satan, and that we never put foot in his polluted city. It stood fair on the distant shore; but it was the home of all abominations. We hated Antipas, and we hated his tax-gatherers; for no one had taught us at that time that we could love our enemies, and that love was stronger than hatred. Bless the Lord, my children, who has taught you this word of peace, which takes out of the heart its poisonous rage, its bitter hatred, and fills it with the calm of the angels of God.

When I went into the house of gathering I found there the greater part of the community, and many strangers beside; for a renowned teacher had come among us, and was to speak that day. He was of the tribe of Benjamin, and very learned in the law. I went in, passing first through the wide portico, which represented the Court of the Gentiles in the temple at Jerusalem, which all our synagogues (as the Greeks called them) were made to resemble. Ascending some steps from this court, or walking-place, I entered the house. On the right hand was the place of the women, separated by a low partition from the place of the men. The light came from windows above, and the southern sun sent a ray through a single round window at the upper end,

falling on the ark of cedar, which held the sacred Thora, or books of the law of Moses. As we entered, we bowed toward this ark, and therefore toward Jerusalem; for every synagogue in the world was so placed, that the people within, all but the elders, should look toward Jerusalem. The ark stood on a raised platform, which was reached by seven steps, and divided by a low rail from the rest of the building. The space within this rail represented the Court of the Priests, and the ark itself was a type of the Holy of Holies. A rich veil of Tyrian scarlet hung before it, in imitation of the veil of the temple; and in front of this the candlestick with eight branches, unlighted. One lamp alone burned by the ark, and never was suffered to go out, — a symbol of the light which always streams from the one living and true God.

Sitting on each side of the ark, on the raised platform, were the Ten Men of Leisure, the elders of the congregation, with the three rulers of the house of gathering, the president, and some Pharisees and priests from Jerusalem.

The service went on as usual; but it was evident, through all the early readings and the eighteen prayers of Ezra, that the heart of the congregation was greatly moved, expecting what was to come. Indeed, the Jewish nation, which seemed crushed to death under the iron heel of the Roman legions, retained its life and freedom in its synagogues. The Romans, a nation of great strength and boundless pride, but slow of perception, saw us going every seventh day to our houses of gathering; and if they sometimes came and stood in the outer court, to which we ostentatiously invited them, they laughed with scorn at what they held to be an absurd superstition. They knew not that these synagogues were secret societies, organized in every part of the Roman Empire, with a discipline like that of their own legions. They perceived not that every adult Jew belonged to one of these congregations, and that his name was enrolled in its list

of members, bound to obey the orders of the ruler of his synagogue and its council of elders. They had no knowledge of the organization which bound them together, and made them all subject to the chief Council of the Seventy at Jerusalem. The Romans were proud of their courts of law, and their judges, claiming jurisdiction in all the provinces. They knew not that every synagogue was a court, and that it called on the Roman law, only to enforce its own sentences. Though it had not the power to punish with death, it could do worse: it could excommunicate a member from its body, and so cut him off from his nation, making him an object of hatred to his household, and an alien from the commonwealth of Israel and the promises of God. They knew that each synagogue had its angel, or messenger, yet thought they not to ask what were the messages they carried from one to another; for they said, "These are all mere matters of religion, and pertain only to worship." They were blind to the fact that there was in their midst this army, drilled and organized, and ready to act when the message should be sent forth from Jerusalem. They saw a million of men collecting in our holy city at the great festivals; and to them it seemed a mere act of worship, like the mysteries of Eleusis. They were ignorant, that, to every Jew, religion and patriotism were one and the same thing. They heard us speak of the Christ who was to come, and the kingdom of heaven, and believed that our Christ was to be only a religious teacher, and the kingdom of heaven some holy life beyond this. And when, in the synagogues, they heard the elders read the denunciations of the prophets against Tyre and Egypt, Nineveh and Babylon, they understood not, that, though our lips spake of Babylon and Nineveh and Nebuchadnezzar, our hearts spake of Rome, and Augustus and Tiberius Cæsar. Fools and blind! Even then the storm gathered which might dash in pieces their proud empire, and make Jerusalem the capital of the earth; and



in their cold pride they thought themselves rulers of mankind, and Rome the mistress of the world.

And when we held converse, one with another, concerning the coming revolution, which was to overthrow at once the petty kingdom of Herod and the thirty legions of Rome, to place Judæa at the head of all the nations of the earth, and make one universal religion for all mankind, we called this catastrophe, the "Kingdom of Heaven," or the "Kingdom of God." For the same God of Israel, with the unmentionable name, who had brought our fathers out of Egypt, who had beaten back the Assyrians, who had redeemed us from the power of Babylon, would soon and utterly destroy the Romans. When the mighty leader, the son of Daweid, should appear, then the harvest would be ripe, and he would thrust in his sickle. But the Romans, who heard us speak of the kingdom of heaven, thought we meant only some heaven hereafter, and knew nothing of these hopes, nor the bitter vengeance which we expected to take on their idolatrous nation.

After the psalms had been chanted, the law read, the responses made, the eighteen prayers recited, the strange rabbi came forward on the platform. There was put into his hand the roll containing the Prophecy of Joel. In a voice deep, and trembling with emotion, he read of the plague of locusts:—

"Hear this, ye old men!

Give ear, all ye inhabitants of the land!

Hath such a thing happened in your days,

Or in the days of your fathers? . . .

That which one swarm of locusts left, hath a second swarm eaten!

And that which the second left, hath a third swarm eaten!

And that which the third left, hath a fourth swarm eaten!"

As he read these words, his voice trembled with strong feeling; then he stopped, and looked round on the assembly.

A suppressed murmur ran through the congregation, sounding like the far-off roar of the sea. We understood his meaning well. These locusts were the Romans, the soldiers of Herod, and the hateful Telonai, or tax-gatherers. We knew that some of these very officers of Herod were at this moment standing in the outer court, but not one of the congregation looked at them.

Then the reader went on, and described the terrors of the coming time : —

“ The day of Yahveh cometh ; it is near !  
 A day of darkness and gloom —  
 A day of clouds and of thick darkness.  
 There cometh a people numerous and strong ;  
 Like them have been none of old,  
 And after them there shall not be.  
 A fire devoureth before them,  
 And behind them a flame burneth.  
 The land is as the Garden of Eden before them,  
 And behind them a desolate wilderness.  
 Yea, nothing escapeth them ! ”

Another deep murmur went through the synagogue. Even so it was with our land, crushed under the leaden weight of the tyrants. All these lovely valleys, which God had given to our fathers to be the homes of happy families, were laid waste, and given as a prey to the spoiler. But the reader went on : —

“ Yet even now, saith Yahveh,  
 Turn to me with all your heart ;  
 Rend your hearts, and not your garments,  
 And turn to Yahveh, your God.  
 For he is gracious and merciful,  
 Slow to anger, and of great kindness,  
 And repenteth him of the evil.  
 . . . Then will Yahveh be zealous for this land,  
 And will remove far from you the northern host,

And drive it into a dry and desolate land,  
Its van toward the eastern sea,  
And its rear toward the western sea.

. . . Then shall ye know that I am in the midst of Israel."

The voice of the reader had been deep and stern. Suddenly it changed, and became full of hope and expectation as he read again from the roll:—

“And it shall come to pass, afterward, says Yahveh,  
That I will pour out my spirit on all flesh,  
And your sons and your daughters shall prophesy,  
Your old men shall dream dreams,  
Your young men shall see visions.  
Even on your slaves, men and women,  
Will I pour out my spirit in those days.”

Once more the voice changed, and became full of exultation and power, ringing like a trumpet through the room:—

“The day of the Lord cometh,  
The great and terrible day.

. . . Then shall I assemble all the nations,  
And bring them into the valley of Jehoshaphat,  
And there fight the battle of my people Israel,  
Because you divided my land among yourselves,  
And sold a Jewish maiden for wine,  
And sold to the Grecians the sons of Judah and daughters of  
Jerusalem.

On your own heads will I return the injury:  
I will cause my people to sell your sons and your daughters.”

At this moment a young Roman centurion, standing in the court, beckoned to me. I went out to him; and he asked, with some excitement, “What meaneth this?”—“An old prophecy about locusts,” I replied. “Why, then, are the people so stirred up?” he asked. “He is reading,” said I, “of the wrongs done to our nation, ages ago, by the Philistines and the people of Tyre.” Then he was content. He turned away, and I went back to my place.

But, as I sat down, I saw a face among the women that smote me like a sunbeam, — the face of a young maiden of singular beauty. Yet she resembled not a daughter of Israel; for her hair was not dark as theirs, but shone and sparkled like red gold, and, being very long, hung over her shoulders like a veil. Her beauty was unlike the beauty of ordinary women; for, while her face had the forms and the color of early youth, her brow and her deep-shaded eyes were full of thought, and of a serious and determined purpose. Those who stood near were drawn to gaze upon her wonderful beauty, as iron is drawn by the loadstone. But to me there was something in her face far more than beauty; for it was lighted with a light from within that came and went, and thus seemed to shine with a radiance of its own. There were many thoughts and feelings contending in her face, and some might be clearly seen, and others were more vaguely and slightly expressed. Yet she knew not that any looked upon her; for her own eyes were fixed upon the reader, full of intense longing, devouring his words. From that moment, I seemed, somehow, to be drawn to her. Yet it was not any common love of man for woman which I felt for her. Afterward, when I could look quietly into my heart, I saw in it a worship and adoration for this great soul, — a worship content to stand afar off, and look up, asking no return. But at that moment I knew nothing: I only had this new and strange feeling in my mind.

Absorbed by this strange impression, I ceased to hear the words of the reader. How much time passed I knew not. I sat as in a trance, with a vision before me which I saw and felt, but about which I did not think. At once I started, roused by some light which flashed from the young girl's eyes. I became aware again of the voice of the reader, who had laid aside the roll of the prophet, and was speaking with great boldness, in words hardly veiled, of the condition of Israel to-day.

“To-day,” said he, “is this prophecy fulfilled, and he that runs may read it. Are not the locusts devouring the land now, swarm following swarm, ruler succeeding ruler? What one leaves, another eats: the wine, and oil, and grain are taken from the mouths of your children to fatten the wolves and foxes, — the wolves who rend, and the foxes who flatter the wolves. On my way here, I passed through the valley of Kishon and the plain of Jezrael, and saw houses standing empty, fields unsown, or left with the grain choked with weeds, the people having deserted their homes. Where are they? Hiding in the clefts of these mountains, the men turned robbers, and prowling around your houses by night to carry away your sheep, or plunder your vineyards. The land mourneth, because of the oppression of my people.”

A stern murmur ran through the synagogue, and the eyes of the young girl were lighted for a moment with angry fire. The speaker went on, —

“But the day of Yahveh cometh, — the great and terrible day. All things declare that it is at hand. Does not the prophet say that the sun shall be darkened, and the moon not give her light, and the stars cease to shine, before the coming of the day? Some of you can remember when the first of these signs happened. It was at noon, and the summer sun was shining brightly. As I passed to my own synagogue, which is by the mountains of Bethel, I saw the people looking up at the sky. I also looked up, and, lo! a piece was eaten out of the sun. I came to the people, and we stood in fear, wondering what this should be. As the hour passed on, the piece grew larger, till at last the sun became as small as the moon when it is new. Then it grew still smaller, and we saw only a narrow rim of light, though burning bright. But the skies grew gray, and the grass was gray also, as if with fear. Finally, when the sun had been consumed, all but a small thread of light, it broke to pieces into a number of stars, and then all of these disappeared

but one. Finally that too went out, and the sun was extinguished wholly; but in its place we saw suddenly appear in the heavens a round black sun, surrounded by waves of white light, brilliant as snow. The people screamed with terror; but I cried out, 'Be not afraid! this is a sign of the coming of the great King!' And surely, in a few minutes the sun began to re-appear, and then the people knew that it was God's sign placed in the heavens, to tell us to be prepared for the coming of the Wonderful One and the Counsellor.

"Another night I walked among these hills, and went up to a lonely peak above the lake. And I prayed the Lord to show me a sign. And suddenly I saw a star fall from the sky, leaving a long trail of fire behind it in the air. It was so bright, that it lighted up the whole region, and I saw all the streams, and woods, and valleys below. And the lake leaped out of the darkness, like a mighty mirror, such as the Tyrian merchants make of polished metal. For one moment, in that dazzling flash, I saw every nook and bay along its shore, and the opposite mountains, and the white walls of Tiberias. Then the star split in pieces, turned red, and disappeared; and presently there came an awful roar, like thunder; and darkness fell, blacker than before, over the whole land. That was a second sign. The star seemed to be above Jerusalem. And so was fulfilled the saying of the prophet, 'The Lord roared from Zion, and uttered his voice from Jerusalem.'

"So I say the time is at hand, of which the prophet says, 'Beat your ploughshares into swords, and your pruning-hooks into spears.' For we must march with our King to conquer all who oppose him. When the Christ comes, Antichrist will also come; and the great hosts will meet together to decide the fate of the world in the valley of Jehoshaphat. For what saith the prophet?—

“ ‘Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of Decision!

For the day of Yahveh has come in the valley of Decision,—  
the valley of Jehoshaphat.’

“Perhaps you may say, ‘How can we, a people small and scattered, contend with the nations of the earth?’ But, if Yahveh is on our side, one shall chase a thousand. And, beside this, you know well that we have friends in every nation, — among the Greeks, and among the Romans. Thousands of proselytes are in every country under heaven, ready to take our side, and fight for the one living and true God. Though we are oppressed here, and cruelly treated by foreigners, yet Cæsar has always been our friend. Though some Romans hate us, yet Rome itself will help us. As soon as our mighty leader comes, men will flow to him from all lands, for the last great battle with the hosts of darkness.

“And, after this last war, there will be no more war on the earth. Then the heavens shall rain down righteousness, the mountains drop with wine, and the hills flow with milk. Then shall Yahveh dwell in Zion, and all nations come to worship in his house. The smoke of its incense, flowing out of it, shall fill the earth. Peace shall reign, and plenty, as long as the sun and moon endure. All shall know God, from the least to the greatest. All shall gladly obey his law, for it shall be written in their minds, — not on tablets of stone, as Moses wrote it, but on the fleshly tables of the heart. No more sorrow, no more sin, no more death, in the world. The time is near.”

The voice of the reader ceased, and a solemn silence came. Only the sobs and tears of the people, sobs and tears of joy and triumph, broke the stillness of the place. When I looked up, the young girl with the wonderful face was gone. I tried to follow her; but, when I reached the door, I saw her nowhere, and searched for her in vain.

## CHAPTER II.

## MIRIAM OF MIGDOL.

DAY after day I walked by the lake, whose deep violet waters sparkled in the sun. The blue sky hung over us, with clouds white as doves, drifting toward the western sea, their shadows creeping over the surface of Genesareth. Snowy Hermon stood as a giant sentinel on the north, its central summit a gleam of white where the snow covered its peaks, but lifting up on either side two vast arms, as if to protect the land it loved. It was my constant expectation that I should see again this strange girl, and that she was to be the star of my life. And truly it came to pass, but in another sense than I thought.

One morning I climbed the steep hills above our valley. I passed through fields heavy with wheat, among which the golden amaryllis shone with its great yellow flowers. The tall palms rattled their long leaves together above my head, swaying to and fro in the soft air. Balsam-trees, carefully tended on account of their fragrant and healing gums, sent a pleasant odor around. On the sides of the rocks above me clung the old olive-trees, with strange uncouth forms, as though they were great drunken apes, staggering along, and reaching out their long arms to catch hold of some support. The farms below were hedged in with wild myrtles, and within them were orchards of figs and almonds. Before the door stood citron-trees, ripening their delicious fruit, and shading the children who played beneath. Climbing higher, the lake spread below me, the cloud-shadows running over its surface,



and the white sails of fishing-boats bending before the freshening wind. At last I reached an open level spot where stood an old sycamore; from which was a fair view over the lake to the great hills of Bashan, which rose in a black wall, on the opposite side. To this place I loved to go, and here I often spent hours dreaming of the day when Messiah should come and restore all things. But as I now approached it, I was surprised by hearing a voice chanting in tones of murmuring melody a song, the words of which ran thus:—

“Night is over the land, black as the darkness of Egypt.  
No light from prophet or seer, no word, no sign of his coming:  
No dawn reddens the east: we sit in the shadows of evil.

“Silence is over the land, hushed are the terrible voices  
Of Samuel, David, Elijah; words which rolled like the thunder;  
Words which struck like a sword; words which fought like an  
army.

“Death is over the land. Priests stood dead at the altar;  
Scribes speak with dead lips; this is the valley of vision.  
Speak, O Lord, to these bones!—forth from our sepulchres  
call us!”

I listened to this voice, pure as a flute, rich and full as a trumpet, — a voice whose tones were a long wail of sadness, so profound that my heart almost broke in hearing it. When it ceased, I seemed drawn forward, and moved without my will toward the place whence the sound had come; and there, sitting below the sycamore, I saw the figure of a woman.

She sat on the grass, in the shadow of the tree, her head bent down, as if in deep thought; but a sunbeam lay upon the shining waves of her long hair, and by this I recognized the maiden of the synagogue. Suddenly raising her eyes, she looked at me, without surprise or alarm, and said with a thoughtful smile, —

“Thomas, is it thou? Come nearer: I have something to say unto thee.”

As my face, no doubt, expressed astonishment, she went on, —

“Thou dost wonder because I know thy name; but I have often heard of thee, and I saw thee in the synagogue lately. Shall not the daughter of Israel, who waits for the consolation which is to come, know all the youth of the land who may help on the day?”

I stammered forth, “But I am no one: I am yet a boy. What can I do?”

She looked at me steadily; and her clear, luminous eyes seemed to read my soul, as she said, —

“No one knows what he can do until the hour comes. Did the boy David think, when he watched his sheep on the hills, that he should slay the heathen giant, and become the mighty King of Israel? But I have an eye which is able to see many things in the soul; and I see in thine heart two forces which may be used for great things.”

“And what are they?” I said, deeply interested, as men are, when others find any thing in their natures worthy of being searched into.

She answered simply, “Sincerity and fidelity. Thou art true down to the roots of thy being. Thou canst not deceive, not even thyself. The Lord has made thee to seek truth with extraordinary courage. Nothing will ever satisfy thee but to see the truth with thine own eyes. Most men repeat what others say, and others repeat again what they hear repeated. All the scribes do so;” and a slight curl of the lip, and a disdainful flash of the eye, spoke of a proud contempt in the maiden’s soul.

“But what is more, Thomas, thou art capable of being faithful to a leader or a cause. In a world full of traitors that is much. I think not thou couldst be bribed, or in any way tempted to betray thy friends.”

“No,” said I, looking boldly up. “What thou sayst about my love for truth, may be so—I cannot tell. But I am not a traitor: of that I am sure.”

“O Thomas!” said this strange girl, “never be too sure of any thing. By earth and heaven, I think so of myself. But when I feel these passions in my soul, these rivers of fire which run through my veins; when I feel how I am sometimes ready to hate all men for their meanness, — I can hardly trust myself. But,” and the deep eyes turned again to me, “I think I can trust in thee, Thomas, — a little. Thou dost not know me, not even my name. I am called Miriam, and live at Migdol. My father serves Herod Antipas, and spends much time at Tiberias, at the king’s court. But I, who hate the heathen, never go near them. All my thoughts are for my nation; and I seek to know every one who can be made a helper in its cause. So, Thomas, I have heard of thee; and now I see thee, and I believe in thee.”

Then I, full of joy: “And I also, O Miriam! believe in thee; and thy words rouse the soul in my bosom. Be my leader and teacher, and let me learn of thee what I can do for our nation.”

A darkness came over her face, as when the shadow of a cloud passes over the lake. She sat for a moment in silence; then, without looking up, she held out her hand and took mine, and repeated, as though speaking to herself, “He has no sister: I will be his sister. I have no brother: he shall be my brother. Who knows what good to our nation may come of this, or to what it may lead?”

She looked over the lake toward the dark mountain-wall beyond, and said, “As that gloomy wall can hardly be scaled by men, so hard is it to climb up to see the ways of the Lord. But look at Hermon, on our left, and see how that great mountain overlooks Moab and the lake, and sees Carmel and the Mediterranean Sea. So the Lord overlooks every thing. He sees us here, Thomas. Is it not strange? Till this morning we have never met, never spoken to each other; and now we are as old friends. I seem to read thy soul, and know thee as I know myself.”

“And I, Miriam, know thee. Yet I cannot tell what I know; but I seem to know it,—not the largest part of thy nature, but the essential part of it. As he who finds a nut cannot tell how large a tree shall come from it, nor how its limbs shall be formed, but he knows it will be a nut-tree, so I appear to know thee.”

“And what dost thou find in me, Thomas? I have told thee what I have found in thee.”

“Be not offended, Miriam. I may be deceived. I may not be just to thee. I am ignorant of men. I would rather not speak.”

“Speak, speak!” she said, looking straight into my eyes. And I spoke as one who is constrained, and who searches into his own thought. From her eyes there came a strong influence, and it compelled me to look at the thoughts slowly shaping themselves in my mind.

So I answered, with difficulty, and only a little by little, as the thoughts and words came to me, and as if speaking to myself: “She is a woman who has many struggles with herself. . . . She is not simple, but one in whom many forces contend for mastery. . . . Above all is a burning love for what is highest, purest, best. But mists rise from below, and cloud that love. She seems one moment like Hermon, all pure and white, and untouched by any thing but heaven’s air and heaven’s sun; then, all at once, black mists steam up from below, and wrap themselves around her. Ah, how dark it is! . . . No—there is a golden ray of light resting on the mountain’s very crown. . . . Ah, but what a terrible strength of will! What she wills, she wills like a giant. . . . And how she stands like a queen, too proud to stoop to mortal man or woman, almost too proud to bend before God. How hard she seems now, how cold! Nothing can move her. . . . But now there is another change. What tenderness there is in her! How she can pour out her heart in gratitude to one who does her any noble good! How

she can love and worship generosity and goodness! yet what passions there are in her heart! It seems as if all this lake below us were changed into a sea of fire. O Miriam! there is so much that is grand, and yet so much that is terrible, in thee. Thou mayst be so good, that angels will love thee; or thou mayst do what will make Satan glad."

I stopped suddenly; for she rose, and turned away. I was terrified at my own words. It did not appear to me that I had spoken out of my own mind, but as though I were the instrument through which another mind had spoken. I feared to look at her, thinking I must have displeased her much. But when at last I raised my eyes, I saw hers looking upward, so full of supplication, of longing, of pathetic sadness, so very different from what I feared, that my heart melted within me from pity.

"Thou hast spoken truth," said the girl, again turning toward me. "No one ever spoke thus to me before. I am all thou hast said: I am indeed more than that. There is much in me that neither thou nor any one else hath seen. But pride, passion, reverence — these are the deepest forces of my soul! My God! will they ever be made at peace?"

Thus speaking, she arose. I, also, stood up. We looked down on the broad sheet of water below. On the south-west vast masses of clouds were rising, yellow and purple, torn with wind, and rolling upward into majestic shapes. Far to the north, above Mount Hermon, all was peaceful. The great summit rose, unstained by a cloud, white with enormous fields of snow, and penetrating the pure blue sky as with the point of a Roman sword. The lake below us began to swell and be agitated with the approaching storm.

"Come!" said Miriam: "we must hasten." So, downward through the myrtles and pomegranates, downward along the narrow footpath, we proceeded, while the sky became more overspread with the lurid clouds.

After this I saw her often, indeed almost every day.

Never before had I known a mind of such activity, such penetrating force, such clearness. I had listened to the learned rabbis; but how empty their minds seemed compared to that of this young girl! While talking with her, I forgot her beauty, entranced by her words, which lighted up the world with a new kind of sunshine. She spoke of men and women, and a veil fell from between me and them: I saw the hidden, mysterious powers which moved each from within, and made each one himself. She spoke to me of myself, and I grew of value in my own eyes: I felt capable of great things, and ready to labor patiently, to study industriously, so that at last I might fulfil the expectations of my noble friend. I revered her with all the force of my nature, and would have died for her sake. And yet something within me protested against her words of passion and pride. She seemed sometimes rapt, like an angel, into one of the heavens which our rabbis told us were above the earth; and again a demon from beneath poured into her soul the fires of hatred, scorn, contempt against the priests, or the Romans, or the Jews who flattered Herod, and held offices from him. Was she a prophetess, inspired by God, or one possessed by a cruel demon?

Whenever I left her, and asked myself what my feeling was toward her, it did not seem to me like the love of man for woman, but rather like an enchantment which a magician lays on the soul. I was no longer in my own power: I must think as she thought, feel as she felt, do as she did. And, indeed, her outbursts of pride and rage were few; for usually she was calm and friendly, and her noble thoughts raised me above myself. While I spoke with her, life was worth living, the day not long enough in which to listen to her inspiring words. Sometimes, as we talked together amid the shades of evening, a light came from her eyes, so that I saw them when I could not see the rest of her face. My conscience and reason protested sometimes against the chain which bound me, but in vain.

Miriam often spoke bitterly against her position and her sex. "Why am I a woman?" said she, "and why am I compelled to live in this mean place? My father and my brothers go where they please; but I am a girl, I must stay in the house, or go to the synagogue only. It is true that my father has taught me to read Greek, and I have had my brain fed by the writings of Homer, and the poets of Hellas. Were I a man, I could cross the Ægean Sea, and go to Athens and talk with the philosophers; I could go to Egypt, and talk with my countrymen there, and learn the mysterious wisdom of that wisest of all lands; I could go to Rome, and find the secret of the power of that mighty nation. I feel within me a force which would perhaps shatter the fetters which bind my people. But I am only a woman, — less than the meanest man who walks the streets of Tiberias."

"Say not so, Miriam," cried I, touched with a mighty pity. "If thou art held by the customs of our nation in a narrow place, thy thoughts have gone out to the ends of the world. They have reached farther than the isles of the sea, and dug as deep as where men mine for gold; they have ascended as high as where God sits on his throne. Sometimes thou speakest like the mightiest of prophets, and sometimes in sweet words like the songs of David. Are not such a world of thoughts a mighty kingdom? Why ask more?"

"Say, rather, a mighty chaos without form, and void," said she. "Is the man lost in a forest its king, because no one else is there but himself? My thoughts are like a great forest, or the labyrinth they speak of in Egypt. They have brought me to iron gateways which I cannot pass. O Thomas! what is life for, if it be so full of misery? Why does God let the good be crushed by the Evil One? Where is the God, the Yahveh, whom we worship? If he is good, he is not all-powerful, else he would put an end to human sin and woe. If he is all-powerful, he is not good; and why, then, should we obey him, unless from fear?"

I shuddered to hear her speak thus, for such questions had never entered my mind. Alas! I became too familiar with them afterward. As I hesitated to reply, she said, —

“But we will not speak of these things; and indeed I did not mean to say such words to thee, since they give thee only pain, and do me no good. Yet a stream too long dammed up will sometimes overflow, or break through its banks. And so the hidden stream of my thoughts has broken over its banks to-day. Forget it, Thomas, and let us talk of other things.”

And then she began to tell me of what she had read in the books of the Greeks, which her father had borrowed for her from the king's library in Tiberias. And the day flew by on happy wings, while she told me of the battles of Achilles and Hector around Troy, and the wanderings of Odysseus, of the one-eyed Cyclops, and the Island of Circe, of Agamemnon and his cruel fate when he went back to Argos, and the grand stories of the tragic poets Æschylus and Sophocles. She also told me about the wise Socrates and his disciples; and as she spoke I saw the splendid city of Athens, with its white temples, and the philosophers walking in the gardens, and sitting in the groves, conversing on great themes. And she related to me the history of how the Greeks had resisted and conquered the armies of the Great King. Then I saw the plain of Marathon and the pass of Thermopylæ before me, and the heroes struggling together in the tumult and dust of the conflict. Sometimes she would bring the rolls and read them aloud, as we sat in our favorite place among the old olives, with the dear lake below, sparkling in the sun, or sleeping in the shadow of the hills. I sat and watched the maiden, as her cheek glowed with the fire of her thoughts, and her eyes brightened with courage, or grew dim with tears. Ah, happy days of youth! Could any thing be more joyful than to listen to these wonderful stories, and this lofty poetry, from the lips of one so dear and so beautiful?



Then, on other days, she read to me of the stern Romans, and spoke to me of their mighty power, which had grown for many years, like a cedar of Lebanon, which battles with tempests, and looks in the face of storms, and ever reaches out farther its vast limbs. So the Romans, rulers of the world, wise and strong, had reached out, till they governed the world. But they were cruel and hard masters, who plunged their sword into the heart of every people, and plundered all nations. They led to Rome, in triumph and in chains, every king who resisted their power, and trampled out the hopes of mankind. And, as she spoke of them, she became possessed with the demon of hatred, and a fierce tone was in her voice which I knew not before, and her celestial beauty was changed into another of a terrible kind. I feared and grieved as I beheld it. Yet, after a little while, this passion passed by, and the glory of her beauty returned.

One day, as we sat together, she said, "The time has come, my brother, to let thee share in a great secret. I have tested thee, and found thee true to thy people and to thy religion. I have told of the vast strength of Rome, and how it holds with the grasp of its legions all the corners of the world. But there is an invisible power stronger than the armies and the sword of the Romans,—a power which is making ready to crush them. It is a power which the thirty legions of Rome cannot war against. It is a stone cut out of the mountains without hands, that shall roll on and on, till all things are made smooth for the coming of the Great King."

I heard her with surprise, and asked what she meant.

"Know," answered the girl, "that there is a great league extended through the world, bound by solemn oaths to make proselytes to our law. It works in darkness; and, though the lords of Rome suspect and fear it, they cannot discover it. It works under the direction of men chosen from the

Pharisees, and indeed its members are mostly Pharisees. They are all bound to go where they are sent, and to obey those who are above them. All is darkness and mystery in this league. Thy father, thy brother, may be members of it, and thou not know it. When one joins this holy company, he becomes like a corpse, having no longer any will of his own. The Roman legions are not more obedient to their centurions than the members of this body are to the orders of those to whom they are subject. Each man knows his own commander, but no one else. They take all disguises: they go as magicians and astrologers into the palaces of Roman senators, and even into the house of Cæsar himself. Women, as well as men, belong to this company. They practise all mechanical arts; they go into every town in Italy and the provinces of Rome, to build the houses, tan the leather, make the tents, and forge the vessels of copper and tin. They are the carpenters, the smiths, the musicians, the scribes, the gardeners, the carvers, the money-changers in all lands. And in all places their aim is the same, — to make proselytes to the law. All means are right to do this. Falsehood and force cease to be wrong when done in the cause of Yahveh. So say our wisest teachers.”

“But thou thinkest not thus, O Miriam!” cried I. “Say that this is not thy thought!” She looked steadily in my face, and answered, “What do I know, Thomas? I am only a woman. But this I know, that our holy league has dug away the very foundations of Roman power. There is treason in the emperor’s palace. We have insinuated everywhere fear and doubt. We have taught the Romans to despise their own religion, and to look with reverence on ours. We have persuaded them that Rome is soon to fall, that they are living in the ninth age of the world, and that when the tenth age begins, then Rome will sink in ruins. Our sacred writings are in the very temple of Jupiter, and the senators send to the Capitol to consult the sibyl, who only speaks our words.”

“How can this be?” said I, more and more confused in my thoughts.

“A hundred years ago, and more, the temple of their idol, whom they call Jupiter, standing on the sacred hill in the midst of Rome, took fire, and burned to the ground. I do not say that this was the work of our people; but many think so. This idol was believed to be the guardian of the state and nation, powerful to wield the lightnings; and all the power of Rome rested in his hands. But in an hour he was destroyed with his temple. And great fear came on the nation. In the temple, also, were destroyed the sacred books of Rome, the oracle of the sibyl who once dwelt at Cumæ, on the Italian shore. And the Romans were in great terror because of the loss of these sacred books. Then some of our people told them of another ancient sibyl, who once lived on the coast of Asia, and prophesied, and how her prophecies were still to be found in that land. So the senate sent a delegation to find them; and some of our scribes had written out carefully in Greek letters verses which rolled like the sea, and which had no sound in them like the voice of our Sacred Scriptures; but the doctrine of those verses was taken from our books: so that now the wise Romans have been made fools by us, and read the words of our prophets. Also, their great singer, whom men call Maro, has sung in his poems of our kingdom and Messiah; and he knew it not himself, but thought he was singing in Latin words the prophecy of the sibyl of Asia.”

I heard all this with wonder, and said, “When, O maiden of Migdol! did all this knowledge come to thee?”

She answered thereupon, and said, “Wonder not, but listen. The women of Judah are not all like the pale and weak maidens of other lands; nor do we hide in inner chambers, but go boldly forth. The chain of womanhood is indeed heavy; but sometimes we break its iron, and cast off its burden, and live in the light of the sun. Our women

have done great deeds, and shall do more. They have ruled the kings who ruled the world. So did Hadassah, whom men called Esther or the planet Venus, rule the great King of Persia by her beauty and her wisdom. So did the beauty of Mariamne govern, in spite of himself, the stormy mind of Herod. When he was about to kill her, she looked at him, and the sword fell from his hand. So did the noble Alexandra rule the people in her day, and make the land at peace. For the beauty of other women is of slaves, but that of the daughters of Israel is that of queens. The pale loveliness of the women of other lands is mixed with snow, but ours with fire. Like Jael, we can smite with the sword; like Deborah, we can lead armies to victory, and then chant the inspired song of triumph." So saying, she rose, and reached out her right arm, white and firm as marble, toward the sky, and her shining hair floated around her noble head like a glory.

And then, still standing, and speaking as to herself, she said, "And why shall not our women to-day be like Esther, and Jael, and Deborah? Have we less of beauty to charm, or of courage to dare, or of a terrible power to blast and destroy? I feel in myself, Thomas my brother, that Yahveh, who chose a shepherd-boy to be the great king of Israel, may take me to be a scourge and a plague to our oppressors. Once, as I was passing with my father through the streets of Tiberias, we met the tetrarch, Herod Antipas. He stopped to speak to my father; but, while he spoke to him, he looked steadily at me, and I felt, that, if I wished, I could make him my slave. Since that time, he has often sought to see me, and to speak to me, and has asked my father to lead me to his palace, and bring me to see the games in the Stadium. If he should make me his wife, I would bend his will, so that he should take the heavy taxes from our people, and put the children of Israel in all the places of power."

"But he is married," said I; "and he has a queen, — the

daughter of Aretas, the Arabian. Besides, O Miriam! wouldst thou, a daughter of Israel, be the wife of that wicked man, a murderer, and full of all baseness and iniquity, whose very palace is polluted, being built on ancient tombs? Would it not be better to be the wife of one of the children of thine own people, even though thou must live in a humble place, than to wear fine linen and purple, and feast every day with this son of Satan?" And I spoke angrily; for the thought of her being the wife of Herod gave a sharp pain, like a dagger driven suddenly into my body.

Then the wild and changeful girl laughed aloud, and said, "Fear not, O Thomas! this will never happen. Yet to live in a palace, and be a queen, is not an evil thing, if one is queenly. I saw this queen, the daughter of Aretas, as she rode in her chariot; and though she wore jewels glittering from her nostrils, and bracelets on her wrists and ankles, and her dress was of woven gold, yet her face was tawny, and she looked like an image carved out of wood by some unskilful hand. They say she has a thousand garments,—some transparent as the thinnest mist, and others white with pearls. But, had I such splendor, I would make all who saw me say, 'It all belongs to her of right. She was born to be a queen. The jewels do not adorn her; she adorns them.' " And then she laughed her bright ringing laugh, which rippled gayly from her lips, like the sudden outburst of a bird's song.

But I, still sad, though I sat in the sunlight of her beauty, said, "How proud art thou, O Miriam! Is it not a dangerous thing to be so proud? The demons have power over us when we think too highly of ourselves."

And then, with one of those sweet smiles the like of which I have never seen on any other face, she answered gently, "O Thomas! that thou shouldst say this! Thou thinkest, then, that I am not fit for such a high place; thou thinkest I have not beauty, nor courage, nor fire. I think too highly of myself, do I not, Thomas? But I am fortunate; for I

have a friend always ready to put me back in my place, when I try to go out of it."

"No place on earth is too high for thee, O Miriam! I meant not that. Thou knowest that was not my thought. I believe not that Cleopatra of Egypt was more beautiful than thou. Thou art the wisest, the bravest, the loveliest, of all women" —

"Hush, hush!" said she, putting her hand before my lips. "Now thou art my Satan, Thomas: thou dost fill my ears with what may make thy friend too proud. But indeed I am and will be proud of thine honest friendship. Remember that, Thomas, but forget all else that I have said to-day."

And she rose, calm as the blue sky above us, and we walked side by side down the hill toward our homes.

## CHAPTER III.

## I GO TO A SCHOOL OF THE SCRIBES.

THE teacher who had charge of our synagogue was Master Jehuda. He was of the family of Ezra the scribe. He gave his whole mind to the study of the Thora, and of the traditions. He was filled with the spirit of understanding. He knew the sayings of renowned men, and could expound subtle parables. He sought out the wisdom of the ancients, and studied the meaning of prophecies. He not only knew and could repeat the whole written law, but also that which had never been written, but was sent down from one Sopher, or scribe, to another. I now see, my children, how dead this knowledge was; but then we all revered our scribe as the very voice of God in our midst. I wished to go and sit at his feet, and learn his wisdom, but dared not say so, even to my mother. The thing seemed too great for me.

One day I saw Rabbi Jehuda walking in the meadows which lay near the high hills on the western side of our valley. He walked, as was his custom, lost in thought. He seemed like a man moving in his sleep. They said of him that he had forgotten all common things. As one who goes to the bottom of a deep well, and looks up, and can see the stars in the day, but nothing else, so men said, "The Master Jehuda looks from the deep well of his knowledge, and sees the stars of eternal truth."

They said of him that he would walk into a house, and think it his own, and sit down at the board spread for the mid-day meal, and eat and drink as if he were at home, not

speaking to any one, but plunged in thought. At other times, when he met any one, either a carpenter who was only wise in his work, or a potter who put his trust only in his wheel, he would begin to speak to him of whatever he was turning over in his mind, not knowing but that he was talking with some learned master in Israel. One day he met my brother on the shore of the lake, and immediately said to him, "It is prohibited to place the pots of victuals in a hot place on the sabbath, or to put together on the festival large loaves; but thin cakes are allowed." And, having said this, he walked on; so stupefied was he with his wisdom, like a man who has taken much strong wine.

But when I saw him, on that day, walking in his meditation, a great longing came over me, and I ran after him. Yet, when I reached him, I was afraid, and followed slowly behind.

Directly he turned and looked at me, and said, "What wilt thou?" I stooped, and lifted the hem of his garment, and kissed it, and said, "I wish for knowledge." Then light came into his eyes, and they seemed to be glad inwardly; and he replied, "No one has asked knowledge of me for many days. My best joy is first to learn, then to teach. Come to me, my son; for thy face is eager, and I see in thine eyes a great hunger to know the truth."

Accordingly I went to him, and learned from his wisdom. First he told me how Moses, when he remained so long on the mountain with the Lord, even forty days and forty nights, received, not only the written law, but also its explanations. And, while he gave the written law to be read aloud to the people, he taught the law of the mouth, which was its explanation, first to Aaron, and afterwards to Aaron and his two sons. And while Moses was teaching them, the seventy old men came in, and Moses recited a third time to them this word, which was to go from mouth to mouth. And then all the people came together, longing to hear the word; and Moses repeated it a fourth time to the people



Thus the people heard it once, and the elders heard it twice, but the sons of Aaron three times, and Aaron himself four times. Thus, when Moses went back to his tent, Aaron, who already had heard it four times, repeated it again; so that his sons also had now heard it four times. And then Aaron, also, went to his tent. Then the sons of Aaron, Eleazar and Ithamar, who had now heard it four times, repeated it again; and so the elders had also heard it four times. And they repeated it to the people; and then the people also knew the whole law perfectly. Afterward the law itself was written down; but the explanation of the law was kept in the memory, and became the law of tradition, which is also called the law of the mouth. "Thus," said Jehuda, "there are two laws, — the written law and the spoken law, both coming from the Spirit of God. And without the law taught by the mouth, the other could not be understood or obeyed. For example, the written law said, concerning the feast of tents, 'Ye shall dwell in tents seven days.' But, after the Lord commanded Moses to write this precept, he told him to teach by mouth that this precept was not of obligation for women, nor for the sick, nor for travelers, also that the tents must not be covered with cloth, but with the boughs of trees. And other such things were taught. So, too, the Lord, in the Book of the Going-Forth, which describes the going-out of Egypt, forbids that any work shall be done on the seventh day. But in the law of the mouth it was explained exactly what kind of servile work was forbidden, and what was allowed; so that, without the spoken law, the written law could not be understood or obeyed."

Then I said, "O Master! I would learn this spoken law." And he consented, and agreed to teach me.

After this, I went every day to the house of Jehuda to study that which we called "Talmud," which by interpretation means tradition. And I grew very zealous in the study of this law. I believed that only by this knowledge.

and by obeying it, could our nation be saved; for my master showed me, that, though the written law might be destroyed, this law in the mouths of the doctors could never be lost. He showed me, that, where the doctors were, the people who wished to obey God could always learn whether they were doing right or wrong. They might misunderstand the written law; but, if so, they need only go to their master, or to the scribe of their synagogue, and he would tell them what was right.

Where the scribe was, they had, as it were, Moses himself just come down from the Mount, standing by their side. He reminded me how, before the enslavement in Babylon, the Jewish nation had been inclined to rebellion and idolatry. "What has altered them," said he, "so that now there is no idolater among all our people? It is because, since the captivity, we have had our schools and synagogues, in which the law of tradition has been taught, so that things have been kept in a fixed order. Thus oneness of belief prevails in all places. The heathen may rage, and the kings of the earth take counsel against us; but, as long as the doctors of the law study and teach the one holy tradition, this is like a great anchor, holding the ship fast amid all storms. The law which God wrote upon stones may be broken to pieces by the hand of violence; but the law which he wrote on the tables of the human heart and mind can never be demolished."

Fully convinced by this argument that God himself was continually present with his people in the body of the rabbi and scribes, all the love I felt for my nation, and all my love for Yahveh, made me the more zealous to study this great law. I said, "Every thing has a right way or a wrong way of being done, and I must learn to do every thing in the right way." The words of the scribes and the elders became so important to me, that they wholly took my mind away from the written law; and the prophets seemed to me not so great as the doctors.

After this, I often went to see Jehuda ; and he received me gladly, and answered all my questions very willingly. One day he said, " My son, you must become a scribe." And I said, " Master, tell me truly what a scribe is."

And Jehuda answered, " The scribes in Israel are the wise men and the holy men, on whom our whole nation depends for its life.

" Without them we should be like a land in which the figs did not ripen, nor the corn grow, nor the olives bear fruit. We should starve and die. For Moses says, ' Man does not live by bread only, but by every word that proceeds out of the mouth of God.' Now, the scribes hold the key of the knowledge of the spoken word. If we live by every word that proceeds from the mouth of God, we live by the spoken word, or Talmud, which only the scribes know."

THOMAS. — " How do the scribes know this word, as no one else can know it?"

JEHUDA. — " They know it by the tradition. This word is so sacred, that it must not be written down ; nor must it be told to every one. So God appointed not only priests for sacrifices, but also ordained that there should be a body of scribes to guard and keep the law, and to teach the people what they are able to understand."

THOMAS. — " Tell me, master, if thou wilt, more of the scribes?"

JEHUDA. The scribes have kept the sacred books safe, and preserved them until now. They have copied them in the ancient language of the Hebrews, in which they were first written by Moses and the prophets, — a language which the common people do not understand. Had it not been for the scribes, you would not have to-day any sacred books ; for they would all have been lost in the great captivity of Babylon. But the scribes carefully concealed these books, and kept them safe, and thus they have been preserved to this time. They also copy them so carefully, that not a single

point of a single letter has ever been changed from the beginning. When the scribes make a new copy of the law, they are so careful, that it is impossible for them to make any mistake. They wipe their pen after each letter, and, if a single error is committed, they destroy the whole roll: so much do they respect the written word. Therefore you owe it to the scribes that you know any thing of Moses and his law. And they have done for you much more than this."

THOMAS. — "But why do they not write the law in the language of the people, and let us read it ourselves, instead of keeping it in this ancient tongue of the Hebrews, — a language which is no longer known among us?"

JEHUDA. — "Because the common people, if they were allowed to read the law, would not understand it aright. They would make great mistakes, and fall into much sin. They need to have the law not only read to them in the synagogues by the scribes, but also explained to them in their own language. Tell me, Thomas, hast thou belief in the resurrection of the dead?"

THOMAS. — "How shall I not believe it, O master? Is it not a part of our religion?"

JEHUDA. — "And yet Moses did not reveal it in the written law. His five books say nothing to us of a future life. Nor is it taught by the prophets, nor in any sacred writing. How, then, wouldst thou know that there is any future life but by the sacred tradition, which has come down from the fathers, and been taught the people by the scribes? And tell me, Thomas, dost thou believe in prayer? Dost thou think it is a duty to pray to God?"

THOMAS. — "Surely, master, I do. How can there be any religion without prayer?"

JEHUDA. — "But, in all the five books of the law, Moses has said nothing about prayer. It is not once written, 'Thou shalt pray to God, and make thy wants known to him.' David in his Psalms, and the prophets, teach us to pray; but

how could they have learned of this, except through the traditions which the holy scribes have handed down to us? A scribe is one, then, who preserves the life of the nation by keeping in safety both the written law and the traditions. He, also, is the teacher of the people, at whose feet they ought always to sit, and receive his words as coming from the Lord. And, more than this, the scribes are the judges, who explain when men have broken the law, and decide what penalty must be laid on them; so that the scribes maintain justice in the land, and cause the offender to be punished. And some of us do more than this. I will tell thee, Thomas; for thy soul seems to me to be pure, and able to understand deep things. The scribe sometimes gives up all other work, in order to search the Scriptures. He searches for the hidden meaning which lies below the letter; for, in the holy word, there is nothing which is not filled full of mystical meanings. There is the meaning which lies on the surface, which all men can see; below this there is another meaning, by which one thing is seen to be the reflection of another, as the image of a tree in the water reflects a tree on the land; and below this, also, there is the meaning of the symbol and type, by which one person or one event holds in its heart the essence of another; and, deepest of all, there is another meaning, which we call Kabbala. He who at last sees that can leave his body, and go into the world of spirits, and know all mystery. Sometimes, when I seem to you to be like one asleep, I am searching for the Kabbala, which shall lift me up so that I can talk with Abraham and David face to face. Thus, O Thomas! thou mayst see what a great work is to be done by the scribes."

THOMAS. — "I see it, my master, and I understand their greatness. I have also heard it said that their work is to put a fence around the law. What does this mean?"

JEHUDA. — "It means, to make the law safe, so as not to be broken. A fence is put around a field to keep the flock

safe in the field, so that it shall not escape : so a fence is placed around the law to make the law safe. Thus the law says, 'Thou shalt not boil a kid in his mother's milk.' But to make that law safe, and to be sure that it shall not be broken, we make it more strict, and teach that *no* flesh shall be cooked with milk, not even the flesh of birds : for, my son, if we are so careful as not to eat any flesh and milk together, we shall be sure not to break the law concerning the flesh of a kid. So, also, the law of Moses tells us not to do any work on the sabbath day. But this law must have a fence around it to keep it safe ; and so the scribes tell us that we must not begin a work on the sabbath eve, lest we forget and go on with it during the sabbath. The inhabitants of Tiberias once carried a pipe of cold water through their hot spring to use it in their houses for washing ; but the scribes explained to them that they must not use that water on the first day of the week, because it had been heated in the spring on the sabbath. Nevertheless, there is necessary work which may be done on the sabbath : therefore the scribes explain distinctly what necessary work is, which may be done for the sick, or for food, or any thing made to be used during the sabbath, but not to last afterwards. Thus a man is taught that he may open a cask, to get dry figs from it, provided he does not do it for a future use. Men may do what is necessary for a corpse on the sabbath, but nothing more than is necessary. All these things the scribes must understand distinctly, and these they learn in the schools of the rabbis."

Then I said, "O master ! how shall one become a scribe?"

And he answered, "Thou must go to a school of the scribes ; and the best of these schools are at Jerusalem. There the rabbi will examine thee, to see if thou art able to learn ; and, if thou art able, thou wilt become one of the chosen, and begin thy work as a scholar in a chamber of the temple. There thou wilt study all questions concerning the law ; and,

after thou hast reached the proper age, thou wilt be examined again, and admitted to the work of the scribe by the rabbi, who will put his hand upon thee, and give unto thee tablets, and a key, as a sign that thou dost belong to this brotherhood. It will be well for thee, if thou canst enter on this way of knowledge. And I will write for thee a scroll to take to Jerusalem to a friend, — a rabbi held in much esteem, — asking him to admit thee into his school.”

So I went home, and told unto my mother all that the master had said. And my mother was astonished and grieved, and said, “How can I spare thee, and how can thy brother spare thee, to go from us and become a scribe?” But, because she loved me much more than she loved herself, she at last consented, and said, “Go, my son, in the name of the Lord. And let thy mind, when thou art in the school, not be like a funnel, which lets every thing go through; but, rather, like a sponge, which sucks every thing up. And let it not be like a strainer, which lets the wine pass out, but keeps the lees; but, rather, like the millstones which grind the hard grain into fine flour.” Thus spake my mother.

I grieved at the thought of leaving Miriam, and seeing her no more for many months. But she exhorted me earnestly to go, saying that I should by this journey and study grow stronger to help the great work which was to be done for the people. “In Jerusalem,” she said, “is the seat of the Separate Society, of which I told thee. When thou returnest, thou wilt be able to tell me many things I desire to know concerning its purposes. Go, then, Thomas, but remember that thou and I are joined in friendship, and that some day we are to work together for the kingdom which is to come.”

Thus I took leave of the maiden, and went on my way to Jerusalem, the holy city of our nation.

Ah! can I tell you, my children, how my heart was moved at the sight of that great city, the holy city of our people?

There I saw the vast temple, rising like a mighty pyramid

of marble, court above court, until behind and above all stood the Holy of Holies. And there I saw Mount Zion, which had been the city of King David, and where the great tent of the Lord stood, until Solyma built the temple on Mount Moriah. But I will not speak to you of these histories, my children, but only of what I myself heard and saw in that sacred city.

Well do I recall the day when I reached the summit of the mountain called the Mountain of Olives, because of the many orchards of olive-trees which clung to its sides, and lay around its base, like birds settling down into their nests.

From this high summit, men looked far away, — to the mountains covered with snow at the north, to the distant hills of Moab rising to the east behind, like a dark and solemn wall shutting in that ancient land of wonder. On the south rose in the distance the summit of Hebron, while directly below, in front, lay the city itself, a mighty fortification of glittering marble, lifted on a wall of massive hewn stones. How many words from the psalms which I had heard sung in our synagogue came to my mind! — “Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion, the city of the great King. God is known in her palaces as a sure refuge.” So near we were to the city, though the valley of Jehoshaphat lay between, that it looked as if one could cast a stone over the valley into its streets. Beyond the city the eye reached as far as the blue of the Middle Sea, while the sheet of water called “The Dead” lay in shadow behind us. But that which chiefly held the eye, so that one could scarcely look at any thing else, was the great temple, first built by the wisest of men, Solyma, and afterwards rebuilt by Herod. It stood on the very edge of a frightful precipice, dazzling white, and rising like a pyramid, court above court, terrace above terrace, each court surrounded by long walking-places, with many columns of marble. The one directly in front extended along the summit of the precipice, and above the



wall I could see its lofty pillars, with their heads crowned with golden fruit, and surrounded with silver leaves. On the highest part was the HOLY PLACE itself, dazzling the eye with the reflection of the sunshine from its plates of gold. It seemed as if I could never tire of looking at this beautiful object. But at last I descended the hill, passed through the valley, and mounted the steep path which led through the eastern gate into the city. The streets were narrow and dark. The people sat in their doorways and in the streets, and, as I passed along, examined me curiously, seeing that I was a stranger; so that I was glad when I reached the house of the scribe to whom I had been sent. He welcomed me kindly, and introduced me to the teacher in whose school I was to learn the wisdom of the ancients.

And, first of all, I was taught our sacred writings, and a knowledge of the holy language, called Hebrew, in which Moses and the prophets wrote.

I also listened to the lectures of the rabbi who was the head of the school. We usually stood around him, or sat on the floor at his feet, with our tablets in our hands, on which we wrote the words of our master.

My new teacher confirmed what I had heard from my old rabbi at home. He said that there were three kinds of tradition, without which the written law would be of no use. These are like the three veils before the tabernacle of Moses. Lift the first, and you enter into the vestibule; pass through the second, and you enter the holy place; remove the third, and you are in the Holy of Holies. The first he called HALACA, the second AGADA, and the third KABBALA. The Halaca teaches the art of reasoning, by which you can go to the root of the Word; and the knowledge of this is necessary in order to understand and to obey the written law. It tells exactly how every thing shall be done which is commanded. For example, Moses said that the words which he taught should be bound for a sign upon the hand, and be as front-

lets between the eyes, and be written upon the posts of the house, and on the gates. But then the Talmud, or spoken law, comes to us to tell us how these frontlets, called *tephillah*, shall be written, and on what kind of parchment, and with what sort of ink, and how large they shall be, and in what kind of case they shall be kept, and with what sort of strings they shall be tied, and where they shall be put, — on the arm, — or on the forehead, and whether they shall have fringes to them, and what particular texts shall be written upon them, and on what days they are to be worn, and at what hours in the day they shall be read aloud. All this, and much more, must be known, or else the law of Moses cannot be properly obeyed.

It is also necessary to know when to begin to wear them, namely at the age of thirteen, and that they must be put on before each prayer, saying these words, “Blessed art thou, O Lord our King, who hast sanctified us by thy commandments, and taught us to use the *tephillah*.” And at that moment he must fasten the *tephillah* on the arm by running the leather thong through its loop. And, if this is properly done, then great help will come to the soul.

Our rabbi gave this to us as an example how every command of Moses needs to be explained by the Halaca, otherwise not one of these commandments can be properly obeyed. Now, the law of Moses in the five books contains two hundred and forty-eight positive commands and three hundred and sixty-five negative commands: hence it may be seen how vast is the range of wisdom in the Halaca, which is necessary to be known.

“But after the HALACA,” said our teacher, “comes the AGADA, which is a higher wisdom, taking the soul up into the region of philosophy, and also teaching what the prophets and saints, and angels of God, have done and are doing. But the KABBALA is a yet deeper knowledge, teaching what are numbers and proportions, and the forms which contain

all others. By means of this knowledge the rabbi can do miracles and wonders." Of these our teacher gave us the following examples. I will repeat one or two, my children, that you may perceive what was the knowledge taught in our schools.

Our teacher informed us that the Prophet Elijah was still living, going about the world, — in appearance a venerable old man with a long beard; and he added this story concerning him: —

"On a certain day a rabbi named Benjamin, well taught in the Kabbala, met the Prophet Elijah, and saluted him, and said, 'I know that thou art Elijah the prophet, going about the world in the service of God; and I wish to go with thee, and see what thou doest.' Elijah replied, 'I cannot refuse, since thou knowest the Kabbala. Thou mayst go with me and see what I do, but ask no questions; for, when thou askest a question concerning what I do, the power of the Kabbala will cease, and thou must leave me.' So they came to a town in which lived an old rabbi and his wife, who entertained them with hospitality. These two lived by means of a cow which gave a large quantity of milk; and the wife of the rabbi sold the milk to the neighbors, and this was their support. In the morning the good woman arose, and provided their morning repast. And, as Elijah and Benjamin went on their way, the woman came after them, and cried, saying, 'My lords, the cow, which is the support of my husband and myself, is dead!' And Elijah answered, 'Verily, I asked the Lord that it might die, and he has heard my prayer.' And so they went on their way. And Benjamin feared much, but dared not ask a question.

"And, as they were travelling, they came to a certain place on the sabbath, and entered into the synagogue; and, when the service was over, no man saluted them, or asked them to his house. This was strange to Benjamin; for the Jews are taught to welcome strangers gladly. But Elijah

lifted up his voice, and prayed that each one of this congregation might be chosen a ruler of the people.

“And on the next sabbath they came to another village, and again entered into the synagogue. But here the Jews of the congregation showed them much kindness, and took them to their homes. But this time Elijah prayed that only one of them might be made a ruler. And so they went on their way.

“And now the Rabbi Benjamin was much disturbed in his mind, and wondered exceedingly, and said, ‘Can this, in truth, be Elijah, the man of God; for he does all things contrary to reason?’ But he dared not ask any question. And so they went on their way. And as they journeyed they saw a great palace upon a hill, where dwelt a rich Jew. And they knocked at the gate, and asked for hospitality.

“But the master of the house, who was a man of a mean spirit, called them beggars, and ordered his servants to drive them away. But Elijah said, ‘I will go, but first I must punish this man for his unkindness.’

“Now, this house stood in the midst of a great garden, where were many noble trees and fountains, and a high wall around it. But in one place this wall was weak and tottering, and about to fall. And Elijah said, ‘Stand up, O wall! and become solid and upright.’ And the wall stood up, and became firm.

“But then Benjamin became full of indignation, and said, ‘All thy doings, O Elijah! have been opposed to reason, and are intolerable. Why is it that thou hast done this?’

“Then Elijah replied, ‘For thy good, O rabbi, have all these things been done. For the fault of the wise man is, that he thinks he knows the reason of all things, and that which ought and ought not to be; and so he blames the Almighty because every thing is not as *he* considers best. Now I have done these things that thou mayst be convinced of thine ignorance. When the good woman rose in the morning

to prepare our meal, I perceived by inspiration that her days were numbered and finished, and that she would die before evening. And so I prayed the Lord, for the sake of the poor old man her husband, that her life might be spared, and that of the cow taken; for the rabbi could get another cow, but never a wife as good as she. Moreover, when we came to the first synagogue, where no man saluted us, I prayed that all might become rulers; knowing that they then would have no peace, but each be striving for the mastery. But in the second synagogue, where we were treated kindly, I prayed that there might be only one ruler in their midst; for then all would look up to him, and the peace of God would be there.

“Moreover, Elijah proceeded, and said, ‘Most of all, O Benjamin! wert thou surprised because I punished the rich man for his cruelty to strangers by making his wall stand upright. But the reason was this. Long ago, when a great band of robbers came to plunder that town, the people buried all their jewels and gold under that very wall. But the people were carried away captive, and so the treasure remains there to this day. If the wall had fallen, the cruel man would have found the treasure; but, by making the wall stand upright, it remains concealed from his eyes.’” Such parables did our teacher tell us, to show the power of the Kabbala. And I, being only a youth, then believed these stories to be true.

On other days our teacher would explain to us the histories concerning Moses and Noah, and other patriarchs, and answer our questions concerning them. Thus one day we asked him how it was, that, if Noah were a man of God, he should have become drunk by means of the fruit of the vine. Then the rabbi gave to us this narration:—

“When Noah planted the vine, he asked the Lord to cause it greatly to increase, so that the world might be full of its grapes. But Satan stood by, looking on, and said, ‘The Lord has heard his prayer, and the vine will go through the

whole world. But I will make evil follow it.' Then the Devil, with his evil spirits, killed a lamb, a lion, and a hog, and caused the blood of each to run into the ground upon the roots of the vine. So, when the grapes were ripe, Noah crushed them, and made wine of the juice. First he drank a little, and his heart was glad, and his face shone with sweetness like that of a lamb. Then he drank more, and became excited with rage, and was like a lion, and his family feared exceedingly before him. Then he drank again, and became drowsy, and his mind departed from him, and he slept the sleep of the swine."

And again we asked the rabbi how it was that Moses when he came down from the mount was so careless as to drop the tables of stone. And he told us that each of these stones weighed a ton; but, the moment that the commandments were traced upon them by the finger of God, they became as light as a feather. Now when Moses came down from the mount, and saw the multitude shouting around the molten calf, some rays of sunshine reflected from the idol touched the tables of stone, and immediately the letters flew away, and the tables became of their former weight. Then Moses could not support them, and was obliged to let them fall; and that was why the stones were broken.

Another day our teacher took us to the temple, that he might explain to us the services and the sacrifices. You must know, my children, that this great temple of the Jews was the sacred place for the whole nation, and that a multitude of people, both priests and the children of Levi, were appointed to perform its services. There sacrifices were offered every morning and evening for the sins of the Israelites in all lands; and the whole nation was believed to be in reality offering those sacrifices for its sins, and asking God's blessing every day. No matter where the Jews were, all over the world, they sent to Jerusalem their tribute every year for the support of this their public worship of God,

each man sending his half-shekel. With this money and other contributions the daily worship was carried on, and the temple and its priests supported. A perpetual fire burned on the great altar where the lambs were sacrificed each day; and every day the morning and evening incense of fragrant spices was burned on another altar of gold where no blood ever came; and the fragrance went up to God as the nation's prayer.

So the rabbi took us one morning to show us the temple.

High walls arose all around. Through these walls, gates of brass and gold opened into the first court, which was called the Court of the Gentiles. The gate by which we entered was called the Gate of Beauty, and was wholly made of brass from Corinth, and so large that twenty men with all their strength could barely open it. Through this gate we entered into the Court of the Gentiles, where all the believers of other nations were allowed to come, but could go no farther. When we went into it, it was crowded with people going and coming, buying and selling, and seemed to us more like a market than a sacred place. Here sat women offering doves to those who wished to sacrifice them, and here were men with scales, weighing the pieces of gold and silver brought from foreign countries, which were Greek and Roman money, and changing them into the half-shekels which were to be paid as tribute. All around this court arose columns supporting roofs, and making shaded porticos, within which the people walked to and fro.

We asked our master why this beautiful court was thus turned into a market-place, and he answered, "Because only the Gentiles come here; and, as the Gentiles are profane, the place itself must always be profane, and cannot be made sacred, and therefore may lawfully be put to profane uses." Then from this Court of the Gentiles we ascended by a flight of steps through another gate, which opened through the inner portico, and went up into another spacious square. This

was also surrounded by cloisters and columns, within which were chambers occupied by the priests and the Levites, who there kept the tools and furniture which were used in the services. All the noise and tumult which we had heard below was now gone. On the lower side was one court for the women, and on the other, above, were courts for the men. The courts of the men were a little higher than that of the women, and separated from it by a low railing of stone beautifully carved.

When we reached this place, we heard the chanting of the psalms, and the sad wail of the trumpets blown by the priests in the inner court, which was still higher up, above where we were. And as this solemn chanting, broken by the long-drawn cry of the trumpets, came to our ears, and we saw the smoke which ascended from the great altar, going up against the blue sky, and thought how our nation forever worshipped God, the King of kings, in this place, it seemed as if this were the holiest spot of all the earth, and that the whole nation were truly a priesthood for all mankind. Then we thanked God that we, also, were children of Abraham.

Around this square were rows of lofty columns, like those in the Court of the Gentiles below; but behind these columns were large rooms used in many ways by the priests and the Levites. In each of the four corners of the square were schools, kept by famous rabbis. In other chambers, behind the columns, were offices where the priests examined the lepers who were crowded around, each waiting his turn to enter. These wretched sufferers were miserably diseased. Fortunate is the nation where this disease is not known. The poor leper was declared to be unclean by the Hebrew priest who examined him, and was obliged to leave his family and friends, and go into an asylum made ready for him. When he went out into the streets, he must walk by himself, not going near any one, with bare head and torn clothes. If any one came near to him, he must cry out, "Unclean!"



When healed of this disease, he still must not go home, or touch any one, until he had gone to the temple, to the Chamber of the Lepers, where the medical priests sat, who were to examine him again. If they declared him to be clean, he must then offer a sacrifice on the altar, by the hand of the priest, and then might go once more to his home. In other chambers were kept the instruments of music. One room was filled with trumpets, another with harps. In other rooms were deposited the precious and fragrant spices used for incense. Around the entrance to other chambers stood the parents who had brought their children to be circumcised. Meantime we saw many persons passing across the court in white dresses of fine linen singularly shaped. They wore on their heads caps of cloth made in the form of white lilies, and they walked with bare feet. We asked our master who they were, and he told us that they were all priests, and that these were the dresses of the priests. But our master told us that the priests, though all were children of Aaron, had lost much of the wisdom of their fathers. "To us," said he, "the scribes, it has been given to understand and teach the Word; and without the Word all the sacrifices of the priests would not avail."

Nevertheless, the priests seemed to us to be full of labors; for many of the people were waiting in the court with their victims, ready for sacrifice. So we asked our master to tell us the meaning of sacrifice; for in Galilee we never offered sacrifices. We saw men waiting, some with oxen, some with sheep, others with goats, or with cages in which were doves; and then we saw others, who were too poor to offer such victims, who had in their hands baskets with meal, or bread, or cakes, or ears of corn, or bottles of oil. All these stood, each waiting his turn, near some of the chambers. And therefore we asked our master the meaning of these sacrifices. And the master spoke thus:—

"All these sacrifices are the same as prayers, and without

the spirit of prayer they are of no avail. The sacrifice is the body, of which prayer is the soul. Men are so made, that they need to see the thought within them taking some outward form, else the thought is only a dream in the mind, and does not become an action. Therefore it has been ordained by Moses that the prayers of the people shall become visible in such sacrifices. If one has received a blessing from God, he brings a thank-offering, which is some sheep or lamb from his fold; and the Lord accepts it as the outward sign, or sacrament, of his inward thought. And if he has committed a sin he brings a sin-offering, which is in like manner an expression to God of his desire for pardon. The priests take these animals, and offer them up for him; and, after the victim is offered, they burn incense on the altar as a sign of the prayer which has gone up to God. Then the man who offers it goes home, and knows that the Lord has accepted his offering; and his soul is at peace. But all this must be done at Jerusalem in the temple, that it may not become a superstition."

Then one of my companions, who had read the Scripture, said to the master, "Why, then, do the prophets speak in the name of the Lord, and say, 'Incense is an abomination to me. To what purpose the multitude of your sacrifices? I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he-goats. Who hath required this at your hands to tread my courts?'"

The master answered, "The prophets said this because the people foolishly thought that their sins against justice and mercy could be forgiven because of a sacrifice. But this is not the meaning of sacrifices. No man can offer a sacrifice for murder, or theft, or any other wickedness, and be forgiven because of his sacrifice. Only that part of the sin is forgiven which makes him unclean, and separates him from the holy people. In order to be forgiven his iniquity against God and man, he must purify his heart by the sight of truth

and by his knowledge of the divine word. He can go free from the outer part of his sin by going to the priest, and offering his sacrifice ; but, in order to kill the heart of his sin, he must come to the scribes, and learn what they have to teach. Then he will know the truth, and the truth will make him free.”

Thus spoke my master, the wise and good scribe. And afterward I heard the same words from another master, greater than he. But I do not tell you about this now, my children, for every thing should be narrated in its order.

Then, as we walked by the side of these chambers, we came to a larger hall, where there were many people assembled ; and over the portal of this hall was written in letters of gold these words, “The Gate of Justice.” Our master told us that this was a seat of judgment, where offences against the law were tried every morning. Here were judges, who were scribes and priests, and who sat on a high seat, and listened to every complaint, and heard the witnesses, and called upon the man who was accused to answer, if he could, and defend himself.

And thus as we walked through this Court of the Jews it seemed to us that the temple was the great heart of the land. Here were its thought and its life. Here, on the summit of all, stood the holy place glittering with gold. Here burned the perpetual fire on the vast altar ; and the priests in their white robes were daily chanting the psalms, blowing the trumpets, and offering sacrifices to God. And here in the court below were the rabbis, teaching the two laws, written and spoken, and in the courts executing justice between man and man. The scribes were also there, teaching every man his duty, and hearing all difficult cases. And outside of all was the great Gentile Court, where men of every nation under heaven might come, and worship before God. While we marvelled at all this, the rabbi said, “And yet in the first temple there were five wonders, which came down from

Moses, which we have not. That temple had in it the ark of the covenant, with its mercy-seat. There was also the fire which had been kindled from heaven, which had never gone out. That also contained the very Urim and Thummim which Aaron wore; and the holy spirit of prophecy dwelt in it. But now we will go up to the Court of the Priests."

As none but priests were allowed to enter this court, we stood outside the low wall of carved stone, and gazed with delight and wonder at what we saw within.

First there rose before us the vast altar, so large that it seemed like a great marble building, but diminishing in size, from the foundation to the top, like a pyramid, of which the upper part had been taken away. The marble sides were covered with ornaments of brass, and a gentle ascent led on one side to the top. Here we saw burning the perpetual fire, symbol of the never-ending worship which our nation, scattered through the world, here gave to the one true God. As we looked at the great pure flame soaring up to heaven, fed forever with smokeless fuel by the priests, we remembered what we had been told concerning it in our synagogue, — how it couched on the altar like a lion, how its light was fardarting like that of the sun, how the flame looked like solid silver, and how some said it was the same which fell from heaven in answer to Elijah's prayer. That this fire was the same as that, they said was proved by its having the power of burning water as though it were oil.

But still more beautiful and wonderful than this great altar of burnt offering, where the sacrifices for all mankind went up to heaven, was the temple itself, which rose behind it. We had yet seen only its outworks and protecting courts. It stood on a platform of squared stone as high as two tall men standing on each other: steps behind the altar led up to this platform. We saw before us the portico, with its great carved columns, behind which, suspended on the walls, were

hung, arranged in beautiful forms, gifts of gold, silver, and jewels, and a golden vine, with grapes clustered in such masses, that, when the sun shone on them, they dazzled the eye with their glory. In the midst, and before the door opening into the sanctuary behind, was a Babylonian veil of cloth-of-gold, through which the priests passed into the holy place to kindle the incense on the altar.

While we looked, we saw the priests making their preparations for the duties of the day. We had come early; for our master wished to show us the whole daily service from the beginning. Every morning the priests bathed themselves, so as to begin the day with purity of body as well as purity of mind. Then, very early, two companies, with torches, made a circuit of the temple, to see that there was nothing in any part which would defile or injure it. After visiting and examining every part of the courts, they came together at what was called the room of the pastry-man, near the gate of Nicanor. Here they cast lots for their duties. Some were to remove the ashes from the high altar with silver shovels; some were to carefully clean all the altars in every part; some were to select and examine the victims, to light the lamps of the golden candlestick, to kindle the censer of incense, to bake the loaves of sacred bread. After all this was done, other priests took the keys and opened the seven gates of the court of Israel, so that the people might enter the temple.

And now, as we stood and looked, the two companies of priests sounded their silver trumpets, that the service of the day might begin. The Levites who were to chant the psalms went in procession to their music-desks: those who had been selected to represent the nation before the temple took their places on either side of the altar. Then there was a silence; and as we looked we saw two priests go up the twelve steps of the temple, and open the doors which led from the portico into the sanctuary. Then the lamb for the morn-

ing sacrifice was led up upon the altar, and the trumpets now ceased their prolonged wail, and all was silent while the innocent victim fell. The priests next went to pray for a blessing to be given during that day to the Jewish nation throughout the world. After that another priest recited aloud the Ten Commandments, and at the end of each the Levites chanted a petition that the nation might obey that divine command. Then the great bell of the temple was rung and the lamb put upon the altar, the blood sprinkled, the incense lighted, and the Levites and priests chanted the psalms which had been chosen for the service of the day. Finally the high priest came forward and blessed the nation, and the morning service ended with trumpets and a song of praise.

Having witnessed all this solemn service, we returned filled with many thoughts to our home.

## CHAPTER IV.

## I ENTER RELIGION, AND SEEK TO SAVE MY SOUL.

So I studied many months with my master the scribe. But now my mind was drawn to a new matter. In going through the streets I often met men who looked so strangely, that I could not help stopping to gaze at them. They had on their foreheads black bands which covered the whole of the head above the eyes. Broad purple stripes and long fringes hung from their robes. They walked forward as if they saw no one, being lost in meditation. Sometimes two or three would be standing together repeating prayers during a long time. I remember that one morning I passed one of them as I went to my school. He was standing at the corner of a street repeating prayers aloud; and when I came back, some hours after, he was there still, and was still repeating his prayers. Many men and women looked at him wondering. When I asked who these people were, the man to whom I spoke marvelled, and said, "Dost thou not know that they belong to the holy society? These men are those who profess purity, and separate themselves from others, that they may lead pure lives. Some call them Pharisees, or the Separate Ones. And I tell thee, young man," continued he, "that these holy men are the safety of our nation, and atone for all its sins."

Then I wished to know more concerning this society of the Separate Ones. After I had learned about them, it seemed to me, that, what the scribes taught, the Separate Ones performed. They promised each other to keep free

from all sin against the law. When they joined the society, they bound themselves by strict rules. The first was to give to the Lord a tenth part of every thing which was bought or sold, or eaten or drunk, by them. And therefore they had a second rule, which was this, — never to eat or drink in the house of any who was not a Separate One, lest they should eat something of which the tenth part had not been paid to the Lord. Another rule was, not to touch any thing unclean. And they were very strict about unclean things and about washings. They washed their hands continually to free themselves from any uncleanness, and they said that the hands became unclean, not only when they touched an unclean jar, but when they were put into the empty space inside of it; and that even touching the Scriptures made the hands unclean. Some of them, however, taught that only the Book of Songs, which is Solomon's Song, and the book Kohaleth, or Ecclesiastes, make the hands unclean.

And when I heard how good and holy these men were, and how they lived poorly, and despised all pleasure and all repose, and how full of zeal they were for our holy religion, and gave their money to the poor, and fasted often, and denied themselves all enjoyment, for the sake of God, and went far away among the heathen to teach the law of Moses to all mankind, then I desired to become a member of this holy society; for I longed for excellence, and I thought the Separate Ones were more holy than the scribes. I therefore went to one of them and told him my wish; and he said, "If thou wilt belong to our holy body, and enter religion, and obey the rules, and separate thyself, in order to be a saint, thou must first learn what thou wilt have to do. We are they who come out from the world, and oppose all mixture, wishing to be pure; for as a little poison mixed in water may destroy life, and a little contagion in the air may carry disease, so a little mixture of the Roman and Greek customs may destroy our whole religion."



Then he examined me to see whether I knew the law and the tradition; and he asked, "What, O Thomas! is the Shemah?"

And I replied, "It is the command of Moses, 'Hear, O Israel; The Lord our God is one Lord: and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength.'"

"How often and how late must one repeat the Shemah?" I answered, "At least twice a day, and as late as midnight, or till the pillar of the morning ascends."

"How often should one fast?" I said, "It is good to fast twice a week; but the men who stand near the priest during the sacrifice, in place of the whole nation, may fast also on other days, only not on the sabbath, nor on the days before and after the sabbath."

After asking many such questions, and being contented with my answers, he admitted me as a disciple of the holy society in the presence of witnesses. And I became very zealous for the law and the regulations.

So I went into the work of religion, joining myself to the other members of the Separate Ones with the same force of soul with which I had studied the traditions in the house of the learned. I lived now with three members, in a room of a house belonging to the society. We were obliged to live together in order to be separate from the common people, and to obey our rules strictly. Each one wore the robe of the order, with its purple stripes and fringes, and its black band over the forehead. Every day we went to a hall in the temple to be taught the rules of the order. We sat on the ground around our teacher; and, as he taught the rules, we repeated them after him three times, and before the end of the day we had to repeat them again to each other many times to fix them in our memory. All this I did with such zeal, and such full belief of my heart, that I could even now repeat to you, my children, a great multitude of such com-

mandments. These things at this time appear to me no better than the dust which the idle wind blows into the eyes of the traveller; but then we sincerely thought to save our souls, and to become pure from all evil, by perfect obedience to all these rules of religion. When I think of our strong and honest devotion to such empty practices, I remember what I have read in a letter written by my wise brother in Christ, Saul, who is also called Paul. He, too, had belonged to our society, and had strictly obeyed its rules. I remember that he scarcely ate or slept, but prayed and fasted more than any of us. The good Lord has also broken his chain, and given to him the blessed liberty of those who are God's children, and not his slaves. But perhaps he was thinking of the vast edifice of minute rules which our teachers had built up, when he said, "If a man build a house of wood, or dried grass, or the stubble of corn, it will be burned, and all his labor thrown away; but, if the builder be honest though ignorant, his own soul may be saved, though with difficulty, like a man who hardly escapes with his life from a burning house." Certainly God will not punish an honest man for his mistakes; and yet he who spends his life in considering anxiously idle questions and empty distinctions must have a starved and puny soul. Only truth and reality make the true bread which strengthens man's heart.

I am sure, that, if this religious discipline could do good, it would have done good to me; for I spent all my time in learning the rules, and trying to obey them.

We had rules for every thing we did, taught by our rabbis, and handed down by tradition. There were rules for prayer, telling us precisely how often to pray, and what to say. Our rabbi was Gamaliel, and there was sweetness and much liberty in his teaching, when compared with some others; for he belonged to the school of Hillel, which gave more freedom than the school of Shammai. It was said that our rabbi, Gamaliel, repeated his prayers as usual on the evening of

his marriage, and his disciples reminded him that he had taught that a bridegroom was exempt at such a time. He answered, "I will not withhold my homage from the kingdom of heaven for a single moment." He also bathed when his wife died, thus violating his own law of liberty, and excused himself by saying, "I am not like other men: I am weak, and need to be more strict in my obedience." And when his slave Tabbi died he received visits of sympathy. Again his disciples reminded him that visits of consolation were not to be received for slaves. Then he replied, "My slave-Tabbi was not like other slaves: he was a friend of God." Thus our rabbi himself sometimes modified his own rules according to the reason of the thing.

We had rules for every thing we did; and all our actions had to be carefully weighed and measured, as the tradesman weighs meal in scales, or measures cloth with a rod. The rules commanded us to say eighteen benedictions every day. If we were riding on an ass, we must dismount to say them; if in a cart or ship, we must turn our thoughts to the Holy of Holies in the temple. We must pause before we prayed, to direct our heart to God. On some kinds of food we must ask a blessing; on others not. Where different fruits were in one dish, we must ask separate blessings on each. A different prayer was to be said for thunder, for the sight of mountains, for the sight of the ocean, for rain, for good news, and for bad news. Neither must we ask a blessing on any thing which belonged to an idolater.

We had many rules in regard to washing. If we ate bread which was not consecrated, we must first wash our hands up to the wrist; but if it was consecrated, we must wash them twice in this way. We must not pour water on each other's hands, nor out of the bung-hole of a cask, nor water which had been used for any other purpose.

The rules for the sabbath were very numerous, and we must distinctly remember them in order not to be sabbath-

breakers. Thus if a beggar took money with his own hand from the wallet which was handed to him, the beggar broke the sabbath, but the other not. We were taught that we broke the sabbath if we took a needle out of the cloth in which it was sticking, when not a single stitch had been made; if we went out with a reed-pen in our hand; if we read by candle-light; or if we did any thing on the sabbath eve which might cause work to be done on the sabbath day. Lamps might be lighted on the sabbath with some kind of wicks, but not with others; nor must we put out a lamp already burning to save the oil or the wick. Meat must not be cooked on the sabbath, nor water heated.

All these rules and many others I carefully learned, and endeavored faithfully to fulfil. But, instead of finding any peace or satisfaction from all this effort, I seemed only to be more dissatisfied with myself. I denied myself all pleasures and many comforts; I spent much time in reciting my prayers; I fasted often: but gloom, instead of peace, filled my mind. I groaned under a great weight of sin. The more I tried to do right, the more I seemed to go wrong. I had no comfort nor satisfaction in any thing which I did, or from which I abstained. All life seemed to be going away out of my heart.

What made the matter worse was a doubt which now began to enter my mind in regard to the superior holiness of some of our society. There were three teachers whom I often met walking, who were much in each other's society, though very different from each other. One of them was our own teacher, Rabbi Gamaliel; the second was named Rabbi Nehemiah; and the third was Rabbi Ben Gamlah. Rabbi Gamaliel was a wise and kind man, and I could not help loving him; but, somehow, every thing he said seemed to throw a gentle spray of moisture on the fire of my zeal. No doubt he loved our religion, and was very much interested in all its doctrines and its worship; but I missed in him that burning

conviction that every thing not Jewish was hateful to God, which I had always thought essential to true piety. To hate with a holy hatred the idolatries and idolaters of the world I believed to be a main part of the Jewish faith. But Rabbi Gamaliel was in the habit of speaking of other religions as though they might contain some truth mixed with a great deal of error. He thought it very wrong to worship idols; but he said that many who were called idolaters did not really worship the idol, but used it merely to fix their minds on God. He compared them to those whom you will sometimes see looking at a painted likeness of a friend, and talking to it lovingly, as though it were itself their friend. He said that they were not so foolish as really to confound their friend with his picture; but they used it to fix their mind upon their friend. And thus, said he, do some idolaters use their idols. He wore a ring bearing upon it a head carved in the stone. And some thought that he broke the commandment which says, "Thou shalt not make any graven image the likeness of any thing in heaven or on earth." But he replied, that the law did not forbid the making, but only the worshipping; for Moses himself who gave this law made a brazen serpent in the likeness of the serpents upon the earth. "Moreover," said he, "do you not see the golden grape-vine, with its leaves and clusters, on the holy place itself? That is made in the likeness of the vine and grapes on earth. It is not making these things, but worshipping them, that God forbids."

I also heard that once, when Rabbi Gamaliel visited Tiberias, he went into a bath where was an image of a devil, very beautiful, called Venus, whom the Romans worshipped. And, when some men rebuked him for doing so, he said, "I went in to bathe, and not to worship that piece of stone. The stone is nothing: why should I fear it? The bath was not made for the stone; but the stone was put there because of the bath." And they greatly marvelled at him.

I sometimes walked in the fields with my master Gamaliel ; and once he took me to a height where we could see the snowy peak of Hermon to the north, and the great sea gleaming in the sunshine on the west, and the black mountains of Moab beyond the Dead Sea. Then he talked of the goodness of God who had made the world so beautiful. He also repeated passages from the Greeks, which showed them to be feeling after God ; and he told us that the Greeks had their prophets as we had, though much inferior to ours.

I loved to hear my master Gamaliel talk in this way ; for, while he spoke, Jehovah seemed to fill the world, and not be confined only to our own small nation. But at the same time I found my zeal for my own religion growing less ; for if the religion of the heathens were not wholly false, and if they might also be saved, then why need we care so much about making them proselytes to our own religion ? Thus my mind was filled with doubt ; and I carried with me the sense of sin, which was a burden hard to bear.

I have said that there were two other rabbis who walked often with Gamaliel, but were unlike him. Rabbi Nehemiah was very kindly-natured, and merry of heart. I observed that he was fond of eating and drinking, and talked a great deal about his dinner and the kind of wine he liked best. He was often seen talking and laughing with the people at the corner of the street. All liked him, and came to him for advice. Some people told him that he laughed too much, and cared too much for the things of this world. But he quoted the Scripture, that " a merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance," and that " a merry heart doeth good like a medicine ;" and the other Scripture which tells us to " drink our wine with a merry heart." And I knew that he, also, was a good man ; but somehow to see him, and to hear him talk, weakened my zeal for my religion.

The third of these three was Rabbi Ben Gamlah, and he was different from the others. He smiled when he looked at

you, but never laughed. His eye watched every one with whom he spoke, and noticed every thing that happened. Like that creature which they call a chameleon, he changed his aspect wherever he was, and became like the people about him, and so was pleasant to all. His cheeks were thin and dark; nor could any man tell from his face or his voice what he thought, for his tones were measured, and he spoke carefully. He did not care much for knowledge, and still less for pleasure; but what he desired most was power. He desired that the Pharisees should become powerful among the Jews, and that he should become powerful among the Pharisees. He cared not for the happiness of others nor for his own, so that he might gain power, and with it build up the society. He meant to do every thing for the glory of God; and I think he would have been willing to sacrifice his own life or that of others for this end. Any thing was right which would help this great cause. It was fearful to see a man so strong and so determined in his own mind who was ready to run any risk himself, or inflict any pain on others, in what he considered the cause of God. And this fear which came over me at the sight of his dark face and glittering eye also increased my doubts and my discouragement.

One day Rabbi Gamaliel sent for me to come to him in his chamber in the temple. I passed through the crowded streets, narrow and dark, from which the high walls on either side shut out the sun. Then I entered the Court of the Gentiles through the southern gate, which was like a great stone building with a double arch. Going through this gateway, I passed from the darkness and closeness of the outer streets into the grand Court of the Gentiles, filled with the sunshine on the pavement below. Double rows of Corinthian columns stretched from one end to the other of the vast enclosure. I came to the marble screen, which no Gentile must pass under peril of death, and went up through the Beautiful Gate, covered with gilding and carving, to the

chamber of the rabbi. He said to me, "I have sent for thee, Thomas, to give unto thee this roll, which contains a book thou hast not yet read; but the time has now come for thee to read it. Thou hast studied the sacred language of our fathers, and thou art now able to read the Scripture. This is the Book of Job. Read it through, and then come to me, and say what it has done for thy soul." So I took it with me to my room, and spent the whole day in reading it.

Even now, after many years, I remember the feelings roused within me by this wonderful poem. It seemed to take me into another world. There was a strange, solemn music in the verses. They marched on with the measured tramp of an army. The pictures of the vast earth, with its infinite varieties of animals and plants, mountains and rivers; the solitude of the wilderness; the crowds of cities; the solemn night with great star-clusters moving on through the sky; the north, with its fields of snow, and its rivers made solid with ice; the hot winds of the south, making the desert like a furnace, with the sky burning above as a brazen mirror, — all this was a world of wonders passing before my eyes. So it is when the banks of a river, with its trees, houses, and hills, pass by a man drifting down the stream in a boat.

I had been brought up in the strictest school of Hebrew piety. My awe for the great Creator, King of kings, Lord of lords, knew no bounds. But before I read this book, it was a blind and ignorant fear; now it was a sacred fear filled with knowledge. I seemed to see the Being of beings in the very act of creation; laying the foundation of the earth; fixing its deep corner-stone; gathering in his hands the vast ocean, and pouring it out into its deep abysses; holding up his finger until the enormous waves subsided at his divine command. I heard his deep voice ordering the morning dawn, rosy red, to go to the east; telling the light where to pass, the rain when to fall; leading all the beautiful stars to their places, and grouping them in well-ordered



families. And then appeared in the broad firmament of heaven the rejoicing multitude of angels and archangels, filling the universe with harmonies of celestial praise, even the stars sending forth music as they moved, and the sons of God shouting for joy.

Again the picture changed, and there came before me the far-reaching sandy deserts, swept by steadfast winds. The hawk was hanging in the air above, poised on his motionless wings. Below, I saw the heedless ostrich sweeping in careless flight over the desert plains. Presently there came upon the scene a wild Arab clan, with white turbans and glittering spears, watching the approach of a hostile tribe. They came toward me at full speed; the wild fury of motion sweeping man and horse along, like a raging torrent which has broken its banks. I heard the scream of the trumpets, the thunder of the galloping horsemen, the awful crash when the battle joined and horses and men struggled together like writhing serpents.

And now it was night, and the desert was silent. Pale in the solemn moonlight lay on the sand the horses and their riders. On far-stretching wings the eagles hovered above, waiting to descend upon their prey.

Then as I read on, entranced by these wonderful pictures, I was carried into Egypt, and beheld the Nile rolling its majestic stream between the shores where grow the papyrus and the lotus, and where among the reeds wallow enormous monsters. On the land there stood a terrible unknown creature, covered with impenetrable armor, breathing fire from his mouth, and full of such fierceness that the bravest trembled in his presence.

But far more than these wonders of the world was the knowledge which this book gave me of the heart and life of man. I was carried back to those early days when God could be heard talking among his angels, and when good men were his friends. I heard the debate in heaven when

Yahveh held a council of angels, and listened to their judgments on the conduct of men below. They talked about Job, a chief of chiefs in Arabia, whom all men revered, whose cattle filled the valleys, and whose flocks whitened the hills. He was the friend of God and of men. The light of Yahveh shone on his path. He was the protector of the poor, and plucked the prey from the jaws of the tyrant. Honor and reverence waited on his steps.

Then, by the permission of God, the searching angel was allowed to test his goodness with dreadful calamities. Yet he held fast his integrity, and accepted in silence the evil with the good, at the hands of God.

Then came the three friends, and sat beside him, mourning and weeping, till Job at last, weighed down by his awful sorrow, uttered a great cry of despair, cursing the day of his birth, and wishing that he had died before he was born. His friends, showing no sympathy with his sorrow, gave him advice, and told him, that, since he suffered, it must be as a punishment for some sins. They charged him to confess his sins, and said that God would then forgive him. "All suffering," said they, "is punishment; for even if a child be born blind, it must be a punishment for some sin of his parents, or for some sin of his own committed in a previous state of being." Therefore they asked Job to bethink himself whether he had not been too proud of his uprightness, or trusted too much in his own piety, so as to excite the jealousy of Yahveh. Some great crime he must certainly have committed, else he would not have been so severely punished.

Now, this doctrine was exactly what I myself had always believed. It surprised me, therefore, to find Job declaring that he had not sinned at all, or, if he had, that he did not know it. "Convince me that I have sinned," said he, "and I will admit it; or let God himself show me wherein I have done wrong, and then I will confess it. I know my words were rash and hasty; but the words of a desperate man are

but air. Let the inspector of men show me what I have done amiss, and I will own it. But I will not tell a lie, even to please the Almighty. He is all-powerful; he can destroy me when he will: but I will not profess what I do not believe because he is the Almighty. I will hold fast my integrity, and not let it go: I will not speak words of wind in order to please the All-powerful."

There was sublime strength in this, and a courage, which filled me with admiration, but also with fear. It shocked me to hear any man say he was not a sinner. To refuse to confess his sins until he saw them seemed a wicked audacity. I had been taught that it was impossible to say too much in confessing one's sins. Our rabbi used to quote continually the saying of the prophet, that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;" and that other saying, that "all our righteousness is like filthy rags." Thus I thought that Job must be wrong in refusing to call himself a sinner; and I read on, impatient to see the end thereof.

As the conversation went on, and the discussion between Job and his friends became more hot, my interest increased. But my mind was divided, and I grew irresolute, unable to decide whether Job, or his friends, were right. All my old belief was on their side; but my feelings were with Job. They seemed to me to be right in saying that he was a sinner, and that he ought to confess his sins, and submit to the will of God. I could not comprehend the lofty pride which clung to its own convictions of right, even against the Almighty. I thought the friends had the truth with them when they said that the creature had no right to doubt the justice of the Creator, and still less to deny his own sinfulness. Yet there was something which touched a deep place in my soul in this picture of a human being refusing to submit to mere power, and demanding to see that this power was guided by justice.

That I might understand it better, I put into my own language the substance of this conversation.

## PART FIRST.

1. JOB. — “I am so miserable I would I had never been born.”

2. ELIPHAZ. — “Thou oughtest not to say that. Thou oughtest instead to ask God to forgive thy sin. Thou must be a sinner; for even the angels are not pure before God. Thou art punished for thy sin, and it is for thy good. Only submit to God’s will, and he will be thy friend again.”

3. JOB. — “I suppose I spoke hastily; but it was because I was in such affliction. Ye ought to be patient with me, and sympathize with me; but ye fail me in my affliction. Ye are like the brooks which dry up in summer, when they are most needed. Do not rebuke me, but convince me. Do not reproach me, but explain to me my fault. Do not object to my language: the words of a desperate man are only air.”

4. BILDAD. — “But thou oughtest not to complain of God; since whatever he doth must be right.”

5. JOB. — “I know that well. He is infinite in every thing. But I complain of this, that God maketh no difference in his treatment of good men and bad. This world is given into the hands of the wicked. If this is not the Lord’s doing, whose doing is it? I do not pretend to answer the Almighty, for he is too high above me. But if there were some one who could stand between us, and put his hand upon us both, some mediator, then I might speak; but now I can only say, Spare me!”

6. ZOPHAR. — “This is all wicked talk. What canst thou understand of the ways of the Almighty? Repent of thy wickedness: that is the only thing for thee to do.”

7. JOB. — “No doubt ye have all the wisdom there is in the world; and it will die when ye are gone. I know that God is almighty as well as ye know it; but what I want is the truth. Why manufacture lies, and put them in my

mouth? Can I deceive the Lord by flattery, and please him with falsehood, as if he were a man? Ye are physicians of no value. Your maxims are lighter than dust, and your arguments fortresses of clay. But though I have no hope, and though God slay me, I will justify my ways before him."

## PART SECOND.

1. ELIPHAZ. — "If what thou sayest, O Job, be true, there is an end to piety, reverence for the Almighty, penitence, and prayer. This shows that thou must be wrong."

2. JOB. — "It is very easy for ye to talk in this way; for ye have no suffering like mine. It does no good for me to speak, or be silent. Either way there lies nothing but misery; and the best thing I can hope for is to die, and so there shall be an end to all."

3. BILDAD. — "Why talk thus? Thou art only adding to thy sin, and therefore to thy misery. It is not true that God treats the good and the bad alike. No one is punished, except for his wickedness."

4. JOB. — "O my friends, why revile me, and tear me in pieces with your words? Have pity upon me, O my friends, have pity upon me in my utter misery! I have asked only for justice. I have spoken only the truth. Would that all I have said were graven in deep letters on the face of a rock, where they would last forever! For the time will come when all I say will be proved true. God himself shall be my vindicator, and show how wicked your accusations are."

5. ZOPHAR only repeats what has been said before.

6. JOB. — "God doth not punish the wicked. They grow old in comfort and peace, and all the time they neither fear God, nor regard man. Ye may say that their prosperity is unstable, and soon comes to an end. Not at all. The bad man dies full of years and full of comforts. Ye may say that they are punished in their children's disasters. But

why does not God punish the wicked man himself? What does he care for what may happen after he is gone, when he will know nothing about it?"

7. ELIPHAZ. — "What claim hast thou on God, or what rights hast thou against him? What good does thy goodness do to him, even supposing that thou art good, which thou art not? All men are sinners, and thou art a sinner like the rest. Thine iniquities, like those of all men, are numberless, and thou hast no right to any thing but to be punished."

8. JOB. — "Oh that I could find God, and speak to him; for he would understand me, as ye do not. He would justify me; for he knows that my wish has been to do right."

9. BILDAD repeats that God is almighty, and that all men are sinners.

As the other friends have nothing more to say, Job goes on, and declares that the one thing he believes in is truth. "As long as I have life," says he, "my lips shall not consent to any falsehood. I will never acknowledge that ye speak rightly. I will declare my integrity to my last breath. I will hold fast my innocence, and not let it go; for my heart reproaches me for no part of my life.

"But how shall I ever learn the meaning of these mysteries? Man finds every thing else; he mines the earth for gold, he digs under the roots of the mountains: but he cannot find Truth. The deepest Cavern mutters, 'It is not in me.' Broad Ocean murmurs, 'It is not in me.' It cannot be bought with all the gold of the earth. Death and Destruction have only heard of it. Truth belongs to God: man can never know it — all he can do is to fear and obey."

And then I read how Job, his accusers being silent, described the nobleness and happiness of his past life; how universal homage waited on him; how the greatest princes revered his power, and the poorest child blessed his goodness; how he was on earth like God, protecting the weak,

and punishing the oppressor. And now how all was changed! Now he was despised by those younger than himself, whose fathers he would have disdained to place with the dogs of his flock. Then he solemnly asserts his innocence of every crime, mentioning each sin one by one, and declaring himself free of any offence which could justly bring down upon him so great a punishment. He had kept his life pure from inward and outward stain. He had done strict justice to the most humble of his servants. He had fed the hungry, and clothed the naked. He had not trusted in his riches. He had not worshipped the sun, moon, or stars, like the tribes who lived around him. He had been hospitable to strangers, even when they were his enemies. Finally he challenges all mankind to bring any charge against him.

My whole heart was moved by this story. My soul melted within me on account of Job, he was so grand in his righteousness and his truth. And yet all he said was sinful, according to what I had been taught in the schools of the Pharisees. The doctrine of my teachers declared man to be a sinner and always so. Else why these perpetual sacrifices, penances, washings, fastings, sin-offerings, trespass-offerings, and repeated ceremonies? And why, when Job justified himself, did he have nothing to say of these ceremonies and sacrifices? He must be wrong in claiming any merit for himself on account of his own goodness. No doubt, I said, he will be told in the end that he can have his sins pardoned only by offering sacrifices in the temple, by keeping the sabbath, the feasts and fasts, and giving tithes of all that he possessed.

So I read on. Next came the speech of Elihu, who was angry with Job for calling himself righteous, and also angry with the three friends, because they were not able to answer Job. I said, "Here cometh the judge to settle the question. He will tell Job that he is a sinner, because all men are sinners; and he will tell him that God has given us a way by

which sin can be forgiven; namely, the Law of Moses and the Ritual of Aaron."

What was my astonishment, then, in finding that Elihu said nothing of this. He blamed Job for calling God unjust, and for being impatient, and not willing to wait. He blamed him for thinking that he had a claim on God for comforts and happiness because of his righteous life. He did not tell him that he ought to say he was a sinner, but rather that he ought to say, "What I see not, teach thou me: if I have done wrong, I will do so no more." That was all.

Then I said, "Elihu does not know more than the others; but the Lord himself will speak, and teach Job the right way."

Then I read the wonderful words of Yahveh at the end of the book, and my astonishment was greater than before; for still he said nothing of what I had expected to hear. The Lord said nothing about the law, or sacrifices, or keeping the sabbath, or any such thing. There was a glorious declaration of the power of God in creation, a wonderful account of his greatness and goodness in the universe. All nature seemed to pass before me in one grand march, like that of an army. I stood by, and beheld the creation of the world, the harmonies of the stars, and triumphant shouts of the angels.

The waters were rushing with rejoicing around the whole earth. The new-born oceans roared exultingly, pouring their mighty waves on every side. Then a hand was stretched from the clouds; a voice spoke, and the seas obeyed, and went to their own place; then the rosy morning smiled on the green earth as it rose from the abysses of the deep.

I read how the same great hand divided the light from the darkness; heaping up the snows in the north; with a touch of its finger sending the rain to its home in the clouds, and the glittering lightning to its hiding-place; teaching all the burning stars to arrange themselves in shining groups, and so placing the whole world on its solid foundations.



After this I read how all the animals were provided for by the same mighty power, — the lions in their dens, the wild-goats among the rocks, the ravens filling the air with their melancholy cries, the wild ass roaming over the desert, herds of great buffaloes trampling the earth with a sound like far-off thunder. I saw the ostrich with up-lifted wings sweeping gladly over the sand, and the horse in the rage of his courage devouring the ground. The hawk circled aloft in the air, and the eagle, with far-penetrating eyes, was sitting on the lofty crag. The mighty animals of the deep were also there, their terrible forms rushing through the water, and making it boil like a caldron.

That was all. No word was added. The majestic picture of creation was shown to Job, and it was enough. He had learned his lesson, and he bowed in silence, only saying, “I spoke ignorantly; but now I know and repent. In the presence of the universe and its Maker man ought to wait and be patient.”

To complete my astonishment, the Lord Yahveh then declared that what Job had said concerning him was good, and what the friends had said was evil. Yet the friends had spoken as my masters the Pharisees spoke, and Job had said the contrary. So I went away much perplexed, but yet feeling as if I had escaped out of a narrow, close and dark room, into the open air, where all was sunshine and fresh breezes. My mind was full of wonder, and much disturbed. In my heart I cried, “O Lord, let me know thy will. I shall walk at liberty, if I seek thy precepts.” From this day I resolved always to ask the Lord to open my eyes, that I might myself behold the wonderful things of his law. The truth was sweet to my taste, and I sought to understand all the ways of God.

## CHAPTER V.

## I GO TO ALEXANDREIA, AND STUDY THE HIGHER JUDAISM.

AFTER reading the Book of Job, I went to see Rabbi Gamaliel. And, when he asked me what I thought of it, I said I knew not what to think, since it seemed to contradict much which I had learned in the school of the Pharisees. And I said, "O Master! which of these is true? for both cannot be true."

And Gamaliel replied with a grave smile, "Why not, my son? There are different truths, — some higher, and some lower, — and they may seem to contradict each other; but in reality they do not. It is true that the body needs food, and when we have fasted long we are hungry. But it is still more true, and a higher truth, that the mind needs food; for, when the mind is hungry, the bodily hunger ceases. While thou wert reading that mighty poem, thy body was hungry, but thou didst not know it. Now thou hast become aware of thy hunger; for I observe that thine eye has wandered while speaking to those grapes on my table. Take a cluster, my son, and eat, and satisfy the bodily want, now that the soul has been fed."

I then became aware that I had fasted all the day, and gladly took the grapes, and ate thereof; and my wise teacher continued to speak: —

"All the ceremonies and rites of our law — its temple and sacrifices, its sabbaths and festivals — are like the hunger of the body; for religion has a body as well as a soul. The divine truths thou hast been reading to-day are food for the

higher spirit which is in man. Thou hast seen the people going up the steps to the inner court of the temple. If there were no steps, they could not go up: when they have gone up, they need the steps no more. So the steps are necessary, and not necessary, — necessary as a way, not necessary when we are at the end of the way. Listen, Thomas, and understand. The doctrine of the Pharisee is necessary, else were I not a Pharisee; but it is necessary like steps by which to ascend to a higher knowledge. If thou hast gone up by these steps, do not despise them because thou dost no longer need them; for they still may be very necessary for others.”

“But,” I said, “there may be many others beside myself who need this higher knowledge. Why not tell to them also that which thou hast told me, that they may know that the doctrine of the Pharisees is only a ladder, and the temple worship only the steps by which to go up to something higher?”

“Every thing in its time,” replied Gamaliel. “The time has not come for this great doctrine to be widely known. Perhaps thirty or fifty years from this time, the Lord, who has sent so many prophets, rising up early and sending them, will send a prophet to teach this truth also. Yet I fear, when he comes, that the people will kill him, as they have killed others. I, my son, am not a prophet. The Lord has given me the word of wisdom, by which to understand the differences between things; and as I hear I teach. But he has not given to me the word of prophecy, which burns mightily in the heart, and helps a man to make his face like a flint against the faces of those who resist him. Such men are greatly needed, and without them the world would fall asleep. But men like myself are also needed, and may do good, also, in their way. Now, my son, the time has come that thou shouldst learn more of the inward meaning of our law. For that purpose thou must go to Alexandria, where my brother

Philo teaches. He, like myself, is a Pharisee; but he has gone far beyond the husk of the law, and feeds on the kernel. He will teach thee what thou art fitted to know. Moreover, thy mind will be enlarged by the sight of that great city, where all men congregate for study. It is the city of learning, as Rome is the city of power, and Athens the city of beauty, and Jerusalem the city of religion."

I was well pleased with this advice, longing, like all young men, to see the world. I soon made myself ready, sending a message by a Galilean to my home to say whither my journey tended. I then departed afoot to Cæsarea Stratonis, on the shore of the sea, where I had the hope to find a ship going to Alexandria. I also had a desire to see this Roman capital, built by the great Herod, of which I had often heard; and I also longed to behold the vast sea, which reaches to Greece and Rome, and to almost all countries of the world.

Therefore one morning I set forth with my staff, and soon began the descent into the valleys. The plains were covered with the growing corn, which gently bent before the soft airs coming up the valley from the distant sea. Through these fields of grain I walked all day alone, sometimes meeting a peasant and saying a few words to him, or asking him concerning the road. Sometimes the footpath would ascend so that I could overlook a large extent of country: in other places it would pass through a ravine of rocks, or a grove of palms. In a little village I stopped to take my noontide meal, and I asked what hill rose on the east. They told me it was the mountain of Gibeon, and away to the west was the vale of Ajalon. In the old war-songs of my people, contained in the Book of Jasher, it was sung, that, at Joshua's command, the sun stood still over the mountain of Gibeon, and the moon over the vale of Ajalon. Here was fought that great fight which gave the whole land of promise to my people. Here, in one mighty victory, were the assem-

bled kings of the plain defeated. There was no day like this, before it, or after it.

So I walked on, musing on these things.

At Cæsarea I found a large corn-ship bound from the mouth of the Orontes to Alexandria for corn. I took passage on this ship; and the north winds blew steadily, and soon brought us in sight of the lofty lighthouse which stands at the mouth of the great harbor. We hauled up to the docks, near the vast mole of stone which joins the city to Pharos. As we drew near the shore, we saw it lined with palaces, and behind them the buildings of the Bruchion, or the theatre, the Temple of Neptune, the great Market, the Royal Palace of the Ptolemies, with the buildings of the Museum and the Amphitheatre, and the mountain of Pan behind. Far away toward the right soared aloft the white marble tower of the Serapeum. As we landed, I was confused by the tumult of the streets, and the crowds. People in the dresses of all nations were pushing past each other, crying out in all languages, buying, selling, bargaining together. I heard two men talking in Greek, and I inquired in that language the way to the Jews' quarter of the city. The Greek civilly showed me the way, and I soon found myself among the familiar faces of my own people. I asked for the house of my mother's brother, who had long lived in the city. He received me kindly, and before many days I began to be at peace in this new home.

During the first week of my stay I pleased myself in walking about Alexandria, and looking at the buildings. From the top of the Paneum, which stood in the midst, and was higher than any other summit except that of the Serapeum, I could survey the whole city. I saw the two streets which intersected the whole place, — one going east and west, from the Gate of Canopus to the Gate of the Necropolis; and the other north and south, from the Gate of the Sun opposite the mole to the Gate of the Moon near

Lake Marcotis. Near me, as I stood, on the west, rose the square fortress of red Egyptian stone, with towers at each of the four corners, which surrounded and defended the Temple of Serapis. This temple, called the Serapeum, one of the wonders of the world, soared upward to a great height. It was supported on arches below; and a stairway of a hundred steps led up to the portico above, through which one entered the central hall. From the middle of this hall ascended a lofty column, which could be seen by ships far out at sea. The Corinthian capital of this column was covered with gold, as were also the roofs of the porticos, and the ranges of columns which surrounded the temple. Within this temple were chambers for the priests and the sacrifices, and the great library, only second to that of the Museum. The statue of Serapis, made of gold, silver, and marble, stood in a dark room, and could be seen only at certain appointed hours, when the priests opened a window, and allowed the rays of the sun to kiss its lips, and light up its face. It was with a hesitating step that I went one day to see this splendid idol; for I had been taught to worship a God not made with hands. I knew, indeed, that an idol is nothing; and yet I felt sinful in going into its temple. The Greeks worshipped it as Jupiter, and said it was like their Zeus, who was at Olympia. The Egyptians worshipped it as Osiris, whose scattered limbs the sad Isis sought to collect in all lands. And this Serapis was thought to protect mariners, and was the patron of merchants, and so was the protecting deity of this great city of traders.

Beyond the Serapeum, on the west, as I stood on the high top of the Paneum, I saw the Necropolis, or city of the dead, filled with many monuments. To the north were the ships crowded in the smaller harbor of Eunostus. But toward the north-east was the most glorious part of the city. The tomb of Arsinœ was near me, just under the Paneum. Before it stood an obelisk eighty cubits high,

which the queen's husband, Ptolemy Philadelphus, had caused to be brought down the Nile from the quarry, and set up here. Farther away was an amphitheatre, and beyond it the tomb of Alexander the Great, to which the body of the conqueror was brought in a long procession from the centre of Persia. I looked at it with awe, and said, "Here lies that heart once unresting, but now so still, — a heart that the conquest of the world could not satisfy. He needs only this little spot of earth now. Yet all I see around me is his monument; for it was his mind which planned and created this wonderful city." Beyond the tomb (the Greeks called it, not the tomb, but the body; for the body was more than the tomb) stood the palaces built by the different kings. They all joined each other, and also were connected by lofty porticos with the Museum, so named because in this place all the Muses had their home. This was founded by the wise Ptolemy, son of Lagus, chief captain, and friend of Alexander. Here he collected a library of Greek literature. To this place he invited scholars, artists, poets, men of all knowledge. In this great building he gave them a home. They dined together in the hall every day, surrounded by books, and in this hall they lectured, one by one, from morning till evening. In chambers around the hall sat the copyists, copying the manuscripts. All students were made welcome here, either to read, or to take copies of the manuscripts. In this library were all the rolls which had belonged to the great Aristotle, some in his own handwriting. These were the books he left to Theophrastus. But vast numbers had been destroyed by fire when Cæsar took the city; yet the Museum was rebuilt, and the Roman Antony brought another library from Pergamos, and gave it to Cleopatra. Part of this library was placed in the Serapeum, and a part in the new museum. All these buildings, and many more, I saw from the roof of the Paneum. Away to the east I beheld where the Nile entered the sea by the Canopus mouth, and behind

me rushed up on the shore the waves of the Lake Marcotis. A million of people swarmed in the streets, and merchants from all the world came to these markets to sell and buy.

I found my kinsmen, the Jews, very numerous in Alexandria, occupying two wards out of five in the city. They were engaged in trade, were prosperous, and had full liberty to worship the God of their fathers in their own way. I knew that the Jews in Egypt had a temple which was imitated from the temple at Jerusalem; but I had been taught to believe that this was an abomination, as there ought to be only one temple for our whole nation wherein to offer up its worship. This temple was in the city of On, near Memphis, and had been given to Onias the Jewish priest by Ptolemy Philometor. It was an old Egyptian shrine, rebuilt by Onias, — perhaps that of which Joseph's father-in-law, Potiphera, was priest and prince. And this city of On was built by the Hebrews for Pharaoh. This place, therefore, was selected by Onias for a temple, because Joseph lived there, and the place itself had been built by the labors of our nation. Moreover, the old Egyptian shrine, which was thus turned into a Jewish temple, had from the beginning belonged to the one true God, unseen and almighty; for such a God did those kings of Lower Egypt worship. These were the kings who knew Joseph, and who avoided idols.

After I had satisfied my curiosity by going through this great city, and had looked at its wonders, I asked my uncle if he knew a philosopher named Philo, a Jew. "Certainly I know him," he replied; "for he is one of our chief men. He is the brother of Alexander, president of our colony. Alexander is one of the richest men, a dealer in money, and a friend of the Herods. Knowest thou not that Alexander sent the gold with which nine of the doors of the temple at Jerusalem are plated? His brother, our great philosopher, lives in a part of his house. If thou dost wish to meet him, I will show thee the way."



When we reached the house, I followed my uncle into a chamber, where, amid rolls of papyrus piled around his seat, so that he could easily reach them, sat a man of middle age, whose hair had fallen away from his broad forehead. He had a long gray beard, and his eyes were large and dark, and full of thought. When I gave him the letter from Rabbi Gamaliel, he examined the seal, and said, "I know his signet. He is a wise and good man." Having cut the silk fastening, he unrolled the parchment, and read it, and said to me, "Rabbi Gamaliel hath commended thee to me as a youth seeking the truth, and of a free and honest mind. I have a hall in this house, built for me by my brother, where I lecture every day at sunrise. If thou wilt come and listen, thou shalt be welcome. But sit on this couch, and I will tell thee what we seek."

Then I sat; and Philo continued:—

"Thou seest this vast city, to which merchants resort from every land to exchange their merchandise, each bringing that of which his people have a superfluity, and taking away that in which their nation is deficient. Such is the meaning of commerce. But what the merchants of this city do for the bodily wants of men, the scholars of this place do for their souls. We exchange with each other clothing for the mind, food for the soul. The Greeks bring the truths taught them by Plato and Aristotle, the beautiful works of their poets, their learned histories of nations, their accounts of every thing which the Lord God has created in this outward world. And we bring his holy law given to Moses, his sacred hymns sung by David, the wisdom of Solomon, and the inspiration of the prophets. Thus are we merchants of the soul.

THOMAS. — "This is a great work, rabbi, if, indeed, these Greeks and Romans have any true knowledge. But how can they have any, while they worship idols of stone, wood, and silver? Much less, as it seems to me, can the Egyptians

give us any true knowledge ; for they worship monsters with the heads of rams and eagles.”

PHILO. — “That they worship idols is their folly and their sin. Yet God has given to all men something good, and left something wanting, that each, by giving and receiving, may live in friendship with his neighbor. It is the part of wisdom, therefore, to know what others have which we have not, and what we have that others need. Then the commerce of the mind begins. Thus we give to the Greeks the knowledge of the true God, sovereign ruler of all things, and they give to us their poetry and wisdom. For Greece is the only country which produces man, that heavenly plant, that divine offshoot. The Greeks alone possess that kind of accurate and refined reason which searches after knowledge. This is because God has given to them a dry soil, and an air full of lightness. They have given us Plato, of all writers the most sweet ; they have taught us astronomy, the queen of all knowledges ; they send to us Aristotle, who has a knowledge in some sense holy, so great is it. Then the Roman world is ruled by admirable laws, and all its parts are kept in great harmony, from the rising to the setting sun ; from the Euphrates its eastern boundary, to the Rhine which bridles the Germans. Thus we can learn from Rome how nations may be brought into unity, and kept in peace. But come, my son, thou shalt hear more of this hereafter. If thou wilt, thou shalt come to my lectures ; for I lecture in this house.”

Then I thanked him, and promised to come, and listen to his teaching, and be very attentive ; since for this I had come to Alexandria.

The next day I began to visit these lectures with many other students. On that day Philo taught us concerning creation, as described by Moses in the Book of Beginnings.

Till this time I had believed, as I had been taught, in the letter of the books of Moses. I believed that God created the

heavens and the earth in six days, and rested on the seventh. But Philo, after reading these words, spake thus :—

“It would be a proof of great simplicity to believe that the world was created in six days, or in any length of time. For what is time? Is it not that which is measured by the movements of the sun, causing day and night, and the seasons, and years? How, then, could there be days before there was any sun? or any time at all? By ‘six days’ Moses means to use six as a perfect number; for it includes unity and plurality, that which is odd and that which is even, matter divided and matter indivisible, solid matter and fluid. And finally it includes all motion; since motion is in six directions. All mortal beings are thus measured by six. To create in six days means to create all mortal things, alive and dead.

“Nor can we suppose,” continued Philo, “that God really rested, or needed rest, or could rest, on the seventh day; for God never ceases from making something. As it is the property of fire to burn, so is it the nature of God to create. He therefore rested on the seventh day from creating mortal beings, and began to create immortal and heavenly beings. Seven is a divine number, since all nature delights in the number seven. There are seven planets, and seven stars in the bear. The moon has seven motions; there are seven periods of human life, and seven vowels. A lyre has seven tones. There are seven tones to the voice; and we have other such examples. This is what is meant by God’s blessing the seventh day.

“We are not, then, to remain in the mere words of the Scriptures. There is a much holier meaning in them than is in the letters. There is a divine spirit in the Scriptures which alone is of value. Of this I will give you some further examples to show that Scripture is like a fountain, from which having taken one draught, many more may be taken. The first draught is the outward fact; the second

is the symbolic meaning ; the third is the spiritual meaning ; and the fourth is the mystical meaning. The common man remains in the outside meaning of Scripture ; one who goes deeper sees the allegorical meaning ; by going still deeper, we come to the spiritual meaning ; and finally some few arrive at the most interior sense of all, which is the mystical meaning. This last can be known, but cannot be told to another. And, for this, preparation of the soul is also necessary, by retirement into solitude, fasting and prayer. By some, this mystical sense is also called the Kabbala.

“But now, my children, we will speak of the symbolic sense of Scripture ; that is, the allegory.

“You read in Scripture of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, and you think of them as three men. They are so according to the outward sense ; but in reality they are three virtues, or three graces. Abraham signifies divine wisdom, or piety. Abraham’s going out from his own country is leaving natural pleasure for divine joys. Sarah the wife is, allegorically, virtue. The King of Egypt who wished to take her from her husband is earthly wisdom, which would divorce morals from piety, and make it useful only for this world. Isaac is a name which signifies laughter ; but this is not childish mirth, but a settled happiness of the soul. The wise man offers this as a sacrifice to God, being willing to give up his happiness in order to fulfil God’s will. But, when he does this, he finds his happiness again, as Isaac was restored to Abraham. Jacob is the prudence which struggles against the senses, and at last conquers them, and then it sees God, and is called Israel.

“Thus you see, my children, how much more beautiful the Scriptures become, and how much more useful in building up our soul, when we seek for their inward sense. What doth it profit us to know that there was a man called Abraham, and another named Isaac ? But to meditate on these names as signifying virtue — this elevates the soul.

“Moreover, there are many things in Scripture, which, according to the natural sense, are opposed to common reason and right judgment, and offend the mind of the Greeks, being a stumbling-stone by which they fall. These things cause them to reject our great doctrine of the oneness of God, and of spiritual worship. They are like children who have found a nut, the shell of which is too hard for them to crack with their teeth, and so they throw the nut away. But we, by our system of allegories, crack the shell, and throw it away, and eat the wholesome meat within.

“Consider again the story of Adam and Eve in paradise, the serpent, and the eating of the tree of knowledge. If you read this to a wise Greek, he immediately says, ‘How can you believe such foolish stories? Does God plant gardens, and walk in them? Do serpents talk to men? Does an almighty God, full of good-will, punish his creatures for eating the very fruit he himself has put in their way?’ Thus the story is a rock of offence, and blocks the way, and keeps many from believing in the only true and living God.

“But, when we explain it as an allegory, all is simple. Adam, which means earth, is the earthly mind in us, which is first awakened by visible and earthly things. It gives names to them; that is, it studies their natures. Adam’s wife is Eve, which means life; for all things become alive by the action of the natural mind. And thus Eve proceeds from Adam.

“When we read that God planted a paradise in Eden, let no such impiety occupy our thoughts as to suppose that God cultivates the land, as though to make for himself a garden. Let no such fabulous nonsense enter our mind; for God dwells in no one place, but is a place to himself. To plant a paradise means to sow the seeds of virtue in the human soul, and to educate the soul by favorable influences. Virtue is symbolically a paradise, and Eden means enjoyment. A paradise planted in Eden is the innocence of childhood, which

dwells in joy. In the midst of the paradise God plants the tree of life. This is a wonderful allegory ; for it teaches us that man is by nature immortal, and would never die if he continued to live in paradise ; that is, in virtue. For sin corrupts the body as well as the soul. There are also four rivers in paradise, which go out of it in four directions. These four rivers are prudence, temperance, courage, and justice. And all go forth from Eden to water paradise ; that is, the heart which is full of joy, and is satisfied, has these virtues ; and these virtues feed and support all virtue.

“ Then we read that the Lord God takes the man he has made (that is, the higher and purer mind), and causes him to guard the virtues. He tells him he may eat of every tree in paradise ; that is, of all virtues. But, since he must not eat of the tree of knowledge, it is evident that this is not in paradise. If he eats it, he must die the death ; that is, he must go out of paradise in order to eat it, and thus die to the life of virtue. But who is ‘the serpent’ who beguiles the woman? It is the pleasure of sense, which always tempts the woman in man, that is, desire ; and desire tempts Adam, that is, wisdom. But the pleasures of sense are cunning, like the serpent, not wise, like the man. This is, then, the allegory hidden within this story of Eden.”

Then I asked him this question : “ If, O teacher ! the literal history is the shell, and the inner meaning the kernel, and if only the kernel is essential, need those who have reached the kernel follow the ceremonies and scripture of the Jews ? ”

He answered, “ Yes ; since the Jewish institutions are the appointed plan ordained by God to teach his truth. It is not safe, therefore, to neglect them. Just so, when thou art travelling in an unknown country, it is not safe to leave the main road, nor to try a shorter way through the woods.”

I did not answer ; but I thought to myself, “ Either our Jewish system of sacrifices, circumcision, festivals, and

scripture, is essential, or it is not essential. Our teacher says only the inward part, which is symbolized by this, is essential. But then why should I, having once found the inward truth, go back, and go over again forever the steps which lead to it?"

On another day I heard Philo lecture on the creation of the world. And again he took the Book of Beginnings of Moses, and read from it how in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. He said, that, before he created the visible heavens and earth, he created their types or ideas in an invisible heavens and an unseen earth. And all that we see as sky and earth and water, beasts, birds, fishes, men, had incorporeal forms, which were created at first, and then had their home in the divine reason. These were made the archetype and model of the world; for all things must exist forever in the divine mind, which are to be created afterwards in time and space, since God, being infinite, sees all things from the beginning. These divine ideas are the living powers which continually create anew the outward world according to an eternal law. The eternal law of the everlasting God is the strong and lasting support of the universe. This law extends from the centre of the world to its extremities, and, again, back from the extremities to the centre. Thus it works in the unwearied and irresistible course of nature, uniting and binding together all parts of the universe. This has the Father of all constituted as the indissoluble bond of the creation. "All this," said Philo, "was intended by Moses, when he said, 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth; and the earth was invisible, and without solidity; and darkness covered the abyss of being.' Thus he describes the creation of the world of ideas, the invisible archetypes of things seen."

Then Philo continued to teach us that God, the most perfect being, can by no means come into contact with matter and visible things; but he employs as instruments

his ideas, which ever surround him, and are his ministering spirits. — These sometimes appear to men, and are called angels.

“The highest of these,” said Philo, “is ‘the Word,’ or ‘*Logos*.’ All the ideas live in the *Logos*, as the plan of a city is in the soul of the architect. There is a *logos* also in the soul of man, and of a twofold kind. There is the inward thought, and the uttered word which flows from it. So in the mind of God there is the inward *logos*, or reason, which is the world of ideas, and the expressed *logos*, or word which goes out into the visible creation; as when God says, ‘Let there be light,’ and light came. All this Moses taught when he said, ‘God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.’ For that which is true of man must also be true of the whole universe.”

While I listened to these and the like teachings of Philo, I for a time was greatly pleased. He told us how Hesiod and Plato and Aristotle had borrowed these truths from Moses, who lived long before them. But, as I became more fond of these studies, I found my old joy in the Jewish scriptures gradually leaving me. Philo explained them as having the same meaning as that which Plato taught; yet it seemed to me that Plato had taught these truths more plainly than Moses; and, indeed, if he had not taught them thus, we should never have known that they were taught by Moses.

Thus there grew up in my mind a strong desire to learn the wisdom of the Greeks, and to study their books, from which Philo often quoted beautiful passages. When I told him my wish, he said, “Go, my son, to the museum, and there thou shalt hear all these Greek writings read aloud, and thou canst see how much loftier are the words of our own prophets.”

The museum, as I have said, stood in the centre of the city, in the quarter called Bruchium. There were shady



porticos, where the philosophers walked, and discoursed with their disciples; gardens with statues, and seats under the wide-spreading trees. There was a large hall in the centre of the building, where the men of learning, scholars, and teachers took their daily meal, provided for them by the royal treasury. Here, also, were rooms where they slept. And around the hall, which was open to the sky in the centre, were long porches where were kept the rolls of books. In these porches sat students reading the books, and scribes copying them on rolls of papyrus manufactured in the city, or on parchment from Pergamos. The attendants went to and fro, carrying the rolls to those who demanded them, or returning them again to the shelves.

There were also in the museum smaller halls, in which lectures were given on Homer, or Plato, or the Greek tragedies, and other writers. First I went to a course of lectures on the history of the museum itself, given by the librarian, Cheremon, who was so eminent a scholar as to be selected by the Emperor Tiberius as the tutor of his nephew. I was glad to hear these lectures; for I desired to learn how such a great institution of learning had grown up. I will therefore insert here what I wrote down at the time in my tablets.

#### NOTES OF LECTURES BY CHEREMON, DIRECTOR OF THE MUSEUM AT ALEXANDRIA.

I SHALL tell you in these lectures of the origin and history of this museum, which, as the name shows, is dedicated to all the Muses.

This museum was founded by Ptolemy Lagus, first Greek king of Egypt, and one of the chief generals of Alexander. After the death of that hero, Ptolemy selected Egypt for his portion. Whether, as most men thought, Ptolemy was really the brother of Alexander, or not, he resembled him in his genius. He chose Egypt as his province, and chose wisely. It was wealthy and

populous, and far removed from the rest of Alexander's kingdom. Here he could govern independently, till he should become really independent. He brought the body of Alexander and buried it in the Soma, which is close to us. He governed Egypt with justice, under good laws, and Alexandria was like a Greek democracy. All the citizens met in the gymnasium to discuss and vote on public questions. The Greeks lived together in this city, leaving the rest of Egypt under its own customs and its native governors. Thus all were satisfied and happy.

This great city of Alexandria, begun by order of Alexander, was finished by Ptolemy, son of Lagus, his successor, three hundred years ago. He it was who joined Pharos to the mainland by the long mole, who built the large docks for ships-of-war, the emporium for merchants, and other great buildings around us. And it was his wise mind which founded this museum, with its halls and porticos, its gardens and library. He appointed an income from the royal treasury to pay the professors and to support them. He himself was a writer of no small repute. The palace of Ptolemy was in another part of this building. Beside the public table which he maintained, he often invited scholars and artists to dine at his own table, and talked with them like a friend and comrade. One of his guests was Euclid, who taught geometry in the museum. It is said that the king once asked him if he could teach him geometry in some easier way than that by which he taught his other pupils. Euclid answered that there was no royal road to geometry. Ptolemy also invited Stilpo, a famous philosopher, to come from Athens to visit him, and Theopompus the historian, and Erasistratus, founder of anatomy. This was he who first dissected human bodies in the surgical department of this museum. This was hateful to many, to whom the dead body of man was sacred; yet the surgeons persevered, and became acquainted with the organs of the human body.

Ptolemy, our founder, was a plain man in his manners, without luxury or ostentation. He called himself only Ptolemy the Macedonian. He was ready in his answers. Once, when marching, his soldiers found an anchor, and they said it was an omen teaching that they must stop, and go no farther. But Ptolemy said, "An anchor is to keep us from drifting backward, not to keep us from going forward."

His son Ptolemy Philadelphus carried on his father's work. He bought books for our library in Athens and in Rhodes, and among the rest the library of Aristotle. Zenedotus was his librarian, and he collected all the copies of the poems of Homer, comparing them to find which was the most correct text.

Mechanical machines were also devised in our museum for useful purposes. One of the inventors was Ctesibius, who discovered the water-clock.

We also had in the museum at this time two great poets, Theocritus and Callimachus. One wrote poems in which shepherds and country-people speak, and the other sang hymns to the gods. These made Alexandria the chief place in the world for poetic renown.

In our museum, also, great discoveries were made in astronomy. Thus we have catalogues of the stars, and their places in the heavens. Aristarchus, in the reign of Philadelphus, declared what seems impossible,—that the sun stands still, and the earth goes round it in a circle. He also declared another paradox,—that the earth's circle round the sun is so small, compared with the distance of the stars, that it is only like the size of the point at the centre of a circle to its distance from the circumference. Aratus also wrote in this reign his great poem on the stars, of which the Roman poet Ovid has said that it will be read as long as the sun and moon shall shine.

It was by order of Philadelphus that Manetho wrote in this museum the history of Ancient Egypt. Here, too, in the theatre, the king ordered the rhetoricians to read aloud the works of Herodotus and Homer, and all the people were invited to hear them. He also decorated his palaces and the museum with paintings and statues. He was a friend to all races, and redeemed from slavery one hundred and twenty thousand Jews who were held in bondage in Egypt; he himself paying their ransom, of thirty shekels each, in Jewish money. He also caused the seventy learned Jews to translate into Greek the Jewish Scriptures, and gave them a home in the museum while they did this work. So much delight did he take in other nations, and even in their religions.

On the death of his wife, Arsinöe, Philadelphus built the tomb which is now called the Arsinöeum, and brought an obelisk eighty

cubits high, from Upper Egypt, to set up before it, where it now stands.

In the next reign, that of Ptolemy Euergetes, we had in our museum the great astronomer and geographer Eratosthenes. He first discovered how, by measuring the height of the sun, to fix the place of a city on the earth. He taught that the earth was round, like a ball, and found out how large was the circle that went round it. He also taught how far the sun's path in the sky was from the equator of the heavens. He was the keeper of our library during the reign of Philadelphus.

After this reign, in the time of Ptolemy Philometer, we had here Hipparchus, mathematician and astronomer. He found the length of the year to be less than three hundred and sixty-five days and a quarter. He also discovered that the year, as measured by the stars, is not the same as that measured by the seasons.

And many other things did our director of the museum teach us concerning its history and its wise men. But this will suffice for the present.

After hearing these lectures, I studied in other rooms, under other teachers, and a long time I devoted to reading the works of the Greeks, until the language became familiar to me.

Having learned the language, I went to the Hall of Homer, and for many days listened to the rhapsodist who recited his verses. Then I spent much time in listening to a lecturer in the Hall of Plato. Thus the weeks passed, and the months, until I found I had been more than two years in Alexandria.

But at last a great weariness came over me. I seemed, after hearing all these teachings, to know nothing certainly. I had ceased to be sure of any thing. My childish trust was gone, and nothing had come to take its place. The teaching of Philo did not satisfy me; for he seemed rather to have put the meaning of Plato into the Jewish Scripture than to have found it there. I had taken great delight in this philosophy of Plato as taught in the museum. But then there

was a Hall of Aristotle, where a different doctrine was taught. There was a Hall of Zeno, where still another was explained and defended. And there was also a Hall of Epicurus, where we were told that the gods had nothing to do with this world. It was not the work of wisdom, but of chance. Innumerable atoms, falling blindly through space, had made the world. Only matter and force governed the universe; and the best thing in life was to enjoy our little day, for when it was over there was no hereafter.

Tired out with a vain attempt to decide what was true among all these doctrines, I left the city one morning by the Gate of the Moon, and came to the beach washed by the waters of the great lake called Mareotis. Here I found a vessel about to cross the lake, and entered it. We could just see the high ground on the opposite shore. The Nile, being at its inundation, was pouring into the lake by numerous canals, and the waters swept us along in a strong current. After a while we reached islands, covered with vineyards, where the best Mareotic wine was made, which the patricians at Rome eagerly bought. Passing these islands, we approached, in some hours, the opposite shore, a strong northern breeze filling our sail. Landing, I found myself in a beautiful country, where the fig-tree and the vine were cultivated, with many other fruits. I longed for quiet, and I was on my way to the home of the healers, or *therapeutæ*. They were so called because they could heal both the body and the soul by wise arts. They were men of my own race, Jews, who had retired from the world to live a life of prayer and contemplation. I said, "Here, perhaps, I shall find peace."

When I reached the enclosure, within which were the houses of the *therapeutæ*, I was met at the gate by one dressed in white linen, who civilly asked me what I desired. I then handed to him the tablet given me by Philo, addressed to the president of the Society of Healers. The watcher of

the gate, having looked at it, called one of the elders, who led me to a hall. There they offered me a meal consisting of bread and water, salt and cresses ; for this was their only food. They then told me that I might enter their company as a novice, to remain with them until I found whether their mode of life suited me.

They lived thus. Each had his own cell. They rose at break of day, and prayed at the rising of the sun. They asked that their souls might be filled with heavenly light. In the evening they prayed again, asking that their minds might be freed from earthly cares, and rest in the peace of God. During the day they divided the time between working in the fields, studying the Scriptures, and reading the writings of wise men. They also composed and sang hymns to God in a great variety of measures.

On the seventh day they came together, both men and women, in a sacred assembly, and the men sat on one side, and the women on the other. An elder read, and then discoursed to them, not to delight their ears with rhetoric, but to penetrate the soul by the power of truth.

After this assembly, they united for a common feast, still eating only bread, and full of cheerfulness. They had no slaves to minister to them, believing slavery to be contrary to nature ; but they served each other in turn, of their free will. And, after the feast, they passed the night in singing hymns, the choirs of men and women responding to each other, till the sun rose, when they separated, and returned to their homes.

Admitted into this society, I remained there during some weeks. Day followed day, each like the other. I felt happy in following the direction of the superiors in the community, whether I was told to work in the field, to copy books on papyrus in the library, or to carry the produce of the farms to Alexandria for sale. Day followed day in one long dream of quiet. I forgot my studies, my anxieties, my fears and

hopes ; I forgot my home and friends. At last I aroused myself from this lethargy, and a wish came over me to go back to Palestine, and to my home. I left the *therapeutæ*, crossed Lake Mareotis, taking ship in Alexandria. Landing again at Cæsarea, I followed the road which led me toward Galilee by the foot of Mount Carmel, through a portion of the fair vale of Sharon.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE FALL OF MIRIAM. — I GO TO THE MONASTERIES OF THE  
ESSENES.

So I went back to my home, and once more stood on the summit which overhangs the lake of my love. It is said that men have in them a dark foreboding of the evil which is to come, as the dove in mid-heaven feels suddenly the shadow of the hawk thrown down on her from above. The wise men tell us that approaching sorrow is known, as the lightning is known by the thunder, which, indeed, is the servant who follows one flash, but also the herald who goes before another. But I knew nothing of the woe before me, which was to change my life, kill my hope, and freeze my heart within me.

The path which I took had carried me near the foot of Tabor. That fair mountain rose by itself from the plain, standing alone, like the altar of the land, to send the incense of its flowers up to God. I crossed brooks whose waters sparkled and leaped as they ran to join the River Kishon. I thought that these waters would, after a few hours, pass near the place where the host of Sisera was destroyed when the stars fought against him. I saw afar off the cliffs of Karmel, which I could reach in a three-hours' journey. They hung dark over the plain of Meggido, where the mighty flung away their shields. I thought how Barak, and Deborah by his side, went down with their ten thousand troops from their camp on the level summit of Tabor, to attack this mighty host, terrible with its multitude of war-chariots. Then I



saw in my fancy the clouds gather black and lurid in the eastern sky, and the torrents of rain and hail driven by the storm beating in the faces of the heathen. Then Barak's host uttered its war-cry, and rushed on the foe through the glen of the mountains. And then I saw how there came to the idolaters another terror; how the falling torrents of rain filled the brooks, and swelled Kishon to a raging flood. The river below and the heavens above fought on our side. The plain, where the vast army was collected with its chariots, was turned into soft clay and deep pools. The chariots sank down; the waters roared around the warriors of Kanaan; and the men of Zebulun and Naphthali thundered in the rear of the struggling multitude, until they threw away sword and shield, and fled toward their own hills.

This picture came before me as I stood and looked, first at green Tabor on my right, rolling upward, like a vast wave of verdure, into the sky; and, on the other side, gazing at the blue precipices of Karmel, beneath which rushed the torrent of "that ancient river, the River Kishon," — a river which was even then, fifteen centuries before my time, full of stories of past days.

I bathed in these memories of the years of ancient time, when the boys of Israel were warriors, and the women were captains, and the men were like gods on earth. I plunged in my fancy deep into their past. So, out of the hot and dusty air of noon, the diver leaps into the lake, going down into the dark and cold waters below. Thus I refreshed my soul, thinking of what Israel had once been.

In the plain before me a man walked, carrying his light plough on his shoulders, and goading his oxen occasionally with the pointed staff, as they moved lazily before him. "Such are we now," I said, — "powerful like those oxen, which are strong enough to trample their driver to the earth; but in our sloth we let ourselves be driven by a few Romans. Are not we as able to win our rights as were our fathers?"

They had been slaves for four hundred years, — cowardly slaves, only half men. But forty years in the wilderness, moving from pasture to pasture in Arabia, living in tents, fighting the robber tribes, had made of them a race of heroes. Why are we worse than they, but that they had great leaders? A single voice, the voice of Deborah, roused them from their sleep to battle and victory. And here before me, beyond the path where this ploughman goes, in the valley, is the town called after Deborah, which has borne her name for more than a thousand years.”

Then in my mind I saw Deborah standing, that mighty woman, who from her distant home amid the innumerable fountains of Mount Ephraim, from her tent under a great oak, sent messengers to Barak, the Son of Lightning, saying, “Arise, Barak, for the Lord will deliver Sisera and his host into thy hand.” And Barak indeed refused to go, unless she, the mother in Israel, would go by his side. Men called her the Bee; for she had honey for her friends, but a sting for her enemies. Her Song of Triumph sounded in my ears, and I repeated it as I looked at the places where she had been; for the place brought back to my mind, unconsciously, the song: and I repeated, before I understood why I was saying it, the Song of Triumph: —

“For the leaders of Israel,  
For the people who willingly offered themselves,  
Praise be to the Lord.

“In the days of Shamgar, in the days of Jael,  
The highways were deserted, and the travellers walked by mountain-paths;  
The inhabitants ceased from the villages.

“Then I arose, Deborah, a mother in Israel,  
For my people had chosen new gods,  
And there was no peace in the land;  
And among forty thousand men of Israel not one had a shield or spear.

“Awake, awake, Deborah!  
Awake, awake, and sing!  
Arise, Barak, and lead captivity captive.

“Kings came and fought, —  
Kings of Kanaan by the waters of Megiddo;  
But they carried away no spoil.

“For the heavens fought against them;  
The stars in their courses fought against Sisera;  
The River of Kishon swept them away, —  
That ancient river, the River of Kishon.

“Trample down their strength, O my soul!  
The horses trampled down each other,  
And all their mighty men were crushed in the plunging, and the  
plunging.”

So I walked forward, repeating the words of this ancient song; and I said, “Is there no Deborah to-day to say to some Barak, ‘Arise’?” Then Miriam came to my mind, as strong, as proud, as majestic in her womanly beauty, as full of the high fire of the spirit, as Deborah herself could have been. I was no hero like Barak; but I thought, if Miriam called me, I should have the soul of ten men within me to go against the Roman locusts; and surely, like Barak, I should say, “If thou wilt go with me, then I will go; but, if thou wilt not go with me, then I will not go.” And I saw myself in the midst of my army, two tents side by side, — the tent of Miriam near my own, and the children of Israel led against the enemy. The stars and the heavens, storms and lightning, the terror that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noonday, should baffle and defeat the foe, till our land, our holy land, should be once again our own; and then, when the land was at rest, Miriam might be mine.

Feeding my soul with such hopes, I at last reached the

summit which divided the waters running into the lake from those which ran to the sea. Once more our dear lake lay before me in its peaceful mood; the long shadows of the hills resting on its bosom, the white sails motionless on its blue surface, the snowy top of Hermon to the north, the black wall of Moab on the east.

Passing down, I approached two men who were talking aloud. One said, "Miriam can do with the king as she will. They say her beauty has made him mad."

"Of whom do you speak?" said I, sudden terror clutching at my breast.

"Of Miriam of Migdol," he answered. "Know you not that she is in the palace of Herod, and is his favorite wife?"

I turned icy cold, and staggered, as if struck with an arrow. "How can that be?" I muttered.

"It is strange, indeed," replied they. "All that is known is, that she disappeared from her home many weeks since. Lately she has been seen by the side of Herod, in his chariot, after the fashion of the Romans, covered with jewels and bracelets of gold. And men say that the king is frantic with the love of the maiden."

Thus speaking, the men turned into a side-path, and left me. I stumbled onward for a few steps, and then sank on the ground.

There was the lake as before, sparkling in the sun, or sleeping in the shadows; but how were all things changed to me! God seemed to have left the world, and gone away. All life had departed from sky and land, and it was empty.

I sat on the ground in a stupor. At last my mind began to recover. I cried, "It is false! It is a lie, told by the father of lies. Not Miriam, not my Miriam! No, it cannot be! Why should I believe this? Would she believe it of me, if she were told I had become a thief or a liar? No! It is false, and I will find out what it means."

New life came back to me. My blood rushed through my

veins, and I leaped down the steep path, and did not stop till I reached my mother's home. She heard my step, and came forth, looked at me, and saw the pale despair on my cheek, and the hungry, asking look in my eyes, and, putting her arms around my neck, said, "Yes, Thomas, it is true. Miriam has fallen away from her God and her people."

So saying, she led me into the house, and I laid my head on her shoulder, and wept long.

At last I rose, and said, "Only from her own mouth will I believe it. I go to the city of Herod, and will see her."

My mother sought to prevent me, fearing the jealousy of the king; but, seeing that nothing else would satisfy my mind, she said, "Go, my son! and may the God of Israel give you a power and language to bring back this daughter of disaster to her old faith!"

Then I went speedily, not thinking beforehand what to do or to say, but believing that the God of my fathers must help me to save this pearl of price from utter ruin, such hope mixed itself with the bitterness of my soul. "Not for myself," I cried, — "let her be henceforward nothing to me, — but for her own sake, and her father's house, and for the sake of our people, help me to save her, O my God!"

A Roman soldier in armor stood in the gateway of Tiberias, in the shadow of a lofty palm. As I passed him, he looked at me, but said nothing. The street I entered was straight, wide, and long, and on either side rose palaces of white marble. Along the sides of the streets were palms, and in the middle were fountains fed from the hot-springs a little way off. The streets were full of people coming from many lands, — from Damascus, men with baskets full of costly raiment woven on the looms of the East; from Arabia, men bearing boxes of frankincense and rich spices; there were singing-boys, black as the night, from India; and merchants of Tyre, who trade in all the works of man in all the earth.

I passed through these crowds till I saw a man of Galilee

whom I had known ; and I asked him, "Where is the palace of the king?" He pointed to a marble building opposite, built of large stones, with columns in front of red porphyry. The gate into the inner court was open ; and the Galilean said to me, "Stand here with me, and see Herod and his officers ; for they will presently come forth."

Then there came from the court the sound of flutes and horns, with the clang of cymbals. Directly a body of soldiers appeared, with helmets, large shields ornamented with gold, and spears whose handles were surrounded with rings of solid silver. Behind them I saw approaching the chariot of Herod, drawn by four white horses. It was circular, and I looked in fear to see if Miriam was by his side. But he was alone ; and when the procession had passed out, and the gates were closed, I was confused, not knowing what to do.

Directly the gates opened again ; and there issued forth another troop of men and women, on foot, with robes flowing to the breeze, following after Herod, but some distance behind. And, as they passed, one turned, and looked me full in the face, and I seemed to receive a blow. Was that my Miriam? All the splendid beauty was there ; but how hard, how cold, was the look which met mine ! She turned, and spoke a few words to an attendant, who directly fell behind, and, leaving the procession, came to me, and said, "My mistress will see thee to-night. Be at the gate of the palace after dark."

When night came, I went to the place as if moved by no will of my own, but forced on by some blind necessity. I was led into a room of the palace lighted by a tall candlestick from which hung four lamps. A curtain moved, and Miriam stood before me. She looked at me long ; and, as I stood silent, she said in a hard and hollow voice, —

"Speak, Thomas ; ask me if it is true. Say all thou pleasest. Reproach me to the utmost. I know that I am a by-

word and a hissing to my people. Yes, I am Herod's wife, one of them. I am a queen, Thomas! Didst thou ever see a queen before? Look at me, and see what a proud and happy woman a queen among the Romans may be!" And she laughed aloud, — not her old bird-like laugh, but a laugh in which was no joy, but derision and contempt.

I still stood silent; for all the thoughts I had in my mind were gone in this great misery.

She spoke again: "Sit on this seat, and I will tell thee all. Thou hast a right to know what I am and what I may become.

"Thomas, I seem to myself to be driven by furies. The first demons who took possession of me were pride and ambition. I was proud of my mind and my knowledge: I am proud of them still. Have I not a right? Who like myself can see through men, and read them like an open scroll? Who can bend them to her will, and make them come and go, as I? I have power over souls: I move them by their secret wishes, which are no secret to me.

"Having such power, why was I not a man? Is there any Agrippa or Herod of them all who could have made friends and wealth in the imperial court at Rome like me? I could move the Senate by my speech. I could make my people a name, and win for them their rights.

"But I am a woman; and therefore all this must be shut into my breast, and my powers can be of no use to any one. Do not the Pharisees say, 'Let not a woman learn beyond her distaff; let the tribute of the temple be destroyed, rather than the words of the law be given to a woman'? Do not they class us with servants and children, saying that 'women, servants, and children are not bound to recite their phylacteries, or to wear them'? But to a man they say, 'If thou dost pronounce the words of the phylacteries distinctly, exactly, and correctly, the shadow of death shall be cool to thee.' If a woman marries, cannot her husband divorce

her for any cause, — if she spoils his broth, or if he finds any other person more beautiful than his wife? A fool may be my husband; and I, who know many times more than he ever dreamed, — am I to sit at home with my distaff?

“No, Thomas, I will not submit to this. Since they allow no open way to the daughters of Israel, to whom God has given power, we will make one. They shall find that women can go forward when men hold back. The Roman power totters, and a woman shall give it the blow which will bring it down in ruin.”

“But thou art married to a Roman,” said I. “Thou art the wife of a Roman.”

She saw the anguish in my eyes, and said more tenderly, “Do not grieve for that, Thomas. I did not marry him because I loved him.” Then, suddenly changing, she whispered in my ear with a hissing sound like that of a serpent, “I married him because I hated him; and I hate him now with all the hatred of my soul. It would be sweet to me to do to him as Jael did to Sisera, and as Judith did to Holofernes.”

I looked at her, and shuddered at the fierce light in her eye. She seemed possessed by a demon of fury. I whispered also, and said, “Thou shalt do no murder.”

“Well,” said she, “what is murder? Was it murder when Jael took a tent-nail, and drove it into the forehead of Sisera? He was her guest, guarded by the sacred rights of hospitality. He was at peace with her tribe. He was asleep, trusting to her care. She killed him; and Deborah has glorified her name, and said, ‘Blessed above women be Jael.’ If I should kill, would not some prophet say, ‘Blessed among women is Miriam’?”

“It cannot make a wrong thing right,” answered I, “even to be blessed by a prophet.”

“In truth,” said she, “that is also my belief. I have not now much faith in those old scriptures, which, we were



taught, came from God. All nations have their sacred writings. Why should we think ours more holy than the books of the Assyrians or the Egyptians? Come to the reason of the matter. If a man is a tyrant and a murderer, it is right to kill him. Herod is black with crime, and she who slays him does a good deed."

"Why, then, didst thou marry him?"

"It was the work of Satan. I was tempted by a devil in the garb of a Pharisee. Dost thou remember Rabbi Ben Gamlah, that holy man, whom my father persuaded to be my teacher in all the wisdom of the Greeks and Romans? How I revered that man; for he seemed wise as an angel of light! He taught me to read the books of the Greeks and the Romans; but he taught me evil lessons,—lessons of contempt for every thing which was not either knowledge or power. He is a great man. He rules by his dark wisdom the company of the Pharisees, and they govern the Jewish people. Nothing is sacred to him which stands in the way of his purpose. He cares neither for God nor man, but only for the destruction of the Romans and the triumph of his party and people. He clothes himself in lies; and he is so false, that he could cheat Gabriel, just come from the throne of God. He is a chief favorite with Herod, whom he flatters and deceives, and means to destroy. Without pity for my innocence, he determined to sacrifice me, soul and body, to his ends. He fed my ambition; he encouraged my vanity and pride. He told me that all means were right which would lift up our nation. He tempted my love of luxury with the promise of splendor in Herod's court. I was to have jewels, slaves, chariots, a palace. I was to be a new Esther. But I resisted the serpent, though his poison ran into my veins. Then, one night, he agreed with Herod to have soldiers near by, and betrayed me into their hands. I was taken, a prisoner, to Herod's court. The king offered to make me his wife, or, if I refused, to compel me to marry

a deformed slave, a negro from Africa. Then the tempter came again; and, when I cried to him for pity, he laughed at my tears, and told me, that if I would consent to be Herod's queen, all doors would be open to me, and the freedom and power I longed for would be mine. So I yielded; and here behold me, Thomas, a Roman queen."

"And art thou happy?"

"Happy? No. I am the most miserable of women. I live in lies. I pretend to love Herod, and I hate him. The freedom I hoped for is not mine. I am envied and watched by so many jealous eyes, that I am in perpetual bondage. I cannot pray to God; for either there is no God, or he does not care for man. The gods are too far off, Thomas: they have their own matters to think of." So she laughed again, a hard, cold, miserable laugh.

"One hope is left me," she continued, "and that is revenge. I shall be the destruction of Herod and his court. I am watching for my time. And it will come; it will come. If only, like Samson, I can pull down this temple of idols on their head, and on my own too, I shall be happy. But go, Thomas. Thou wert my friend once, though thou canst not care for me now. When I saw thy face to-day, I determined to meet thee, and tell thee my story, although this meeting of ours is at the risk of both our lives."

Then my mouth was opened, and my heart enlarged. I, who found it so hard to tell my thought, spoke to Miriam with the tongue of men and of angels. I implored her to fly, to quit that evil place, to forsake that dreadful life, — to fly with me to Egypt, to Babylon, anywhere. I would be her brother, her friend; I would watch for her, and help her. Other and better doors should be open. We would begin a new life. I thought I must convince her, and that she would then yield, so full of faith I was in what I said.

She listened quietly to my words, and then looked at me with a sadness so terrible, that tears gushed from my eyes.

“Too late, too late!” said she. “I have shown thee some of the devils which possess me, but not the worst. Thou hast looked into my heart, and seen there six demons, — PRIDE, AMBITION, FALSEHOOD, MURDER, LUXURY, UNBELIEF. There is another, worse than all; for he makes it impossible for me to drive out the rest. His name, the king of the devils, is DESPAIR. I cannot believe, I cannot hope. My soul is dead, lying in its tomb; and on the tombstone above me, which shuts me down, is written DESPAIR.”

At this moment an attendant ran in, and whispered some thing. Miriam disappeared; and the woman, seizing my hand, drew me through a dark passage to the street, pushed me out, and closed the door. I went through the street like one stunned; went out of the gate, walked by the shore of the lake, above which the moon was shining, making a tremulous highway of light over its water, and reached my mother's house.

Struck down by this dreadful calamity, I fled again from my home. The sweet lake and its calm neighborhood had become hateful to me. I took my staff, and bade farewell to my mother, telling her that I must go away for a little space. And my mother blessed me, and told me not to forget these two things, — first, that I should always have a mother's love, and, next, that I was a Jew, bound always to remember that I was a son of Abraham and a servant of Yahveh. And so I bade her farewell again, and left her with many tears.

I thought now only to flee to some land where I should see no more any familiar face. I had supposed, before this event took place, that my faith had already gone; but I found that there had remained one deep foundation-rock, which was now taken away also. I had before this time lost my belief in the religion of my country, and its long story had passed into emptiness and shadows. I had been like one who has looked at a great range of snowy mountains rising

above the distant horizon in long ascending lines, up through vast moving sweeps of hills, into steep precipices of ice. All at once they begin to change, and fade away, and he sees that they are only clouds, misty exhalations from the soil. So had my faith passed into morning mist; so Moses and the prophets, the heroic souls of saints and martyrs, had ceased to be real to me. I had ceased to believe in the God of my fathers: he had become one with the gods of the nations. I had thought my most sacred beliefs gone; one only had remained, the most important, — faith in the reality of goodness, faith in human nobleness. On this foundation all the others had been built, and now this, also, was gone; for my first aspirations after a higher life had been inspired by the soul of Miriam. She had roused in me the conviction that man might rise above himself, and make himself a tower, like the pharos of Alexandria, to cast light during centuries over the stormy ocean of human existence, — a hope and comfort for all shipwrecked souls. My faith in this vast possibility rested on my trust in Miriam. And now this, also, was gone. “Cursed be those,” I cried, “who show themselves to us as gods, and are in reality rotten within, who raise us so high only to cast us down again! Let the robber of the wilderness take my life if he will; let him drive his knife into my body — but these murder our souls. O Miriam! thou hast killed all that was best in me — forever and forever. There is no such thing as goodness below or above.”

All my desire now was to go far away, and be alone. The sight of men was hateful to me. First I bethought myself of returning to Egypt, and making myself one of the *therapeutæ* with whom I had stayed before. But I remembered that I had been told of some anchorites of a severer sort, who lived in the wilderness of Engeddi, in the holes of the rocks and in the clefts of the ragged rocks. These were called Essenes. When I went to the *therapeutæ*, I

was seeking peace : I no longer hoped to find peace ; I asked only for the torpor of forgetfulness.

Therefore, taking my staff once more in my hand, I went wearily to Jerusalem on my way to this wilderness, which was on the west of the Dead Sea. From Jerusalem I travelled southward unto the ancient city of Hebron, one of the oldest cities known among men. After leaving Jerusalem, I ascended a rocky hill from the valley of Hinnom, and then walked over a long and cultivated plain, to where the ground began to rise again toward the city of David, which is Bethlehem, the House of Bread. On the road I saw near me a small stone building, and of a shepherd near by asked the name thereof. "Art thou a stranger here?" said he, "and knowest not the tomb of Rachel, the wife of our father Jacob, and beloved mother of Joseph and Benjamin?" Then I remembered having read in the Book of Beginnings, "And Rachel died, and was buried on the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem." There on my left rose the city of David ; and on these hills around me the young David kept his father's flocks, and sang his hymn of praise to God, —

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want ;"

and here, close by the tomb of Rachel, when Samuel had anointed Saul to be king, Saul met the messengers sent by his father Kish to seek him.

Crossing a rocky slope, I went down until I saw before me a lovely valley filled with vineyards and gardens. There grew the fig and almond, and the pomegranate ; and the waters murmured pleasantly down the hillside from three large tanks of stone, raised, one above the other, on the side of the hill. These I knew to be the pools built by Solyma to supply Jerusalem and the temple with water, by conduits of stone which ran underground.

The overflow of these great square stone pools made all

the valley below like a garden. And at once came into my memory the words of the Preacher: "I made me gardens and orchards; and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits; I made me pools of water with which to water my trees and my gardens." And it was of this valley, also, that he spoke in his song; "Awake, O north wind, and come thou south, and blow on my garden, that its fragrance may be scattered abroad." Along this road on which I walked, came the great king every morning, with his horsemen and his court, riding out to see his gardens, and to pass the day in the cool shade with his queens.

Passing on farther, the road once more ascended, now crossing rocky ravines, and then rising again. Around me grew the oaks, with old forests of terebinth, and orchards of olives. Along the hillsides were large terraces covered with grape-vines; and the clusters of grapes surprised me by their size. Then I remembered that this was Eshkol, from which the spies carried the great clusters of grapes. And I seemed to be living in the days of old.

And from thence I passed on till I came to Hebron, the city of Abraham. Before me it rose, seen in the distance over the trees and the vines which covered the rolling surface of the plain. Here, then, was the plain of Mamre, where Abraham first encamped with his tribe, and built an altar to the most High God. On the other side of that high ridge of hills Lot had gone down to dwell in the fertile valley near to the Sea of Death. Here Abraham sat in the door of his tent, and received the three angels who came to tell him of the destruction hanging over Sodom. From the top of that high ridge, behind Hebron, he looked down into the valley beyond, and saw the smoke going up from the cities of the plain like the smoke of a furnace. Here, also, Sarah died, and Abraham bought the cave of Machpelah in which to bury her. And there before me stood the massive walls of the building which surrounds the cave. I went toward it, and

asked to be admitted. I entered by a gateway, and was led to an opening in the rock, where, as it is said, still rest the remains of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and their wives, and the body of Joseph. So, once again, the history of Israel, which seemed so dim to me, became real.

From this ancient city of my fathers, I passed down, by the narrow valley of a torrent, toward the Dead Sea. Black rocks rose on either side; above me swept the eagle in long circles, a moving spot on the deep blue sky. After a while, I saw the dark opening of a cave; and the shepherd-boy who guided me said, "This is the cave of Adullam, where David lived with his followers, when pursued by Saul. Here he remained, with his four hundred followers who had fled to him, pursued by debt or other trouble." The mouth of the cave was a black spot, high above the ravine, on the side of the great mountain. I climbed by a steep and narrow ledge along the rocks, where one man could resist a thousand. I entered the cave, into which some light came from the entrance and from openings above. The passage to the cave was narrow, but led me into a large cavern; so large that David and his four hundred men might have lived together, and had space and room. Out of this cavern dark passages led to other underground halls and chambers. As I was about to enter one of them, a half-naked form came forth, and said, "Who art thou that dost disturb our silence?" I answered, "A man weary of the world, who seeks forgetfulness." Then he held out his hand, and said, "Then art thou a brother. Hast thou come to join the holy company of the Essenes?" I answered that I had thus come, but knew not that this was one of their abodes. "I am a hermit of Engeddi," he answered. "I and my brethren live in these caves. We will receive thee, if thou art sincere. But thou must be tried, as gold is tested, even by the fire of sharp discipline." And I answered, "I am ready to endure it."

“For the present, then,” said the elder, after asking me further of myself, “thou shalt be under my charge, and sleep in this cave near to mine. But the first test to which I shall put thy purpose is obedience. I shall be thy director in all things. It is not for thee to answer or question me, but to obey. Thou must be like a staff in my hands. Canst thou bear this trial? If not, go hence; for this is not thy place.”

And I answered, “Father, I am a man weary of myself. I have no will nor desire. Why should I not do as I am commanded? I am tired of freedom. Dost thou ask if I will be unto thine order as a staff? Willingly would I be a dead body. Yet it seems the act of a coward, or a fool, to die by his own hand, — of a coward, for it is to flee before the enemy. Life is my enemy; and, if I cannot conquer it, I will flee not from it. It is the act of a fool to take his own life; for he goeth blindly, he knoweth not whither or wherefore. Do thou command. I am ready to obey.”

The elder: “Listen, then, to our rules. Our company live in these caves, or in stone houses built in the secret recesses of these mountains. We and those called by the name of Pharisees once belonged to the same society, and together we sought holiness. We forsook the world; and our law was, ‘Touch not, taste not, handle not, any forbidden thing.’ But the Pharisees said, ‘We need not leave the world, that we may be separate from it. We will surround ourselves with a wall, which shall encompass us whithersoever we go: we will have such rules, such customs, and such a dress, that all shall see we are not of the world.’ But we, the Essenes, think differently; for we believe that no one can live in the midst of disease, and not breathe thereof: therefore we say, ‘Flee from it, and be alone.’ They, the Pharisees, are the ‘Separate Ones;’ but we are the ‘Solitary Ones.’”

And he continued: “In our community there are four



classes. First, the class of novices, or beginners; second, the class of experimenters; third, the class of disciples; fourth, the class of elders. During the first year thy place will be with the beginners. To-night thou shalt be initiated into that order, and receive thy instructions."

And, when night had come, the members of the society came together in the large vaulted cavern, which was lighted with many torches. On one side sat the elders, clothed in white robes, which hid their whole body and almost all of their faces; on their right sat the disciples, dressed in dark robes; on their left, the initiated of the second and third year; and on the fourth side stood the novices, with their hands on their mouths, as a token of silence and obedience.

Then they called me forward into the midst, and demanded of me why I had come among them. I answered, "Because my desire is for silence, and rest of soul." Then the elders consulted; and one said, "Brother, thou hast come to us for rest. We can give thee rest, but only as a reward for obedience. Art thou ready to take an oath to obey the rules of our order?"

And I answered, "I am."

Then the elder said, "Repeat after me the oath:—

"I swear by the name of the living God, Maker of heaven and earth, and as I hope to be forgiven my sins, and to be with the blessed in paradise, to obey these rules:

"I will honor God in all things.

"I will be just to all men, and do wrong to none.

"I will injure no man willingly, nor will I be led by others to injure any one.

"I will hate wickedness.

"I will help all good men.

"I will obey my superiors.

"I will unmask liars.

"These seven rules I will repeat morning and evening, and make it my purpose to keep them always."

When I had taken the oath, all those present cried out, "Amen and amen."

Then the elder gave unto me an axe, an apron, and a white robe; and he said, —

"This axe which I give unto thee represents industry. Work is the key which opens the outer gate of heaven. It keeps the mind in content and peace. The apron represents obedience: it belongs to servants. The white robe represents temperance and chastity. Remember, thou, these three duties, — work, obedience, purity."

And I said, "I will remember them."

Then I was placed under the control of a disciple, and told to take all my orders from him, and to do as he commanded me in all things, even though what he commanded might seem unreasonable.

And then all who were in the congregation sang a hymn, and the assembly was ended.

During many months my days passed on in the same path. I arose early, and attended a meeting of the novices, presided over by a disciple, when hymns were sung, and prayers recited. I took my morning meal of bread, water, and herbs, and then spent the day in labor. Before sunrise we were at work, and continued till after sunset, resting for a brief space in the heat of the day. Some tended sheep; some cultivated the fields, and raised grain; some took care of the cattle in the plains below, near the Sea of Death; some kept bees, and raised honey; some took the products of the farms to Bethlehem or Jerusalem; some made baskets, or mats, or boxes, or seats. Thus the day passed by.

But by degrees I learned that all was not peace in our community. I heard of envyings and jealousies, even among the elders. Grave disputes often arose about what seemed to me trifles. Then I saw that by flying from the

world one could not escape from one's self. We had taken with us into our solitude the same passions which we hoped to leave behind among men.

I lived much alone during these months. During the middle of the day, when we rested, I sometimes read in the rolls which were preserved in one of the buildings of our order. It so chanced that I found the roll of the scripture which contained the sad book of Solyma, called "The Preacher." This book seemed to speak to my present state. It reflected my own despair. Here was one, who, like myself, had lost all faith; to whom life seemed to have no purpose; existence, no meaning; to whom all things were emptiness and vanity. His gloom was more black than my own. I shuddered in reading these words of dreadful anguish: "Therefore I hated life, because the works wrought under the sun were grievous unto me. Therefore I praised the dead more than those who were yet alive: yea, better than both are they who have never been born."

I asked what was the meaning of this book of unbelief and despair, and why it was numbered with the sacred writings of our people. None of the elders could give me any answer. They only said, "It was written by King Solyma."

As I read this book, and read it again, I seemed to enter into the mind of the great king. He had received all the blessings of this world, — power, wealth, wisdom, — and they left his soul empty; yet I saw every day, in the valleys beneath, simple shepherds or laborers who went home at night to peaceful rest, and on whose brow cheerfulness had its seat. Then I saw that man was not made to enjoy, but to labor. We are happy only when we are doing something useful for others. Nor was man made to flee from the world, and so try to live alone with God. "God is no more here," I said, "than in the crowds of cities. If there be a God, and if, perchance, he careth for men, he careth also for those who live in society. But, if there be no God, then

are we better to be with our fellowmen, so that we may seek to do them some good.”

Thus I grew by degrees to dislike this hard, cold, and unnatural life; and, when my year of beginnings was over, I spake unto the elders, and told them that I should continue no longer in their community, but leave it.

Life indeed had moved on like a tranquil stream; and, as I look back to that period, I am thankful that I had that season of rest in the midst of my troubled days. But my heart began to weary of this sameness. I felt a desire to see my home again. I longed for the society of my fellowmen. I said, “God has not made us to be apart from our race. He said, when he created the mother of all living, ‘It is not good for the man to be alone.’ We grow selfish in solitude, even though it be a religious solitude. Men think only of saving their own souls, and forget that they should help to save the souls of others.” Therefore I bade farewell to the elders, and thanked them for their hospitality. They blessed me, and bade me farewell with calmness, even as they had received me. To them all things were as one. And I became once more a wanderer, and took my way back unto Galilee.

## CHAPTER VII.

## I RETURN AGAIN UNTO MY OLD HOME.

THE longing for my native land had again seized me. I wished to see once more the peaceful shores of the inland sea framed with hills, which, during the years of my suffering and struggle, had been always sleeping peacefully, or only swept by an occasional gust. That, at least, would be the same, if all else had changed. I had lost my God, my faith, my hopes; the fire of my youth was quenched, and in ashes; my life was darkened by shadows which no sun could disperse. But Nature, at least, would remain the same, — sun, trees, snow-capped mountains, the sea broken into a million sparkles of light, the summer air, and the memories of the past. And my heart yearned for my mother's love. It seemed that I might perhaps feel young again on the shores of Gennesaret. One morning I took my staff in my hand, and departed, with a vague hope in my mind.

To travel on foot in a land like ours, and so by bodily exercise to keep down painful thoughts, brings contentment to the heart. Day after day I journeyed on, climbing along the summits of the hills when I could, or descending into the valleys where the fields of grain were quietly ripening in the sun. Sometimes, on the upland, I could catch a white gleam from the great sea of the west, or a glimpse of some snowy summit in the north, or of the great black mountain-wall of Moab on the east. Shepherds sat under

the trees, watching their flocks ; and once I heard one singing the Psalm of David : —

“ The Lord is my Shepherd. I shall not want.”

I hastened away ; for I could not say, “ Amen ! ” Alas ! Yahveh was no more my shepherd. There was only a great darkness above me, a vast emptiness around.

Sometimes I met a Jewish priest, or a Levite, sometimes a Roman soldier. A feeling of rage which then took possession of me reminded me that I was still a Jew. That feeling of impotent hatred against my country's enemies was all that remained of my early passions and beliefs.

But gradually, as I walked on alone, there came over me a certain calm. This vast Everywhere around me was not quite dead. Something whispered in me of life and of love coming down in the torrents of sunshine which fell from the sky, talking in the prattling leaves of the olives, and the stately contentment of the palms. I could not resist the influence of this sweet motherly smile which was on the face of land and sky. And there came to me an old saying of the sacred writing, which I could still listen to without resistance : “ *Wait* on the Lord, and he will comfort thy heart. *Wait.* ” “ Yes,” I answered : “ I can at least wait.”

It began to be about the ninth hour when I reached the summit of the ridge above the Sea of Genneſar. There it lay, the fair sweet maiden lake, the same gentle ripple on its bosom I had seen so often. There rose the vast hills, stern guardians of its peace, light vapors curling up their sides, and drifting away from their summits. There, far below me, were the villages and cities on the shore of the deep-lying Chinnereth, or Genneſar, or Gennesaret ; for we called our favorite lake in all these ways, as men give tender names to those they love. The waters lay deep down in the gulf below the black rocks which the fire had melted

and burned in some former age, perhaps when the cities of the lower plain were devoured by flames out of the earth, and by brooks of fire.

Nine cities and many towns, my children, cluster round this water, where summer prevails all the year. Wonderful kinds of trees and plants grow there, with strange flowers and fruits, such as we never saw on the upper plains or hills of Syria. As I looked down, I beheld the white walls of Kana, farther down those of Kapharnaum and Migdol and Magedan; and, proudly domineering over all, the towers, walls, and marble palaces of the hateful Tiberias. But, from the height where I sat, they all seemed to slumber in peace, remote from hate or love.

As I sat, still gazing on the familiar scene, two men came near, ascending the path. One of them, as he approached, threw aloft his arms, and spake eagerly to the other in the well-known tones and pronunciation of the lake-valley. His face seemed familiar too; and, as he came near, I remembered him, and knew that he was a famous fisherman, called Simon, or Simon-bar-Johanán. His fellow-fishermen said often that Johanán his father was no prophet when he named him Simon, which in our language, my children, means "the hearer;" for he loved to speak more than to listen. He acted with quickness; he always went before his companions; he was prompt to speak and to do; his boat led the others on the lake; and on the land he ever walked in front, leading the way. He was so certain in his beliefs, that he made others do as he thought best; and I have known a whole company of boats follow his boat across the lake to some bay where he thought certainly to find fish, and thus lose half a day fishing there in vain. Then Simon ever grieved, and that bitterly, and called himself a foolish person, and shed tears; so that their anger against him was forgotten, seeing his sorrow. If any opposed him with words or blows, he was brave as a lion; but if they were cold

to him, or seemed to laugh at him, he was sorely perplexed, making excuses, and saying any thing to please them. Nevertheless, he was so active, so open, so kind, that all men loved him.

As he came near, sometimes turning to speak to the man behind, he saw me and stopped, and at last cried out, "It is he, — Thomas the twin!" And he came swiftly toward me, and cried, "The Lord bless thee!" and, lifting his arms, bowed his head in salutation, according to the custom. Then he asked me with eagerness whence I came, and many other questions.

But I, answering him, also inquired concerning the towns and the people. Then he broke forth, like a swollen stream in the time of rains, which cannot be held back, but carries away all that is opposed to it: "O Thomas! marvellous things have come to pass, and greater are to come. A new prophet has arisen, and once more there is open vision. He seeth through all veils, and the hidden worlds of God are all naked and open to his eyes. He reads the thoughts of men, and shows unto each man his own soul. When he speaks of the kingdom of Him who is to come, he seems to be making pictures of it all. The power of Yahveh goes with him, and angels are by his side unseen. He loves to heal the sick; and, when he touches them with his hand, the demon of disease flies affrighted away. I saw with my own eyes the spirit of madness leave a raging man of whom the moon-demon had taken possession. All these demons of wrath and pain hate him and fear him. Yet is he not such as I deemed a prophet must be. He hath in him no bitterness, but is ever gentle and kindly. He dwells not in deserts, but goes among men. Nor loves he that men should hold much discourse concerning him; but ever, when the evil spirit is cast forth, he chargeth the man who is healed that he speak not of it to any. Neither will he receive thanks, but teaches men to thank God only, since all good things



come from God. I asked him once why he forbade us to tell of all his goodness. And he said, "Call not me good; none is good, save God. When I heal with my right hand, I let not my left hand know it."

I replied, and asked, "But what, then, teacheth he concerning the kingdom which is to come?"

"Strange things," replied Simon, "and such as I do not well understand. He tells us not to hate the Romans, nor doth he prophesy their desolation; but at one time he said that those who would be children of the kingdom must love even the Romans, and pray for them."

"Then," cried I, "he is no true prophet of Yahveh. What, then! must we love the Romans, who trample down our worship, who defile our temples, who corrupt our people, who make slaves of the children of God? How is the kingdom of the Anointed King and Priest of God to come, except we destroy totally out of the land these tigers and devouring plagues? How is the Lord's house to be above all other temples till all the rest are utterly overthrown?"

"The thought of my heart resembled thine," said Simon. "And I marvel ever at these things when I am alone; but, when I am with him, I hearken unto his words, and they fill my heart with such a hope, that I am sure he speaketh the truth, though I may not understand how. — How sayest thou, brother Andreas?"

"In truth my thought is like thine," replied Andreas, who was a brother of Simon, "and has ever been such since I heard the Baptizer call him 'the Lamb of God.' But as yet thou hast not told Thomas who the prophet is. He comes from Nazirah, — that little place among the hills, on the side of the shoulder of Lebanon, where it descendeth into the great plain. His name with his people is Joshua-bar-Yosheph; but the Greeks call him Jesus."

"A poor place," said I, "is Nazirah, that it should send forth a prophet. It hath a people, if I remember aright,

who are a proverb in Israel for their ignorance of all sacred things; a people who neglect the feasts, and are hardly children of Abraham."

"Thou hast said truly," replied Andreas; "but in a peck of chaff are ever to be found some kernels of wheat. Men say that Maria, the mother of Jesus, is a daughter of holiness: her feet walk ever in the paths of peace. And Yosheph, the father, is a just man and honorable."

"These things may be," I answered; "yet I follow not a prophet whose teachings are of love toward the Romans. I am still a Jew; and I hold to my hatred unto them, though the remainder of the faith of my fathers has gone from me. But how is it that ye, Simon and Andreas, are friends of one who differs greatly from your great master, Johanan the Baptizer? His fame came unto me even in the land of Egypt; for men spake of his sternness, and of his holy life in the wilderness, and that he was set apart unto God by his father, the priest, from his childhood; of his denying himself as no man hath done since the days of El-jah; and how, when he came forth to prophesy, he feared not the face of man, but denounced the wrath of the Lord on all sinners, and set his face like a flint, and went in the heat and bitterness of his spirit to call men to repentance. Many related that men's hearts were shaken by his word, as when the tempest beats upon the branches of a wood, or as the earth is shaken when the demons below tremble at the name of Yahveh. Ye call yourselves followers of this mighty prophet, whose word is with power. Why leave ye him for another, who concealeth even his good deeds, and whose words are so low and soft that unto this hour no man speaketh his name?"

"Is it not written," said Andreas, "that the Lord Yahveh came once to the prophet El-jah, not in the tempest, nor in the earthquake, nor the fire, but in the still small voice which followed them? We, also, have seen prophets of the fire and

of the tempest. The Baptist, indeed, was like unto a shaking of the earth; perchance he of whom we speak is the still small voice, and through him the Lord shall talk unto his people.

“Moreover, I tell unto thee, O Thomas, a thing marvelous, yet true. Johanan, even Johanan the Baptizer himself, has bowed himself before this man of Nazirah, saying, ‘I am not worthy to unfasten the thongs of thy sandals, O Joshua, Lamb of God.’ And from Johanan received we this commandment, even to follow after Joshua-bar-Yosheph, and hearken unto the words of his mouth. For Johanan said, ‘He shall baptize you with the spirit of God and with fire.’ Truly I know not the meaning of this saying; but the words I repeat unto thee as spoken.”

“And are the followers of this new prophet many?” asked I. “It is easily to be believed; since he is a preacher of peace. For the courage of the Maccabees has fled from our people, and men love not the prophet who calls them ever forth to battle. The prophet who teaches love unto the Romans—many disciples will be his.” Thus I spake in bitterness.

“Many follow him; but few adhere unto him,” said Simon. “Most men desire that he should call down fire from heaven to drive these devouring locusts out of the land. If men hear, perchance, of some great work wrought by his hands, they throng after him, for men ever hasten after that which is new and strange. And at the speech of his lips they stand amazed, for there is a power in his words which holdeth them, and willingly they leave him not. He speaketh not as some rabbis, who utter pompous words, and foam at the mouth, and would thus drive us where they will; but, as he speaketh, our thoughts follow him willingly. Neither doth any man doubt aught that the prophet sayeth; for he shows unto us the world of God above, as though he stood at its portal, and looked therein. He useth none of the arguments

of the scribes, but talketh to us with much simplicity. Sometimes he teaches us with stories, which are like the nuts of the pistachio, which must be broken to find the meat inside. Often, as thou knowest, a nut is too hard to be broken by our teeth: and even thus oftentimes we see not the meaning of the tale. Yet we remember the story, for the manner of the tale causeth it to cleave unto our minds; and after many days the truth contained therein becometh clear unto us. Thus we find the kernel, and it feedeth us. All his teaching is wholesome food to the soul."

"Thy words," said Simon, "call to my mind his saying, that we should eat and drink him. Dost thou remember, Andreas, how we wondered, and were amazed, and knew not what to say? But he loveth sometimes to say strange things, and hard things. We are astonished by such sayings, and our mind becomes wide open: so we ponder the dark saying until the light breaks in. Who was it who found out what he meant by saying that we must eat him and drink him, if we would get any real life out of him?"

"That man was Johanan.—Thou hast not forgotten our old partners in the fishing-boat, Thomas, — Jacob and Johann (or John as we call him for shortness), — the sons of old Zabdi, who owned so many boats on the lake? After the prophet had told us so gravely, that, to receive any life from him, we must eat him and drink him, I saw Johann walking by himself, his head sunk on his bosom. At last he cried out, 'I see it! Suppose I give two loaves to two men: one is hungry, and eats his loaf; the other puts his away. After a time I say to them, "Where are your loaves?"' One says, "I have mine here," and shows it. The other says, "I cannot show it to you, for I have eaten it: I have made it a part of myself. But it has given me strength, so that I can work for you. I cannot give you back your loaf; but I can give you back, instead of it, much work." Thus, if the prophet says, "What was the doctrine which I taught

unto you many days ago?" one, who can remember words well, repeateth unto the prophet the words he said; but another, who remembereth not the words, hath already begun to obey the truth, and live by it. The last hath eaten and drunken the truth, and so eaten and drunken the master; for this teacher is the very truth made into flesh, and living in our midst.' Thus said Johann, and methinks he spoke well."

Then I answered, "That doctrine suits me well; for words have ever escaped from me when I most desired to keep them, — even as a beautiful butterfly escapes out of the hand when we think to hold it, — but the sense remains long after the words have gone. And I see that if a man hungers for truth, and swallows it because he loves it, it may do him more good than to remember the words. In speaking thus, your teacher, methinks, spoke well. But tell me where he first was seen by you."

Simon answered, and said, "We first saw him at the River Jordan, where great crowds had come to hear the Baptizer. Never man was braver than the Baptizer. He cared neither for Roman soldier nor Jewish priest. He taught that all were sinners, and that all must repent; for the end of the old age had come, and a new age was to begin; and, when the new age should begin, all who had not repented of their sins, and been washed in the holy river, would be swept away into the fires of Hinnom. So he spoke day by day, and no man dared oppose him. Certain priests went from Jerusalem, and were baptized, loudly confessing that they had taken money from widows and orphans, and kept it for themselves. Others went away in anger, and told King Antipas at Tiberias, that the Baptizer had called him an adulterer, whom Heaven would destroy. This made the king wroth, and yet he dared not put the Baptizer to silence, so great was the power of his word. Many said Johann must be the Coming One. But Johann denied that he was the Coming

One, the great King. He said, 'I am only a sound and a voice, a cry which comes before him; but he is close at hand — he is near by. I see him standing on the threshing-floor. The people of the land are the seeds of grain which have been beaten to pieces by cruel Roman soldiers and tyrannical kings. These kings are flails, in the hands of angels, to bruise the seed, and separate the chaff from the wheat. And now the great King of kings takes the fan in his hand, and will send the strong wind through the granary, and drive away the light chaff, and save the good wheat. Repent, repent, O ye who are only chaff! Light and empty souls, repent, before ye are cast into unquenchable fire. I hear the trumpets blowing in the heavens, which proclaim his coming. He is here! He is here! Repent, or perish forever!' Thus spoke the Baptizer with a cry of terrible anguish; and the people called aloud for mercy, and thronged to the water, seeking to be baptized.

"On a certain day there came among them a young man, whom all looked upon with reverence. In his face was to be seen power and good will, and withal a piercing look, which entered the soul. As he drew near, the Baptizer ceased speaking, and gazed on him, and said, 'Why should I baptize thee, O thou pure of heart? Rather baptize thou me. Thou needest no repentance; but I myself am also a sinner. O thou Lamb of God, take away my sins, and that of all the world.' But Joshua-bar-Yosheph bowed his head, saying, 'Yet suffer it to be so; for it is becoming to fulfil every thing which is right.' Then Johann baptized him; and, when Joshua-bar-Yosheph came up out the water, Johann said, 'Behold, ye children, here is one on whom I see the spirit of Yahveh descending. It cometh down on him softly, flying like a dove, and resteth on him. Since his childhood it hath rested on him, and remaineth with him. The voice which commanded me to baptize said that when I should find one on whom the holy spirit of Yahveh remaineth always, he is

the King who is to come; he is the Son of God.' Thus spoke the Baptizer; and all who stood near heard him. My brother and I stood by and hearkened also, and asked, 'Who, then, is this youth?' And they answered us, 'Joshua, also called Jesus, the son of Yosheph of Nazirah in Galilee.' Therefore we, desirous of knowing all goodness, followed him. But Andreas followed him first with another, and asked him where he dwelt, and he said unto them, 'Come with me.' All that day they staid with him, and he spake unto them of the great kingdom which is to come; and spake with such knowledge, that they hastened to me, and said, 'This must be he, — the One who is to come.' "

"But why," asked I, "did the Baptizer, who believes in a kingdom of power, receive this peaceful prophet as the King who is to come?"

"They had known each other from childhood, and I think were cousins. 'Things which are different,' saith the proverb, 'cling more closely than things which are alike.' The Baptizer said that the new prophet was higher than himself. 'He cometh after me,' said he, 'but is before me, for he was always better than I.' It was strange to see this proud man, who had withstood kings, become so humble in the presence of this youth of Nazirah, saying, 'He shall grow greater, and I shall become less.' But I think he was displeased with our prophet afterward, because he did not openly proclaim himself the anointed King of Israel in the sight of all men. After Herod had put the Baptizer in prison, Johann became impatient, and could wait no longer, and sent two of his disciples unto Jesus (for so the people now call Joshua, where Greek is spoken) to rebuke him for his backwardness. Ah! Johann knew well how to rebuke all men, even kings and Roman generals, and he dared to rebuke him whom he believed to be the Anointed; for he feared no one."

"But what said the two disciples of Johann?"

"They came to where the poor people stood around Jesus,

listening to his words ; and, rudely interrupting him, cried out, 'Johann the Baptizer has sent us to ask whether thou art He that is to come, or whether we shall have to look around to find another.' And we were angry at this speech. But Jesus lifted his hand, and said very quietly to the messengers, 'Come with me, and judge for yourselves.' So he went to where a great multitude of sick and blind and lame persons were gathered together. They waited for the time when Jesus should cease speaking to the people words of comfort, in the hope that he might thereafter aid their infirmities. And Jesus went down to the little hollow where they sat and lay in the shade of the tall palms : and, as he came near, all their sad eyes turned longingly toward him ; but none spake. The disciples of Johann came after him, wondering what this should mean. Then Jesus, having lifted up his eyes and hands to heaven, walked forward, raising his arms over them, and telling them to be full of cheer, for God forgave them their sins. And I saw the light of hope coming into their eyes. Some who were lame stretched out their hands to him ; and he said, 'Arise, and walk.' In his voice there was a deep music such as I never heard : it was full of courage and power. The lame men staggered up on their feet, and cried out, 'We can walk, we can walk !' And the faces of the blind lost their sadness, and their eyes began to turn hither and thither, and they reached out their hands as if to touch what was before them, not believing that they saw. Near by was a group of white lepers, most unhappy of men. All the people avoided them ; but Jesus went, without pausing, unto them, touching them without fear ; and in a voice which thrilled the soul said unto each of them, 'Be clean !' Then, O wonderful sight ! the white spots slowly disappeared, and, instead of the gloom in their faces, joy began to come like sunshine into their eyes. Yet they believed not that they were healed, until Jesus said, 'Go, show yourselves to the priest, that he



may examine you, and see that you are well. Be washed and purified, and offer your two sparrows, as the law commands.' And when they all cried aloud, and blessed him, he said, 'Bless God, not man; for every good gift is from him.' And he turned to the messengers of Johann, and bade them that they should go and tell Johann what they had seen, and to say to him, moreover, that he is blessed who sees God's presence wherever there is any good done to man. He told them that no one ought to be offended, as Johann was offended, because, where he might expect a great power to conquer and destroy, he should find instead thereof a great power to help and to save.

"So the messengers of Johann went away, half ashamed, and much astonished. And we, when they were gone, were sorely displeased at Johann, because, after having seen the greatness of our prophet, he had thus dared to rebuke him for neglecting his work, saying that the people must leave him to try to find a better leader. For if Jesus were the greater of the two, as Johann said, how could he command him what he must do, and what forbear doing? Is it right that a lesser prophet should rebuke a greater? Thus we were displeased because of these hard words of blame uttered in the presence of all the people. We feared that men would no longer honor our master, seeing that Johann, whom all revered as a just person, had openly threatened him that he should cease to be a prophet in Israel.

"Therefore we spoke angrily concerning Johann and his message, and his messengers, and said that he had a devil. But Jesus blamed us for this, and spoke in behalf of him who had rebuked him, saying that we must not censure Johann, since God had made him strong and brave, like a soldier, for his work, and not made him to be like those who speak daintily, and cover hard thoughts with smooth words. The voice which cried in the wilderness so mightily that all men went forth to hear it was not like the voices which mur-

mur soft things in the palaces of kings. 'Did you go out into the wilderness,' said he, 'to see a reed shaken by the wind? or a man clothed in soft raiment? No! but to see a prophet, and one more than a prophet.' And thus he made us see and understand that a man who is sent by the Lord to do one work cannot be like the man who is sent to do another; that the man of the wilderness cannot be like the man of the city. He whose work is to cry aloud and spare not in the fields and streets, so that all men must fain hear, will indeed have a voice sounding harshly. And he told us concerning Johann, that he was as great a prophet as any who had ever come to preach repentance to Israel; that he had in him the very soul of the great El-jah, and that therefore it was said that El-jah must come again before the new kingdom should be established. Thus we ceased to be wroth concerning Johann. And so was fulfilled the saying of the ancients, that 'as a large bowl will contain a smaller bowl and all its contents, but a smaller bowl will not hold a larger one, so a greater mind can see all the truth and goodness in a smaller one, but a smaller one cannot understand the wisdom of the larger.'"

But afterward, when I, Thomas, had learned to know Jesus, he talked with us more deeply concerning John, in words hard to be understood, and which I can scarcely remember. But this I know, that he taught us how Johann was the greatest of the prophets under the law, having in him the spirit of the law and the prophets; but that, when the law was fulfilled in the kingdom of the Christ, the least child in that kingdom would be higher than Johann, knowing something which was above the knowledge of those born under the law. For the kingdom of heaven, he said, was higher than the law; and all the children of the kingdom would see what the wisest men before them were not able to understand. And I, meditating on these words, thought thus: that the man who has the best eyes cannot see in the

night what a man with poor eyesight can see in the day. For, my children, the law reigned during the darkness by fear and force, by the commandment and authority of the holy God; but the age of the kingdom of Jesus is like the day. The time of the good news, in which we live, is a reign of love, in which we are drawn to what is right by the goodness of God and his forgiving grace. In the time of which I speak we were like those who were passing from the dark and cold night into a sunny day. The night was gone; but the day had not come. It was neither night nor day. The law and the prophets ruled before the time of Johann, and ended with him. The day of the Christ began when he rose out of death into a higher life; but between the two was the day of the Baptizer, when neither law nor love were wholly supreme. We were looking for the light, but were still in darkness. Thus I felt at that time in my cloudy mind. Nevertheless, I heard gladly this new prophet; though, to speak the truth, I hoped not to receive any thing from him. Could a man of Nazirah give me back the faith I had lost? I believed it not at all, yet I asked to hear more concerning him.

Then, sitting by my side, looking down over the olive-trees and palm-trees, to the valley below, to the blue lake, and to the black hills beyond, Simon and Andreas continued their narration:—

“Tell Thomas,” said Andreas, “of the draught of fishes.”

“I came back to the lake,” replied Simon, “after having listened to the Baptizer, and I mused in my heart concerning this teacher from Nazirah, and desired much to see him again. At last I was told that he continued to teach and to work wonders on the coast and in the cities of the coast. It was the sabbath, and I sat in my own house; for my wife was with her mother who had been taken with a fever, and was very sick. I heard a sound of many feet, and of voices,

outside the door. When I opened it, I saw the Prophet Jesus, and a multitude behind him, who cried, 'Glory!' and 'Hosanna!' for he had just driven an evil spirit from a man in the synagogue, and all rejoiced, and were telling of the wonder. To escape the throng, he came into my house. And, when I told him of the sickness of the woman, he went unto the bedside, and looked her in the face, and in a voice which seemed to penetrate to the dividing asunder of the heart said some words which I could not hear. But a great calmness came over the restless woman, and drops of moisture were on her forehead. Then she said, 'Lo! I am already better; the heat is gone, and the uneasiness.' After a time she rose from the bed, and brought to us bread and fruit, and we ate thereof.

"But outside of the house the same noise continued, for all men were waiting to see what next thing should be done. As the sun descended behind these hills on which we now sit, and the burning heats of the day were over, they brought to my door many sick persons on mats, and on beds made of branches of palm. Then Jesus went out among them, and prayed, and spoke to them, and laid his hands on them. The sickness fled, and the illness faded away from them. And we wondered greatly at the power of God.

"When the people came again to my house on the next day, to look for him, he had already departed. Early in the morning, as the day dawned, he went away, to avoid the crowd and the tumult; and he went on foot, and alone, into the desert. Thus he stays but a short time in one place, teaching, and doing good works, and then goes elsewhere. Thus the peace of the people is not much disturbed, and calm returns to them.

"But on another day I was near my boat on the shore, with this my brother Andreas. Near by was another boat, belonging to Zabdi the boat-owner, who was with his two sons, Jacob and Johann. We sat on the shore, and dried

our nets on the grass, mending them where they were broken. Then came Jesus, talking with the people, and answering their questions. As all wished to be near him, they crowded each other, and no one could well hear what he said. Jesus called to me, and said, 'Simon, I will go into thy boat, and I beseech thee to push a little way from the shore, that I may speak to the people from the boat while they stand on the beach.' I did so. I heard him say many wise words, telling them of the love and the truth of Yahveh. But at last he said, 'Enough for this time. Push out, Simon, into the deep places of the lake, and let down thy net, and take fish.' But I answered, 'Master, there are no fish now in this part of the lake; for both we and the sons of Zabdi have labored diligently all night long, and have caught nothing.' — 'Nevertheless,' he answered, 'suffer it for a time, and let down thy net here where we now are.' I did so; and, behold! when I began to raise it, a great number of fishes were enclosed, and we could see their white bellies and their fins as they were caught in the meshes of the net. And so many were they, that Andreas and I together could not raise them from the sea: so we called to Zabdi and his sons, and they, also, came with their boat. We pulled up the net at last, and poured the fishes into it; and the boat lay over on its side with the weight. Great fear then came over my soul; for it seemed as if the power of God were there. I thought of all my sins, and trembled before that face, so full of power and holiness. Then I said, 'Depart from me, master; for I am too sinful to be near to thee.' He smiled, and answered, 'Be not afraid; for thou shalt henceforth be a fisher of men.' What thinkest thou, Thomas, of all this?"

I answered, as my mind impelled me: "I come from a land, even Egypt, where are many sorcerers and astrologers, and I have seen wonderful things done by enchantment. I have seen demons active, and the dead called from their

graves. But I think not that the great God doeth all this; nor doth he send power to help men to astonish each other in such ways, or to win fame and riches by doing wonders. Many such things are done through deceit, and many are done ignorantly, by unwise men, who know not the secret powers hidden in the nature of things. I also have seen men cured of disease by the confident word of a physician. There is a true magical art, as my teacher in Egypt assured me, which is in use among the Persians. It is a knowledge of the book of nature, and a keen insight of the soul into many mysteries. Perhaps your master hath learned this wisdom, and hence can speak to disease with power, and can see where the fishes most throng in the sea. But not because of this do I believe that he is He that is to come."

Thus I spoke, for I had lost my faith in the mighty signs and wonders in which our people trusted, believing in the great power of Yahveh. But Andreas replied, —

"To see is to believe. Come and look with thine own eyes, and hear his words, and faith will return unto thee."

I answered, and said, "Verily, I suppose your prophet is clothed in wretched raiment, and liveth miserably on roots, and alone in the desert, and astonisheth all men by his poverty and self-denial, and long prayers, hating the joys of life. For thus have all prophets done, and the Baptizer more than all."

They smiled at this, and answered, "But our prophet doth not at all on this wise. He seeketh no such glory. He eateth, drinketh, and sleepeth, and is dressed like others. He walketh in the streets, and eateth with Romans, and doth not refuse to go into rich men's houses, and yet he loveth better to be with the poor, and blesseth them greatly. He is not seen to pray, but goeth away alone, if he prays, and, indeed, hath no set hours for prayer. He goeth to see the glad and the sad alike. We will give unto thee a proof of this.

"When he first began to preach and to teach on these

shores of the lake, after the Baptizer had so greatly glorified him, all men were very attentive to his words and actions. And one day there was a wedding in the town called Kana, among the hills, which in truth is not far from Nazirah. The mother of Jesus, who is called Maria, a wise and noble woman, together with her sons, was a guest at the wedding. We, also, were there, and many more; for the family had many friends. The feast lasted several days, and toward the end of it the wine had been all drunken and gone. And Miriam said to her son that the wine was gone, for she had confidence in his knowledge and power. What he answered I know not, but he commanded the servants that they should fill some large jars which stood near by with water. When they had done so, it became wine, and so good that no man had tasted better. Then they saw that this prophet was not like those who went before, but that he wished men to be glad and joyful. Many said, however, 'We do not call a man like this a prophet. How can a prophet go to weddings, and make wine for men to drink when they have already drunken much? He is a wine-bibber and a glutton. And, besides this, he goeth among the sinners and Gentiles, and all baser people.' "

"And what answered your prophet unto this?"

"He said that he was like a physician, who goeth among the sick to heal them. If any should say, 'That man goeth ever among sick people, he cannot be a physician,' you would answer, 'Where, then, but among the sick, ought the physician to go?' Wherever men are, whether good men or bad, our master goeth to teach and help them. He is like the sunshine, which the Lord sends on the good and bad alike. And, when they blamed him because he made wine for the wedding, he said, 'You are like the little children we saw to-day playing in the market. Some of them were angry, and would not play. The others entreated them, saying, "We will play a wedding, or we will play a funeral:

choose which." But they would play neither. Thus it is with you. Ye did not like Johann the Baptizer, because he was stern and serious, and would not eat nor drink with you; and ye do not like me, and ye blame me because I eat and drink. But Johann was right in his way, and I am right in my way; for wisdom has many different children, and no two are alike.' Something like this he said. For this prophet, Thomas, is not like the others who have come before. He is very gentle to the poor, the weak, the sinful, very tender to his friends; and he behaves himself unto his enemies as if they also were his friends. But he is bold to show the people their sins, and to speak against all falsehood and hypocrisy, all guile and cruelty. One day thou wilt see him, and judge for thyself of these things."

Then rising, they went their way; and I descended, going toward the lake.



## CHAPTER VIII.

I MEET JESUS OF NAZIRAH; AND I LISTEN TO HIM AS HE  
PROPHESES, AND TEACHES THE PEOPLE.

I DESCENDED the hill toward the lake, by the well-known path which wound among the olive-groves, with their light flickering leaves, and came unto a place where the houses stood surrounded by fig-trees in all their summer luxuriance. I thought of what I had heard of this new prophet. Truly I could not receive the belief that he might be the great Deliverer. How could this poor peasant of Nazirah do what the Baptizer could not do, before whose word all men trembled, — he whom Herod feared as well as hated, whom the priests and Pharisees dared not oppose? Jesus was ignorant of letters; he went among the poor people; he taught only peace and good will. As well try to break an iron bar with the blow of a feather as to shake off the chain of Roman power by such means as these. As to the wonderful works of which I had heard, I believed them not. I believed that he might have cured sick people by speaking with power to their minds, and creating faith in himself: such works had I seen in Alexandria. Perhaps he had some magical charm with which to blind the eyes of those who beheld him; but that the God of my fathers had given power to this prophet to break the laws of the world, *that* I could not believe. I had lost my faith in God's thus interfering in man's affairs. No, the world was left to go its own way. Force and craft ruled all things. Blind chance or iron destiny were the only gods I knew. Yet my thoughts

returned to this Joshua, or Jesus as they had named him. There was a strangeness in his ways which roused my curiosity. He followed not the paths of the prophets I had known. Most of the men of religion lived alone, in caves or woods: he went among the people. They ate only herbs, and drank only water: he ate meat, and drank wine. They prayed where men could see them, and might be moved to wonder at their holiness; they knelt all day on the ground, and repeated a great multitude of prayers: but this man prayed not at any fixed hours, nor where men could see him. The others were mighty in proclaiming the vengeance of God, and calling down curses on his enemies and their own: this man was reported to speak only kind words, and to do good actions. No great power, I thought, could come from such a man; but the sweetness of his life drew my thoughts to him. He could teach me nothing new, but I thought I should be glad to hear old words made new from such lips. And, thus thinking, I went on, and came at last to the shore road, and saw before me the rich and thriving Kaphar-nahum, or the City of Consolation. I walked along the pebbly beach; and the little waves as they ran up to the shore, and sparkled in the sun, seemed to welcome back the wanderer.

As I came near to the white walls of Kaphar-nahum, I beheld the house of the tax-gatherer, which stood by the gate, where all who brought any thing into the city must pay their taxes to the publican, or collector of taxes. There was a crowd around the house, and much talking; and I said, "They are disputing his demands, and seeking to avoid paying the tax;" for very frequent and bitter were the quarrels concerning taxes. The great publicans at Rome bought from the Senate the right to tax our province of Syria, and sold this right again to other publicans. So each grasped all that he could extort from the nation. They were like robbers, or like hungry wolves, and were hated by the people. I had known well the man who held this place at

Kaphar-nahum, and loved him as a dear friend. He was called Levi-Matthew, son of Alpheus. He was better than the others, and did much good with his badly-gained money. As I approached, I saw Levi talking with those who stood around, and some of his servants were collecting and packing in boxes his rolls of accounts; and I said, "O Levi! may blessings wait on thee! Dost thou go from this place, and hath thine office been taken from thee?" He replied, "Mine office hath not been taken; but I have given it up, and collect taxes no more. These friends lament, for they think that perchance a more cruel man than I may come into my place; yet I hope not, for the people have need of all they have, and with difficulty pay their tax." I said, "But why dost thou quit thine office, O Levi? Though they mock at thee because of it, and spit on the ground as they pass, yet many, I know, would willingly take it themselves, for it is full of profit." But Matthew (which is Levi), the son of Alpheus, answered and said, "I have been called to-day to be a follower and a scholar of the new prophet, my kinsman, Jesus of Nazirah. I so love and honor him, that I shall leave all, and go wherever he desires. But tell me, Thomas, whence comest thou? It is long since I have seen thee. Come with me to my home, and let us talk together; and I will make thee known unto the prophet, for he cometh to-day unto the feast which I give those who have been my companions and friends in my business. All the great publicans will be there, and others also. Though many hate us, and will not speak to us, nor eat with us, many others, as thou knowest, refuse not to salute us." Thus we walked together into the city, and passed through the narrow streets, where the high houses cast down shadows even at noon, and make a pleasant coolness; for Kaphar-nahum was rightly so called, and was indeed a place of many comforts.

As we walked, I said, "I know, O Matthew! that many Jews are friendly unto thee and unto thy brethren; but

very bitter is the hatred borne thee by the common people, and also by the Pharisees, leaders of the people. I, too, had I not well known thy manner of life, and that thou art a just man, would not have spoken unto thee to-day; for thou servest the enemies of my country, even the Romans. How, then, has this prophet chosen thee to be one of his followers and friends? All men will say, 'This cannot be a prophet; since he has a servant of Rome, even a publican, a robber of the people, for his companion.' Also I much marvel that he should consent to come unto thy feast; since most men will cry out against him for eating with thee, and great will be his dishonor in the eyes of the multitude."

Then Matthew said, "He indeed goeth with all persons, and maketh no difference between one and another. All men are dear to him, and I think those are dearest whom other men most despise. It is now a few days only since one of the Pharisees, a man of much wealth and power, asked him to eat meat in his house, and Jesus went; for, though he loves most the poor and sorrowing, he also loves well the rich and prosperous, knowing, that, though outwardly fortunate, they may hide many secret griefs in their souls. His eyes search every man's heart, and he sees what is in man; for is he not in truth my kinsman, whom I have known now for many years, though only to-day have I become one of those who follow him constantly, to be taught by him, and to be witnesses of all that he doeth?"

Thus spake Levi, who is called Matthew; and I went by his side in silence, astonished at the power which went forth from this man Jesus. But Matthew spake once more, and said, —

"I have told thee of his eating meat in the house of Simon the Pharisee, where was a great company of the Pharisees. And, while we sat and talked, we lifted up our eyes, and, behold, a woman stood in the doorway. Her eyes were full of tears, and her dress was that of a strange

woman. She had sandals bright with gold on her feet, and her veil had dropped, and her face was like that of a fallen angel. And we knew her to be a woman full of sins, and wondered that she dared to come into the house of a holy man like Simon. Yet she seemed to pay heed to no one, and came softly forward to the place where Jesus lay on the couch near unto the host, with the others who lay around the table. As she passed behind the couch, some one said unto me that she had a costly box in her hand. Then she stood behind Jesus, and the tears dropped from her eyes on his feet; and, when she saw it, she wiped them with her long hair. And she stooped and kissed his feet, and opened her box, and put costly ointment on his feet, so that the perfume filled the whole room. And Simon the Pharisee turned, and spoke to his neighbor, saying, 'Now I see that this man is no prophet; for he is not offended at the woman, nor does he refuse to be touched by her. Surely he does not know, what we all know, that she is a sinner.' And all who were there were displeased with the woman, and doubted concerning Jesus.

"Now, Jesus had been looking downward, not appearing to see what the woman did, nor to notice the discontent of those around. At last he raised his eyes, and turned them on Simon, the giver of the feast, and said with a pleasant smile, as though some thought had suddenly come to him, 'Simon, I have somewhat to say to thee.' And the Pharisee was pleased, and answered with satisfaction, 'Master, say on.' Then Jesus told a story of two debtors, — one owing a large debt, and the other a small one, to the same lord; and how he forgave them both. Afterward Jesus asked Simon to say which of these debtors would love the good man the most. Simon answered that he supposed *he* would love him most to whom he had forgiven most. Then Jesus turned, and looked at the woman kneeling behind the couch, and said to Simon, but still with a smile, and showing

that he knew what had been in his thoughts, 'Seest thou, this woman, Simon? I came into thine house, and was thy guest; thou gavest me no water for my feet: but this woman hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss of salutation on my cheek: but this woman, since I came in, hath not ceased to kiss, even my feet. Thou didst not bring oil to put on my head: but this woman hath anointed my feet with costly ointment. Seest thou not in this, Simon, her great love? Her love is great, because, her sin having been great, I have brought to her pardon from God. Those who see not that they commit sins feel not the need of pardon. Thou thoughtest I knew not that she was a sinner. I know that her sin hath been great, and her soul full of disease; but she is now healed.' O Thomas! when he said that, it was like the sun breaking suddenly into the room. All felt ashamed who had said evil words about the woman; for we knew she had repented of her sins, and had saved her soul alive. Then Jesus told her to go in peace, and she went out, still weeping; but I think her tears were tears of joy. Simon began to make excuses; but Jesus said, 'Forbear, but remember, that, when God has cleansed a soul, thou must not call it unclean. God's forgiveness can make sins which are like scarlet as white as snow.' Thus did Jesus speak, or somewhat thus; for I myself was not there, but I heard of it from others."

And this story, O my children! sank into my heart. I have often repeated it unto you; for in it is the essence of the glad tidings of great joy. Then, while I listened to Matthew, a sudden ray of light flashed into the darkness of my soul. I saw for a moment how all evil might be changed to good; since even sin, when repented of and forgiven, is thus transformed into that love which casteth out fear, and maketh us sit even now, in heaven, among the angels.

Thus talking, we came to the house of Matthew; and, as

we entered, we saw vessels of water placed where the purifying ablutions could be performed, as the rabbis ordain. And I, also, poured the water on my hands carefully, according to the directions; for though my faith in the law of my fathers had fled, and I had no longer any belief in Yahveh, and my soul within was full of darkness, I still practised the outward ceremonies of my people as of old, and would have felt sinful had I neglected them. Thus the forms of religion will often remain, my children, after its soul has gone; as, when the life of a tree has fled, its dead trunk remains, or as the shell of a nut continues sound when the kernel within is dead. Therefore I carefully poured the water of purifying on my hands, first looking to see that no black drop had colored it, and remembering the rule that we must not pour the water on the two hands with a single gush from the vessel, nor let the water poured on the wrist run back into the hand, nor pour the water out of one hand upon the other. For thus had we been taught. Now, when we were sitting in the cool shadow, the doors were opened, and I saw a young man come in, followed by others. A murmur went around the chamber, "This is he!" When I saw him, I was astonished; for the youth did not appear as a mighty prophet, but rather as one of the beautiful angels who stand near the throne of God. As he and his followers went by the water-pots of purifying, and did not pour water on their hands, a murmur of discontent went around the room. The youthful master paused, and said to us, "If we wish to be really clean, let us cleanse that which is within, not that which is without." Yet I thought within myself, "But why not both?"

Afterward, when I came to know him well, I asked him this question, repeating what my Master Gamaliel had once said to me: "Must not every soul have a body? In religion, are not such works as the washing of hands, keeping the sabbath, abstaining from unclean meats, fasting at certain

times, hours of prayer, and sacrifices, the body of which faith, hope, and love are the soul? The body which hath no soul is a corpse, and ought to be buried out of the way; but the soul which has no body is a ghost, and doth not become useful to the people, but only frighteneth them, because its natural organs of speech and touch are wanting. If these are dead works, would it not be better to make them alive by putting more of soul into them, than to cast them aside altogether? Thou and thy disciples fast not, neither wash hands before meat, nor abstain from unclean food, nor pray at regular hours, nor keep the sabbath; and thus those whose consciences are weak are offended. Weak souls need such outward supports, and find much comfort in them; and, if suddenly deprived of them, their religion goes away at once. Moreover, our religion is so tied and bound to these actions, that, when we do the outward act, the inward spirit is born again within us. If spiritual exercises keep the body healthy and pure, bodily exercises, in turn, arouse the soul." Thus I spoke, repeating the arguments I had heard from the lips of my old teacher, the wise Gamaliel, disciple of the benignant Hillel. He used to add, "These traditions are a fence around the law, as abstinence is a fence around temperance, and as the outward sabbath-keeping is a fence around the inward sabbath-keeping, or rest of the soul."

The master and I sat beneath the shade of a pomegranate-tree; and, the fruit being ripe, I had gathered one, and had eaten it. And the master asked me what I had done with the hard rind, which was like the leather of which men make sandals. I pointed to the fragments which I had thrown on the ground. And he told me that the works of the law, such as fasting, and abstaining from meats, were like the rind of a fruit, or the shell of a nut, — good while the fruit is growing, to keep it from harm, but to be broken and cast away when the fruit is ripe. At another time he compared these Jewish ceremonies to the leathern bottles into which wine is



put: and he said, that if we put the new wine, which is still fermenting, into an old leather bottle which has become stiff and hard, the wine will burst it; but the new wine when put into new bottles will only cause them to swell and expand, and they will not burst. Moreover, he told us that the wine of his truth was new wine, and must be put into new bottles. Still we were grieved to give up all the religious actions which we had been taught from childhood.

At another time Jesus declared how all outward actions should agree with the inward state; that to fast when we were glad was not a true fast, and made a falsehood in the soul; that to pray merely because the hour of prayer had come, when we did not feel the need of any thing from God, was not to pray in spirit and truth; and he warned us not to pray, or fast, or give to the poor, in order that men should see us and praise us, but only to be seen of God.

While Jesus was with us, all this seemed good; for he was so full of the power and presence of God, and such a tenderness from God looked out of his eyes, that we needed not hours of prayer. After he was gone, many said, "This is a cold religion. It hath no priests, nor sacrifices, nor days of fasting, nor sabbaths, nor feasts, nor ablutions, nor synagogues. It is hardly any religion at all." Many, therefore, went back, and walked no more with us, but said, "The Jewish religion is old, and this of Jesus is of yesterday. That is spread over the world, and is a great power among the nations, so that even the emperor trembles when he hears of us; but this religion of Jesus is a small thing, hiding away in caves and in upper chambers, where no man seeth it. It hath no solemn rites and awful forms, but is bare and naked; and the soul is cold in such a freezing climate."

My children, not long since, a messenger of the churches, whom the Greeks call an angel, came to this place, sent to see the brethren scattered abroad, and to learn of their affairs. He brought us news of the state of things in Syria

and Galatia, in Asia, and Greece, and Rome. He said this same doubt yet disturbed the peace of the churches, and that a certain disciple named Paul (whom, indeed, I had known) had said that we were saved from sin only by giving our faith to Jesus, and trusting our soul to the mercy of God, and not by any keeping of outward sabbaths or outward sacrifices, or circumcision which is outward in the flesh. He said that much indignation was expressed by those of our religion who live at Jerusalem, because of this. He told me the followers of my old friend Simon Peter (as they now call him) declared this to be false, and said that Paul was no apostle, for he was not one of the twelve. Peter said that these outward acts were necessary to protect and keep safe the inward soul of faith, as the walls of a house are necessary to keep the cold out of the rooms where the family are together. The walls are not a home, for the family makes the home; "nevertheless," said Peter, "the walls are needed, likewise, to keep the family safe." Thus Peter argued.

But the messenger of the churches brought with him also two rolls, one of them a letter from this same Paul to the Assembly of the Disciples in the great city which men call Rome. In this letter Paul taught that no man need do any of these Jewish actions in order to be a disciple of Jesus, and to escape from sin and Hades. When we repent, and turn from our sins, we have only to trust in God manifested to us in Jesus as our best friend and helper. Thus Paul declared. And when I remember how Jesus, though a Jew, refused to wash his hands, and to do such acts of religion, I am indeed satisfied that this Paul, whom I believe to be my old companion, is right; and that the friend of my youth, Simon, is wrong, in this matter.

The other roll which the messenger brought was that which we also have read in our assembly, called a Letter to the Hebrews of the Dispersion. It besought them not to

leave Jesus, and not to go back to the Jewish religion, because of its priests and sacrifices, its temple and festivals. "For," saith this writer (arguing as I used to hear the disciples of Philo teach in Alexandria), "we have in Christ Jesus the essential thing, — the core and heart, of which these are only the husks and the shell." He saith, "The Christ is *our* priest: the Christ is *our* passover; the Christ is *our* sacrifice; and the Christ in the soul is *our* sabbath of rest." But you, my children, who have never known any thing of these Jewish ceremonies, understood not well this Letter to the Hebrews, nor could you see what was the meaning thereof. At the end, it told of those who had lived and died in faith, showing how much greater is faith than all outward ceremonies.

I have left my story, speaking of these things. Now I will return to my first knowledge of our master.

Early in the morning Matthew came to my bedside, and touched me on the shoulder, and said, "Arise, Thomas! We go soon to hear the teacher, for he will speak to the people concerning the kingdom and the laws thereof; and already the multitude passeth by the house, through the streets, on their way to the mountain near by, where he will teach to-day." And I arose quickly, and when we had eaten dates, and a cluster of grapes, and bread, we went unto the mountain.

The people, both men and women, were gathered together along the sides of the hill above a little valley. They sat on the grass, under the shade of the palms and oaks, which grew side by side in this fortunate land. And the murmur of waters descending from above was in our ears.

Then I saw the teacher come down the mountain from above, where he had passed the night in prayer (as some of his disciples told me), while the disciples slept on the grass. Such was the custom of the teacher. He had no fixed hours

of prayer, like the Pharisees; but when he went forth to any work, or when he did any important action, he prayed beforehand for power to do it aright, calling on God, as a father; to aid him in his task. Thus the Helper was always near when he needed help. But because he did not pray according to the prayer of formality, at fixed seasons, men said of him that he had no religion, but was only a man of morality. Thus men judge by appearances, and not righteously.

And, behold! as I drew near, the teacher had seated himself on a stone to speak. And when he had lifted up his eyes toward the people, who sat around and above him on the sides of the hill, he opened his mouth, and spoke of the kingdom of heaven, which we all hoped soon to see in our land. First of all he told us who were to belong to the kingdom, and how happy they would be as servants of the King who was to come, even the Messiah. I well remember the first word he spoke; for it fell on my ear with a tone and a power which aroused my whole soul to listen. The word was, —

“Blessed!”

And then he paused, and looked around with eyes full of pity, as he saw the poor people, so wretched, so forlorn, hungry, and half-naked (for there were many of these who had been plundered of all they had by Roman soldiers), and many sick, also; others, moreover, who were rich and well, with some rulers and scribes among them. And all listened with eagerness for the words of his lips. And I repeat the thought as I recall it, but not the very words; for these escape my memory.

“Blessed are ye poor,” said he again; “for ye are nearer to the kingdom of God than if ye were rich.” And then he stopped a moment, and spoke once more: —

“But blessed are ye whose souls are poor; for the kingdom of God has come unto you to make your souls rich.

“Blessed are ye that weep now, and are sad; for your sadness shall be turned to joy.”

And he went on, and pronounced those really blessed and fortunate who were persecuted, hated, and reviled, and whom men should cast out, because they were the friends of the SON OF MAN.

And I said to Matthew, “Who, then, is this Son of man?” But he made no reply.

And the teacher went on, and said, “Blessed are the meek, and the merciful, and the peacemakers, and the pure in heart, and all who seek to be righteous.” And he said that all these were the true sons of the kingdom. And I was greatly astonished, both at the majesty with which he spoke, and at the nature of his teaching.

I would tell you, O my children, of his face and his person; but it is not easy to do this, not though I could speak as the Greek poet Homer does when he describes the gods. You remember, my children, that I once read to you, from the heroic songs called “The Iliads,” a description of Zeus, and another of the far-darting Phœbus. When I looked at the teacher, these verses came to my mind. Sometimes such an authority was in his voice, that the heavens above and the earth around seemed to assent to his words, and the air vibrated in answer. His eyes were filled with a heavenly light. He spoke as a king, and strength stood behind, and obedience went before him. Whenever that voice of command came from his lips, no one could resist its power. But now he spoke with another accent, so musical, yet so strong, that all listened with hushed attention. When he said, “Blessed are ye poor,” a whole world of pity was in the words; and when he said afterward, “Blessed are those whose souls are poor,” a still more heavenly tenderness was there, so that light came into the eyes of the wretched people.

But I comprehended not fully the meaning of these words.

Why bless the spiritually poor, who were sinners and breakers of the law? The great teachers whose words had come to me had ever said, "Blessed are the rich in spirit, blessed are the virtuous;" but this teacher, though he blessed the pure in heart, also blessed the sinful.

Afterward I learned, my children, the hidden meaning of this saying. The doctors of the law taught us to obey, and that strictly, every command of God and every tradition of the elders, that we might become pure from sin. Those who attained unto this perfect righteousness were said to be blessed. But what became of those who reached it not? There was no comfort for them, no hope. "He who DOETH these things shall live by them." Therefore, while our teachers helped good men to grow better, they gave no courage to bad men to grow good. But Jesus brought good news for the bad men who were tired of their badness, for sinners whose desire was to escape from their sin. He told them to love their enemies; since God, also, loved *his* enemies, sending sun and rain on the evil and the good. For though they were indeed sinful, yet was God their best friend; though their hearts were dead in evil, the breath of the life of God was within them to make their souls come forth out of their graves. Was not this blessed news for the spiritually poor? All the prophets had blessed the spiritually rich: this one came to bring pardon, peace, courage, and hope to the spiritually poor.

I listened, amazed, to these words, not understanding them. He continued, and said that our nation was the salt to keep the earth from being corrupt. For this end was Israel created. But, if the very salt was bad, there was nothing else by which *it* could be salted. And he said that if the Jewish nation ceased from righteousness, and became corrupt, the Lord would suffer it to be trampled down and destroyed. Instead of this, it ought to be a great light to lighten the whole world.

And because men had said he was a sabbath-breaker, and one who profaned the law, and taught others to do the same, he declared that he came, not to destroy the law or the prophets, or any good thing, but to make it better by filling it full of more abundant life. Nothing which is a real part of God's law, though it be but the smallest letter in the books of Moses, but must remain until it grows up into something yet higher and better.

I found afterward that these words were true ; for though our master did not keep the sabbath outwardly, after the custom of the Pharisees, he filled the heart full of a peace which made every day a sabbath of rest. He gave us an inward sabbath, instead of an outward sabbath. He gave us inward purity, and truth in the soul, instead of hands washed often with water. Instead of a sin-offering on the altar at Jerusalem, he showed us God's heavenly tenderness and gracious love, by making his own life an offering and a sacrifice ; so that sin fled away before the joy of being one with our Father. He fulfilled every thing ; he destroyed nothing. He made religion more religious, and goodness more good.

All that he taught filled us with new astonishment. He first roused and then appeased the mind, by his wonderful words. What he said appeared strange to us in the beginning, and this aroused our mind ; but, after we had meditated a little, we saw how true it was, and we were appeased. His mind was ever at liberty, — as free as the birds, which have no paths in the air, but fly as they will. All the old roads, marked and fenced in by the traditions of the fathers during many hundred years, he moved over as if they existed not. Tradition, custom, law, opinion, rules of belief and conduct, he did not indeed oppose and contend against, but rather acted and spoke as if they had never been. Nevertheless, we found, that, though he set aside the outward law of the doctors, he obeyed an inward law of God, written in his heart.

He cast aside the righteousness of the Pharisees, not that he might have less righteousness, but more, and of a better kind. It greatly surprised us when he said, "Unless your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven;" for the Pharisees were the wisest and best people in the land. I who had lived among them knew that many were clothed in pretence and falsehood, and seemed pious outwardly, but inwardly allowed all selfish desires. But I knew many others who were not hypocrites, but truly good men, full of knowledge and good will, loving and helping other men. If these good Pharisees might not enter the kingdom of God, which was to be soon established in Judæa, who, then, might belong to it?

I know at this time, my children, the meaning of his words. Every man who is really in the kingdom of heaven has in his heart the new power of love, which lifts him up above the painful goodness of the Pharisees. If he be not better than they now are, yet he has within a growing virtue. Thus a stone may be larger than an acorn; yet, as the acorn is alive, it may grow into a tree much larger than the stone. Listen to this parable:—

A father had two children. One of them obeyed him, but did not love him: the other loved him, but did not obey him. The first went early to the field every morning, and worked hard all day, and did all his father commanded; but his face had no gladness in it, and no tenderness. He did what he was told to do, but no more. He smiled not, neither said he ever a kind word to any man, nor a word of love unto his father. The second child slept until the sun was high, and often forgot the commandments of his father; but he loved his father, and mourned over his faults, and so at last he learned to do right, and became better and better every day. Thus his love for his father caused his goodness to grow up into all things excellent.



The righteousness of the Pharisees was like that of the first son ; but that which Jesus desired was the other. The righteousness of the Pharisees was to obey the whole law, in order to escape the torments of Gehenna, and to flee the wrath of the great judge, Yahveh : the righteousness of the Christ came forth from love for the Father, who is both in heaven and on earth, who forgiveth our sins, and helpeth us to conquer them.

Thus the kingdom of God and its righteousness would not come so much with doing as with loving. He who is inwardly a lover of God cannot help doing something good. When we make pure the spring, the water flowing from it will be pure ; for out of the heart proceed all good and all bad actions. A good heart is like a good tree, which, without any painful endeavor, brings forth good fruit. A bad heart is like an evil tree, which cannot by any effort bring forth good fruit, but only sour or hard fruit, not to be eaten.

Thus he showed us that real murder is not in the hand which strikes the deadly blow, but in the heart which hates another. Anger is murder in its seed : when the anger breaks out into passionate rebuke, the seed has begun to grow up into a stalk ; but when the anger has become contempt and hatred for another, then it only needs opportunity and provocation to become murder in act. It is full-grown murder in the heart, and carries the fires of Gehenna with it. The soul of one who hateth and despiseth his brother, already tastes the fire of hell. So taught our teacher in this discourse on the mountain.

Then he also taught us that we should be like God, who forgiveth his enemies, and doeth good unto them alway. "If you will be true children of God," said he, "forgive your enemies, bless them, pray for them, help them in their trials, be pitiful to them in their sorrows." But this was more than I could believe or do. What ! — forgive and love the cruel Antipas, the Romans who tortured our people, the false

Pharisee who had ruined my noble Miriam? No, truly, never! I could bear no more, and I turned away. I walked to a distance and sat down, my mind distracted. But I heard from time to time, where I sat, the music of the master's voice, which drew me toward him. Slowly I returned; and, as I drew near, he was saying some such words as these: "No man can serve two masters; for, when they command different acts, he must obey the first and disobey the last, or he must obey the last and disobey the first. Let your eye be single, and your body shall be full of light. Therefore serve God only and wholly, and help only his cause of truth and love; then will all things come well at the last. (What good doth anxiety, whether it be anxiety about your body or about your soul, about your earthly or your heavenly meat? Trust in God. Do what is right, and trust in God, then all that you need you shall have.)"

"Verily," I said, "if I could only believe this! But how can I in a world so filled with darkness and evil?" So I turned away once more; for, though my heart drew me unto Jesus, I was not yet able to believe what he said concerning the kingdom which was to come down from God out of heaven, to be established in the midst of our land, and to which all nations should flow. Then he went down the mountain; and great numbers of people went with him, the man so attracted them. They suffered him not to depart from among them; such great strength, peace, and hope came unto them from his words. His speech came down on their weary hearts like rain, after many weeks of drought, on a parched land. As they passed by me, one said to another, "I heard never any man speak like this man, not even Rabbi Onias." And another said, "His words are with power, and are weighty with truth. The words of the scribes are light as chaff, but his are heavy as gold." And these were common people, who knew not how to utter their thoughts, or to give a reason for them. Then I, who had also felt his

speech to be with power, sat still in the place, seeking to understand with myself why I felt thus; for I was attracted and repelled at once. I could not accept what he said, for all my belief seemed to me to be wholly different from his. Yet I longed to believe his teaching; for it was as the heavenly light when the sun rises through the clefts of the mountains, and the white mists melt away before his face.

As I pondered on this prophet's speech, in which he plainly told the whole plan of the coming kingdom, and the work of the coming King, I saw how opposite it was to my own belief and expectation, and to that of the great teachers of the Jews. His plan was to conquer our oppressors by loving them and blessing them. His belief was in a power of love and truth which can overcome wickedness. He had faith that the force of Cæsar was not equal to the might of goodness. The Messiah, indeed, as he taught, was to come, and to reign, but far otherwise than most of our people thought. The Jewish nation was truly to possess the earth, but by being its teachers, helpers, comforters. Yahveh was to be obeyed by all the nations, but by being shown to them as a heavenly Father and an infinite tender Friend. Jerusalem was in truth to be the metropolis of the earth, because it was to be a fountain pouring forth forever fresh water of life for the healing of the nations. This whole doctrine, nevertheless, seemed to me vague, airy, poetic, and impossible.

And yet his speech was very full of confidence. He spoke as one who knew certainly the truth he taught. I saw, indeed, that what he said in this proclamation of his faith was to him substantial as the rock whereon he sat. No tremor of hesitation or impatience disturbed his calm utterance. And, the more I pondered, the more I saw how each part fitted into every other, and made an entire whole, wanting nothing. I had seen in Alexandria men who made

curious cabinets for the rich, into which their jewels could be concealed in secret divisions, behind small doors. Once I saw a skilful workman engaged in making one out of the hard black wood brought down the Nile. And he told me that there were more than two hundred joints in the cabinet, which must exactly fit, or all would be awry. And when he had made it, and put it together, his measures were so perfect, that every part was perfectly joined with every other. So I saw that in this doctrine, to me so new and strange, of the coming One and his kingdom, every part fitted every other. For truly he began, not by calling together the powerful, the rich, the strong, but the poor, the sinful, the wretched. But this was wise, not only because it would show the Romans and Herod Antipas that no rebellion was intended against them, but also because these poor people could better receive the new doctrine of love. Also he said that the Jewish nation were called to be the light of the world, and that they would do the work of God by letting their light shine. His meaning I believed to be like that which I had heard in Egypt, — that God had made different nations for different duties. The Greeks were made to teach beauty to men by their arts; the Romans were to be an iron chain binding the whole world together by means of power; but the Jews were to be salt, to purify its moral nature, and light, to show to it goodness and God. By using force against the Romans, we took weapons which were not ours; and in the use of such weapons they could always defeat us. But, if we used only the weapons of truth and love, we must conquer.

The Greek philosophers, whose writings I had studied in Alexandria, always wished to say something new. They sought for some thoughts, opinions, or statements which had never before been uttered. They put every thing into new forms. Thales said that “water,” that is, the element, the fluid, “is the root of all things.” Another came, and said,

“Air is the origin of all things;” another said, “Numbers;” another said, “The One and All;” another said, “The Self-Existent;” another said, “Generation and Destruction;” another said, “The four Elements;” another, “Contradictions and Reconciliations;” another, “Atoms.” Each new philosopher denied all that the others had said, and began again as if nothing had been done before. This made men feel that there was no progress anywhere; and thus we grew weary of such studies, which seemed to lead to no end. It was like the wind, which whirleth about continually, and returneth again according to its circuit. It ended always in new phrases and a new system of words.

But this teacher, Joshua-ben-Yosheph, sought no such novelty of words or thoughts. Yet, while he spoke, I felt that he made all things new. God, man, nature, life, all became new under the power of his teaching.

Many of his sayings were like those of the rabbis reported to us in the traditions of the fathers. Thus, when he said that “not the smallest letter of the law, not even the little letter Jod, or the point on the Daleth which distinguishes it from Resh, should pass from the law, till all was fulfilled,” I remembered like sayings. One rabbi said that the letter Jod came and prostrated itself before God, and said, “O eternal Lord, thou hast taken me out of the name of the blessed Sarai, the holy woman!” And the Lord answered, “In truth I have taken thee from the end of a woman’s name; but I will put thee at the beginning of a man’s name, even Hoshea, whom I will call Je-hoshea.”

Thus, too, he always in his teaching called Yahveh “Our Father,” and “Your Father,” and “Our Father in heaven.” These were words well known to me, and often uttered; yet, as they came from his lips, they had a power of tender love in them which made me sure that no one was ever truly a son of God until this time.

There was nothing new in the words when this teacher

prayed that God's kingdom might come; for I remembered the axiom in the Jewish schools, "That prayer wherein is no mention of the kingdom of God is not a prayer."

There was nothing new in the *words*, when he said, "Thy will be done on earth, as in heaven;" for Rabbi Eliezer said, "What is the short prayer? It is this, 'O God, do thy will in heaven, and give quietness of spirit to those who fear thee below.'"

And, when he spoke of the mote and the beam, I was reminded of the same proverb as I had heard it in the schools. Thus Rabbi Tarphon said, "Will any in this age endure reproof? For if I say to any, 'Cast out of thine eye that mote,' he will reply, 'O rabbi, there is a beam in thine own eye.'"

Also in that great saying which is now called "the commandment made of gold," "Do to others all things ye would they should do unto you," there was no newness in the letter. For I remember hearing that a Gentile once came to Shammai, and said, "Tell me the substance of the whole law, and all things essential therein, while I stand on one foot." And Shammai drove him away in anger. But he came to Hillel with this request; and Hillel replied, "Yea, verily, the whole law is here: 'That which is odious to thyself, do it not to thy neighbor.'"

Therefore I said, "The letter of this teaching is not new. It is not a new framework of thought, uttered in sayings not heard before; but it is the old and everlasting truth of all the religions of men, made alive once more for all men to believe: it is a new spirit, making the letter new." In spring all nature appears new, though the leaves of the fig and the vine are no novelties, but shaped exactly as they were last year. The power of this master was, that he was so full of new life that he made all things new wherever he went. All the old things had passed away; and we, too, became like new men ourselves, being verily full of a new life.

I also saw, as I meditated on this speech, that he stripped off from our law all that was like a wall of partition around our nation ; making the law spiritual, and thus universal. All righteousness came from the heart: the outward part was the husk and the shell alone. To pray was not to recite the eighteen prayers of our ritual, but to be alone with God in the closet of one's soul. The true fast was not to appear sad, or to rend one's garments, and put ashes on one's head: it was to give up our own joy for that of another, and to be cheerful when we acted thus, not appearing unto men to be fasting at all.

But that which he taught with such power and such strong confidence, that it filled our hearts with fire, and our eyes with happy tears, was a perfect trust in our heavenly Father as our nearest friend. While he spake, it seemed as though I could never doubt or distrust any more that perfect love. Alas! too soon, the old doubts returned, and new clouds came up to veil from me the face of that infinite tenderness.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE CONVERSION OF MIRIAM. — I BECAME A DISCIPLE OF JESUS, AND ONE OF THE TWELVE MISSIONARIES.

I SAT alone in the shade of a terebinth-tree, for the teacher and the multitude were gone. "In truth," I said to myself, "the hearer was right who said that this man's teaching is not like that of the scribes. The scribes debate concerning every question, and give many reasons for the one side, and many for the other. They fill their mouths with arguments, and what one says another denies. They are ever seeking, but care little for finding; and thus a mist of doubt hangs over all matters. If Hillel and his school say this, then Shammai and his school say something different. In truth, they declare this uncertainty to be good; since it leaves the minds of the learned men free, so that they examine always, yet are not they tied to any belief. But this makes of truth something for our amusement, and not that by which we live." For I had felt in myself the misery of an empty soul.

But our new teacher, Jesus, seemed not like a seeker after truth, but as one who had found it; for, if a man has found a diamond, he does not give reasons to prove that he has found a diamond, but rather opens his hand, and shows it. Jesus opened his hand, and showed us the jewels of truth which he held therein. He gave no reasons, he used no arguments, but simply said, "Look, and see." Thus he differed from the scribes, and spoke with authority.

I have heard men speak with authority of another sort.



They say, "Believe me : I know I am right. No one knows so much as I." Such men have the authority of will, but not that of knowledge. They believe as they choose, and so speak with a tone of violence ; and, if opposed, they speak more loudly, and bear down the opposers. But he who is certain of what he says is not violent. If I talk with blind men, who see not the sun, I do not become wroth against them, but seek to explain to them what I see, saying, "Here is a house, and here a tree, and here a lake of water." Thus spake Jesus, and we appeared to ourselves as blind men while he spake, and that he alone had sight.

Moreover, I continued my discourse with myself, fathoming the secret of his strange power ; and I said, "If two men sat on the Mount of Olives, over against Jerusalem, but with their backs turned toward it, they might argue concerning the city, even as the scribes argue. They would dispute concerning the temple, as to where it was placed, also concerning the Tower of Antonia, and the upper city and the lower, each man giving reasons for his opinion. But if another sat by them, with his face turned toward the city, he would not argue, but rather say, 'Behold ! there ariseth from the rocks the vast walls, like those of a castle, with towers upon them ; and within riseth higher another wall, with huge stones, built to last forever ; and still within, and above both, I see the Holy Place, and before it a gateway covered with a golden vine and great multitudes of clusters of golden grapes.' Thus would he describe the things he saw, without argument. And those who listened would say, 'Verily, this man knoweth what he seeth, else how could he describe it, thus making it appear before our eyes ? He pauseth not to consider what words to use, but answereth every question at once.' " And thus Jesus spoke ; for he appeared to look inwardly at some vision revealed to his soul.

But a part of his authority was also in this, that, as he spake, something within my heart replied, assenting to his

speech. Though my mind disbelieved, my heart in that moment believed. My soul was like the rock or hill, which returns every word of a speaker. Something deep down within me, below all my opinions, repeated like an echo his words. For the moment I also believed in God and in a divine law. I trembled on the edge of a new faith, and I believed in the midst of my unbelief. Yet, when the sound of his voice died away, the darkness came back over my mind. I dropped my face into my hands, and sat long, without any thought, but with an empty soul.

Soon steps drew near; and, lifting up my eyes, I saw women approaching me. A voice fell on my ear to which all my heart leaped up in response. The face turned toward me: it was the face of Miriam. She knew me at once; for her face lighted up with something of the former fire, and she said a few words to the other women. Then she left them, and came toward me. They passed on, and once more I was alone with Miriam.

The same, but how different! The proud look was gone; a shadow of melancholy rested on her face: yet courage and hope were in her eyes, and tender sympathy dwelt on her lips. A womanly softness such as I had never seen in her before filled the air around her like a halo, as she stood before me. Her face showed that she had been through the most dreadful grief, and that rivers of tears had flowed over her cheeks; yet amid all there was a serene peace, and the marks of a mind which had become balanced, steadfast, and at one with itself.

And I cried with a great cry, "O Miriam, Miriam!"

"Yes, Thomas," said she, "I am Miriam again, thy friend. The demons have been cast out of me, I trust not again to return. The mad woman whom thou sawest before is gone. The cruel fiends who possessed me have departed. I have found one who has shown to me that God loves me, and has brought me to see myself as God sees me. I

see my sin in all its horror, and yet I have hope. I have repented of the wickedness which I have committed, and trust to save my soul alive by doing henceforth what is right and good."

"Blessed, blessed be God!" said I, forgetting that I had no faith in God. "Blessed be God! who would not that such a soul as thine should perish. — But tell me, O Miriam! how came this to pass?"

"I will tell thee the whole story," she replied, "although it is painful. When I saw thee in Tiberias, my heart was full of evil. There was falsehood there; for I lived a lie, professing to love a man whom I hated. There was murder there, since I longed every day to deliver the tetrarch to death through the Romans. Black pride was there; for I believed myself strong enough to rise to the highest place, and to become a power, like that of the Queen of Egypt, to rule the empire. I said I should restore the kingdom to Israel; and in my madness I even hoped to be the Messiah, and by the Roman power to establish the worship of our God, the living and true God, throughout the world. Now I have learned that a man cannot create good by means of evil, and that Satan will never cast out Satan. Then, too, I was in love with luxury. I loved the arts of Greece and Rome. I heaped up wealth, that I might satisfy myself with gorgeous robes and jewels, with statues and paintings, golden and silver chariots drawn by the horses of the East, palaces of marble. Selfishness was in my heart: it was hard as the lower millstone. I was full of unbelief. I had a form of faith in Yahveh and the temple, but none of the power of God was in me. I was inwardly possessed by a spirit of despair; for all at which I aimed I knew to be empty, dead, rotten, but I had no hope of any thing higher."

She paused, and looked at me, her eyes full of tears. "And yet God had mercy — he had great mercy."

She went on: "In the midst of my pride, when all my

hopes were swollen, like the bags of wine in the season of fermentation, came the destruction. A haughty spirit goes before a fall.

“There is a man who flattered me and misled me. He is the son of dark ways and secret plans. He has only one purpose, one wish, — the triumph of his party, the Pharisees, and by their means the conquest of the world. His name is Ben-Gamlah. He spareth no one who stands in the way of his work. He corrupted my soul by his seeming holiness, but he was like that marble tomb on the top of the neighboring summit. How fair it seems, with its slender columns, but how foul within with rottenness! Such a one is Ben-Gamlah. He taught me that falsehood, murder, cruelty, were right, when done for Yahveh; that whatever was done to exalt our nation was done for Yahveh; and that what was done for the Pharisees was for the nation. He made me believe that Moses was not so great as the rabbis; that they could forgive all sin; that to serve them and their cause would make me like Deborah and Esther. He flattered my pride: he said that no woman such as I had risen in Israel; that I could lead Antipas as I would; and that, by feeding his ambition, I could lead him to his ruin. I was taught by Gamlah to persuade Herod to go to Rome to obtain a larger dominion; and when the emperor, jealous of his designs, should banish him to Gaul, I might easily become the wife of a Roman prince, and one day Queen of Rome. And he taught me that all this was to be done for the glory of God. He was cunning as a fox, and seemed white as a dove. Yet how could I believe him? I know not. My hungry pride, and my selfish love of glory and luxury, were my ruin.

“But I was not all he needed. He could not control me utterly. Something better remained in me which resisted his dark designs. It may be that he thought, if I became powerful, I should cease to be his slave. It is certain that

he at last determined on my ruin ; and, when that implacable soul has determined on any thing, he spares no means to bring it about.

“ His plan was to give Antipas another favorite in my place. He chose Herodias, the wife of the brother of Antipas. The nature of Antipas is feeble and suspicious. He is not strong enough for any generous love or lasting ambition. The jealousy which runs in the veins of his race is in him also. Our natures were opposite : he knew it. He saw that there was no real reverence nor love for him in my soul. He suspected and feared me. I easily controlled him when I was with him ; but, when I was away, I think he hated me for that very supremacy of my spirit.

“ One day, as I sat in my palace, surrounded by my women, a Roman centurion entered with a file of soldiers, and put in my hands a tablet, on which was written an order from Antipas, commanding me immediately to leave Tiberias, and never to enter it again, nor to appear in the tetrarch’s presence, under pain of death. A mist came before my eyes : the chamber turned round, and the floor shook as with an earthquake. When I recovered my reason, I demanded to see Rabbi Ben-Gamlah. He came at once, calm as that lake below us. I showed him the tablet, and demanded the meaning of the words written thereon.

“ ‘ It means,’ said he quietly, ‘ that thou hast proved unfit for thy work ; and that Yahveh, the God of Abraham, hath chosen another in thy place.’

“ ‘ This is thy doing, demon ! ’ I cried.

“ ‘ Even so, in part,’ he answered, with unmoved face. ‘ I, also, am an instrument in the hands of the Lord. Neither thou nor I can alter what we are. We do what was ordained for each of us before the foundation of the earth. The Lord through me raised thee up ; now by my hands he plucketh thee down. Thou art not of the right temper for the work : thou art too soft on one side, too violent on the other.

And, worst of all, thou hast thine own thoughts, and art not willing to be led.'

“ ‘Have I fulfilled, or not, all thy commandments?’ said I.

“ ‘Most of my commandments hast thou fulfilled; but I saw that thine obedience to me grew ever weaker, and that sooner or later thou wouldst choose thine own course, not mine. Think not of it. We are all dry leaves, driven hither and thither by a mighty rushing wind. When my work is done, I, too, shall fall.’ Then he wrapped his mantle around him, and strode away.

“ ‘And this is the end,’ I said, ‘the end of my mighty ambition. Oh, fool, fool! thou who thoughtest thyself so strong, so proud of thy great intelligence. I have been an Egyptian puppet, pulled secretly by wires in the hands of this dark and narrow soul. Because I was filled with many thoughts, and he knew but one, he has led me into this abyss of sin and ruin.’

“ I rose, and staggered to the door. All my attendants had deserted me; and I went forth from the palace, and through the streets, alone. Alone I went forth from the city, and along the shore. Men were near me on the beach: they drew their boats by ropes to the strand. I perceived the water dripping from their hands. I beheld a single sail swaying to and fro on the surface, close to the path of light made by the moon over the water. I saw the men gaze fixedly at me as I passed on. But my mind was a blank, and I knew not what I did.

“ At last I found myself at my own home, just outside the walls of Migdol. All my family were gone; but I knew that my father’s grave was near, and I went and sat upon it, and looked down at the grass, and talked to him who slept below. ‘Yes, father,’ I murmured, the words coming of themselves from my lips, ‘here is thy poor, wicked, foolish child, of whom thou wast so proud. She has become a child of shame, and has made thy name a shameful thing, and has

dishonored her nation. Why was I ever born? What grave is deep enough to hide my misery?’

“And yet, Thomas, in that dreadful hour, when all my sins came over me like a winter torrent over a sleeping valley, I thought less of myself than of the evil in the world. It was to me as if a great horror of darkness rested on all nature and all life. A worm was at the root of every flower. ‘Vanity,’ I cried, — ‘all is vanity! There is no God, no Yahveh, nothing but black, iron, deadly fate. There is no goodness, no sin.’

“Morning had dawned while I was thus plunged ever deeper into a woe without remedy. Suddenly I felt a soft influence go over my soul, like the air from Karmel upon a hot cheek. I raised my eyes. There stood before me one with a face, oh, so calm, so strong, so heavenly! with eyes which searched my soul, and yet searched it so graciously. His companions were a little space distant, on the path. He had left them, and had come to me.

“‘Woman,’ said he, — and his voice was like the music of angels, pure, strong, and tender, — ‘why weepest thou? What is thy woe? Whence is thy despair? There is still hope for thee and for all.’

“His look, his words, drew the poison from my heart. He sat on a stone near by, while his disciples rested at a little distance. And I told him all, — all my life, — all my hope and ambition, my selfishness, my cruel hatreds, my unbelief, my despair. He said words to me which sometimes penetrated like the knife of the surgeon, and sometimes healed like the physician’s balm. He led me out of myself, and led me toward God. As he spoke, God drew very near: an infinite, blessed tenderness melted my heart in tears, which were no more bitter, but hopeful. I forgot even his presence in the wonderful sense of the presence of God. And, when I looked at him, I saw not him, but I saw my Father in heaven speaking through him, looking out of his eyes. He

seemed so one with God by his divine faith, that he made me also one with God; and I said in my soul, 'Whosoever seeth this man seeth the Father.'

"And I sobbed forth, 'But can I be forgiven — can I ever be forgiven — my sin is so great, so devilish?'

"He answered, 'When thou art ready to forgive, thou canst be forgiven. God has the same law for himself and for us. Canst thou forgive Antipas and Ben-Gamlah?'

"I shuddered at these names, and I felt the serpent hatred rousing himself again in my heart. 'Oh! how can I forgive those monsters?' said I.

"'Are they greater sinners than thyself, Miriam? Thou hast also become the poor slave of evil, as they are the slaves of evil. If God is willing to deliver thee from this chain, and to set thee free, canst thou not desire that they also shall be free from evil, and repent, and be saved?'

"'I can wish *that*,' I answered; 'but I cannot wish them well while they remain such demons.'

"Then he spake, and showed me how God's great love flowed over the earth, taking care of good and evil; how he would that all should be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth; how he taught us to forgive our enemies, even thousands of times; and that his own forgiveness for us is as large as that which he commands. He said that I might be forgiven even now, and that God's forgiving love would purify my heart, and show me how to love him. Then as he looked into my face, I felt my pride and wrath leaving me, and a sweet hope began to stir in my soul. And then with a voice, — oh, how mighty and how tender! — he said, — and that voice, though but a whisper, penetrated into the very sources of life, — 'Daughter, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee.'

"And, O Thomas! I was almost able to believe it. It seemeth to me that faith is like fire, which can kindle the same fire when the fuel is ready. The great faith of this



teacher in the presence and help of God began to create a like faith in me. My lost God seemed almost to come back to me again. The demons left me; despair, the most deadly, fleeing first of all. The whole world was new. The sun shone more bright and warm; the grass was more green; the very air was full of the love of God. It terrified me, this sudden change. How could it last? He saw my fear in my eyes, and said, 'It is the gift of God, Miriam, and will continue. God taketh back never what he hath once given.'

"And it is true, Thomas. God hath never wholly taken from me the memory of that hour. Clouds returned after the rain. Terrible doubts came back. I even became filled with doubts concerning *him*, my good and wise teacher. I said, 'He knoweth me not. He cannot help me further.' My pride rose up in rebellion against him, because I thought he despised me, knowing my sin. All the old demons raged, and sometimes almost won the victory. But the master knew the struggle. Even if he were far off, he knew what was in my heart, by some secret divination, and I found him near me. Then, with the deep tone which thou hast heard, full of heavenly harmony, he called on me to rise, and conquer the demons. Long time I resisted. I thought that there was no hope, and that I was only wearying this kind friend for no purpose. Thus I opposed his appeals, and hardened my heart; but with infinite patience he waited, and his holy purpose was always stronger than my mad wilfulness. I may not say how long this conflict lasted, nor how often the demons returned. But the new life hath grown deeper every day. It is a new hope, born out of death and utter woe. He suffered me at last to keep near him, with other women, — with his mother, who is wise and good beyond all women I have known, and his sisters also, and his mother's sister. And thus I often hear him speak, and his words feed my soul, so that I appear to myself not merely to listen and remember, but to eat and drink of his spirit and life. But now, Thomas, my friend; tell me of thyself!"

Then I told her my whole story ; for once more I felt that we might be friends. Her eyes had no earthly love in them ; but they prophesied a friendship such as angels may feel for each other in heaven. They bade me answer her without reserve.

When she had heard all, she said, “ And now, Thomas, I long to have thee share my blessing. We have each gone down into the abyss of despair. I have been helped out of it by no power or goodness of my own : thou, too, shalt taste this divine joy of God’s forgiving love in thy heart. Let me lead thee to the master, and he will look into thy soul, and see what is thine inmost need ; for he knoweth what is in men, and their hearts lie open before him as the open scroll before the scribe, who can read the ancient language of the law, and explain its meaning until all men understand it.” Then she led me to where the master sat, talking with those who stood around. And I wondered, listening, at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth. Wherein lay their charm ? As he spoke, it was not merely thought which came into the understanding, as when I had listened long hours at the feet of the doctors ; but the very spirit of faith, hope, and peace, which was in him, seemed to flow into the soul of those who listened. I remembered what I had read in the Greek rabbi Plato, how that the poet is like that stone of attraction which is named a loadstone. If a man hang to it an iron ring, the ring becomes full of the spirit of the loadstone, and will sustain another ring hanging to it, and that another, the life of the first going into all. Such a poet, full of the life of God, was our teacher ; and the life flowed from him into all who heard, if they listened with open hearts. Some, who feared a loss of power from his presence, closed their eyes, and their ears, and their hearts, and shut out this voice of God. Such freedom, my children, does Yahveh give to men, that they may choose or refuse, and that no one need be saved against his will.

When he had finished his words, he looked at Miriam and at me, and called us to come to him. Before she could speak, he prevented her, saying, "Thomas, I know the soreness of thy heart, and thy need, and also I know that thou art true, and hast never lied to God. Wilt thou, then, be my disciple, and one of my twelve messengers, — to be with me always, to hear my words, to see my actions, and go out as a bearer of my truth to my people?"

And I was greatly astonished and grieved; for I thought, "Surely he cannot know me." Then I tried to speak, but could say nothing.

And the master replied to my thought, "Said I not, Thomas, that I knew thy sore need? Those who are whole need not a physician, but those who are sick. Thou canst not believe now; but the Lord is patient, and can wait. When thou dost believe, thou shalt be my messenger to the doubters. Meantime remain with me, and listen to my words."

Thus, my children, I was made one of the twelve missionaries, though I had no real faith in my soul then, nor until long after. Much that my teacher said I understood not. The voice of the spirit often seemed to me like the wandering mists which are lighted by the moonlight, and have no substance. It was only what I could touch with my hands, and see with my eyes, which was to me real. Yet I loved my master greatly, it may be as much as the others loved him; and I trusted his words that I should one day know what I knew not then. Thus I let no words of his drop to the ground, but put them away in my heart, as the miser puts gold into a hidden place. His words were pieces of gold, which I hid until I could buy wine and meat with them.

In those days I had no faith in God. How could I, when I thought nothing real but that which I could see, feel, touch, taste, or smell? God, a spirit, could not be known by the senses, and therefore could not be known at all. We might have a feeling concerning him, but could truly not know any thing of him.

Neither believed I in any life to come, but thought that when this life ended all would be over; for to me soul was a word which meant the thoughts and feelings which come from the motion of the bodily atoms moving to and fro. At death all these motions cease: how, then, can one live again?

Neither believed I that this teacher was the great King who was to come. Where were the armies of David, the mighty warriors, each taller than Goliath, stronger than Samson? Where were the hosts which should trample on the power of Rome, of the Herods, of the empires of the East? No! it was folly to think that his goodness could ever conquer the hosts of evil. He could cure sick bodies and sick souls, that I believed; but how could soft words overcome Roman legions? how could pity throw down stone walls? I knew that in Samson's riddle sweetness came from strength; but when did strength ever come from sweetness?

Yet, if he suffered me to become one of his twelve missionaries, I would gladly abide with him, and learn of him. Though I believed not on him, I already loved him: I loved him for what he had done for Miriam; and in my soul I had a hope that I, too, might attain unto a faith like hers.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE MIGHTY SIGNS AND WONDERS.

THERE was a mysterious power in this new prophet which I much desired to understand. He had a power over diseases through the minds of the sick. It was as if he controlled the body through the soul. His words aroused a power of life which caused the bodily disease to go out of the man, sometimes very speedily.

I had seen something of the same sort in Egypt. Many persons were there skilled in natural magic, knowing the secrets of nature and the laws of life, and able to cure diseases without drugs, — by imposition of hands, or by words uttered with power, looking into the eyes of the sick man. This I had often witnessed, and could not deny. I knew, therefore, that the vital power within, which we call soul, can be roused by the influence of another soul, and made able to put away disease. But in such cases there had been failures often ; and some preparations, also, were necessary. The magician dressed himself in strange garb, and used curious instruments, to rouse amazement in the mind of the diseased. Moreover, he took money from those he healed. He announced his coming by boys, who cried through the place that the great magician had arrived ; and these boys stood in the market, relating to the people his marvellous works. But nothing of this was done by Jesus, our prophet. He did not cry aloud, nor let his voice be heard in the streets : nor did he exhort us to proclaim his wonderful works ; but he commanded us to conceal them, and ordered

those who were cured not to speak of them. He told them to give thanks to God, not to himself. Once, indeed, he said to one whom he had healed, that he should go home, and tell his friends what great things God had done for him. I asked the master why he did this; and he answered me, "There are sleeping people who cannot be aroused, unless by a loud cry. But you do not cry aloud with a mighty voice when speaking to those who stand near you, and are awake." Then he added, that he sought not to astonish men by his works of power, lest they should think more of the power than of the truth, but wished to arouse them when their minds suffered a palsy. Most of these works he did from the goodness of his heart, because he had such great compassion for the poor and sorrowful; but he did not ask them to believe in him because of these wonders, nor sought to make disciples by means of them. It made him very sad when men followed him only on account of his mighty works. Bad men, he told us, might do deeds of power; but God was seen only in the good acts which any man did. If men believed that God sent him, because he did good deeds, then he was well pleased; but when Nicodemus declared that he knew Jesus was a teacher from God, because of his wonders, he told Nicodemus that he must be wholly changed before he could even see the nature of his kingdom.

Once, when the people had followed him into the wilderness, and were far from any place where they could buy bread, and his disciples had only a few loaves and some fishes, he told them to sit down on the grass. He seemed filled with a mighty pity for these poor people who followed him, because they had no friend nor any helper in their misery; and he was to them such a friend, that they could not bear to go away from him. He had crossed the lake to escape the crowds, and had gone into a mountain to stay some days, until the gatherings had dispersed; but the poor people followed after him, all the way around the upper end

of the lake, and came to the place where he was, standing still, watching him. They seemed like sheep, who follow blindly wherever the shepherd goes, moving when he moves, and standing still when he stops. He told us, "They have no other shepherd, these poor sheep, but myself." He asked them to sit down on the grass, and taught them of the goodness of God to all his creatures, and that to do good and give, brought greater joy to the heart than to receive. So the day wore away, and evening drew near; and we said to each other, "Let us ask him to send them away, that they may go and buy something to eat." Thus we spoke; but he replied, telling us to give them to eat out of our own stores. And, when we counted what we had brought for two days for our own food in the desert, we found we had only five loaves, and two fishes to make the bread more pleasant to the taste. But he took it, and told the people that all men should give to each other; and, if they gave what they had, God would make what they gave enough for all, and that, as a proof, he would give them his own food to divide among them all. And then he lifted up his hands, and asked God to bless us with the food of the heart, to make us truly care for others more than for ourselves. The prayer was so heavenly, that all my own hunger went away; and tears were falling from many eyes. The people took little morsels from his hands, and tasted, and gave it quickly to their neighbors. I saw many who had concealed their food to keep it for their own use; and they, also, brought it forward to be blessed, and gave it speedily to each other. Thus, as he continued to speak, we all sat in heavenly places, and ate the food of angels; each caring for others more than for himself. When all had eaten, Jesus told us to gather up the fragments which remained, that nothing be lost; for he always taught us to reverence the gifts of God. He said, that, as we would not throw away carelessly the wooden toy which a friend had carved for us with much pains, so we

ought not heedlessly to squander and waste what the infinite Father had wisely and carefully made for us all. Thus we gathered up the fragments, and they filled twelve baskets; and men said it was a mighty work of power, which had caused the few loaves suddenly to grow into a great number. I, too, thought it a mighty and wonderful work; but I thought it was not done to the bread, but to the souls of the men, by creating pity for each other, and making them glad to bestow on others whatever they had. The poor, I know, often are made covetous and hard-hearted by their poverty; but the words of Jesus had so opened their hearts, that the poorest produced the bread hidden in their wallets and their garments, so that there was more than enough for all. Perhaps, also, the food given to their souls, and the heavenly illumination, had taken away the hunger of the body.

But most of those who were there went away, and told how five loaves had been made into a thousand. Those who heard this tale came in great crowds to see another wonder of the same sort. Jesus had already sent us away to go back to the western side of the lake, to Kaphar-nahum. He did not go in the boat with us, but staid behind, at which we wondered greatly; for there was no other boat there in which he could follow. He staid behind, saying that he must go into a mountain to ask the Lord to give him help for his next work. So we embarked on the boat, and hoisted the sail; but the wind blew fiercely down from the mountains, and the waves rose, and the boat labored heavily. We were forced to take down the sail, and row; and the heavy waves struck the bow of the vessel, and much water came into it. At once we heard a voice, and looked, and, behold, Jesus was near the vessel, but walking lightly over the waves, as though they were solid ground. Some were frightened, and cried out, thinking it an evil spirit coming after us. But I saw who it was, and I thought I saw a



light coming from his eyes, and giving light to his face, — a strange thing to tell. Then he stepped from the water into the ship, and soon after the winds ceased; for on that lake they rise and fall very suddenly.

Now it is strange to me, as I look back, that such things did not appear more wonderful when they took place. But, truly, whatever Jesus did was done so easily and peacefully, that it all seemed to belong to the very movement of nature. When I saw him thus moving over the waves, it looked natural, and as that which any one might do. I did not wonder, therefore, that Simon Peter tried to imitate his master. But it turned out that he had not any such power unfolded in him, for he was almost drowned. I thought how often, in my dreams, I had seemed to myself to rise from the ground, all the weight being taken from my body, so that I could float without wings in the air. Perhaps, indeed, such dreams are a prophecy of the time to come, when the laws of lightness and weight will be understood, and men will be able to learn how to destroy for a time the weight of their bodies. But what I now speak of is, that this strange action was not done by the master out of any display, nor did he speak of it to us, or to others, as a wonderful thing. I think it was because he knew our trouble and peril, that he felt compassion for us, and the power of his compassion drew forth in him this strange human faculty. I call it human; for all his actions were human, — either such as men do now or may do hereafter.

Because of this vast humanity in his soul and body, he loved, I think, to call himself “the Son of man,” or “the Man.” All that is in man was in him; and he was the type and perfect model of what man — not corrupt, not diseased, not sinful — ought to be. If, among ten thousand oaks, most are deformed, or stunted, and at last only one is found which has become perfect, the same thing may be true of mankind. The perfect oak is the type of all oaks, and is

the only true oak: so the perfect man is the type of all men, and is the only true man.

I think that Jesus, at this period, wished to escape for a short time from the crowd, and to rest with his disciples and his twelve missionaries, to teach them what they needed to know. But we had hardly reached Kaphar-nahum before the boats began to come across from the other side. These boats had carried people over from Tiberias who had heard of the wonders. They were astonished when they found Jesus on this side; for they knew, that, till their boats arrived at the place of the feeding, there were no others there; and the people on the other side told them that he did not go over in the boat with his missionaries. So they asked him how he came across. But he, still averse to speaking of merely wonderful things, told them that not even the sight of the wonders had brought them, but the desire of another feast. Then he taught us that the truest feast is the feast of the heart and soul, such as he came to give to us. His kingdom was to be a feast of love on the earth, making all men more alive. Indeed, I think he saw in the feast of the five loaves a sign of the kingdom which was to be. A man who approaches us when the sun is rising behind him sends his shadow before, and his shadow arrives before himself: so did the coming kingdom send shadows before it. When the multitude were so fed with the teaching of Jesus, that they thought of others more than of themselves, and found more pleasure in giving their food to others than in eating it, he saw in this the sign and foreshadow of the coming kingdom. But the men who now came from Tiberias were not thus simple-minded, nor ready to be taught; but they wished for signs and wonders, and asked him to give them another feast of bread from heaven, and then they would believe in him. He answered them, saying that he himself—that is, I suppose, the truth and the love which was in him, and went out of him—was the

real bread of God, which made a heavenly feast. They were vexed at this, and angry that a man whose father and mother they knew should call himself heavenly bread. Here was fulfilled again the proverb he uttered before, saying that a prophet did not have honor in his own country. And it was at this time that he said, as he said before, that they must eat him and drink him in order that he should do them good. They must have hunger for his word in order that it should be taken with profit. Only those whose minds had been made ready by the Providence of God would be drawn to him, so as to eat him and drink him. Some of his followers, who did not really love truth and goodness, but only hoped to be made great by his help, did not like these words: they saw that he asked of them what they could not give, and went their way. But the twelve missionaries loved his teaching, because it fed their souls with life: yet even one of this small number proved false at the end, as you shall hear.

Thus you see, my children, that Jesus did not do these wonders that men might believe; for he knew that no one could believe, unless he had the love of truth and of goodness. Jesus had the power of God and man in him, and did his wonderful works where they would help men, but not to compel them to believe. Belief comes from seeing truth, and not from seeing power. Truly, the doctors of our law had taught this before; for, when I was in the school of the Pharisees, I heard how Rabbi Yochanan Ben-Zacchai, the youngest of Hillel's eighty disciples, was once disputing in the courts of the temple with a learned teacher, who, being unable to reply to his argument, called on the pillars of the temple to testify on his behalf. And the pillars of the temple shook, or seemed to nod, to confirm his words. But Yochanan, not disturbed, cried out, "O pillars of the house! what have ye to do with the disputes of the learned? Why threaten us? We know that ye are doomed to ruin. Stand erect, and be still." And the columns were

rebuked, and dared not interfere again. Thus we were taught that miracles are no proof of truth. And thus, also, Jesus taught us, saying that "a wicked and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign." And he added, on a certain occasion, that "no sign should be given to this generation, but the sign of the prophet Jonah." That sign was one of apparent defeat and ruin. Jonah, when swallowed by the fish, as the story tells, was believed to be forever lost. Jesus, when crucified, was believed to be wholly conquered by his enemies. Instead of the sign of power which was asked of Jesus, to make it easy to believe he was of God, he said they would have one of defeat, his cause lost, himself destroyed. Thus he taught us that wonders of power were not to be any proof to us of the truth of his teaching.

I think it pained him that people cared so much for wonders, and so little for truth: hence he exclaimed that the generation which longed for signs was adulterous, mixing the love of truth with a longing for displays of outward force, — loving divine law, but also hoping to see astounding infractions of that law. Whenever this spirit appeared, he avoided using his marvellous faculty. When he used it, it seemed to be a part of the order of nature.

Also there were some conditions necessary in order that the result should be obtained. The power could be communicated, as other kinds of skill can be taught by a teacher to his pupil. Sometimes, too, he exercised the power without intention. Once a woman who had been suffering for many years under a malady very difficult to cure, came and touched him, hoping to be helped merely by the touch. It seems that some power of a medical sort went from him into the woman, though it was in the midst of a crowd. The woman was perhaps cured of her disease, both by her own strong desire and confidence, which made her susceptible to the power, and also by the power itself, which dwelt in the body of Jesus. He did not know, at first, who it was

that touched him ; but he perceived that some force had gone from him. For this reason I have believed that his body was as superior to that of other men as his soul, and that he possessed some natural power of healing in a high degree.

But that this power had its laws, and was not wholly subject to will, was also manifest on another occasion, when a terrible instance of possession by an evil spirit was brought to him. The demon had dwelt in a poor boy from his childhood, producing horrible spasms, dumbness, and fits, throwing him on the ground, and causing madness. Jesus being absent, some of his disciples tried to cure the boy. Matthew, if I remember aright, was of these. He took the boy's hands in his, as he had seen his master do, and commanded the evil spirit to leave him ; but the paroxysms increased in fury. The scribes who stood by, and had been watching the affair, spoke aloud, and said, " Thus all these wonders come to an end when they are examined. At Jerusalem, they declare that Jesus and his disciples, when in Galilee, can cure all diseases ; but now that we are here, and see things with our own eyes, it is found that their attempts fail, and they can do nothing." While they spoke, we saw Jesus approaching, with Peter and John. Jesus heard the voices of the scribes and of the disciples, contending, — the scribes denying that any such power existed, and saying such cures were by chance ; and the disciples relating the wonders they had seen. Jesus asked concerning the subject of the dispute, and they told him. Then he said, " This is a generation which finds it hard to believe. How long must I be with you to convince you that man is spirit, and not body only ?" Then he told them to bring the child to him. His presence aggravated the disease ; for the poor boy fell on the ground, screaming frightfully, and foaming at the mouth. But Jesus was calm, and questioned the father as to the malady, and asked how long the boy had suffered. The father said, " From a child ;" and then begged Jesus to help him.

Jesus told him to put forth all his power of faith, and so assist in the cure. He came close to the child, and, looking at him with a fixed gaze, cried aloud, commanding the evil spirit to leave him, and return no more. Then there came another terrible convulsion, and the boy fell back as if dead. And the scribes looked at him, and said, "He is not cured: he is killed." But Jesus took his hand, and lifted him up. The boy opened his eyes, and stood on his feet, though feeble; and a smile came to his face when he saw his father. Thus we perceived that the disease was gone. Then all the people began to talk aloud once more, and said, "It is a great miracle." But the scribes went away in silence. When the crowd had gone, and we were walking alone with the master toward the fountain of Paneas, we asked him why we had failed in working the wonder. Jesus replied, that it was because we had doubted the power of God to help: our faith was not strong. But he added, "This kind of evil cometh not out, save by prayer and fasting." Hence I saw that even such wonderful works have their laws and conditions, and so take their place in the mysteries of nature.

Seeing this, and like wonders, with my own eyes, I could not doubt the wonderful power of Jesus. But I did not, therefore, believe him to be the "Coming One," nor that there was a Providence in the world. Jesus believed that he did such works by the help of God, but I ascribed them to a mysterious natural power which gave him supremacy over other men less gifted. It was a new way of curing disease by the power of mind over body; but it did not bring God any nearer to me, nor fill the vast void between the finite and the infinite.

I heard the scribes muttering, as they went away, "He casts out demons by Beelzebub, the king of demons." This explanation I deemed very foolish. I was by no means sure that these diseased persons were possessed by evil spirits;

but, at all events, the power of Jesus was not from beneath. It was an angelic power, and not a devilish one; for it was used for good.

Jesus did not seem to believe that this power of the soul over nature was peculiar to himself, for he ever maintained it was his faith in God which enabled him to perform the wonderful works. He told his scholars on this very occasion that faith in the soul, no larger than a mustard-seed, would enable them to move a mountain; and, at another time, he told them that they could and would do greater works than he himself did. I deem, therefore, that this strange power was not superhuman, but human, and one which all men may partake of according to certain conditions and laws. When all men become, like Jesus, sons of God, dwelling always in the bosom of the Father, they will have something of this influx from God thus dwelling in them.

In saying this I do not see in Jesus a less noble figure, but one more grand, and more to be adored; for who is most to be worshipped,—the being whose gifts are for himself alone, or he who receives them that he may share them? The Greeks and Egyptians made gods and goddesses of those who invented the plough, or who discovered how to work in iron, or to make grain into bread. There is nothing more like God than to share all we have with our brothers, since God does all things for his creatures. Now, I think Jesus, our master, had nothing which he did not wish to share with his disciples, that they, in turn, might share them with their fellowmen. Thus he was made in all respects like his brethren in order to show us what man may become.

Among the stories which are circulated among our people are some acts which I do not think were done by Jesus. It is usual with men to surround every real wonder with others which are imaginary. I myself never saw Jesus do a wonderful work merely to astonish men, to make them admire his power, or to gain any good for himself. He did his

works not to be seen of men ; and often, when he cured the sick by a word of power, he suffered not his left hand to know what his right hand did. His power was always the servant of his goodness. He comforted his people. He helped the poorest and lowest by transmitting to them the divine force which flowed to him because of his union with God by faith. This is the rule and measure by which to distinguish his true works from those wonderful stories which have grown up around the real ones, as weeds will always spring up around the wheat which man has planted.

A man from the Greek coast of the Euxine once told me concerning a wonderful work of Jesus which seemed to him a mighty miracle. It came to him; he said, direct from one of the disciples of my companion, — Matthew-Levi. It was this : that once the collectors of the tribute for the temple (which was a half-shekel each year from every Jew) came and asked if Jesus meant to pay his tax, or whether, like the Sadducees, he opposed such payments. And the story was, that Jesus told them to catch a fish, and they would find a piece of money in its mouth ; and they did so.

But I remembered the event, and saw immediately how this error came. There had been a long struggle between the Pharisees and Sadducees as to whether this religious tribute from all the Jews should be made a tax, to be paid by compulsion, or be left as a free gift. The Pharisees at last had won the victory ; and the Sanhedrim had passed a law making this tax an obligation, to be paid under penalty of punishment. When they asked Peter if his master paid his tax, Peter replied, "Certainly he does. Is he not a religious man?" But Peter in this was hasty, as in other things ; for Jesus, hearing of it, said, "Does the Roman emperor receive taxes from Roman citizens, or only from the provinces?" And Peter answered, "From subjects in the provinces." Then Jesus said, "Should not, then, the children of God give freely to the worship of God?" He



also added, that we need not always insist on our rights; but, for the sake of peace, we might often not claim them. "Go, Peter," he added, "and find the money in the mouth of a fish." This was a proverb among the fishermen of the lake, which we all understood. If we needed money, we said, "Let us find it in a fish's mouth," meaning, "Let us catch some fish, and sell them." Now, Matthew spoke the Syrian language of the lake shore; but his Greek disciples translated his language into their own dialect, and did not know the meaning of this proverb, but thought it meant that a miracle had been wrought by Jesus merely to obtain money with which to pay his tax. And how could a piece of money be in a fish's mouth, unless it had been put there by some superhuman power? This would have been a portent done only to astonish the disciples, and much unlike the other works of Jesus. I suppose other acts of Jesus may have been told as wonders which were not so.

Yet I saw some strange works done by the master, which even now I cannot understand. Once we were all crossing the lake from the western to the eastern shore to escape the crowds, and the excitement of the people. He had been teaching these crowds from the boat, as they stood on the shore; for the multitudes who had heard of his healing the sick had been gathering from many places and great distances, as far away as from Arabia and the countries east of the Jordan, and Phœnicians from Sidon. During many days the excitement grew continually, and the multitudes thronged around him, and filled the houses wherever he entered. He had not time to eat bread, so much did they crowd around, and beg him for help for their maladies; much less was he able to speak and teach: therefore he had a boat—one of the small ships of the lake—always at hand, waiting to take him on board when the crowd became too pressing. He had been teaching all the day concerning the importance of listening aright to the truth. As I remem-

ber, he had told the story of the four kinds of hearers, — the wayside hearers, the stony-ground hearers, the thorny-ground hearers, and the good-ground hearers. And yet they did not listen quietly, but kept crying out, “We want a miracle!” “Give us some sign from heaven!” and the like; which made him sad. And one woman thought to please him by crying out, “What a blessed woman is thy mother!” But he smiled, and said, “Those are yet more blessed, who, when they hear the word of God spoken, are willing to listen to it.” And another man in the crowd interrupted him again foolishly, by crying aloud, “Master, master, here are thy mother and thy brothers outside of the crowd, who have come to find thee, and speak unto thee.” But Jesus, who turned all things into a lesson, replied, “My friend, knowest thou who is my mother, and who are my brethren?” And the man stood agape, with open mouth, not knowing what to say. And all were made silent, and the crowd was hushed, wondering what he would answer. Then he turned, and pointed to us, his disciples, sitting near him in the boat, and said, “Here is my mother, and these are my brethren. If ye will listen to the word of God, and hear it, that ye may do it, ye will all be as my mother and my brethren.”

And he told another story to them, because many of them had learned of the Baptizer to give up their old sins for fear of the wrath which was coming. He said that the evil spirit might go out of a man’s soul; but if the soul is left empty, and no good spirit comes in to fill the place, the man will, sooner or later, fall back into greater sin, and his last state be worse than his first. For an empty soul is like an empty cask, which can be filled with dirt; but, if it be already full of grain, no dirt can be put into it.

After he had taught thus all day, and was fatigued, and the crowds still pressed up close to the water, he told us to hoist the sail, and to go across to the other shore. He, being weary, lay down in the after-part of the boat, and fell

asleep, his head resting on a mat. We sailed on quietly through the night, — which was not dark, for the moon was shining on the water, — until we came near the eastern shore; but as we approached a high cliff which came down to the lake, with a mountain behind it, a furious wind blew down from this mountain. Then the sea rose, and we took down the sail, and began to row. But the wind increased in violence; the sky became black; and the waves rose higher, and poured over the vessel. Still the master slept; though the noise was great, and the vessel was tossed violently on the sea. At last a great wave burst over the ship, and filled it, so that it seemed about to sink. Then we could refrain no longer, and shook his shoulder, and said, “Awaken, master! See! we are about to perish.” And he arose very calmly, and said, with a smile on his face, “Be not afraid: have faith.” Then he turned his face full to the storm, and spoke some words, not loudly, but in a grave, solemn tone, as if ordering the winds to be still, and the waters to sink. And almost directly we could perceive the fury of the storm had abated, and passed by; and the waves began to subside. I was greatly amazed, but could not believe any human power could govern the storm: therefore I thought it to be only a chance that the storm fell at that moment. At that time I had no faith in Providence, nor in spirit, but only in earthly laws and forces.

Even now, my children, I hardly know whether to believe this great wonder or not; since such a power over nature seems to pass the limits of what is reasonable. There is only one way by which I can understand it. When I was in Egypt, studying the philosophy of the Greeks, in the Library of the Serapeum, I learned that there are two opposite opinions concerning the universe. One of these supposes all events to take place by material forces, blind and senseless, and that all things are ruled by inexorable fate: the other teaches that all forces proceed from spirit, and are continu-

ally put forth in nature by spiritual power.) According to this view, nothing in nature is dead or blind. Myriads of myriads of spiritual beings are everywhere active, obeying, indeed, the supreme laws of the one God who is above all and through all, but able, like man, to originate both good and evil within certain limits. The beneficent powers send us good; the turbulent and violent ones send the evils which beset us: yet all are restrained by the Supreme Power, so that the evil they can do is limited. According to this view of the world, a mighty soul, like that of Jesus, at one with God and with himself, may exert power over the storms and seas. Yet I remain uncertain, unable even now to decide this question. Nor do I think it necessary to settle it; for I have no doubt in my soul as to the power of truth and of love that dwelt in my master, making him Son of God, and the Coming King of the world. All beside this is of small importance for our faith.

These marvellous acts are the shadowy side of the life of our prophet, of which no one can speak with full assurance. In regard to these occult powers, we may remember his word, "No one knows who the Son is but the Father." Many thousand years may pass before the world will grow up to the fulness of the stature of Jesus, so as to understand his powers by a similar unfolding of powers in itself. The time may come, my children, when men shall become fully the sons of God, and be at one with the Father. When that day arrives, it will not seem strange for the soul to command the powers of the universe, and be obeyed.

Nor can any one measure the wonderful force which was in this mighty soul. I know that what we call death gave way before him, for this I saw myself. Three times in the course of his teaching he was believed to have raised the dead. Once it was the daughter of the ruler of the synagogue at Kaphar-nahum, Jair by name, whom the Greeks call Jairus. At this time I was not present; since the master,

from consideration to the grief of the parents, took with him only three disciples. The second was when he raised the dead son of a widow, on the way to the burial. Though I did not see these wonders, I believe that they were effected; for my fellow-missionaries described them to me, and could hardly be deceived. Moreover, the limits between life and death, when the life has just departed, are not to be known. Who can tell when seeming death is real death? And may not death itself, in its beginnings, be arrested by the same hidden power of the soul which can conquer and dispel disease? Therefore, knowing so much of the power of the master, I could easily believe more, and yet believe that this was no violent incursion of the power of God, but a vast unfolding of powers latent in man. It was not God coming down, but man going up. God was still far off, and I could not find him. Nor did all this convince me that our master was the Coming One, who was to conquer the world. I believed his goodness heavenly goodness, but still I doubted whether the most heavenly goodness would be ever the same as heavenly power. Not till I believed this, could I say that he was the Coming One.

The third case of this raising the dead to life was more astonishing; and I will describe it hereafter. It was of Lazarus, our friend, whom we all loved for his goodness, — who was dear to us all, and to the master. If one can ever be declared truly dead, he was so. But I will not speak of this event now. Yet, as I look back, I see how true were the master's words, that those who believe not Moses and the prophets will not be persuaded, though one rise from the dead.

## CHAPTER XI.

## JESUS IN GALILEE. — HIS SUCCESS. — BEGINNING OF OPPOSITION.

THIS period of my life, while I was going to and fro in Galilee with the master, was one of pure happiness. I was always in the company of this dear friend, whose influence on my mind and heart brought to me a heavenly peace. I was also in the frequent society of Miriam, whose noble nature now seemed at rest again, after all the storms which had made her heart bitter. My brother-missionaries were honest and true men, without disguise or guile, and devoted to the master. At this period, even Judas of Karioth, though less friendly than the others, and often gloomy, seemed to be, like the rest of us, powerfully drawn to our great leader.

Our usual daily course was this. We travelled on foot from place to place in Galilee, returning from time to time to Kaphar-nahum. The master led the way, talking with the twelve missionaries, who walked by his side. After them came another company of disciples, and, in a body by themselves, the women. Sometimes Jesus called to him two or three of the disciples to talk with them, and sometimes he asked the women also to join those who were with him. When he came near a town, he sat down under a grove of trees, where there were cool shade and grass. His disciples then went through the town, and called the people to come out, and hear the good news of the coming kingdom. When all were collected, and seated around him on the grass, he spoke to them of the reign of peace and love which was about to

begin, when all men should be friends to each other, and all the nations of the earth should worship the same heavenly Father. And he told them how the poor and suffering might find comfort and love in that kingdom, and no man should look down upon any other man. All there would be like brothers and sisters. If they wished to enter that kingdom, they must begin now to make ready, by forsaking their sins, and by forgiving their enemies. They must become like little children in trust and simplicity, for the coming of the Christ was at hand. Thus he spake, and with such power and such tenderness, that the people wept aloud, and confessed their sins, and begged pardon of each other. Then he spoke words of comfort and hope to them, and directed them to wait patiently for this consolation of Israel. But he told them to be ready, for it might come at any time.

After the people were gone, the women went to the village, and bought bread; and we all sat on the grass together, and ate. The master talked with us, and asked us questions for an hour or two; and then we would arise, and go on to some other city or town. When evening came, after speaking to the people who sat on the ground near the gate of the town, we went into the houses, and slept. In most of the towns the houses were built around an inner court; and there the master sometimes sat, and talked with the people who stood or sat around him. Others stood on the roof above, which made a terrace around the court, and leaned over the rail, listening to the master's voice as it rose from below. Once, as I remember, he sat in such an inner court, teaching. The place was filled full of people, but on the flat roof above only a few others stood and listened. Then came four men bringing one stiff and immovable, stricken with the disease which the Greeks call paralysis. And the crowd was so great, that they could not come near Jesus: therefore they carried him on his mattress up the steps which led from the street to the roof-top, and passed on around the court,

till they stood above the head of the master. Then they took away the curtain stretched over the court as a shelter from sun and rain, and with cords let down the poor sick man on his mat. The mat, with the man on it, descended, till it came in front of the master's face, while he spoke. To us it seemed rude thus to interrupt his words; but Jesus smiled, well pleased that they had such trust in the power of God present among them. I think he also saw that the man's soul was dark with the sense of his sins, so that he needed most the sight of God's face of love. Because of this, he said to him in low and tender tones, "Have courage, my son, and hope in God; for thy sins are forgiven." Then the man's face became full of a wondering and yet a doubtful joy: for he believed, and yet believed not, that this grace had come to him. Others sitting round, scribes from Jerusalem, looked angry, and muttered to each other, "This is sheer blasphemy; for who can forgive sins, but God only?" Jesus, who saw into the very souls of men, smiled, and said, "You think it easy to say to this man, 'Thy sins are forgiven,' but not easy to know if they are forgiven. You think that God alone can forgive sins. That is true, but God can give power to man to carry his divine love to other men. The Son of man has power to forgive sin on earth, as God forgives in heaven. That ye may know this, listen and observe." Then he rose to his feet, and said to the paralyzed man, "Arise! take up thy mat, and go to thy home." As he said this, the light of love and power streamed from his eyes, and such majesty was in his tones, that I was not surprised when I saw the man slowly rising, till at last he stood on his feet, and looked around, wondering at himself. Then, stooping, he raised his mat, and turned to go out. The people, filled with amazement, gave way, and left an open path through which he passed out into the street. This happened at Kaphar-nahum.

At this time I did not believe in forgiveness of sin. In



truth, I did not know what forgiveness of sin might mean. I thought God's forgiveness was like that of a Roman procurator, who could pardon a criminal by letting him go, instead of putting him to death. When God pardoned sin, I thought it meant that he would not punish the man in the future place of torment, which was in Sheol, or the dark abyss below, called Gehenna, or Tophet. We believed there was a vast hollow in the depths of the earth, where all the dead went. This all-devouring cavern contained the souls of men and demons, kept for the future judgment and resurrection. The good souls were preserved in Paradise, on one side of Sheol, where were gardens and feasts; over which Abraham ruled, reclining at the head of a table, with Isaac his first-born, or his grandson Jacob, leaning on his bosom, in the place of honor. Once we were astonished when our master told us that a poor beggar, despised by all, would, after his death, be in this place of honor, with his head on the breast of Abraham. We believed that the wicked would be kept on the other side of Sheol, where a river of fire, called Gehenna, ran, in which they were plunged in order to be punished, and perhaps purified. And this river of fire below corresponded to the Valley of Hinnom above, in which perpetual fires consumed the corruption of the city. The Paradise near it, where the good went, corresponded to the Jerusalem above this Valley of Hinnom. So that when God pardoned sin, we supposed it meant to take the sinner out of his punishment in the fires of Gehenna, and place him in the other part of Sheol, — in the gardens of the blest.

But if to forgive meant to take away the punishment, how could our master pardon the sinner, since he had not yet gone into Sheol? Therefore I did not understand why he should say to this man, "Thy sins are forgiven thee."

Afterward I learned to understand this better. Jesus knew the might of the soul to cure the diseases of the body, and how, by filling the spirit with life, you may heal the sick;

and therefore he addressed his medicine to the soul. He saw in the sick body a soul more diseased. What gloom, what sadness of heart, rushes, like a river of death, into our spirit, when we see our own meanness and emptiness, see how we have fatally injured others and ourselves, how we have been ungrateful and disobedient to God, false and cruel to our friends. Such was the death in this man's spirit; and Jesus poured the wine of healing and the oil of comfort into these deep spiritual wounds. Trust in God, peace with man, contentment, hope, all descended into his heart; and the bodily disease was overcome by this tide of love.

I felt something of this; but I did not see clearly into its meaning, till one day the master told us the story of the two sons, — one wasteful and one prudent. I have often told you this story, my children, and I have seen the tears drop from your eyes when I repeated it; nor do I wonder, for in truth it goes to the deepest places in the heart of man. You heard that when the younger son, who wasted all his share of his father's goods in riotous living, had reached the lowest misery and shame, even becoming a servant of the accursed animal, seeing the swine he fed have the food they needed, while he starved, this misery and degradation brought him to his true self. "When he came to himself," were the master's words, describing his repentance. His shame was good medicine, for it made him see both his sin and his folly. "He came to himself:" those are strange words, my children; for how can a man come to himself? Are there not, perhaps, two men in us, who can go from each other, and then return again? Did you never feel something like this? The true self in us, the master meant to teach, is the good self, the knowledge of what is true, and the love of what is right. This is the inward deepest self in all men. The outer self is the man's upper thought and wilful action. We think and say things from the surface of our mind vehemently, while we half hear a denial made by the true self

within us. When we let ourselves be hurried away by the outward world, its pleasures and joys, we do not hear that voice within. We go into a far country then, like this poor sinful boy, and waste our substance, the real wealth of our soul, in riotous living. Then comes the health-bringing famine, the divine hunger, the life-creating shame, the blessed punishment which shuts us from the outward world, and brings us back to our real self. With this, comes back what my old teacher Philo called the primal faith, the original trust of the heart in God; for God has made all little children to believe in love, to trust in God and man. In that solemn hour of repentance we become little children again, and there dawns within us a rosy light of hope in God. We remember our Father: we say, "I will arise, and go to my Father." Then, my children, our Father sees us a great way off: long before we have really come to him, he comes to us. He pours his reconciling love into our heart, and we become once more at one with him. This, my children, is forgiveness of sin: it is not remission of punishment; it is not giving us back what we have wasted. The father did not again divide his property, or give a second portion of goods to the younger child. To remit punishment, the natural and necessary punishment of sin, would not be a benefit nor a blessing to the sinner. He needs the suffering for his own sake, to prevent him from wandering away again.

Repentance and faith bring to the sick soul the immediate life-giving power of heavenly love. It becomes from that moment filled with new health, new life.

So when Jesus said those words to the man whose limbs were stiff with paralysis, he said them because he saw that this sinner had already thought in his heart, "I will arise, and go to my Father." The love of God, which was in Christ, came to him while he was a great way off. It was this love which fell on his neck, and kissed him. It was

because Jesus had himself become the well-beloved Son, dwelling always in the bosom of the Father, that he could thus be a channel through which the heavenly grace might flow. He did not say, "Thou shalt not be punished hereafter," but, "Have peace now." He did not say, "Thy sins *shall be* forgiven thee in another world," but, "Thy sins are forgiven thee here." So the love and life of God flowed easily through the soul of Jesus into the sinner's heart; and, as soon as he was filled with the joy of this new life, his soul became strong enough, through faith in God, to assist in the cure of his body. Jesus, perchance, could better cure his body when he had first cured his soul.

"Alas!" you cry, "why cannot we, also, hear that voice, speaking from the bosom of the Father, and saying to our sick hearts, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee'? Why may not we, too, listen to him who spoke as one having authority?" We cannot, my children, hear *that* voice, of the Word made flesh in Jesus. But the Word made flesh is yet here, in the heart of every true disciple. Whoever has a real faith in the Christ draws through him this same power from God to forgive sin. All of us, in proportion to our faith, have this power to lift the burden of despair from human hearts. Jesus was so full of faith, that *he* could forgive sins with a single word: we must use many words, for our faith is diluted with doubts. When *he* spoke, the fire of divine love passed directly from his lips into the heart of the sinner, and kindled a sudden flame of faith, and with that faith a solid knowledge that God forgave his sins. But ought not we to be glad, when, by much patience and prayer, we can gradually make ourselves a channel by which this same heavenly grace shall flow into a sick brother's heart?

I understand this now, but I did not understand it then. To me then, still tossed helplessly on a sea of doubt, "forgiveness" was a word without meaning. Yet I could not but see that some wonderful power went from my master's soul

to give peace and joy to the souls of the forlorn. I kept this hidden in my heart, and pondered over it often; but as yet I found no explanation of the mystery.

The joy with which the people listened to these good tidings was so great, and the numbers who thronged wherever we came were so ready to become our master's followers and soldiers, that we believed he would immediately proclaim himself the King, Son of David, and Son of God. We rose every morning, hoping that we should hear him call on the multitudes to go with him to take possession of the city of David. It seemed to us that the reign of God had already begun. Our people had groaned under the burden of minute laws, which ruled every act of their life. Jesus had broken this yoke. Now we walked at liberty. We lived in the presence of infinite love, and the weight of the law was taken away. The ritual of the Jews kept the conscience of the whole people in an irritable state. We were taught to weigh every word and act, and to see if we had not committed some offence for which we must make atonement. This ever-present sense of sin was the sting of our life and the sting of death. No people in the world had such a consciousness of sin as we had. The religion of the Greeks was one of joy. They lived without law, following their instincts and the law written in their hearts. But our life, if we tried to do right, was a perpetual torment, a never-ending struggle. Our law tortured us with its unceasing demands, which we were never able to satisfy.

But in the presence of our master all these anxieties and these fears were taken away. Peace reigned, and the sense of sin disappeared. Heaven had begun. Love had cast out all fear. We were like the little children, who having sat on the ground in silence all day before their teacher, gazing sadly at their tablets, and trying to know the difference between Alpha and Beta, are dismissed at the setting of the sun. How the little ones rush from school, dancing as they

go, because released from the long constraint! And so we felt, when our master had taken us from the schoolhouse of the law into the open air of his sunny world of love. We had no care about ablutions, fastings, prayers: we served God freely, in grateful joy.

Wherever we journeyed, this gladness went with us. The poor people listened to the good news, and rejoiced. The sick were healed, and went away proclaiming the power and goodness of this great prophet who had come with so mighty a salvation.

But what surprised us was that our master withdrew himself from the multitudes who thronged after him to become his disciples. When the crowds became large, and they shouted his name aloud with many hosannas, he would leave the place, and go elsewhere.

I once asked him why he did this. He replied by telling me that he did not wish the people to feel too strongly till they saw more clearly. He told me, that, when men's feelings were roused, they urged them often in a wrong direction. If their thoughts turned in the right direction, their feelings moved them in the right way; but, if their thoughts went astray, their feelings then moved them the wrong way. He said, that, "till they see and know better than now what the kingdom of God is, I do not wish them to be moved by violent feelings. The more zealous they are for me and my kingdom, the more evil will come from that zeal. Therefore I watch the movements of their minds; and, when the feeling outweighs the knowledge, I go elsewhere, that the feelings may become cool. I wish for heat, but only while light goes with it. The light and the heat of the sun are so mingled, that they cause the grass to grow, and the trees to blossom. Thus must light and heat be mingled in the soul, if the soul is to bear fruit for God." Somewhat like this, the master answered, but not in these words.

And now I will tell you of a conversation which we had concerning the new kingdom and its nature. I had read in Alexandria the dialogues of the Greek theologian Plato, in which Sokrates talks with his disciples concerning the beautiful, the true, and the good. Jesus also talked with us in a like manner; and I, as well as I can remember, will write down for you some of these most divine dialogues. But I do not pretend to give you the very words of the master, on account of my poor memory, but only his thoughts. Some persons easily remember words; but I can only recollect thoughts, for the words fly away and escape me, like birds from the hand when it is opened.

## CHAPTER XII.

## WHAT JESUS TAUGHT CONCERNING THE COMING KINGDOM.

ONCE, during our journeys in Galilee, we came to a hill-top, from which we looked down on the fair land of our birth. One silver line of our dear lake was to be seen beyond the nearer hills. The great mountain of Hermon rose, a wall of white snow, into the sky; far to the south we saw the green top of Tabor, and on its right the steeps of Karmel, and in the blue distance the hills around Jerusalem.

We sat on the grass for our noontide meal of bread and figs; the sycamores, which reached their large arms over us, throwing mighty shadows around. And one of the disciples said to his neighbor, "The kingdom must soon be manifested."

And Jesus, whose ear was so fine that no whisper escaped him, said, "And why so, my son?"

Then Andrew (I believe it was Andrew) said, "Because, O master, all men are ready. Never have I known or heard of such a movement in the mind of our nation, — no, not at the preaching of John the Baptizer, nor in the days of the Maccabees. Joanna, the wife of Chuza, Herod's steward, tells us that Herod is so terrified, that he has thought of flying from Tiberias. And, indeed, you have only to say a word, and this vile king, who sought to take your life, will be cast into the middle of the lake, and his soldiers with him. The people of Tiberias are ready to do this without help from any others. Almost every day men from Kaphar-nahum and Tiberias arrive, asking of us, 'Is the hour come?' And we reply, 'Wait, and be patient, the time is not yet.'"



So spoke Andrew, whom men called the "Manly One." And Jesus answered, —

"No, Andrew, my hour has not yet come. Nor do I wish that Herod, or any other, should be slain. The Son of man has come, not to destroy men's lives, but to save them. I am here to give more life to the world, not to take life away. The kingdom of God does not come by shedding of blood, unless, indeed, it be that of the Son of man. Let Herod go his way: it is not he who can hinder my work. Be not afraid of those who, like Herod, can only kill the body, and there their power ends; but fear those tempters—the Satans about us here—who can cast the soul, after it is murdered, into the hell of evil. But remember this, that God's kingdom cannot come until we can conquer evil with good."

"Then, master," said I, "I fear it will never come; for how can good conquer evil, unless it has also force to help it, and wisdom to guide the force? It is not goodness which conquers in this world, but evil or good, according as either has those allies of power and knowledge. Andrew, indeed, has spoken of the Maccabees. When they arose, evil had conquered good in our land. The temple was polluted; the whole land was filled with heathen gods and sacrifices: but the Maccabees, who were good, were also strong and wise. Good conquered evil then, because it was ready to fight, and destroy evil with the sword. O my master, must it not do so now?"

Thus I spoke, full of strong desire, and longing to know his thought. But he replied, —

"They were, indeed, noble men and heroes; but they were not the Christ of God. What they won by the sword the sword has again taken from us. The victories of force, even when it is used for the sake of truth, are only for a time; but the victories of truth and good are forever."

Then Judas of Karioth, whose soul had been poisoned by Ben Gamlah, spoke, —

“The Christ, when he comes, is to be the Son of David, and will have the power of his father David, and sit on his throne to rule the twelve tribes of Israel. David was a mighty captain, and conquered his enemies by sword and spear. The Son of David must also be a mighty captain. I can never believe that the Romans can be conquered by any thing but iron and the sword of war.”

Jesus then said that Judas of Karioth had uttered the thought in the minds of most men, and that gold and iron did indeed seem to rule the world. But a prophet must see not only what is now, but what is to come. He added, “Ye call me Prophet and Master, and ye say well: I am so. I am able to see the Power which is to conquer the world in the age to come, as the Roman legions conquer it now. The Power which is coming is mightier than any thing we see. It is hidden from your eyes, but I see it plainly. The Christ, when he comes, will not be the Son of David, but the Lord of David. His power shall be like that of the rain, which comes softly down on the young grass. His sword shall be the truth, which makes the hearts of men bow down, and which slays the wickedness within them. This age to come is close at hand. Whoever would enter the kingdom must be humble, meek, and trusting as a little child. If ye are thus lowly and obedient, ye shall be exalted to sit on thrones, and govern all the tribes of Israel.”

Thus he talked with us, day by day, about the kingdom which was at hand, and the age of the Christ. He said the old age of force and fraud was drawing to an end, and the new age was soon to begin. But it would not come with observation. People would not see it coming outwardly, nor point to it, saying, “There it is!” but would find it in their own hearts. It would be an age in which no man would hate his neighbor, but each would forgive the other’s sin, and evil would be swallowed up by good. Then God would be no more King or Judge, but the Father of tenderness and

the Comforter. This comfort of God would enter every soul, and teach it all the truth.

So we travelled, day by day, among the villages of Galilee. The days were mild, the air warm and full of perfume. The food we ate was the fruit which grew plentifully around us, and bread brought by the villagers or bought of them. We slept in the open air, beneath the trees, with fires blazing near by to keep off the chills of night.

The master at times taught us by stories, asking us to find out their meaning. We listened eagerly to these stories, and often understood something of their hidden sense. Some of them taught us that the world of unbelievers was also dear to God, and that the Gentiles who did justly were nearer to the love of the Father than those children of Abraham who were cruel and dishonest. But this seemed to us strange doctrine, and a hard saying.

Thus travelling on, we came one day to the upper region, where the Jordan takes its rise from great fountains at the foot of Hermon. We followed the path which led up to the city built by Philip the Tetrarch, which he named for Tiberius Cæsar. As we passed a grove of ilex, we saw before us marble buildings, and a Roman temple beyond. Behind this arose a red cliff; and above all soared into the sky Mount Hermon, with vast ravines cutting its sides. The sound of rushing water was in our ears, and soon we came where the torrent leaped in white foam along the bottom of a deep hollow. All around were olive-trees and vines. Soft green turf was beneath our feet as we wound along the edge, and looked down, through green masses of leaves, to the waters which rushed below.

The master led the way to the left, leaving the city. We climbed another hill, and came to where some old oaks stood in a circle. Here we sat down, and took our meal of bread, figs, and grapes. The birds sang in the trees above us, and all was still and lovely.

The master told those of us who wished, to go and look at the city, and see the temple, and the cave which the Greeks said was sacred to their god Pan, who represented all things. Many, therefore, went; but a few remained, hoping that the master would talk with us. Peter and John, and Miriam of Migdol, remained; and I, also, staid with them.

I said, "Master, I have heard that this place is defiled by the worship of false gods. The demon-goddess of Syria, Baal-Ashtaroth, whom the Greeks call Astarte, was worshipped in this very grove where we sit. And Pan, so it is said, dwelt in the cave under the cliff; and there they served him. And now the Romans, who worship mortals like themselves, have raised to Cæsar the white marble temple beyond the torrent. If there is one true God, why does he allow these false gods to be worshipped?"

The master replied, "The Gentiles have never been taught to know the one true God, who is spirit, and who does not dwell in temples made with hands. Therefore they are to be pitied, rather than blamed; for they are seeking God, though blindly, some calling him Baal, and others Pan. But the hour cometh when all who are true in heart, and honest, shall see and know the true God, and call him Father."

"But why, then," asked I, "were they allowed to remain in darkness so long?"

And he told us that no one could answer that question, not even the best beloved Son of God, who dwells closest to the Father's heart. The times and seasons God alone knows. But all things come in their appointed time, — first the blade, then the ear, afterward the full corn in the ear.

Then Miriam said, "Master, there is something I, also, would say." And he told her to say on.

And she said, "O master, thou art very good to us, and very patient, and, best of all, thou hast made us see and know that God is also patient with us. I, in my misery,

have found hope, and I trust that at last my sins also shall be blotted out. Yet at times some evil spirit torments me, and whispers in my ear that I am deceived. The demon says, '*He* never sinned: therefore he cannot know any thing of thy sin. He stands so far away in his holiness, that he cannot see the evil that is in thy heart. He knows not how bad and hard thy heart is, nor how great thy wickedness: if he did, he would not have said that thy sins are forgiven.' "

Thus Miriam spoke, lifting up imploring eyes to Jesus, — eyes from which the tears were falling. I was glad to hear her words; for the same thought had come to me, that Jesus was too good to know how great my sins had been, and thus his forgiveness had less value.

But the prophet sat lost in meditation, and for a long time did not speak. At last he lifted up his eyes; and as I looked in his face it was like the surface of the lake as I have seen it when the shadows of clouds went over it, and it became dark in their shade, and then bright again in sunshine. So the shadows from past time, of things felt and thought, seemed to be passing through the master's mind. At last he spake.

I would, my children, I could give you the very words he then said; but, because I felt so deeply the spirit of his discourse, the words all flew away. He began by telling us that he, also, had seen the nature of evil, and knew it well. He knew the power of temptation, and had fought against it, resisting it until the blood of his heart seemed to leave him in that awful conflict. He spoke partly in a parable, and partly in words so deep that we his hearers could hardly see their meaning. Just so, in our lake, there were parts which were said to have no bottom, because our longest lines did not find it.

He told us how he studied the Scriptures in his youth, and meditated on the words of Moses and the prophets. There he learned, that, amid all the calamities of the times, they

looked forward to a great day of joy, when the Lord's house should be on the top of the mountains, and all nations should flow into it. It should be a day of peace, when the sword and spear should be beaten into ploughshares and pruning-hooks. It should be a day of universal comfort, when the poor and wretched should be consoled, and the wilderness of barren hearts should blossom as the rose. Then he told us how by degrees he came to know that the great kingdom was to be one of love and truth in the soul. He saw that outward power came to nothing. The power of David was gone; the glory of Solyma had passed away; the heroic courage of the Maccabees had ended in another slavery: nothing of all the greatness of our nation had remained, but the mighty truths taught by Moses and the prophets. These had gone over the world, had entered the palaces of kings and the huts of peasants. The Messiah, when he came, must, therefore, be one who should reveal truths yet more divine, and much more beautiful than any that eye had seen, or ear heard, or the heart of man conceived. He who could see such truths would lift the world to God, and take all bitterness out of men's hearts and lives.

Then he told us, that as he walked over the hills above Nazareth, after his day's work was done, there came to his soul wonderful visions. The world of spirit was opened to him, and he saw its laws. Just as, with the outward eye, we see Mount Hermon, always covered with snow, in the north, and Tabor, always green, in the south, so, with his inward eye, he saw always before him a world of righteousness and love, as solid as Hermon, as green and beautiful as Tabor. Those truths which he taught us he had seen unveiled in such hours of open vision. I then understood why he spoke with such authority. When he said, "He who exalteth himself shall be abased, he who humbleth himself shall be exalted," he was describing that which he knew, not that which he merely believed. Thus a whole world of knowledge lay

before his mind, whenever he looked inward, as real and as unchanging as the world of hills, woods, and waters around us.

After this he told us that the Spirit of God led him deeper into another world of thought, and higher into a more heavenly world of love. Both beneath and above the world of truth was a world of love: wherever he looked, within or without, he saw the smile of God. He saw God's love in the whole world about him and the whole world within his soul. As he mused, the fire burned with a soft warm blaze: the land and sea and sky were full of God. The little birds sang praise to him, the skies were overflowed with his blessing. Thus the prophet passed through the knowledge of truth to the knowledge of love, and saw his Father in all things. He and his Father were one. Nothing divided or separated him at any hour from God. There was no sense of sin in his soul. He had become the Son of God, dwelling always in the bosom of the Father.

But again he found a new sense opening within him. He had the power of looking into men's hearts. He was drawn by strong cords of desire toward all men, and wished to save them by bringing them into the same state in which he lived. He ceased to judge and condemn any man for his sins, for he saw in all men the seed of goodness. It was choked by tares; it was lying helpless on the bare rock; it had no deep soil: but it was the seed of God in each man's heart. Human souls became open to him, so that he could look and see whatever was within. All were to him as brothers, — the Pharisee belonging to the Separate Society, the hard tax-gatherer, the foul leper, the cruel Roman. He did not hate them for their sins: he pitied them. He was like the physician, who is not angry with the sick man, but only wishes to save him and cure him. All men were equally dear to him, for all were the children of his Father. Greek

and Roman, Barbarian and Scythian, — all were God's children, and all struggling and seeking for some light and some good.

Then, also, he told us how he came to see that all the ceremonies of our law — its sacrifices, its worship, its sabbath, its priests and Levites, its washings — were the husk of the fruit, ready to drop off, and come to an end. The new wine must be put into new bottles. In this he knew he should be bitterly opposed by the rulers and priests, scribes and Pharisees. They had given their lives to strengthening this husk and shell of religion: how could they give it up? This body of religion seemed to them as essential as the soul, but this corruptible form of religion was weighing down its spirit. There must be a resurrection of the soul of Israel out of this body into a higher one. He saw before him the warfare he must wage with these proud men intrenched in forms, doctrines, traditions, and thinking themselves the most holy of the people.

He told us, moreover, how, when he lived thus close to God, not only the truth and love of his Father came and dwelt in him, but also the power of the Father. Nature in all her parts became submissive to his will. He had only to wish strongly, and the sick man arose and walked; with a word he could release the madman and lunatic from their bitter bondage, with a word cause the plague of leprosy to flee away. Yet he knew that all this power was not his own, but his Father's, and to be used only for the good of the Father's other children, and to cause the kingdom of love and truth to come.

So the days and years passed without reproach or fear, in which he constantly entered into the deeper places of God, and became more and more his well-beloved Son. Meantime his cousin Johann (or John), who was a man eaten up with zeal for righteousness, went forth into the wilderness to escape the evils of the world. The greatness of our master

one of the most important of the work.  
page 260



was also shown in this, that this stern prophet, the Baptizer, bowed down reverently before one so different from himself, declaring that he was not fit to perform the duties of a disciple by unfastening our master's shoestrings. The Baptizer told his disciples that one would come after him in time, who was to be before him in rank, and who always was before him in character. He called himself only the servant running before to announce the Coming One. He said he was but a voice crying in the wilderness. When Jesus came to the place where the Baptizer was, John cried out that this was the one who was to be greater than himself, and would increase more and more, while he himself should grow less. He also testified of our master, that he was the Lamb of God, who would take away men's sins, and make them holy and pure.

These things I heard related by John's disciples, who were astonished that one who set himself above kings, and defied them, who rebuked the holy ones of the Separate Society, and called them "a generation of vipers," should have humbled himself so exceedingly before Jesus, whom he had known from a child. He also declared, that, though he knew the holiness of Jesus, he had not known that Jesus was to baptize men with the Holy Spirit, and to become greater than himself, until Jesus came be baptized. Then he saw the power of God resting on him; and there came over the face of Jesus a spirit of such majestic goodness, that it seemed to descend on him from heaven, as a dove comes down out of the skies. He likened it to a dove's flight, because this bird comes suddenly but gently, and, though quick, makes little noise with its wings.

After telling us thus how his soul grew up, and increased in power and knowledge, the master said to us that the heaven where God dwells is not far off in the skies, but close to the soul. Heaven is so near, that we can be in heaven while we are on earth. We come out of heaven, he said, when we

leave the innocence of childhood; for the souls of children always behold the face of the Father in heaven. And no one could ascend up into heaven, unless he came out of it; for if it were not natural to us to behold the face of God, and if God had not made our souls able to see him, how could we do it by any effort or virtue of our own? Thus no one can go up into heaven, but he who comes down out of heaven; and when one is truly the son of man then he is both in heaven and on earth at once. For as when we speak, the thought comes out of our mind, and still remains in the mind: so we can come out of heaven to help our fellow-men, but remain in heaven still with God and his love. This seemed dark to me when the master said it, but since then I know also the truth of this saying. And I know now that the master, while he walked with us on earth, was always in heaven. We sometimes see a little of the face of God, but he saw God always. We sometimes have the spirit of God come to us to make us generous, and to create faith in our heart: but the spirit was not given to him by measure, a little at a time, but it abode with him always; and the Father never left him alone. Thus, too, when we saw our master, and talked with him, we seemed to see God, and talk with God; for he was full of God's light, and the light came from his face to ours. That was why he said, "He who has seen me has seen the Father; since the Father dwells in me, and I in him." His words, he said, were not his own words, but the words of God, and the works he did were the works of God; for he did nothing of himself, nor of his own private will.

Yet this made it seem more strange when he told us this morning that he also was tempted like ourselves. How it came about was thus described:—

Walking thus in the heavenly world, and seeing its wonders and mysteries, it was plain to him that the kingdom which was to come, and which should be at last the universal

reign of God, must be spirit and truth, not force. In that kingdom, those who humbled themselves would be exalted, those who would be great must become servants of all. They must conquer their enemies by forgiving them; they must bless those who cursed them; and so, by sure and certain laws, good would at last overcome evil, truth conquer falsehood, and the world be full of the knowledge of God.

These divine laws he beheld plainly. But when he came down out of this heaven, and looked at the world and the people, he also saw that the power of evil was so great, that he must give his life to redeem the world. One who knows trees, when he sees an acorn, sees the oak which is in the acorn; one who knows birds, when he finds an egg, sees what kind of bird will come out of the egg: so Jesus, looking at the nation as it was, saw what would grow out of it as soon as the sun and rain of his truth fell on it. The seeds of thorns and thistles were there; and they would grow up first, and choke the good seed. The pride of the rulers, the hardness of the Pharisees, the blind rage of the people against the Romans, — these would be a wall of rock in his way.

Then there came a great struggle in his mind, and a temptation to do a vast good to the world by varying a little from the perfect plan. He told us of this temptation in a parable. He said, that being in the wilderness, and fasting, he became hungry; and Satan said, "If thou art really the Son of God, change these stones into bread." That was the first temptation. When he resisted it, and conquered it, Satan came again, and took him through the air to Jerusalem, and put him on the lofty porch of Herod, overhanging the court of the Gentiles, which was filled with people. And while the people in this court, and in the courts of the women and Hebrews and priests, looked up and saw him, Satan said, "Cast thyself down, and let a cloud of angels gently uphold thee, and this shall be a sign by which all men shall

know that thou art the Son of God." Having resisted this temptation also, Satan took him to the top of a high mountain, from which all the Roman Empire, and Persia, Asia, and Egypt, could be seen, and said, "If thou wilt worship me for one moment only, thou shalt rule all these kingdoms, and all shall belong to thy God, and obey him." And he told us how he resisted and conquered this temptation also, and how, when he next went to Jerusalem, he would go there to die. "Therefore I, also," said he, "have been tempted, and tempted deeply; though I was tempted to do good, and not to do evil. But that made it harder to resist. Were I to make peace with the rulers, or with Herod and Pilate, they would willingly become my followers. Then I should be able to teach the whole people my truth, and they would all become my disciples and missionaries; then would the mountain of the Lord's house be established above all the mountains, and all nations would flow into it, and the worship of Yahveh would fill the earth.

So solemn were these words, that we did not dare to say how little we understood them. How could we, then, in our ignorance, understand his temptations? Afterward I saw that this was a parable, in which Jesus had hidden the story of his own mighty struggle with the power of darkness, which came to him disguised as an angel of light. I knew well that it was no visible Satan who appeared to him, for that would have been no real temptation. For if *we* were tempted thus, seeing that it was the devil who tempted us, even we could easily resist him. It is because he does not come in any visible and outward form, that we yield to him. It is not hard for any one to resist the devil when he knows that it is the devil. No matter how hungry we were, if we saw the devil, and he offered to change stones into bread for us, we would not listen. If he promised us the wealth of the world, provided we were willing to worship him, we should refuse. Therefore this was not the great and terrible temptation which

beset Jesus, but something else, of which this was only the allegory and the emblem.

Thinking of it since, my children, I understand it as I could not then. The bread-temptation was the desire to live; the temple-temptation was the desire to be recognized; the mountain-temptation was the desire to accomplish. Jesus had the power of living the fullest human life which man can ever live, of growing up in all things into the stature of a perfect man. He had powers of thought which could open the doors of all knowledge; powers of love which might draw to him all the noblest hearts of the earth; powers which could enjoy all beauty of nature, all works of imagination, and go down into the depths of all experience. Nor did he belong to those who think religion requires us to renounce all this. He taught no doctrine of self-denial for the sake of self-denial. He loved this world, because it was full of his Father's love; he loved this life, because it was the gift of his Father's goodness; he loved men, women, and children, because all were children of his Father. He had a soul tender, and open to all beauty, knowledge, and love. No one ever felt that hunger of the soul as he; and he had the power to turn stones into bread to satisfy it. He could draw out the music of human hearts by a word; could call easily a great society of the wisest and best of earth around him: but, if he did this, he could not do his work. He well knew that no man can serve two masters, even if both are good masters. If he was to become the Christ of God, he must consent to enter into that kingdom by a narrower path, renouncing all this varied experience. This was the cross which men did not see, but which he carried always. He must go on his lonely way without companions, without this bread of earthly joy, knowing that man does not live by that bread only, but by every word which God sends to an obedient soul. So he resisted the bread-temptation, which asked him to live, and was willing to let his human mind and heart be always hungry, while

he finished the work God had given him to do. Thus he is the leader and master of all who must take up the cross of renunciation, and deny their innocent hopes when conscience commands, and yet who do not appear unto men to fast.

And as I thought of the second temptation, which was that of the temple, I believed that it was the desire not to know, but to be known: it was the wish to be seen and understood as he really was. No one understood him while he lived, not even the twelve whom he had chosen. We were like little children, who must be amused with stories in order to learn any thing. His own brothers did not believe in him. The people of his own town were angry, because he exalted himself, as if he were better than the rest of his neighbors. John the Baptizer was displeased because Jesus did not do his work in the way John considered right. Those who revered John said that Jesus was a glutton and a wine-bibber, because he ate bread, and drank wine, like others, instead of feeding on locusts and wild honey. The wise men and rulers said, "He is a madman, a demagogue, a man without reverence for the powers which are ordained of God." Religious people said he blasphemed the sabbath and the temple, because he taught that these were made for man's use, and would pass away when their use was over. Filled with such prejudices, men refused to listen to him: they closed their eyes and ears, and would not understand. His words were thrown away, like seed sown on the rock or by the wayside. But he, all the time, possessed the power by which he could change this hardness of heart into wonder, admiration, submission. God had given him a wonderful power over nature and man, by which he could work mighty signs and terrible portents in the midst of Jerusalem, in the presence of the rulers and all the people. God might give to angels charge over him, to bear him up in their hands, and thus overcome the force which makes every thing fall to the ground; even as he once appeared to us to keep himself from sinking

in the lake during the storm. He did not often speak of these strange powers, nor did he ever make any display of them. Had he only been willing, he might have placed himself on the top of the high portico, and trusted himself to angels, in the presence of the vast multitudes assembled for the Passover. As he floated before them, all would have said, "He who works such a sign is truly a prophet of God." All would have listened to his words, and their hearts would be opened to his truth. Thus are men moved by the sight of power. But this was a temptation, for it would have been using wrong means for a good end. What has truth to do with signs and wonders? He believed and said that only a wicked generation demands a sign. He could use nothing but truth for the sake of truth. He said to himself, "I have no right to tempt God, or to put myself into danger that he may save me. I have no right to astonish and confuse the minds of men, even though it be to teach them the truth. When God calls on me to use this wonderful power by sending to me one of his children to be healed or helped, then I will use it; but I will not use it for my own sake, nor to make men believe in me."

What a battle he fought to win this victory! It would seem to most men a righteous action to use the power God gave to make men receive the truth God offered. By making them know him, he made them know the God who spoke through him. In all the religions of the world the priests used signs and wonders to convince and persuade. In our own history the prophets have often done this. The great El-jah called down fire from heaven to confound the false prophets, and then used this power to slay the priests of Baal. Our master was the first to declare that we must not use force to help the truth. This was one great temptation which he had overcome in his own soul.

The MOUNTAIN-TEMPTATION was the third and last. Jesus had resisted the others, — first, the desire to show all that our

earthly life might contain ; and, secondly, the desire to be known, and thus to make God known to men. The third temptation was the desire to accomplish, — to bring the whole world to God, and to become the King of men by leading all men to accept the truth.

He saw that he could do this, if he would, for one moment, use a little art, — condescend a little to the prejudices of men, be willing to make allies of the priests, the Pharisees, Herod, Pilate, Rome. The strait road led to death and defeat: the broad road, winding a little first to the right and then to the left, led to victory. Why could he not bend and turn, — be wise as a serpent, and yet harmless as a dove? He commended prudence: why not, for the sake of a greater good, bear for a while the presence of an evil too strong to be overcome at once? Thus spoke the Tempter, tempting the master by his very wisdom and sagacity, as he had before tempted him by his hope and love. But the master knew that it was the Devil, disguised as an angel, who asked for his worship, and refused to vary from the law of God, even to accomplish the will of God.

All this I learned later, turning these words of Jesus over in my mind ; but at the time we took this story according to the letter, and did not see the meaning of the parable of temptation. We could not then perceive at all what was its sense. How could we understand the struggle in that mighty soul, when he conquered forever the very love of good, which was the temptation? Others must contend with the wish to do wrong ; but he, with the desire to do right, and to make the world the kingdom of God. But when this terrible battle was fought and won, he had no more conflict with himself, no more hesitation or doubt. He alone, of all men, believed that God could reign only over willing minds and hearts, and that no force, no craft, is needed or can be allowed for this end. He walked straight on through death to victory, through defeat to triumph. I

Free  
Will



once read how Sokrates had said that Anytus and Melitus might kill him, but could not hurt him. Jesus knew that the scribes and rulers might kill him, but could not hurt the truth to which he bore witness. Such calm assurance had he gained from the temptation.

Though we did not know the meaning of this story, we felt that our master had been through as great trials as we had; had looked in the face of evil, like ourselves; had been tortured by desires and hopes which we also had to resist. Thus, after hearing this story, he was nearer to us than ever. He was high above us, and yet by our side. Having suffered, having been tempted, he could help us in our temptations. I saw in the face of Miriam a hope which conquered her doubts. A new wave of peace flowed over her as she listened to the master.

And on this same day, while we sat under the ilex-grove, and saw great Hermon soaring to the sky, his top covered with his white head-dress of snow, and as we saw below the marble walls of the city glittering through the green leaves, Jesus said to us, "Tell me, children, what men say of me. What do they call me? Whom think they that I am?"

And we told him what we had heard, — how all thought that he was one of the great prophets who would come before the Christ. Some said he was surely John the Baptist, come again from the dead; because he preached repentance and goodness of life, as John had done. And others said, "He is El-jah, the prophet of power; for Herod is afraid of him, and so are the priests and rulers." And others said, "No: but he is rather Jeremiah, the prophet of gentleness and sympathy; for he loves all the people, high and low, the good and the bad, and is tender to all."

Then Jesus lifted up his eyes and said, "But whom say ye that I am?" And we looked at each other, but no one spoke. Then Simon raised his face, and a sudden light passed over it. Springing to his feet, and throwing his

hands into the air, he cried out, "I know who thou art. Yes: thou art the One who is to come, the very Christ himself, the Son of the living God." Then Jesus lifted up his hands also, and, looking upon Simon, said, "I bless thee, Simon, as God also has blessed thee in giving thee this sight of the truth. I see well that this is not a hearsay thing, which thou hast picked up from others, but a conviction of thine own soul. I called thee 'my rock,' and thou shalt be my rock, on which I will build my living house, made up of pure souls. All those who can see in me the true Christ of God shall be stones in that temple; and while this living faith lasts, this new temple shall never be cast down. The temple on the mountain at Jerusalem may be overthrown, but whoever sees God's power and love in me belongs to an eternal temple not made with hands. This is the new Jerusalem which shall come down from heaven, and fill the world. Doubt not, but, whatever becomes of me, hold to this faith.

"Again I say to thee, Peter, that, in this truth which thou hast uttered, thou hast the key by which to open the door of this heavenly temple to all mankind. Thou dost speak on earth, but heaven hears and answers. Whenever a man faithfully utters his real conviction, he opens the door through which souls shall pass up to the presence of God: he opens the way for them not only into a kingdom on earth, but also to a kingdom in heaven. But if, through fear of man, he is silent, then he binds the door to its post, and prevents those who might enter into God's love from doing so; for, when we see the truth, great are the consequences which depend on our fidelity. Beware, Peter, how thou dost use this key, or neglect to use it."

And, when he said this to Peter, he meant the warning for us all; and, indeed, a few days after, he told us all the same thing, — that what we bound on earth should be bound in heaven, and what we loosed on earth should be loosed in

heaven. By binding and loosing, he meant, to open and shut; for in Syria the doors are locked by twisted ropes, and opened by a crooked stick or key, which untwists them.

This he said, with a joy in his eyes I had seldom seen. Then he spoke again, and his voice was like tender music in our ears.

“No, my children, there is a power in what God has given me to reveal, which is immortal. Death cannot touch it, but it will conquer death. Therefore be not alarmed, if those who hate me seem to triumph; for the decisive hour is at hand.

“We go to Jerusalem soon, and for the last time. You have seen me patient while I have taught in Galilee, but now you will see me firm. The hour has come for words of strength: the final struggle is at hand. Those who have power in their hands, by whom the people have been led, must see a mightier power than their own in their midst, or they will not submit.

“But I see plainly that they will not yield. So long they have ruled, that they will not surrender. They will verily think that they ought to kill me, and they will kill me. Children, you go to Jerusalem to see me die.”

Terror and doubt came over us at these words. We all said, “It must not be; it ought not to be. We know that they wish to kill him, and *there* we cannot defend him; but *here*, in Galilee, he is loved by all, and no one would dare to hurt a hair of his head. Let us set up the kingdom here, in Galilee.” Thus we spoke each one to his neighbor, as we sat on the ground.

But Peter — still the one to go forward and utter the common feeling, proud, also, because of the praise of the master — uttered aloud that which we had all been saying to each other. He once more sprang to his feet, and said, “O master! how canst thou speak thus? This ought not to be. Thou must not go there to die. Stay here, and be

with us many years. Take pity on thyself master, and do not throw away thy life."

Then I saw another look in the master's face, such as a father has when his child cries out foolishly for what he ought not to have. It was a look of reproachful love, mild but firm, as though he looked down on us from some height where he could see what we could not. He looked at us all in turn, knowing that we all shared the opinion of Simon; and then, fixing his eyes on him, he said, "Peter, thou who wert a moment before my prophet, art now my Satan, tempting me to disobey God. Get thee behind me, Satan! Do not make thyself a stumbling-stone in the path I must go. Get behind me! that I may not see thee nor hear thee; for now thou speakest not what God has shown unto thee, but what the world has taught thee. Call the people together, and I will speak unto thee and unto all."

And when the people, who had been standing at a distance, were called, they gladly came nearer, to listen to the master. And he spoke to us all, saying that no man must fear death in the cause of truth; for, if a man has made himself ready for death, he speaks without fear. Death is not a bad thing when God sends it to us in the midst of our work for him: it is a good thing, and to be welcomed. Thus he spoke, and his words gave us courage; so that we no more resisted his going among his enemies. We saw that he had looked in the face of death, and was ready to meet any danger that came to him in his work; and we felt that a great hour of decision was at hand.

And I, too, not thinking of what I said, cried out, "Let us also go, and die with him." And the master smiled at the energy of my cry, and said to me, "Thomas, though thou hast not faith, thou art faithful." And I long remembered his words.

Yet it seemed very strange to us. If he were the Christ of God, — come to set up the last great kingdom on earth,

and rule the world in righteousness, — how could he be put to death by his enemies? He also told us that he should rise up on the third day. But why should he let them kill him, if he were to rise up into life on the third day? It was a mystery to all of us, but to me more than a mystery. It seemed like an illusion. It was a noble illusion, but still an illusion. If he died, he died forever. To me there was no other life after this one. Nor was there in my heart any faith in God. I had studied in Egypt the philosophy of Epikuros, which taught that all things come by forces driving atoms through space; and all I had seen of life appeared to prove it true. I had seen the noblest souls wrecked, and the basest ones triumph. And now I saw before me another such great tragedy about to be finished. I knew the bitter hatred which surrounded him, which threatened him even here among his friends, and which would have him wholly in its power at Jerusalem. Even among his own missionaries there was one whom I distrusted. Judas of Karioth was plainly dissatisfied and gloomy. He was brooding over some secret scheme, which might bring ruin on the master. And, if the master would only concede a little, all might go well. If, for a short time only, he would not oppose the Pharisees or Separate Ones; if he would be willing to join their party, or any other, — he might be safe. Thus I thought. The Pharisees, if he were on their side, would protect him, hoping to use his great influence for their own purposes. The Sadducees would do the same. He had many friends among the school of Hillel. The Essenes would follow his teachings with joy. There were thousands who would lay down their lives for him, if he would put himself at their head. In a week's time he could drive Herod from Galilee; and Rome, politic to success, would confirm him as Prince of Syria.

But no: since I heard the story of the three temptations, I knew that he must go his own way. He could do God's

will, and finish God's work, only in the way God taught him to do it. He stood firm on the instincts of his own soul.

"But how," said I, "can I believe in God, when I see this ruin coming near? Has this world, in its long life, ever seen such wonderful power and beauty as his? If this earth is to be purified from evil, he has the force with which to do it. John the Baptizer, who knew him so well, said, 'He is the Lamb of God, who can take away the sin of the whole world.' There is goodness enough in him to make the world pure, wisdom enough to make it wise, love enough to make it happy always and forever. Let him only be known, as we know him, and all men will come to him: they could not help it. And yet he is to die before he has had time even to become known: so he cannot do what he was made to do.

"Is there, then, a God? There may be gods, like those of Epikuros, who care not what happens on earth. But there is no such God as He to whom I sang in the Psalms of David; who cares for the upright man, and makes him like a tree planted near a river of water. Only bad men triumph in this world: good men are hated and killed. So the men of Athens hated and killed Sokrates, as I read in the books of Plato. So they will kill our master; and that will be like putting out the sun of this world."

Thus I thought, waiting for what was to come. My mind was confused by these mysteries. While he spoke of going to die at Jerusalem, — an event which I also believed to be sure, — he spoke also of "rising up," and said that he should come very soon in the clouds, with the glory of the Father, with the angels, and that this would happen during the lifetime of some of those present. Who could understand such prophecies as these?

We staid in this region nearly six days, during which time the master saw many people, and spoke many words concerning the kingdom that was soon to appear.

But, when the seventh day came, he took the three who were nearest to him, — Simon Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, — and went with them into the upper part of the mountain called Hermon. Something very strange happened there. But the three disciples spoke not of it until long after. Then they told me that the master said, that, as he was soon to go to Jerusalem, he must pray to God to show him what to say and do, and to make him ready for whatever might happen. And they, also, were at a little distance, praying to God. After a time they saw a strange sight. Jesus had prayed so long, that they were weary, and, overcome with sleep, had sunk into a dream. In the midst thereof they were roused, and looked up, and, behold, the master's face and whole body seemed surrounded with a pure white light, which flowed out in waves. And as this light extended farther, and filled some space around him, two shadowy forms appeared in it. The three, who were now all awake, saw them; and they knew, but did not tell me how, that they were Moses, the great giver of our law, and El-jah, the greatest of prophets after him. And they heard words which these two spake, telling the master that he should conquer all evil by dying, and cause the law of God, which they had taught, to become still more powerful. Such words they heard, or seemed to hear; for their minds were filled with confused fears and astonishment. But Peter, as though talking to himself more than to Jesus, said, "It is good to be here. What peace and joy is here! Cannot we stay here always, and build huts, and never go away?" Thus he muttered, talking uncertainly; for all things seemed well and safe in that presence. But in a moment all was gone, and Jesus was alone. And he commanded them not to speak of it until he had ascended up out of death into greater life.

This is the story they afterward told me. And some thought it a dream. But how could three persons dream

at once the same thing? Others said, that, as certain living creatures can give out light from their bodies, it would not be strange for some men to have the same power. Others thought that it was the glory of God, which surrounded Jesus, and made an ether about him, in which the two great prophets could be seen and heard by him. And even to this day I am uncertain what to think of it. Nor is it necessary to decide thereupon; since, whatever it was, it was meant, as I suppose, for the master himself, to give him strength for what was soon to come.

After this we began to go toward the south, leaving this region under Mount Hermon, where Pan, or universal nature, had been worshipped; and we went toward Kaphar-nahum. Many things were done and said by the master, only a few of which I can now narrate. For in truth I often think of what our brother missionary John once said, that, if all the words and acts of the master were written down in books, the world could not contain the books which would be written.

At this time we were wonderfully moved with the hope that our master would immediately assume the kingdom, and make Judæa the queen of nations. Though he had told us that he should be killed, we thought little of it; for we understood him to say, that, three days after, he should ascend his throne. We therefore believed, that, when his enemies tried to kill him, he would confound them by some mighty wonder; so that the whole nation would take him for their King. And we began to ask what offices we should have in this kingdom. Some said that Peter and his brother would be chief counsellors; for Simon was the first who had openly declared that the master was to be King of Israel, and the master had blessed him for this. Others said that the sons of Zebedee were dearer to the master's heart than any others, and that these would have the two chief places. And so we were divided; one part declaring that Peter and his brother ought to be first, and the others saying the same



for John and his brother. Men grow hot while thus disputing; and in a little while our whole company took sides, and contended together. One day, as we walked, the master being in front, we thus debated, and knew not that he heard us. But, while we were resting for our noonday meal, the master turned to us who were sitting on his right hand, and said, "What were ye disputing about by the way?" And we looked at each other, and said nothing. Now, there were some women and children standing at a little distance, waiting, if, perchance, the master might speak to them. Jesus arose, and went to the women, and took one of their little children, about the age of three or four years; and he led the little child toward us, and sat down in our midst, having his arm around the little child, who stood by his side. Then he told us that those who wished for high places in his kingdom must not seek to exalt themselves over their brethren; must not wish to gain power, and to be looked up to, and receive gifts. "No," said he, "let them rather be like this little child. Look at him. He is happy to do what my Father puts into his heart each day. He is willing to follow, and does not wish to lead. Thus he is nearer to my kingdom in his innocence than you are, while you are thinking only of gaining great honors for yourselves."

Arising, he took the little child in his arms. And while the child looked around him, wondering, the master told us to seek for the little children among men, — those whose hearts were simple and humble, — and bring them to him and to his Father. He said, "When ye thus receive them in my name, ye receive me; and, when ye receive me, ye receive not me, but Him who sent me. For I am nothing, and my Father is every thing: I am one with him: I seek not my own things, but only his. When ye seek not your own things, but those of God, then ye, also, shall be one with me and my Father."

While he spake, our hearts were melted within us. His words were so full of truth and love, that as in a furnace

iron is softened, and flows like water, so soft did our souls grow while he spake. Since that day, whenever I see a little child, there is something sacred to me in his innocence. When I put the water of baptism on a child, I say to myself what the Baptizer said to Jesus, "I have need to be baptized of thee; and comest thou to me?" However, Jesus spoke of the child which is in the heart of the humble. He meant that we should look for him, not among those who are proud and powerful, and confident in themselves; nor seek to make friends of these: but we must look rather to those who are lowest in the world's esteem, regarding *them* chiefly in all our work, since God often hides things from the wise and prudent which he reveals to babes. I find it needful to remember this when I go out to preach the gospel. If I see some rajah, or rich man, or any man renowned for learning, in the crowd, listening, I am apt to think, "If I can convert him to Christ, he will greatly increase our strength." Therefore I must remind myself often, that the master did not say, "Whosoever receiveth a learned rabbi, or a prætor, in my name, receiveth me." Let us know that those men and women who are little children in their hearts are most apt to hear the word and to do it.

When Jesus said, "Receive them in my name," Johann the disciple was reminded by these words of something else, and said, "Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name; and we forbade him, because he followed not with us." And Jesus, answering, said, "Forbid him not;" and then told us that whoever was doing good in his name was a friend of his in his heart, and was really on his side, though he might not join his *kehilah* (for each Jewish community was called a *kehilah*, which, in the Greek language, is *ecclesia*, or church). Thus Jesus taught us that those who did good really belonged to him, though they did not join his *kehilah*, or community.

I have heard, my children, that in the countries of the

West, where are now great multitudes of disciples, they are divided and broken up into many *kehilahs*. And they call themselves by different names. Those who follow Peter make the "Kehilah of Peter;" and others are the "Kehilah of Apollos;" and others, the "Kehilah of Paul." And one says of another, "He is not of Christ, because he follows not with us in our *kehilah*." I much wonder that the heads of the community do not tell them how Jesus himself said that this man who did not join his *kehilah* was yet on his side, because he was doing good works in the name of the master, and that those who are not against him are with him.

After Jesus had said this, he told us to be very tender to all little children, meaning, I think, all who were children in heart. Even to give one of them a cup of cold water, in love, would make us inwardly blessed.

Then he taught us to be very careful not to do or say any thing to harm the souls of these innocent ones. Better be drowned in the sea than to lead others astray. It is a heavenly thing to lead men upward, but a dreadful thing to lead them downward. Better be blind, or lame, or lose the hand from the body, than to feel in the soul that we have done evil which can never be undone through eternal worlds. That will be a fire in the soul which will never be quenched, and a worm of remorse which will never die, as the prophet Isaiah has said.

These words were like arrows with barbed points, which entered the mind, and could not be taken out again. And, to make us more careful not to despise the humble souls whose hearts are childlike, he said that all these little ones see God's face, and their spirits are inwardly beholding him. He added, that God so loves every child, that he does not choose that one should perish in the death of sin, but that all should be brought to him. The Father feels toward every sinful soul, as the shepherd feels who has lost a lamb; who leaves all the other sheep to go and look for this one lost

lamb, and does not stop until he finds it. Thus he taught us of the infinite pity of the heavenly Father.

One of us then said, "Master, what shall we do, if one of our company wrong us, and does not repent of it?"

He answered, and told us that it would be wise to go to him alone first, and tell him of his fault; for his pride might not be roused to lead him to defend himself when he and another were together alone. He added, "But, if he will not hear thee, then take another with thee: perhaps he may hear two, when he will not hear one. But if he still refuses to confess that he is wrong, then call together the whole *kehilah*, and let them decide. If he will not hear the *kehilah*, then he puts himself outside of your body. You must treat him then as you would treat a heathen or a publican."

One of the disciples asked, "How ought we to treat them? Shall we exclude them from our company, and shut them out?"

I do not remember the answer of Jesus to this; but I know he often told us that the way to treat a heathen or a publican is not to shut him out, but to bring him in. Therefore I think he would say that we should treat in the same way our brother who refuses to hear the church; that is, convert him again. Let the whole church unite to seek this one sheep who has gone astray, and not let him perish in the wilderness. Otherwise, if we shut him out, and refuse to eat with him, we are not Christ's church, but a church of Pharisees.

Simon Peter asked how often he ought to forgive his brother,—whether seven times would be sufficient. But Jesus said, "No; but seventy times seven." And then he told one of his stories, to show us, that, if God forgave us all our sins against him, we ought to forgive others whose sins against us are much less.

Oh! how beautiful were the days in which he thus talked with us, as we sat under the shade of the trees, with the

warm air flowing around us, and among a people who all loved the master! How peaceful and happy were those hours! How little we thought that a few weeks would bring such horror, yet such despair, such glory, such new hope, and new power!

## CHAPTER XIII.

## JUDAS OF KARIOOTH AND THE LETTERS OF BEN-GAMLAH.

ABOUT this time I first began to be aware of some perturbations in the mind of Judah of Karioth, one of the twelve missionaries. Often he sat, absorbed in gloomy silence, and then suddenly interrupted the conversation with an abrupt question. Sometimes he would cry out, "When will it be time to begin?" He seemed to long for some action, some struggle, and to be discontented because of the master's delay. His dark soul, consumed inwardly with ambition, was dissatisfied because he could not take the lead. In all things he wished to be master, and yet his mind was not large enough or clear enough to do any thing well. I often said, "Why did the master choose such a man, who is not at one with his thoughts, but pursues a gloomy purpose of his own?" And I once thought of asking him the question, but said to myself, "He will reply, 'Why did I choose thee, O Thomas? for thy thoughts, also, are not at one with mine.'" And thus I was silent. But as I watched the master in his talk with Judah (or Judas as we often called him, for the names are one), I wondered at his patience; for he sought steadily to lead him up to something better. He showed him how much greater it would be to convert his enemies than to destroy them; that the invincible majesty of Good must triumph; that he knew himself to be the power of Truth and Love. And while he spoke, Judah could not resist his speech, and softened; but afterward his bitter and impatient mood returned.

One day an event occurred which showed me many things, and filled me with alarm for the master. I discovered a dark conspiracy spreading itself around him, seeking his destruction.

I was walking on a road which leads over the hills from Kaphar-nahum, when I remembered a path through the woods which would shorten the distance. I entered the woods, but after a little time I lost my way. The day was calm and the sun bright; and I felt no anxiety, but went forward, pushing through the bushes, or going round them, and sometimes stopping to listen to the waterfalls, whose distant murmur showed me on which side lay the lake. Once, when I thus paused, I heard voices near by. I went toward the place to ask of the speakers the right direction. Going around some low thorny bushes overrun with vines, I came upon two men, who were talking to each other so earnestly and so loudly, that they did not see me until I had discovered them to be Judah of Kariooth, and the dark-minded Ben-Gamlah, who had misled Miriam to her ruin. Anger rushed into my soul as I saw him; but some good angel restrained me, and the thought came into my mind, that, for the master's sake, I must be calm, and find out what plot was secretly contrived. So I stepped up with a smile, and said, "I am happy in meeting you, for I have gone astray in the wood." Ben-Gamlah darted at me a keen look of suspicion. Judah started, as one detected in some crime, and became pale. Then I knew that my fears were well grounded; but all the more I concealed them, saying lightly, "But what are you talking of here in these woods? for your voices sounded, as I approached, like those of men in some debate. Are you talking of the terrors of Herod? For men tell me he thinks our master Jesus is the Baptizer, come back from the dead to punish him. How is this, Ben-Gamlah; for you surely know, as you see Herod often?"

Thus I spoke, desirous of preventing their suspicions, and

of appearing as not doubting any thing of their purpose. Their fears were thus allayed ; and Ben-Gamlah spake, —

“ Not so, Thomas. But we wondered at the wisdom and power of your master, and how every day he makes hosts of friends. No such man has arisen in Israel during many generations. Antipas, indeed, is, as you say, greatly troubled because of him, and, I think, justly. For each morning, when I arise, I look from the window in my house at Tiberias, toward the palace, to see if your master and his followers have not burst like a flood into the city, and conquered it, and placed the standard of David before the palace, where now stand the Eagles of Rome.”

But I knew that he said this to try me ; for his art was deeper than the deepest part of our lake, where no plummet has found the bottom. Therefore I, made still more careful, answered thus : —

“ Our master has no such design. He uses no spear, nor sword, nor weapon of war. Wherever he goes, he goes teaching, and doing good works. Herod Antipas need not fear him ; for he is neither the ghost of the Baptizer, nor the leader of rebellion against Rome.”

Ben-Gamlah replied, “ Thou art right to speak thus, O Thomas, for the servant should not betray his master. When the day arrives, we shall see what he will do. Thy master is very wise, and waits the proper hour. But Judah, here, does not agree with thee ; for he thinks thy master will claim to be the Messiah, Son of David, and seize the throne of the great king at Jerusalem.”

Then Judah of Karioth said, “ Certainly he must : he ought, he will. What else does it all mean ? If the impious Romans who put their foot on God’s people are not conquered, how can God’s kingdom come ? Can you kill a tiger with a maiden’s song, or by putting some of the ointment of a physician on his claws ? The sword must come first : truth and peace will come afterward.”



So spake Judah. And I, willing to know his mind further, made as though I were ready to be convinced, and replied, —

“But do not the Scriptures say that the Messiah, when he comes, shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and slay the wicked with the breath of his lips? Does not this mean that truth is to be his shield and sword? And do not the prophets declare, that in his reign the lion shall eat straw like the ox, and lie down with the lamb? That surely means a reign of peace.”

Judah answered, “Yes, truly. I expect peace to come, but it will be after war. The Baptizer said, that, before the Christ shall come, every mountain and hill shall be brought low. The mountain is the power of Rome: the hill means the power of the chief priests and rulers at Jerusalem. Ben-Gamlah agrees with me therein; for he, being a Pharisee, does not love the priests, who are mostly Sadducees and unbelievers. But, Thomas, the master himself means that we shall fight. Didst thou not hear him say (he said it sadly, I know, for he loves peace too well), — but didst not thou hear him say, ‘I am not come to send peace, but a sword’? He knows well, and so do we, that we must first fight. And our people are ready. They only wait his word to take him for their Christ, their King. Why does he then delay? If we wait much longer, the time may pass by. He is too good: he cannot bear the bloodshed and misery which must go before him, and make his path smooth. Dost thou not know, Thomas, that this is so?”

I answered, “How can I know it, since this is all new to me? Art thou sure the master is the Coming One? He does not say so, and he has forbidden us from saying it.”

Ben-Gamlah replied, “Yes, Thomas; and I praise his wisdom in this, for the time had not come. I repeat what I said, Thy master is a wise man, and can see the signs of the times. I laughed at his answer to some of our foolish Pharisees, who asked him for a sign of his coming. He

said, 'Ye can tell by the appearance of the sky when it is to be fair or wet weather. Can ye not see the signs of the times, and know whether my coming is near?' Thy master is, perhaps, too cautious, and waits too long. But, when he sees that all things are ready, he will move suddenly. Then let Herod and Pilate, and the priests who pollute the temple, basely obedient to the Romans, beware. He will strike one blow, and will not have to strike a second. Thou mayst think, Thomas, that I am his enemy; but thou seest I believe in his power more than thou dost. Thou only believest in him as a prophet of truth and love. I believe that also; but I believe, beside, that he is a king of power, who will set up again the everlasting throne of David at Jerusalem."

I answered, "I, also, heard him say that he came, not to bring peace, but a sword. Yet I thought his meaning was, that men always resisted new truth, and fought against it, and that thus war would come."

Ben-Gamlah said, "And what is the difference, whether he takes the sword himself, or says that which will make others fight? Better take the sword himself, and so, by war, put a speedy end to war. And I am quite sure he means this. Only I fear he may postpone it too long."

Then Judah of Karioth cried out, "He must not wait: he must not! Can we not in some way hasten his action? If, for once, he would go into Tiberias, into the presence of Herod, I would myself strike a dagger into the tyrant's heart, and declare it to be done in the cause of Jesus the great King. Then any more waiting would not be possible. But he never goes near Herod or Pilate. I have been with him twice at Jerusalem, at the great feasts; but then he goes unattended, and only as a private man. He does no wonders: he only talks in the courts of the temple with the doctors, and not to the multitudes in the streets, as he does in Galilee. What can we do, Thomas, to hasten the time?"

Then I, seeing I knew their thoughts, opened the door of my mouth, and spake my mind plainly.

“We are his disciples, Judah, and he is the master. The disciple is not above his master, to teach him what to say or do, or when it is time for him to speak. Has not Ben-Gamlah just said that Jesus is very wise, and knows the right time for every thing? There is a time for every purpose under heaven. If thou dost try to hasten him, and to bring on the conflict too soon, thou wilt be like a foolish soldier, who, when his centurion hath placed his men in ambush, grows tired of waiting, and calls out to the enemy, ‘Here we are, come quickly.’ I, also, believe that if our master is more than a prophet, if he is to be the King of Israel, he will have to smite with the sword. But, while I am his disciple, I will obey him, and do as he commands. When I believe in him no longer, I will not betray him, but openly leave him.” So I spake, looking at Judah, who scowled angrily at me, and muttered, “I am no more a traitor than thyself.” But Ben-Gamlah, fearing he had gone too far, said in pacific tones, “We have only been exchanging our thoughts, Thomas: we are glad to learn thy mind. I think, with thee, that our friend Judah is too hasty. The master, no doubt, knoweth best what he would do.” Thus speaking, we went on our several ways.

I have a package of letters which were written at this time between the Rabbi Ben-Gamlah of Tiberias and his friend the Rabbi Ishmael at Jerusalem. Many years after they were written, and when neither of the writers was alive, they were brought to me one day at Jerusalem by a woman whose face was veiled, and who immediately disappeared. On the outside were written these words, “For Thomas, the friend of the Galilean Prophet.” I never knew who the woman was, nor how she obtained the letters; and I have never yet shown them, not knowing whether it was right

to do so. But now, when all who acted in this solemn tragedy have passed from the earth, and when truth demands that whatsoever hath been hidden shall be made known, I shall copy these letters at this place of my story. They will show what feelings of rage and scorn, of hatred and fear, filled the minds of many of the rulers of Israel, when they saw the growing power of the prophet of Nazareth.

---

## LETTER I.

### RABBI BEN-GAMLAH TO RABBI ISHMAEL.

I WRITE this epistle to you privately, and send it by a sure hand,—that of my disciple Reuben,—that you may know, and communicate to our brethren, what I have learned since I came to Tiberias.

The ministry trusted to me by our secret council was to watch the proceedings of this man of Nazareth, who seemeth to be making himself a prophet, and a leader of the people. I was directed to take measures to expose his imposture, if I thought fit to do so; but I was also told to act very cautiously and secretly in the matter, and to refer to the Council of Five for instruction.

This is what I have done. I carried the letters from the chief priest to the tetrarch, Herod Antipas, in his city of Tiberias,—a polluted place, built over ancient tombs; but outwardly it is fair to behold. Antipas gave me a room in his palace and a seat at his table. He is a man easily led by his appetites. As my first duty was to acquire power over him to use in our holy cause, I brought to him for a wife a beautiful Jewish girl named Miriam, whom I induced to consent by telling her she might so become the savior of her nation, like Esther, Queen of Xerxes. But I found her not easy to lead, and too ready to follow her own thoughts: therefore I so arranged matters as to bring her into disgrace with the tetrarch, and cause her to be banished. I was a little moved by this girl's despair at being thus thrown aside, like a broken tool. But what are the pains of a few to the triumph of the holy cause? If we sacrifice ourselves for it, may we not sacrifice others?

A more important matter is that of which you have heard, and in which you may have traced my hand. I had seen Herodias, wife of Philip, who was her own uncle, and I found her a woman suited to my purpose. I called the notice of Antipas to her beauty, and persuaded her that she was bound to leave her husband, who was her uncle, and therefore one whom, as a granddaughter of a high priest, she ought never to have married. She had been living in Tiberias some time, for the use of the hot baths. I gradually became her spiritual director, and she followed my advice in all things. I sent her frequently to Herod, and saw gladly their love. You and I, O rabbi, are far above such feelings ; but we may use these also for that great cause which is to make Judæa again the queen of nations, and set the Lord's house above other temples. Finally Antipas took her publicly for his wife. By this I secured three important ends : I removed Miriam, who is now my enemy, from any hope of regaining the favor of Herod ; I have placed near to Herod this woman of many charms, who can lead him as she will, and whom I lead also, in turn ; and finally, by this same act, I brought about the ruin of that dangerous man of power, John the Baptizer, who was so foolish as publicly to denounce this marriage as a great crime in Antipas. As soon as he did this, I knew that the Lord had delivered him into my hands. The tetrarch's love for Herodias was too great to bear hearing her called an adulteress, as John had the audacity to do to his very face. Herod, until that time, had been fond of listening to John, and was pleased with his teaching. He loved to hear him denounce the sins of the priests and rulers, the high and low. He used to say, " Truly that man is a righteous man. He fears no one." But on this day, as Herod and Herodias sat together listening to him, John turned toward them, and said with a loud cry, " Put away that adulterous woman, O thou that defest the law of God ! " And then the tetrarch rose in mighty anger, and ordered his soldiers to seize John, and convey him as a prisoner to the Castle of Machærus, on the eastern shore of the Sea of Death, where no rescue was possible.

I fed the anger of the tetrarch against John, saying that John himself knew well that this marriage was not adultery, but had rather put an end to the incestuous connection with her own uncle. *That* was indeed a great sin, and could never be a marriage by

our law. To put a stop to that union was a righteous action, of which neither he nor Herodias need be ashamed. I said that John's only motive was to get the praise of the people by affecting to imitate El-jah's denunciation of Ahab. But still I found that some respect for John remained in the king's mind. (He is no king, but to please him I have called him so, until I have acquired the habit of using this word.) In truth, the great party of Herodians have encouraged John as a powerful ally against our party of Pharisees, and against the priesthood. None of his bitter sayings, nor those of his follower Jesus, are uttered against them: all are spoken to oppose us. John did not care whether the Romans or the Herodian kings governed us: all he pretended to desire was that the Jews should forsake their sins.

Herod's friends had persuaded him that *he*, Herod, might be accepted as the Christ who is to come. As *we* consider such things, this is idle and foolish. But in order to govern men we must be one with their thought, and look out of their eyes. I have therefore studied with care the opinions of these Herodians; I have seemed to them to sit at their feet as an humble disciple: thus they have shown me their inmost thoughts.

They speak thus: "To resist the power of Rome is an idle dream. The Pharisees, who teach the people that they can do this, are the worst enemies of the nation. Do we not remember how the great Mithridates, whom the Persians called 'gift of the sun,' — the richest monarch, the greatest soldier of our day, ruler of Asia and of its islands, the most daring of heroes, — was defeated by the unconquerable Romans? What *he* could not do with his vast armies, immense riches, and military skill, can we hope to do? But, if Roman governors rule us, our religion will be overthrown, and our nation be swallowed up, and disappear. We need a protector against Rome, to whom the Romans are friendly. Such is the influence of the Herods. They are Jews in faith, but Romans in their manner of life. Children of Esau, they are our brethren, and have all the cunning of the desert in their brain. They will make Judæa the great kingdom of the East, with Rome for its friend and the law of God for its soul. We surrender the outward aspect of independence, and keep the reality. Thus the Herods will fulfil the prophecies, and be the anointed of God to make the Lord's house above all others, and Jerusalem again the queen of the nations."

You will say that these men blaspheme. They do, but we can use them for our purpose. They are lovers of the world, and know nothing of the power of God. Meantime, I flatter Herod with the hope of being the Great Anointed, and I lead him as I choose.

But I do not so well understand this prophet of Galilee. I try in vain, thus far, to see his plan. He is creating a mighty movement; but, while he rouses, he also restrains. He belongs to no school, unless to that of the Baptizer, whose disciples he has inherited, at least many of them. In some respects he is like the Herodians; for he makes light of the law, of the sabbath, and the most sacred traditions. But he keeps aloof from Antipas, — who would be glad to know him, — and, as far as I can learn, has never put his foot into Tiberias, though his present home is Kaphar-nahum, only the distance of a sabbath-day's journey. He opposes us, the Pharisees, constantly; but he is no friend to the Sadducees, the priests, rulers, or lawyers. He is evidently building up a party of his own, and I have no doubt he intends to appear as the Messiah. I will now tell you what measures I have taken to prevent his success.

Finding that this Jesus of Nazareth (or Nazirah) was very careless in his neglect of the sabbath, of ablutions, of fastings and prayers; that he mingles freely with the worst classes, sups with publicans, and openly mocks at the sacred distinctions of the law and tradition concerning clean and unclean meats, — I saw that the surest plan to take away his credit with the people was to represent this conduct as coming out of self-indulgence, and the absence of all religion. You know that self-denial as regards pleasure is so hard to the common people, that they revere most of all the man who fasts. Not to eat and drink, to wear poor clothes or none, to live alone among the rocks, — all this, they think, requires more than human power, and shows that God is with the man who leads so hard a life. The Nazarene prophet has unwisely neglected this, and thus offers us the handle of the sword with which to smite him. I have carefully instructed some of the zealous men of our party who are here, to question him publicly on these points. They are told to follow him, and watch him on all occasions, and take the opportunity of putting such questions to him as will make him appear in a bad light to the people.

The two young men whom I have chosen to this work are very zealous for the law and for our society: they are also adroit, and not easily put to silence. They are Onias and Menahem.

Their first opportunity came in this way. It was the time of the fasting of the fifth month, for the destruction of the temple by Nebuchadnezzar, in which fast this prophet and his disciples took no part. Therefore, when many were present, and the prophet had finished speaking, Onias asked him why he and his disciples did not fast, when the disciples of John and the Pharisees fasted, and denied themselves, out of reverence for the temple of God.

He answered, and said, "Do men fast for sorrow, or for joy, Onias? And is not fasting the outward sign of an inward grief?"

"Certainly, master," said Onias, "they fast for sorrow; and fasting is a sign of grief."

"Then should men fast at a wedding, or not rather at a funeral?"

"At a funeral, indeed, and not at a wedding. If they should fast at a wedding, it would be discourteous to the bridegroom."

"But my disciples, Onias, are *now* at such a wedding. Joy is in their hearts, because they see that mercy and truth have met together, that righteousness and peace have kissed each other. While I am with them, their hearts are joyful, being full of the love of God. If they were to fast now, they would be telling a falsehood to God and man. Alas! the time will come when they will not be at a wedding, but at a funeral; and then they will fast, not as a ceremony, but because grief will take away all desire for food."

Thus he replied to Onias. But then Menahem spoke, and said, "Tell me, master, may I, also, ask something?" And, when the prophet assented, he said, —

"I heard thee say in thy speech from the mountain, that, when we fast, we must fast inwardly, washing the face instead of covering it with dust, and that we must not appear to men to fast. And thou didst also tell us that we must let our light shine before men, that others, seeing our good works, may glorify God. Now, if fasting, giving of alms, and prayer, be good works, why didst thou tell us to do them in secret?"

The master, not seeming disturbed by this question (which I



had written down on tablets, and given to Menahem), answered, "I said that we must not fast, nor pray, nor give alms, to be seen of men, but of God, who knows what in them is good. When we display our good acts that men may praise them, we are not letting our light shine, but rather showing our darkness. There is a time to speak, and a time to be silent; a time to do good privately, and a time to make it manifest."

From this thou mayst know how ready he is with an answer, and how difficult it is to entrap him in his speech.

He also added these words, which I send to thee, that thou mayst see that he proposes to make some new religion with new customs of worship: "No man putteth new wine into old bottles of skin, dry and hard; for the wine, fermenting, will split these old skins, and the wine be lost: but men put new wine into new skins, which give way, and stretch, and so do not burst. Neither can new truth be put into an old ritual, nor a new religion into old ceremonies; but every new truth must have a language of its own in which it can be spoken."

From these words I see that he intends to destroy our holy system of worship, and the customs which have come to us from our fathers. Is he not, then, a very dangerous man? He carries his blasphemy so far as to compare our monthly fasts and our hours of prayer to dry and hard skins, ready to crack, and fall to pieces.

But this is by no means the worst; for he not only attacks our holy traditions, but the law of Moses itself. There is a question, you know, about divorce, much discussed in our schools, and concerning which, as usual, Hillel and Schammai differ. What conduct in a wife shall authorize the husband to give her a "get," or bill of divorce? Hillel says, "He may do so, even if she has spoiled his food." But Schammai says, "Only for unchastity." Now, I had heard that this man, in his speech on the mountain, had told the people that no man must put away his wife, except for infidelity; though the law of Moses taught, that, if a wife ceased to find favor in her husband's eyes, he might give her a "get." I therefore told my agents to question him on this point, and make him oppose Moses and the law in the presence of the people. They took the occasion, a day or two later, to ask him if a man might divorce his wife for any cause. "Not so," he answered; "for God hath joined them together, and, if they are truly joined

by God, they are and must remain one." Prompted by me, Onias cried out, "Dost thou, then, contradict Moses, and art thou wiser than he? for he says, that, if a man findeth any thing unpleasant in his wife, he may divorce her." And, taking the roll of the second law, he read the passage aloud, and explained its sense to the people, and then looked to see what Jesus would reply. But he, without embarrassment, said, "Moses gave the people such laws as they could bear, and he acted wisely. But the law of God, which was in the beginning, when man was made, is higher than the law of Moses. This law is written in the heart, and teacheth that two who love each other should bear with each other's sins, and forgive, and cleave together always." Thus, once more, he escaped from our argument, appealing from Moses to the God of Moses; and he spoke so powerfully and so tenderly, that Onias and Menahem were silenced. You see from this that he even sets aside our most holy law, and puts above it some higher law of nature.

The power of this man is very great. When he speaks, it is impossible to resist him: even I, who, as thou knowest, am not easily moved, have sometimes found myself forgetting my enmity, and conquered by the might that is in his words. But this weakness soon passeth away. The wonderful persuasion of his speech makes him more dangerous: if we could bring him to our side, indeed! But all that he says shows this to be impossible. He doth not often speak of our society with bitterness or anger, but sadly, as if we were the worst enemies of God. There is no prospect of his coming to us: so he must be crushed, else he will crush us. We must fight him with every weapon. We need all our power, and must be ready to use it at any moment. In short, he must die, if all our hopes for our people are not to be wrecked. Explain this to Kaiaphas, and let him be ready to act firmly when the time shall come. In the mean time I will watch the man's movements: so shalt thou know whatever may take place.

## CHAPTER XIV.

LETTERS BETWEEN THE RABBI BEN-GAMLAH AT TIBERIAS AND  
THE RABBI ISHMAEL AT JERUSALEM.

---

## LETTER II.

FROM BEN-GAMLAH TO ISHMAEL.

I WILL now tell you more concerning this prophet of Galilee. My feelings toward him are strange: they are made up of hatred, fear, and admiration. I hate him for his terrible words against our holy society, and his evident purpose to destroy the most sacred institutions of our people. He speaks against the sabbath, the temple, the priests, the customs of the law. I fear his power over the people, which grows every day, and is already very dangerous. And yet, when I see him and listen to him, I am like the man who wishes to swim against a current, and is borne along by its power in the contrary direction. His face is like that of an angel, in majesty joined with sweetness. His words thrill through the heart like tender music.

Be not afraid, Ishmael. Such feelings will have no power over my actions. This man must die, — either *his* death, or else the destruction of our nation, with all its hopes. If he succeeds, we shall have a king who regards neither temple, sacrifices, sabbaths, nor the sacred law; to whom circumcision is nothing; who cares as much for the Gentile and Samaritan as for the Jew, as much for the publican as the priest. I said he was like an angel; but, if he were the archangel Michael himself, I should say, "Let him be destroyed."

But it will be very difficult to win the victory. He is as cautious as he is bold. Though most of his followers believe in him as the King who is to come, he has not yet claimed the title. He even forbids his disciples and messengers to call him so. Thus

we have no excuse for seizing him, and Herod will not venture to do it without a reason. Unfortunately, Herod and the Roman governor are on bad terms; and Antipas fears to do any thing which might create a disturbance in Galilee, and thus allow Pilate to interfere.

There was a time when I thought we should be able to get him in our power. The people in this region had become very much roused by strange cures he has performed on the sick, by some magic or charm; for he seems to know many of the secrets of nature, and the spells which control demons. So they followed him in crowds. But he is so careful, that, when he perceives the people too much roused in one place, he goes elsewhere, that their feelings may grow calm. So he crossed the lake in a boat to the eastern shore, knowing that they could not follow him across the water. But I sent my agents to advise the people to follow by land round the head of the lake, and not to let him escape, but compel him to become their king. "He must be made to do this: he never will do it himself. He expects you to insist on it. He will seem unwilling at first, but will consent at last; and then the whole nation will follow and rise, and the Romans will be driven out. Thus will the people of the lake be called the Deliverers of the Land." So my messengers spake, going diligently among the crowd, which moved on around the shore, and at last, after many hours, came to the place where he was, on the side of a mountain. But they were tired and hungry, and he ordered food to be given them. And, when their strength returned, they said, "Now is the time. Let us take him, and carry him in triumph to Tiberias." Then some of my agents took a boat, and came hastily to tell me. I thought, "Surely our time has come." I warned Herod, and he collected his soldiers, putting them in the houses on each side the street by which the people would enter the city. We watched all the night and the next day; but they did not come. So I sent forth spies, and learned that Jesus had somehow discovered the purpose of the multitude, and had departed alone into a mountain, so that they could not find him.

Once more, then, I changed my plans, and sought to diminish his credit with the people by cunningly devised questions. In every walled city there is some part weaker than the rest, and

this a good imperator selects for the attack. One weak point in this prophet's defence is his treatment of the sabbath. You know our people. Some may, among idolaters, worship idols; they may break nine of the Commandments, — they may covet, or bear false witness: but one Commandment they will not violate. They will die rather than not keep the sabbath. A sabbath-breaker is as bad in the sight of the people as a thief, and worse than a liar. But Jesus is quite public in his neglect of the sabbath, and this seemed to me the weak part of his wall of defence. If he could be made to speak publicly against the sabbath, perhaps, so variable is the people's love and hate, they might, in their anger, save us the trouble and danger of putting him to death.

I thought this so important a matter, that I determined to conduct it myself. I mingled with the crowd often. One sabbath he walked with his disciples along the lake shore, and passed up into the fields of wheat, which were then becoming ripe. And when I noticed some of his disciples pulling the heads of wheat, and chewing them, I said, "Master, observe and see: thy disciples do that which is not lawful. To pluck wheat on the sabbath is one of the thirty-nine fathers of work which are forbidden, for it is the same as reaping."

But he turned and looked at me, and, calling me by name, said, "Ben-Gamlah, beware, lest thou thyself commit the greater sin, in that thou dost condemn the guiltless. Hast thou not read how David ate the shew-bread in the temple, which the law forbids any but the priests to eat, because he was an hungry, and the priests themselves gave it to him? Bread is sacred, the temple is sacred, the sabbath is sacred; but man is more sacred. All these are for him: he is not for them. The Son of man is master of them all."

Is it not strange, Ishmael? He had said just what I might have wished him to say, putting himself above the plain commands of God, annulling the Fourth Commandment, as if it were not to command man, but to obey him. And yet his words seemed so just and wise, that I could not reply until the time had passed away.

But I reproached myself for this weakness, and determined not to yield in this manner again. Once more I went into the

synagogue of Kaphar-nahum on another sabbath, when Jesus taught many things concerning the kingdom of God, saying that God's love would then be in every heart, making it easy to obey the law, and that our steps would be guided by this heavenly love, as a man walking in the night has the way before him lighted by a lantern. And Onias, who was with me, said to me privately, that there was a man outside with a withered hand. I told him to bring him in. When he came in, I took the man, and showed him to Jesus, and said, "Is it lawful, master, to heal on the sabbath?"

He turned, and looked me in the face, and I trembled at the flash of wrath which shot from his eye, penetrating into my soul. "Stand up, come near," he said. And the man came slowly toward him. "Thou hast asked me a question, Ben-Gamlah," said he. "I will ask thee another. When thou hast answered mine, thou wilt also have answered thine own. Is it lawful on the sabbath to do good? Is it lawful on the sabbath to save life? Or must we let men, the children of God, suffer and die on the sabbath, rather than heal them?"

But I could not answer. I would not say it was right to heal: I *could* not say that it was wrong, with that eye fixed on me. All were silent around me. I looked on the ground. I felt his eye reading my soul. Oh, how long those moments seemed! That silence was like the stillness of death around me.

At last he spoke again. And now there was no anger in his tone, but sadness and pity, which was harder to bear. "O men of hard hearts!" said he, "which of you, if a sheep belonging to you falls into a pit, would not pull him out on the sabbath?" I tried to say, "I would not;" but the words stuck in my throat. Then a murmur of derision arose around me, and I knew it was because I made no answer. The voice spoke again (for with shame and rage I kept my eyes on the ground), and now it was clear, and full of authority. "A man is better than a sheep. Stretch out thy hand." A wild cry rose from the multitude, and a great movement came. I looked up, and saw the man holding up his hand; and all men saw that it was well, like the other.

As I went out, some of my friends belonging to our holy society met me, and said, "This must not go on thus. He has no right to lead the people to despise their teachers and the holy men of

the land. Let us meet, and consider what we can do to stop his evil influence."

We came together and consulted. We agreed that his power with the people was constantly increasing, and that, whenever he chose to declare himself "The Coming One," the whole country would rise to support him. By good fortune he had gained no such influence in the southern part of the land; so that, if we could in any way weaken his hold on the people in Galilee, his plans would be defeated. Thus we sought out the weak points, that we might attack them.

People are usually more displeased with a man who rejects their outward customs than with him who denies their inward convictions. Our nation holds fast to the sabbath, clean and unclean meats, circumcision, washings. The prophet rejects all these, and we hoped that this would bring him to ruin. We have publicly questioned him on all these points; but he has been so skilful in his answers, that we have hardly injured him in any thing.

We have also tried to diminish his influence gained by cures of the sick, by saying that it was done by diabolic power. But here, once more, he met us by asking whether the Devil sent evil to men, or good. Was it likely that he would make men sick, and then cure them? And since our society and priesthood also practised curing disease, and casting out demons, how could one know which was done by devilish power, and which by the power of God? And, since the demons of disease have always been thought the servants of Satan, he asked whether Satan would drive away his own servants while working for him, in order to enjoy the pleasure of doing good. In fact, he made our accusation appear so laughable, that we were glad to say no more about it.

But we found that one weapon of attack was still left to us. By carefully watching his words and actions we have learned that he disapproves of one of the strongest feelings in the heart of our people,—its national pride. This has enabled us to bear many great sorrows. The Gentiles may trample upon us, but we can despise them as a lower race. A wild beast may be too strong for a man, but he is a beast still. We console ourselves in our conquered state by our contempt for the conqueror, but this feeling the new prophet does not approve. He goes further than the Herodians in this; for he treats as equals and friends, not only

Roman soldiers, but also apostate Jews who serve the Romans as tax-gatherers, and those basest of all men, the Samaritans. He seems to care as much for them as for his own people. He insulted our holy society, a few days since, by one of his stories made to please the ignorant. He told of a Pharisee and a publican going to the temple to pray. He described the Pharisee as thanking God for being better than the publican. And why not? Was he not better? Then he made his publican appear very humble, confessing his sins. And why not? Was he not a sinner? All publicans are sinners. Their business causes them to break the law daily. He finished the story by saying that Yahveh had justified the sinful publican because of his humility, and condemned the Pharisee for thinking himself righteous, and despising others. The effect of such a story is to cause the common people to do the very thing he blamed: it will lead them to despise the Pharisees. He thus insults and injures a whole class because of the faults of some of its number. You and I know that there are bad men and hypocrites among us; but what body of men can be found, as a whole, more full of zeal for God and the law than we? Yet he publicly calls our whole body "hypocrites." So he bears false witness against his neighbor, and breaks the law of God. And thus, too, he teaches the people disrespect and irreverence toward their religious guides.

Another day he told another story, which pleased the people greatly, the purport of which was to show how much better an infidel of Samaria was than a Jewish priest and Levite. It was about a Jew who was robbed and wounded between Jerusalem and Jericho, and left to die alone among the burning rocks of that steep defile. At first a priest came by, and, through selfish fear, went on, and left him. Then a Levite came, and looked at him, and, seeing that he was no friend of his, also went on his way. At last an infidel of Samaria came, and, although he was on a journey, stopped, and bandaged the man's wounds, and lifted him upon his ass, and, holding him there, walked by the side until they came to an inn in the city of Jericho. There he staid and tended him all night; and, on the following morning, this holy idolater gave money to the host to pay for the stranger's support until he himself returned. Now, this foolish story about an impossible Samaritan was evidently told to make the people believe



that all the people of Samaria are tender-hearted, and that the priests and Levites are hard-hearted; and in this, again, he bore false witness against his brethren in behalf of their worst enemies.

I know that this was so; for I heard of it from our friend Eldad, the learned teacher of the law. Eldad told me that he asked the Nazarene what he must do to inherit eternal life. He asked this, he said, to test his knowledge of the law, and to find out whether his answer would touch only outside commands, or go further, into the central truths of Moses. But the prophet replied only by asking Eldad for his own opinion. Eldad forgot for a moment that he had asked the question in the character of one seeking information and perplexed in his own mind, and answered, "We must love God and our neighbor." — "Thou hast spoken truly," said the adroit prophet. "Thou knowest what thou oughtest to do: do it, and live." Eldad was confused, but not defeated, and intimated that the difficulty was to know who is our neighbor. "How far must I go," said he, "in calling a man my neighbor? If I live in Judæa, must I call a Galilean my neighbor, and love him as myself? If I am a Pharisee, is a Sadducee my neighbor?"

Then, in reply, the prophet told the story; and, when he had finished, turned to Eldad, and said, "Tell me: which of these three was neighbor to the wounded Israelite?" And Eldad, who could not confess that a Samaritan was the neighbor (for, as he told me, that word was more than he could utter), was yet compelled by the ingenuity of this story to admit that the merciful man became, for the time at least, the true neighbor of the sufferer.

Thus the prophet endeavors to break down all barriers, and to confound things which are different, confusing right and wrong. He teaches the people that a sinful publican and an infidel of Samaria are as good as, yea, better than, the holiest men of the land. But there is another weak point, where the belief of all our people is against him: so we determined to attack him here.

In Kaphar-nahum, where he now chiefly makes his abode, there is a mixed race, and it pleases them to have all distinctions thus confounded; but in Nazareth, his former home among the hills, the people are true Israelites, proud of being the children of Abraham. Knowing that he would be likely to go to this place where he was brought up, we sent our emissaries there to tell the

people that he ought to do great signs and wonders among them. They said, also, that a rumor prevailed, though it was no doubt false, that the prophet meant to desert his own nation, give up the law of Moses, and become a friend and helper of the Romans. We told them how he continually broke the sabbath, ate unclean meats, lived with publicans, praised the people of Samaria. Thus we stirred up the hearts of the people against him.

At last he came, with his few followers, to Nazareth, visiting his mother and brethren, and on the sabbath he went into the synagogue, where a great crowd had assembled. In these country synagogues, where teachers of the law are few, all are invited to speak. Thus Jesus was asked to read, and to expound the law. He said to the attendant, "Bring the roll of Isaiah." When it was brought, he selected the passage which reads thus: "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me to preach the good news to the meek, to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives and the opening of the prison to them that are bound, to proclaim the season of mercy from the Lord." Then he had the boldness to tell them that this scripture was fulfilled in their presence on that day; that God had given to him power to comfort the sorrowing, to give pardon to the sinner, and to set those free who were bound by the chains of evil. "Come to me," he said, "all you who mourn, and I will give you rest and peace. I will bring you to God, so that you shall feel his love, and rejoice in it always." Many other words he said; and the people, easily moved, began to wonder, and say, "How good is this! how blessed are his words!" But others, who had been taught by my messengers, and were full of distrust, cried out, "He pretends to be a prophet. But who is he? — a man no better than ourselves, the son of a carpenter. His family are poor people, living among us. What right has he to pretend to be wiser and better than his neighbors? We want no such prophet as this. The great Prophet, when he comes, will be no mere man like this Jesus, but will come in clouds and lightning, and shake the earth." And others said, "If thou art a prophet, show us a sign. Thou canst do wonderful things at Kaphar-nahum, for publicans and Romans, for the soldiers of Herod, and for idolaters. Work some wonders here, for us who are the children of Abraham." And, after they had cried out thus, they waited for his

answer. But he stood calm in their midst, and, when they were silent, spake thus: "You ask me to do wonders for you, because you are the children of Abraham; but perhaps there are idolaters among the Gentiles who are nearer to God than you, and have a better right to his help. You exalt yourselves, and must be abased: they humble themselves, and shall be exalted. There were many widows starving in Israel during the great famine, in the days of El-jah; and God sent him to none of them, but only to a widow from among the idolaters and Gentiles,—a Phœnician woman living near Sidon. And Elisha, also, did not cure of their leprosy the children of Abraham who were lepers; but God sent him to cure a Syrian leper, an idolater. Truly I say to you that the publicans and harlots shall enter into the kingdom of God before you. And many shall come from the east and the west, and sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of God, while the children of Israel shall be cast out." And, when he spoke thus, the people were full of wrath, and cried out, "This fellow blasphemeth our holy nation: he is a follower of Herod, and has been bought by the Romans. It is not fit that he should live." And then our friends saw that their time had come, and they shouted, "Kill him! Carry him to the Rock of Execution, where murderers are punished, and throw him headlong." Thus they seized him, and were about to pull him from the synagogue by force. But he looked on them with a great calmness and said, "I will go out with you. Profane not this sacred place with the blood of the innocent." And he went forth, looking around him; and, strange to say, wherever his eye fell, they shrank back from the mighty force which was in his presence. So he walked toward the rock, and an awful silence came over the crowd, struck with amazement at they knew not what. Their passion sank. Some dropped away, and others turned and departed. And still, as the prophet walked forward, the people became ashamed, and left him: so, before he reached the rock, there were only a few with him beside his disciples. Thus no man laid hands on him, and he departed.

When I heard of this, I was filled with indignation at the people who were so foolish. I called the counsellors of our society together once more to deliberate; and we spake thus: "All men believe, that, before the coming of the King, El-jah shall

appear. They also believe that mighty signs and wonders will be manifested at his coming; and, again, that he is to be the descendant of David. We must show the people boldly that none of these proofs of the true Messiah are found in Jesus. He is not the son of David; he refuses to do any mighty signs, but only cures a few sick people; there has been no El-jah to prepare his way. Let us, then, call on him to explain before the people the absence of these necessary proofs of his being the One who is to come. That will, perhaps, open their eyes."

I determined this time to conduct the matter myself. He will not easily terrify me by the power in his voice and his eye, for I verily know that I ought to oppose him and to hinder him. All I do is done for the sake of our holy religion, which he will bring to shame, and of our sacred nation, which he will ruin. I know that I have no hatred against the prophet himself; but, if he compels me to choose between his death and that of the nation, it is better that any one man should die, and not the whole nation perish. I will tell thee the result when I write again.

---

### LETTER III.

#### BEN-GAMLAH TO ISHMAEL.

THIS prophet is a powerful and dangerous person. There is a spirit in him which is hard to resist, and a wisdom which rises superior to all argument. His answers are such as no one can foresee, and are so unexpected that we know not what to reply.

I went with two or three friends to Kaphar-nahum this morning, well prepared, as I thought, for the battle. When we entered the town we inquired for the prophet, and were told he was teaching in a grove near by. We went up by a little footpath to the place. He sat on the grass, with his disciples around him. Behind him were some women, among whom I saw the face of Miriam of Migdol. We came near; and I said, "Master, may we say something?" And he answered, "Say on."

Then I spake: "Master, we are waiting, — we who belong to the Society of the Separate Ones, — we are waiting, with all Israel, in hope of the great Coming. We are ready to accept for our

King him in whom all the signs are joined. Now we find in the prophets marks of the Anointed One. El-jah is to go before him; for thus says the prophet Malachi, whose memory is blessed forever. He, the messenger of Yahveh, who sealed the Book of the Prophets, says, 'Behold, I will send you Elias the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord. He shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and of the children to the fathers, lest I come to smite the earth with a curse.' This is one sign of the Coming. When El-jah comes, we shall know that the times draw near."

Then he looked up, and said, "Ben-Gamlah, which is the true El-jah, — he who is El-jah outwardly, in body; or he who is inwardly El-jah, in spirit and power?" And I answered, "The spirit of the prophet makes the prophet."

And he spoke again, and said, "Then El-jah has come; for the Baptizer, whom you helped to kill, came in the spirit and power of El-jah. As the one defied Ahab and Jezebel, and told them of their sins, so the other defied Herod and Herodias, and told them of their sins. El-jah has come, and you have treated him as you would."

Then fear came over me; for I saw the anger of the people rising against me, because I had taken part in the putting-to-death of the Baptizer: and my mouth was parched, and I dared not speak again. But he himself encouraged me, saying, "What else, Ben-Gamlah, would you ask?"

Glad to speak of something which would lead the thoughts of the people away from the memory of Johann, I continued, —

"Another sign, O master, of the Anointed One, is that he shall be the son of David; for it is written that 'there shall come forth a rod from the stem of Jesse, and a branch shall grow out of his roots.' Is it not necessary, then, that the Anointed One shall be of the house of David?"

He said, "But David himself has spoken of the Anointed One. Have ye not read how David, when speaking as a prophet, calls him his master, saying, 'Yahveh said to my master, Sit thou on my right hand till I make thine enemies thy footstool'? If he were the son of David, would David call him his master? Perhaps he is to be the son of David by having power over men, like that of David, but to reign over them in righteousness. Then David might say to him, 'My master.'"

I then thought of my other weapon; and I said, "Master, thou thinkest that we men of the Separate Society are thine enemies, and thou hast called us hypocrites before the people. But we are willing to be thy followers, if thou wilt give us a sign from heaven, such as Zachariah spoke of, when he said that in the day of the Lord, the Lord would stand on the Mount of Olives, and cleave the mountain in twain, and half of it would go east, and half west, and leave a great valley between. Give us such a sign, master, and we will all become thy disciples."

But he answered, "Is not love a sign, and comfort to the sorrowful, and good news to the poor, and pardon to the sinner, and peace to broken hearts? Are not these mightier signs that God is near, than a mountain rent in twain? You wish for a Christ who shall come with such power that all his enemies shall tremble and submit, then you will find it easy to believe. But my disciples will believe in me, though they see no sign of victory, but only one of defeat. My sign shall be like the sign of Jonah, who disappeared, conquered by his foes, and cast into the sea. Those who will still believe in me *then* may be trusted; but those who only believe because all other men obey and submit do not believe at all."

Then the people who stood around rejoiced at his words, and justified him; and we, seeing that we could not prevail, came away.

---

#### LETTER IV.

##### ISHMAEL TO BEN-GAMLAH.

THE letters sent by the young man Reuben have come to me; and I thank thee, brother, on behalf of the Separate Ones, for the diligence thou hast bestowed on this work. Thou sayest that the prophet of Galilee is wise and dangerous. We think that he is very dangerous. He has been at Jerusalem at the feasts, and we have watched him carefully, and talked with him; and our council is prepared to take him speedily out of the way. Yet I, also, have felt the power of his presence and speech, and would willingly have him for a friend rather than a foe, would he ally himself with us. But since he chooses to oppose us, and that bitterly, and before the people, his blood be on his own head.

Whenever he appears in the temple, he is surrounded by great crowds, who collect to hear him speak and teach. Some go because what he says is new, and different from the teaching of our scribes. He speaks to the people in their own language, which they can easily understand. He tells many stories, and uses pithy sayings, which are like nails driven well in, to hold his teachings in the memory. He speaks against the rich, and that always pleases the poor. He upbraids the learned, and this gives delight to the ignorant. He even openly thanked the Lord, a few days ago, because God had hidden his truth from the wise and prudent, and had revealed it to babes. He also promises comfort and help to all who are in any trouble, and you know well how glad people in misery are to snatch at any prospect of relief. Let us be just, also, and admit that many of his sayings are full of deep truth and wisdom. Whence can he have learned this wisdom? He often moves us all to the bottom of the soul, and his words penetrate to the dividing asunder of the joints of the mind. While he speaks, the people sometimes dissolve in tears, as he describes the goodness of the Lord to all his children; and sometimes he moves his hearers to anger, when he speaks of the way in which some of our rich and powerful people oppress the poor. Thou knowest, Ben-Gamlah, that I have often privately spoken to thee of this evil, which brings much reproach on our holy society. There are among us, I know, rich men who are very covetous. But it is not well to speak openly of this, for whatever is a scandal to religion ought to be covered up.

When the great Feast of Tents drew near, the minds of men were agitated to know whether the prophet of Galilee would come to it. It was well understood that the council had passed a resolution to have him seized, and put to death, if he renewed his attacks on the rulers; and justly, for no government can stand which allows itself to be attacked in its own neighborhood and its own palace by a son of violence. He was to be condemned and punished as a sabbath-breaker, however. The items of the charge, to which we have witnesses, are: 1. That Jesus of Nazareth, calling himself a prophet, has unlawfully and unnecessarily given medical aid to an impotent man on the sabbath (this happened in the month Thammuz, at the feast for the condemnation of the evil book of the Sadducees); 2. That on the same day,

being the sabbath, he had advised and commanded this man to carry his mat, so breaking the sabbath a second time; 3. That at the same time and place he had said that he had a right to break the sabbath by working, because Yahveh, who was his father, also worked on the sabbath. — Men asked, therefore, “Will he incur this danger, and come? or will he stay away?” So all the city was moved with curiosity. Our arrangements had been made with care. As soon as he presented himself, he was to be arrested, and brought before the Council of Seventy, who would remain all day seated in their hall of meeting, in the south-east corner of the Court of the Men of Israel. A part of the temple guard was ordered to be ready to seize him, and bring him before us.

This year the Feast of Tents was held with great splendor and joy. On the tops of the houses, in the courtyards, along the chief streets, were to be seen the tents, or booths, made of green trees. Jerusalem had become a grove, made up of palm-leaves, branches of olives, myrtles, and pines. Every man we met carried his *lulab*, or bunch of palm-leaves, in one hand, and oranges and citrons in the other. The harvests had been plenteous; the corn was in the granaries; the wine and oil filled the jars in the cellars. The city resounded with thanksgivings, and families met in glad feasts. All the people flocked to the temple for the morning sacrifice, in their best raiment, wearing gold chains, bracelets, and jewels. Though I had seen it so often, I was much moved by this noble service, connecting us with the days when our fathers lived in the wilderness in booths. The trumpets sounded their tones of triumph. Then a priest in white robes was seen coming through the water-gate, bringing the vase of water from the Pool of Siloam. He passed through the multitudes assembled in the Court of the Men, and ascended the inclined plane leading up to the altar. The water was poured into a silver basin on the altar, and wine into another basin; while the priests chanted hallelujah, and the crowd waved their branches. So the great thanksgiving went on day by day. The sacrifices of bullocks, lambs, rams, and kids, smoked on the altar through the day. In the intervals of the service the multitudes walked through the large courts, and beneath the splendid porches, where the scribes were teaching or debating; and each listened to his



favorite speaker. But still the prophet did not come. I watched for him through the day, walking from room to room, from one court to another; looking for him in the great *stoa basilika* of Herod, beneath the long colonnades of Solyma's Portico, or in the far-extended northern and western porches. In the evening I went into the Court of Women when the lofty lamps were lighted, whose blaze illuminated, not only the temple, but the city. Here great numbers carried torches; and during all the time the choirs of Levites sang and chanted, and struck their harps and cymbals, and sounded their trumpets on the steps of the court. Dancing, singing, feasting, went on everywhere; and the whole city seemed to shout aloud, and clap its hands.

After a time a report came to me that the prophet was in Jerusalem or its neighborhood. But he kept himself in privacy, and I was unable to learn where he was. He doubtless staid with the people of Galilee, who were living in their booths along the ridge and on the sides of the Mount of Olives. These people were so devoted to their prophet, that it would not have been safe to try to take him from their midst. It could not have been done without risk of much bloodshed. And, even if he were in the temple during the day, his friends still surrounded him, and might have rescued him from the temple guards.

But in the evening of the third day a sudden movement came over the multitude, as when the breeze sweeps over a field of corn, or as when a flock of birds in the air turns suddenly, flashing down light from a thousand wings. I knew that something had happened, and sent my servant Obad to ask the cause. He speedily returned, saying, "The prophet has come, and is teaching the people in the Court of the Gentiles, under the Porch of Solyma." I went at once to the place, and saw over the heads of the crowd the young man, standing on the base of a column, speaking. Gradually I pushed through the mass of hearers, and came so near that I could hear what he said.

As I drew near, he was speaking of the coming kingdom of God, and of the Messiah, its King. I listened with care to learn his doctrine. The substance of it was, that the kingdom of heaven includes all good men, — Jews or Gentiles; that it consists of the pure in heart, the humble, the meek; that circumcision and uncircumcision are of no value; that the true Jew before

God is not the outward Jew who keeps the sabbath, offers sacrifices, and comes to worship in the temple; but the man of any nation who loves God and his brother is the true Jew, and the true child of Abraham. When the kingdom of heaven comes, all the world will worship one God, the Father. All men will love and serve each other. The Messiah who comes will be filled with this truth, and will teach it to all the nations; and the Jews will be to him no nearer than the Gentiles and the Samaritans. Then he told the people to beware of those who make a parade of their religion in the streets, and who do all their works to be seen of men. In all this he was stirring up the people against our holy society of the Separate Ones, and against the most wise and learned Sophers and scribes.

Then he went on, and repeated many passages from the prophets, where the Lord says that he wishes for mercy, and not sacrifice, and that the solemn feast is iniquity when it is not attended with a holy life. He told them to search the Scriptures for themselves, and not take the explanations of the scribes, who make the word of God of none effect by their traditions. He gave as an example of this their explanation of the Commandment, "Honor thy father and mother." He said that the Sophers read this Commandment, and ask, "Does this bind us to take care of our parents when they are old and ill and needy, and to provide for their wants out of our substance?" And they answer, "Yes,—unless we take the money meant for their use, and call it *Corban*, i.e., Sacred Money, dedicated to holy uses; then we are not bound to help them." "Thus," said he, "your Sophers dissolve the whole law of God, leaving nothing."

"Therefore," he continued, "search the Scriptures for yourselves, and find what the kingdom of heaven is to be, and what manner of man is the Coming King." Next he repeated the saying of Moses, out of the Book of the Three Discourses of Moses: "A prophet like myself shall the Lord raise up unto you, and let all men hearken to his words.' But, said he, ye are not looking for a prophet like Moses: ye look for a king like David. Moses led you through the wilderness for forty years. He did not drive out your enemies, but ye are looking for one to drive out your enemies. Are ye ready to follow another prophet through another wilderness, into a better land of promise? Or will ye treat the

prophet who comes, as your fathers treated Moses? When he came down from the mountain where he had talked with God, and his face shone, they were worshipping idols, and grieved him, so that the tables of the law fell from his hands, and were broken. If a prophet comes to you to-day who has been talking face to face with God, and whose soul is full of the light of God's love, will ye not say to him, as ye said to me, that he blasphemeth in calling God his father? Yes, God is my father; but he is also your father. Every one who loves God is his son. Do I boast when I say I am his son? No; for that means that I do nothing of myself, but only that which I see my Father do. Who is 'the Son'? Each man is 'the Son,' to whom the Father says, 'My child.' Each man is 'the Son,' to whom God shows his ways and his works. Each one is 'the Son,' to whom the Father gives spiritual life, so that he may give it again to his brethren. As soon as you are sons, you can raise dead men to life. The power of God dwells in you to make them new creatures. Ye wondered when ye saw me make a sick body well; but, when ye are sons of God, ye will have the power to make sick souls well, which is a greater wonder. God gives such power to me that I can, when he wills it, raise a dead body to life; but he is ready to give us all a mightier power by which dead souls can be raised to life. Are ye ready to have this power? The hour cometh, and now is, when God will pour out this spirit of power into your hearts, making you all kings and priests to him. Verily I say to you, that when, by obedience and faith, ye become little children, ye shall see and utter the truth which sits in judgment on the world. No matter how lowly ye are, ye shall be sons of God, and all men shall honor you as they honor your Father. No man can help honoring him in whom he sees divine truth and divine love. Ye shall all be like Moses coming down from the mountain, your faces shining with glory because ye have been talking with your Father. Ye shall bring to men a new law, not written on tables of stone, but on the tablets of the heart.

"Verily the hour cometh, and now is, when every son of God shall sit in judgment, and judge the world. The wise and learned shall come from Greece to be judged. Emperors and kings shall come from Rome to be judged. The truth which dwells in you shall judge the world, for truth is more mighty than Roman legions ready for war."

I give the substance of what he said, but not his words.

When the people heard him thus speak, and give the testimony of the prophets to the reign of peace and truth, they were greatly amazed, and said, "How knoweth this man the Scriptures, since he has never been to the schools of the Sophers?"

As they said this, he answered them, saying, "What I say is not what I have sought out or found by my own power, but what God has said to me. I listen to his voice, and speak his words. Many who speak to you desire the fame of mighty orators, and put together sounding words; but I only try to hear what my Father says to me, and repeat it again. Ye were angry with me because I told you that the sabbath was made for man, and that whatever doth man good, it is right to do on the sabbath. Ye thought that this was teaching you to break the law of Moses. But, if ye bethink yourselves, ye will see that ye also break the sabbath by doing works of religion on that day. The priests in the temple profane the sabbath, and are blameless, because they are obeying the law of Moses. But doth not the law also say, 'Love your neighbor as yourself'? and I should break that law, if I refused to heal a man on the sabbath. God says, 'I will have mercy, and not sacrifice.' Ye break the sabbath by giving God sacrifices: I break the sabbath in giving him deeds of mercy. And, for giving God what he asks, ye have resolved to kill me."

Then there arose a great murmur. And the friends of our society cried out, "Thou speakest like a madman: no one wishes to kill thee." Others cried out, "He speaks the truth. The rulers have passed a law to take him and kill him, but they are more afraid of him than he is of them. Perhaps they think he is the Christ, after all." Others again said, "How can he be the Christ? The Christ will suddenly appear, no one knows from whence. But this man lives in Galilee, and always has lived there. We know all about him. He cannot be the Christ."

Then the prophet (if I must call him so) spoke again, and said, "Yes, truly: ye know whence I came, but ye do not know from whom I came. I came from Him, the God of all Truth. I come outwardly from Galilee, but inwardly I come to you from God. Your rulers and teachers do not know the truth which would make them free. Now they tell you, that by fastings without end, and prayers repeated over and over, and a great multi-

tude of sacrifices, your souls and theirs can be saved. They do not know God, and so they cannot show him to you."

And when I heard him thus reviling the rulers of the people, and blaspheming the sacred rites of our holy religion, I called aloud on the temple guard to arrest him. When they were not to be found, I went to the hall of the guard, and commanded the officers there to go and seize him. They replied, "It is difficult to do so while the people are all crowding around him; but when we find him alone, we will surely take him." Nor did I blame them very much, for the people's minds were greatly moved; and many said, "He is surely the King who is to come." And you know well, that, when our people are in this condition, it is dangerous to oppose them. So we waited until the next day.

On the next day, which was the eighth day of the feast, the multitudes in the courts were larger than I had ever seen them. On this day, again, the Nazarene appeared, surrounded by many followers. This time he stood in the Court of the Jews; and when the water from Siloam was brought, and poured out on the altar, he cried aloud to the people, that there was a better water than this ready for them, — a water for the soul. This heavenly water, he told them, would quench their thirst always. Moreover, he said that this water would be a living fountain within them, to give them eternal life. "Only believe on me," he said, "and you shall have this life within you. The whole nation shall be filled with it, and will become a fountain of spiritual life to all the world." This seemed innocent enough, but I saw plainly that it was another attack on the leaders and teachers of the people. It meant that they would not be necessary when each man had this life in himself. Such doctrines flatter the pride of common people: they think they can be equal to their superiors. I knew well that the prophets had said that the time would come in which the law should be written in each man's heart, and in every man's mind, and that it would not be necessary for any man to teach his neighbor and brother how to know the Lord; for all should know him, from the least to the greatest. That time will come, but it is a great way off. The people, who are ignorant of the law, must be led. But I am told that this speech sank deep into the minds of the people. One of my own friends, who was there, said, that for the time, he also felt that the young man

had in him a power by which he could bring the whole world into the peace of God. What he said was like the speech of an angel, so full was it of might, united with tenderness. He spoke so plainly, that all could understand him. What he said went to every heart, for he spoke of what men know they need. I saw there was a strange power in his words, when so wise and calm a man as my friend was so disturbed. While hearing him, I also (shall I confess it, O Ben-Gamlah?) have forgotten my hatred to this dangerous man: I have been filled with a strange feeling of love and joy, as though heaven were close at hand. If even I feel thus, no wonder that the common people are glad to hear him, and believe all he says. To-day, as I learn, many said he was the mighty prophet El-jah. Others said that he must be the great King who is to come. This becomes very dangerous. Our friends of the society who were there were alarmed when they heard such things said by the people. You know old Tobias? He is stupid, obstinate, full of self-conceit; but he was very useful to-day. He climbed on a stone in the court, and cried out in his shrill, cracked voice, "How can this man be the King to come? When the King comes, he will not come from Galilee: be ye sure of that. He must come from the city of David, which is Bethlehem, and be a son of David." Others cried out, "The prophets are not at one on this point." And a great tumult of voices arose, and the evil was thus stopped for the time. We had the temple courts cleared, and the gates closed. This could be done, as it was the last day of the feast, and people no longer slept in booths in the courts; but every man went to his own house.

We held that night a secret session of the Great Council. First we sent for the captains of the temple guard, and asked them why they had not arrested the Nazarene teacher. They gave us this strange answer: "Never man spake like this man." It seems that the power of his words took all their strength out of them, and left them helpless. Matters were becoming dangerous. If we could not depend on our own guard, what was to be done? We, therefore, gave them a severe rebuke, telling them that all the wise men and holy men were agreed that Jesus was no true prophet, but a deceiver. We declared to the officers that the Sacred Council had pronounced sentence of death on this Nazarene as a false prophet, sabbath-breaker, and deceiver

of the people; and that the greater excommunication would be declared against all who supported him. The Sophers, we said, were now writing the bill of *Maran-atha* against all the disciples of Jesus who did not forsake him and resist him. All these would be cut off from the worship of the temple and the synagogues, and be declared outlaws, and forbidden to come nearer than four cubits length to any Jew, or even to live with their own families. Having ordered the officers to communicate this to the guards and soldiers, and to all the officials of the temple, we dismissed them.

The doors being closed for a private session, I rose and said, —

“Men and brothers, venerable fathers, most reverend chief priests, elders, and very learned Sophers, we have come together in an hour of peril. It is now plain that this Nazarene intends to be the King of Israel, and that the people are following him in large numbers. Those who have seen the disgraceful scenes in the temple to-day must agree that his course should be stopped at once. The safety of the whole nation is at stake. I say nothing of the constant abuse and slander which he utters against the holy society of the Separate Ones and the venerable rulers. This we can bear; although it misleads the people, and destroys that reverence for superiors on which all order rests. But worse than this are his attacks on the holy sabbath, on the sacred distinction of clean and unclean meats, his intimacy with publicans and sinners of all sorts, his habits of gluttony and wine-bibbing, his association with Samaritans, Phœnicians, and Romans, and his declaration that our temple will cease to be the place of worship when he shall become king. For these reasons I denounce him as a false prophet, and demand that he shall be arrested to-morrow, and put to death immediately.”

As soon as I took my place, Nicodemus arose. You know that he is always the same, — a man of halfway measures: so he proved to-day. He spoke thus: —

“If the charges brought by Rabbi Ishmael are true, and if there are witnesses to prove them, I agree that the Nazarene prophet deserves punishment; but we all know what false rumors prevail against public persons. One of these accusations, at least, I know to be false. One of the intimate friends of the prophet tells me that his private life is most pure and temperate. He is

no glutton nor wine-bibber. You say that his intimate friends and associates are the dregs of mankind. Not so. His disciples, with whom he lives, are innocent men, — honest fishermen and mechanics. He goes among bad people, but always to help them, and teach them to be better. As to the removal of national worship from the temple, I never before heard this accusation, nor can I easily believe it. At all events, let us not violate the rules of our own law by condemning him or any man unheard. I propose, that, before he be sentenced, he be tried, and that we have an opportunity of seeing him and hearing him."

I did not like to let this speech pass unanswered, therefore I replied: —

"You call this man of Galilee a prophet: does the tradition allow any Galilean to be a prophet? You may say that Jonah and El-jah were from Galilee; but Jonah was no true prophet, for his prophecy against Nineveh was not fulfilled. And El-jah came from Gilead, which is no part of Galilee. Besides, in his time Galilee had not been polluted by the coming-in of the Gentiles. The people of Galilee are now only half-children of Israel, and a half-Israelite cannot be a prophet. You doubt, O Nicodemus, if this Nazarene has declared that the temple shall cease to be the place of worship: I have a witness that he said this. He stands without, and can be called in if the Holy Council desire it."

Then the high priest Joseph, called Kaiaphas, commanded the man to be brought in, and ordered him to say what he knew of this matter. And Reuben (for it was he) answered, and said, —

"Venerable fathers of the Holy Council. I was passing through the land of wickedness, which is Samaria; and business compelled me to stop at Sychar. And there I met a woman who told me that she believed in the Christ of the Jews, and not merely in the 'Comforter' of her own people. I asked her why, and she said she had seen him. When I asked further, she told me this story: —

"I went down the valley one morning, with my pitcher and cord, to draw water at the well of Jacob. When I came there, behold, a Jew, sitting alone on the wall of the well. I did not speak, but let down my pitcher, and drew it up again. Then he said, "Give me to drink." I replied, "You Jews think us only dogs, too contemptible to speak to or eat with. Why dost thou



ask me for drink? Art thou not afraid that it will hurt thee?" So I said, mocking. He answered seriously, "Thou canst give me this water, but I can give thee something better than this. I can give thee living water from a deeper spring." But I, still thinking that he spoke in scorn, answered, "This well is an hundred cubits deep, and thou hast asked me to draw water for thee out of it: how canst thou, then, draw water for me from a deeper spring? We are Jacob's children, as well as you; and our father loved us, for he gave us this well which he dug for us. If thou canst dig one deeper, thou must think thyself greater than Jacob." Though I spoke angrily, he replied with a calm face and gentle voice, saying, "This water quenches the thirst for a time, then thou must come back to draw water again. I can give thee water which shall keep thy soul from all thirst, and shall flow into thy heart and from thy heart, always to refresh thee and others." I said, "I should wish to have some of that kind of water, so that I need not come to draw again at this well." He told me to go and call my husband, and come back again; for I suppose he did not desire to be found talking alone with a woman. I told him, "I have no husband." Then he said some wonderful words, which showed that he knew all I had ever done. And I was terrified at his knowledge, and, seeing he was a prophet, asked him if the Jews are right who worship at Jerusalem, or we who worship on Mount Gerizim; for it pained me to have him tell me of my own life, and I thought it better to ask of other matters. Then he told me other wonderful things, saying that the hour had come when men should not worship God at Jerusalem, nor on Mount Gerizim, but only in their souls, asking God for what they really desired, and not saying words to please him.' The woman insisted that this was what he said, and that he told her he was the very Messiah who was to come."

Thus spoke Reuben, and gave his testimony; and I said, "Is not this enough?"

But, beside Nicodemus, there are in our council men of weak purpose and soft hearts, who have not the effectual fervor the times demand. One of these is Yochanan, a disciple of Hillel. He spake thus:—

"It is not just to condemn any man for what a witness did not himself see or hear; for testimony is like water in a brook, which

becomes impure by running through many soils. If this man is to be punished, let it be because of something said or done here. He is now in Jerusalem: let us observe him, and learn the truth."

Then Eleazar spoke:—

"This man is said to be the friend of sinners. He once allowed a sinful woman to anoint his feet, and told her that her sin was forgiven her. Now, we have in one of the prisons a woman who was taken in adultery: let us take her to the Nazarene, and ask if she shall be stoned, as the law commands. If he consents, he will be made odious to those who think that the woman, though guilty, became so through her husband's desertion and ill-treatment of her. If he forbids her to be punished, it will be then evident that he opposes the law, and sets himself above Moses."

The council agreed to this. We shall know the result to-morrow, and I will write to thee again.

---

## LETTER V.

### ISHMAEL TO BEN-GAMLAH.

I WILL now narrate what has occurred since I last wrote to thee. The attempt to entrap the Nazarene has failed, as I believed it would. He is as wise as a serpent. Some of our society took the woman to him as he was sitting, teaching the people, in one of the courts of the temple. The people were standing before him while he taught. Our friends, therefore, came behind him, and spoke, saying, "Master, this woman was taken in adultery, — in the very act. Now, Moses in the law commanded us that such should be stoned; but what sayest thou?" When they had spoken, he stooped down, and wrote with his finger on the ground, as though he did not hear. Therefore they continued to ask him. And at last he raised his eyes, and said to them, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." Then he stooped down, and wrote on the ground again, as if the matter did not concern him, but us. And our friends looked at each other, and all the people standing opposite looked at them. When no one was willing to be the first, the people began to mock them. One after another went out, fearing the Nazarene would ask them why

they did not begin to stone the woman. When all had gone out, Jesus looked up, and saw the woman standing alone, and told her to go away, and sin no more. And I also could not but wonder at the wisdom of the man, and knew that he looked on the ground so that they might have time to think for themselves what to do. If he had looked at them, they would have been ashamed to admit their sin, and their pride would have made them stone the woman with stones; but by his prudence he both saved the life of the woman, and did not oppose the law.

That evening multitudes came together into the Court of the Women, or treasury, where the tall lamps were lighted, and many other lamps were brought by the people for the close of the great festivity. The Levites stood on the steps, and made music, and the people danced and sang with much merriment.

Then this Nazarene prophet, who goes everywhere, came with his followers to the women's court. There was a great blaze of light, which made it like day. He spoke to the people, who always come round him, and ask him to teach them. And truly I cannot blame them; for his voice is sweet as a flute, and clear as a trumpet. He tells them stories full of meaning, and his talk is like a collection of pictures shown one by one. Sometimes his words make them weep, and then laugh with joy. Thus, when they asked him to speak, he sat down on one of the raised seats of the court, and the men and women came around him.

"How full of light is this place!" said he, "and how pleasant it is! But these lights will soon go out, and all will be dark again. There is a light which never goes out when once kindled, — a light which will go with you always, and be a part of your life. Do ye desire to have this light?"

Then the people said they desired it. And he continued: "God has sent this light, to you, O my people! that your city may lighten the world. God has filled my soul full of this light, and I was born, and sent into the world, that the world might be full of it. Wherever this light shall shine, it will carry joy and peace to the children of men. It is the light of life. God will fill you full of life, and that life shall be for all the nations."

Many words like these he said; and the people were pleased, and said to each other, "Truly this is the great Messiah." Now, it had been determined in our society that four or five chosen ones

should be always present whenever he taught the people, to destroy the power of his words. These cried out, and said, "Thou bearest witness of thyself: therefore thy testimony has no value. Thou sayest that thou art the light of the world. Give us some proof, that we may believe thee."

The Nazarene replied to our people, saying that a man might bear record of himself, and yet his record be true; for he might know the truth of what he said. "I know," said he, "whence I came, and whither I go. Ye know it not." Then he told them, that, when a man speaks the truth, the two witnesses required by the law are present: there is the power of his honesty, which is seen by all honest hearts; and there is the power of the truth itself, which is the witness of God to all truthful souls. Those who judge only by appearance do not perceive this testimony, and therefore are unjust in their judgments. Honest hearts feel honesty when it is before them. True minds know truth when they see it.

Saying these things, he spoke of the great and mysterious Yahveh as his Father. This is his custom, and it is wrong and dangerous. It makes the name of the Almighty too common, and takes away the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom. Therefore our friends were displeased, and rebuked him for this. They cried out loudly, that he blasphemed in calling God his Father, thus making himself equal with God. And many of our party, who were full of natural indignation against this Galilean peasant who set himself up to judge the wise men, and holy men, and men in authority, cried out, "He blasphemeth, he blasphemeth! Stone him to death." But many of his followers, hearing this, rushed forward, and stood before him to defend him, and also took up stones to throw at our party. Thus they stood, threatening each other. But the prophet stepped forward, and stood between, and, turning to his friends, told them to drop their stones, and then came toward our people, looking into their faces with a calm smile, and said, "I have healed your sick; I have given sight to your blind; I have comforted those of you who were in sorrow: for which of these works do you wish to stone me?" And they were confused, and let the stones drop from their hands. But one said, "We do not stone thee for thy good works, but because it is blasphemy for a man to make himself God." Jesus replied, "It is

true I call God my Father: he is my Father, and your Father also, when you love him and trust in him. I call him Father. But how is that making myself equal with him? Does not the Scripture say that your judges are gods? Have ye not read what Yahveh declares, 'I said ye are gods'? Moses in his law calls the judges before whom the master brings his servaunt, 'the gods,' because the word of God is in their mouths. Do you say of me, whom the Father hath sanctified, and sent to you, that I blaspheme, because I call myself his son? If I *had* called myself God, being a man, I should only do what Moses did. But I do not call myself God, but Son of God. How, then, do I blaspheme?"

Thus he has an answer always ready, being exceedingly quick and subtle.

When the people were silent, he spake again, thus:—

"I am going away soon, to a place where ye cannot find me. Then, when it is too late, ye will perchance wish for me, and say, 'Oh that he were here who can take away this burden of sin from our hearts!' But I shall have gone away, and ye cannot find me. If ye would not willingly close your eyes, and shut your ears, and harden your hearts, ye would see that I am he who has the power to save you from your sins. If ye knew this, peace and joy would come to you. But this I know, that no one can come to me, unless something within him, some power sent from my Father, draws him to me. God must prepare the way: otherwise my words will have no power on his heart."

Then the people said, "This must be the very Christ." But those of our part called out, "What does he mean when he says he is going where we cannot come to him? It would be like him to go to preach to the Gentiles, and the Idolaters, or to the Samaritans." But some said, "No! he is truly the Christ of the Jews."

And he, hearing it, said, "If ye continue to live in my sayings, and listen to my words, ye shall be true scholars, and the truth will make you free, and God shall be your Father."

And then we called out loudly, "He teaches that we are slaves. We are not slaves: we are Abraham's children, and never were slaves. Abraham is our father, and the God of Abraham is also our father. How canst thou, who art only a Galilean, make us children of God? We are his children already."

"Not so," said he; "for, if you were inwardly children of

God, you would love me, because God's spirit is in me. But you cannot understand me: you will never understand me. I come to bring you God's truth and peace, to make you all full of light, that ye may be the teachers of mankind; but you close your eyes, and harden your hearts against me. Therefore, while ye are in this spirit, ye are not the children of God, but of the Evil One, the unbeliever. He hates truth; and ye hate the truth I teach, because it condemns you, and commands you to leave these husks and shells of the law, and receive its spirit and its inmost life. I teach you the essence of the law, which would convert the world to God, and fill you with such life that ye would never see death."

Then we cried out at this blasphemy and folly, and said, "This is madness. Abraham and the prophets are dead; and who art thou, to talk of not seeing death?"

The prophet answered, "I am nothing. Unless God speaks by my mouth, do not hearken to me. But I know, and ye may also know, that I do not speak of myself. Do ye not feel in my words that a higher Power is speaking through me? If it is so, then listen to him. I will not take the honor of these sayings; for they are not mine, but God's. But neither will I say that they are not the words of God, for that would be a lie. Ye call yourselves children of Abraham. Abraham looked forward to this day, and was glad to see it. He saw my day in his happy vision of what was to come. He rejoiced in what I am now teaching you. Be his true children, and rejoice in it also."

But our friends cried out, "What a falsehood is this! He is not fifty years old, and pretends to have seen Abraham."

Then he said, "I said not that I had seen Abraham, but that Abraham had seen me. Long before Abraham was born, I was chosen in the counsels of God to be what I am."

This was such blasphemy, that the people of our party were the more indignant, and took up stones to throw at him. But once more it happened — I cannot tell how — that he disappeared from us among his friends; and when we searched for him he had left the temple, and retired with his own people to Mount Olivet, where the Galileans have their camp of tents, and he returned no more to Jerusalem.

No doubt he has defeated us this time, but it will not always

be so. When he comes again, we shall have made our preparations more skilfully. Our friends will be ready to be called on, and to help us. We shall not try to take him in the temple, for there is always a crowd of fierce Galileans there, ready to make a tumult; and the governor, Pilate, watches to take advantage of such disturbance, and take away our control of the temple. Therefore we shall seek to take him in the night, when he is outside of the city, and his friends are not near him. Meantime, Ben-Gamlah, watch, and tell me all you see and know. Make Herod understand, also, how dangerous to his power is this man.

## CHAPTER XV.

## JOURNAL OF NICODEMUS AND LETTER OF EPINETUS.

## JOURNAL OF NICODEMUS.

I WILL now write in my tablets of a young man of Galilee named Joshua-bar-Joseph, or Jesus. He is a pure and great soul, full of God. I first heard of him as a thaumaturg, who could exercise a magical power over nature, command the winds, and exorcise demons. I caused inquiry to be made as to the truth of these reports, and found them more wonderful than I had been told. I therefore determined to go myself, and observe with my own eyes, and see if these things were so, and, if real, whether the works were done by some demonic power, or by that of God.

As I was unable to go to Galilee, where he lives and teaches, I caused information to be given me if he should come to Jerusalem. I was told that he came to the feasts, not in any public character, but only as a private man. In Jerusalem, on these occasions, he hath done no wonderful works: he hath only gone to the temple, and there talked beneath the porches with the doctors of the law. He also hath given lessons to the common people, who crowd around him, and hear him gladly.

One day (I think it was during the Feast of Tents), I heard that he was in the temple, in the Court of the Gentiles. My house is by the High Market, not far from the Tower. As I went down the way of Beth-Haccarem, and crossed the wood-market, I saw a crowd approaching, and in the midst a man led by two others. Something, I saw, was the matter with his eyes. I came up, and asked what it meant. They said, "This is a son of misfortune, who hath been blind since he was born; but to-day he heard that the Prophet of Galilee was passing by,—he who doth many



wonders; and he called to him aloud, and said, 'Heal me, O Mighty One, Son of David!' (For men say he is the Son of David, who is to come.) The prophet turned, and came with his disciples to the man, and spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle (according to the manner of physicians), and anointed his eyes, as you see them, and told him to go and wash in the Pool of Siloam. So now we are going with him to see what will be the end thereof."

And I, wishing to see all, went with them. We passed between the prison and the house of Eliashib, and through the fountain-gate, to the pool. Into it the water was now flowing through stone-arched openings. We collected by the side of the water, on the shelves of rock around the pool. Then the man stooped down, and washed his eyes with hands which trembled because of his expectation. I stood opposite to him, on the other side of the well. The blind man opened his eyes, and looked. There came a shade over them, and then light began to come into them; and he reached out his hands, crying, "What is this? What has happened to my eyes?" And he turned his head slowly, and muttered, "It changes; it moves." Then some one moved his hand before the blind man's eyes, to and fro, and said, "Dost thou see this?" And the blind man answered, "Something cometh into my eyes, and goeth away again." And they tried him, and found that he saw. So they took him to his parents, who could not at first believe it to be true. But when they also had tried, and found that he knew when something was moved before his eyes, they rejoiced greatly. And all the neighbors came, and were mightily astonished to find the man's eyes opened.

Then they went together, shouting and singing, and praising God, to find Joshua, who is called Jesus; but he had gone away from the place, and could not be found.

One of his disciples was there, and I asked him concerning the prophet. He answered me, saying that Jesus strictly charged them not to speak concerning his wonderful actions, wishing nothing said of them. And he told me that the reason why Jesus opened the man's eyes by means of the clay was that the people might not see that they were opened, until Jesus had gone where they could not find him; for in Jerusalem he wished to be private, and to do nothing to rouse the people until his hour had come.

Nevertheless, the multitude talked much of this wonder; for there was no doubt that the man had been blind from his birth, and it was certain that he now saw. The parents, and the man himself, and the neighbors, said, "It is Jesus of Nazirah (which is Nazareth) who has opened his eyes."

The next day I was sent for to attend a meeting of the council, of which I find in my tablets this record:—

FEAST OF TENTS,  
FIRST DAY OF THE WEEK.

The Great Council called together on important business. Rabbi Simon, son of Hillel, who is the head of the council, presided. Rabbi Simon said, "Men and brethren, this meeting is secret. Let the doors be closed." (The doors were then shut.)

Rabbi Simon continued:—

"It is written in the law that the Lord will raise up a prophet like Moses, to teach the people, and that all the nation shall hearken to the voice of that prophet, and shall obey him. It is also written that there shall be false prophets, who are no prophets of Yahveh, and these shall be put to death. It is taught that all cases which are hard, and difficult to settle, shall be judged by the men of learning, the writers, and the wise.

"Such a case has arisen. There is in the city to-day a man named Jesus, or Joshua, of Nazareth in Galilee, whom his followers call the 'Prophet,' and the 'Worker of Wonders.' He, it is true, is prudent, and he doth not call himself by such names. But he talks every day with the people, and deceives them by his words. We are set in this place to watch against errors. What shall we do?"

Then arose Rabbi Eliezar, and said, "This man Jesus cannot be of God; for he breaketh the sabbath by healing the sick, and by walking in the fields. Moreover, he even derideth the sacred day, saying, 'It was made for man, and not man made for it.' Thus he maketh the sabbath a mere convenience, to be used, or not, as men may find it profitable. It is plain that the sabbath will soon be despised by all, if each man shall determine for himself, as he pleaseth, what he may do, and what is forbidden. Only yesterday Jesus pretended to cure a blind man, thus breaking the sabbath, and causing much disturbance in the streets."

Then spoke Yochanan Ben Zakkai, a disciple of the great Hillel, but still a youth, and said, "Doth the tradition teach with certainty that to heal a sick man is to break the sabbath? Is not love greater than the altar? My master Hillel alloweth us to load the ass of a stranger who is to travel on the sabbath. And among the principal works which must not be done on the sabbath, of which forty are enumerated, healing the sick is not mentioned."

When the young Yochanan said these words, my heart was greatly moved toward the youth, because of the largeness of his soul, and others felt in the same manner; so that a murmur of approbation went round the chamber in which we sat.

But Rabbi Ishmael, who is of the school of Shammai, answered quickly, and said, —

"Such doctrines as these will destroy the holy law, and the word of Yahveh, by taking away the fence which shuts out the unbelievers. Now, this man hath broken the sabbath three times, and that presumptuously, by this action. He broke the law by healing on the sabbath in a public place; for the elders say, 'Let not him that hath a pain anoint it on the sabbath with oil and vinegar; but with oil he may, if it be not oil of roses.' 'He that hath the toothache, let him not take vinegar in his mouth to cure it on the sabbath, unless he swallow it down.' But the clay was not swallowed, but was like a fomentation, which is forbidden. And again: he broke the holy tradition, which is the Mischna, or second law, by anointing the man's eyes with spittle; for the Mischna says, 'It is not lawful to put spittle even on the eyebrows on the sabbath day.' And, moreover, he broke the law again in telling the man to carry the clay on his eyes to the Pool of Siloam; for the law against carrying a thing in a public place on the sabbath doth not allow a writer to carry his pen, nor a tailor his needle. So that this man is no prophet, but a sinner, breaking the sabbath three times in one action."

So said Ishmael, who is a man very zealous for the law, and much considered. And a loud murmur of many voices followed, showing that his words were accepted by many as good.

Then I, wishing to find a middle way, and not to aggravate these opposite opinions, sought to gain time, and said, "But were it not better to send for the blind man, and see if this story be

true, or not true? Many things are said and believed without examination, and much contention follows, and at last it is found that the foundation is absent on which the house was supposed to be built. Before we build our house, let us examine the foundation; for every debate which doth not rest on facts is like the wind, which cometh from we know not whence, and goeth we know not whither. I, indeed, saw something of this transaction, since I was passing near the place; yet I would like more assurance by seeing the man himself."

This pleased the council, for all men like to see and hear what is strange. And the officers of the council were sent to bring the man before us. Thus I averted the violent dispute for the time.

The man was brought in, and others with him, — his neighbors and companions, and his parents; but these stood in the outer court under the columns, in the shade of the portico, while the man was brought in. After he had been conjured by the proper formula to speak the truth, the president of the council asked him to tell his story; and he narrated the event even as I had seen it. He declared that he had been blind from a child, but now was able to see the forms of things and of men; and that this cure had been done by a man called Jesus of Nazirah, in Galilee. The man told his story like one who declares the truth. His face was full of delight, and his voice rang through the hall with a sound as of one proclaiming the glad tidings of great joy. But Ishmael was offended because of the boldness of the man, and rose and spoke: —

"I call on the council to declare that this man Jesus is not of God, since he is a sabbath-breaker. His works are delusions, and sent to lead us astray; for he is a sinner, being a sabbath-breaker."

Then spoke once more the noble youth Yochanan, and said, —

"If I see a tree bearing ripe olives, I call it an olive-tree: I do not call it a thistle. This man Jesus hath well said, 'Judge every prophet by the fruit he bears.' A man who is a sinner doth the works of a sinner, not the works of a prophet." Many applauded Yochanan, while others agreed with Ishmael. And so the council was once more divided, many speaking at once with much tumult.

Then I rose again, and said, "Let us go to the root of the

matter. Let us be sure that the man was born blind. His parents stand without. Call them in, and ask them these three questions: 1. 'Is this man your son?' 2. 'Was he born blind?' 3. 'How is it that he now sees?'"

So the parents were called in, and the questions put to them. They answered the first two readily, and said, "He is our son," and "he was born blind." But, beholding the anger of Ishmael and his company, they feared to answer the third question, and referred to the man himself, saying that they did not know how he had come to see.

Then the party of Ishmael, which was the largest, compelled the council to decide that Jesus, being a sinner, could not have done this work; thus judging the fruit by the tree, and not the tree by the fruit. For such is always the manner of those who are blinded against truth by their own anger, or jealousy, or fear. They again called the man in, and forbade him to say that Jesus of Nazareth had cured him, but to say that God had given him his sight.

*The Man.* — "Why shall I not be grateful to him who hath opened my eyes?"

*Ishmael.* — "Because he is a sinner, having broken the sabbath."

*The Man.* — "I do not know whether he is a sinner or not. But I know I was blind, and I know that I see."

At last the man, being vexed by many questions, became angry, and answered violently, asking whether we wished to be the disciples of Jesus; and finally declared that he believed that Jesus was a prophet, and a man of God, and that he would not be silent, but would tell everywhere the great good Jesus had done to him. So the council voted that the man should not enter any synagogue for a month, nor speak during that time to any one, not even to his own wife and child, under penalty of a greater punishment if he disobeyed.

In all this matter I think Rabbi Ishmael and his party were in error. Surely, even according to our tradition, it is right to heal on the sabbath; for it is a canon, "We must take a tender care of the goods of an Israelite." How much more, then, of an Israelite himself! It is also declared by Rabbi Lazar, "If a beast or its foal fall into a ditch on a holy day, let him lift up the

beast to kill him, lest he die in pain, or suffer much; and let him bring fodder for the other." If this may be done on the sabbath, much more may the owner of the beast be healed. I had in my mind to say this in the council; but I thought it better not to seem too entirely on either side of the question. Thus I shall be like the small weight, which, when the balances hang even, will turn the scale this way or that. For now both parties in the council listen to me willingly; but, if I joined one part, the other would refuse to hear what I say.

When I returned to my house, I said, "Why should I not visit this youth of Galilee, and converse with him? Surely one who doth such wonders must be helped by the Lord our God; and he may be, in truth, the long-expected King of Israel." Many things which have been said by him have been reported to me by a friend, and they truly show a spirit of wisdom. He seems to be one to whom the Daughter of the Voice has spoken. His wisdom is far above his years. His sayings are like a javelin thrown by the hand of a warrior, the body of which is weighty, the point sharp, and the aim exact. Thus, when his own people at Nazirah rejected him, instead of becoming angry, he consoled himself with a proverb, saying, "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own city and his father's house," showing that he hath not only the wisdom of God, but also the wisdom of the world. He often teacheth serious matters with a smiling countenance, and giveth wise advice about the things of this life, as well as of the other. Observing what we all have seen,—that the rich give feasts to the rich, to whom it is not a novelty, and who care little for it,—he advised men to give a feast to the poor and wretched, to whom it would be a great matter. Whereupon a solemn fool, with much piety, but little sense, meaning to rebuke the young prophet for speaking of such low matters, called out, "Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God." And they say that Jesus immediately told one of the little stories which are excellent, and which men love to repeat, showing that, when that great feast shall be spread, many persons will not like to go to it, and will stay away. It is not often that we find in one man the words of the wise, which are like nails driven into a wall, and also the merry heart, which doeth good like a medicine.

Besides (for I can put down in these tablets all I think, since

they are only for my own eye), I am surprised that so much zeal should be joined with so much prudence. Truly they say that prudence is my idol, and that I love it too well. But who is so wise as he who knoweth how to wait? The Preacher says there is a time for every thing, — a time to speak, and a time to hold one's peace. This youth, who speaketh with such power in Galilee, and moveth the people mightily, doth not use this powerful charm in Jerusalem, but always cometh to the feasts as a private man. He goeth, indeed, each day to the temple, and talketh with those whom he meets, about the kingdom; but his voice is not lifted up, nor doth he seek to draw crowds, but avoideth them, as I noticed yesterday in the instance of the cure of the blind man. He is plainly waiting his time, and he thus giveth no occasion to the followers of Ishmael to complain. This is a virtue after my own heart, and therefore I intend to visit him in private.

I have inquired, and learn that he stays each night at the house of one Eleazar, the son of Phabi, near the valley gate. I have a friend who knoweth Eleazar, and will introduce me to him.

I shall go in the night; for otherwise I may be seen going in, and the Ishmaelites (as we call them in sport) may say that I mean to become one of his disciples, which would be a stone of stumbling to many.

The council has passed a law forbidding any one to confess Jesus to be the Christ, until the question has been pronounced upon by the council, to whom it belongs. This is right, and I voted for the measure. The punishment is exclusion from the synagogue and its privileges.

My friend tells me that Jesus hath agreed to see me to-morrow night, the second day of the sabbath.

I have seen the young man, and will here set down the chief points of our interview.

When I went in, I was much moved by the face and manner of this youth. Though it was dark, the lamp giving a feeble light, his eyes were plainly seen, as if filled with a light of their own.

They had no watchfulness or suspicion in their bright and clear gaze; but, being true themselves, they commanded truth from others. I put aside what I had meant to say, as unnecessary. I had thought to test him by some questions carefully prepared, but I was unable to do so. His look said, "Be honest, as I am: all else will be in vain." Therefore I said to him that I had seen and heard of his wonderful and gracious works in curing disease, and doing good everywhere, and this proved to my mind that he was a teacher sent by God; for no one could do such wonders, unless God or Satan aided him. And, as his works were all good works, they could not come from Satan: therefore they must be done by the power of God. I had come then, I said, to ask what his purpose was, and what he wished to have us believe and do.

The youth smiled with a certain sadness, and replied, "Truly, truly, when men see mighty signs and wonders, they are willing to believe. Men always seek for signs. Thou, also, desirest a sign, and believest because of signs. This is not the faith I ask for. The sign which will be given you will be like that of the prophet Jonah, not one of power and victory, but of defeat and ruin. What will your faith be then, if it rests on signs of power and on mighty wonders?"

I answered him, and said, "The kingdom of the Christ will be surely a kingdom of power. What is a king, but a man who hath power to govern? The sages and scribes have knowledge, and are wise in themselves. The holy man becomes holy by living near God, and apart from men: he is holy for himself. A prophet gives truth to others, whether they hear or whether they forbear. Most prophets are despised by their own generation. But if God's kingdom is to come, and if his Christ is to come, he cometh to conquer and triumph, and to put down his enemies and the enemies of his nation. He is no king until he hath conquered: until then he may be a saint or prophet, but he is not the Christ, the King. The prophet cometh as bearer of God's truth; the King as full of God's power. If, then, thou art to be like Jonah, and be thrown into the sea, and disappear, thou canst not hope to be the Christ." Thus I spoke, opening my whole mind to him, as I seldom do to any one; for the truth in his eyes drew all my thoughts out of me.



And he told me I was right in this: that the Christ would be indeed a king, and would rule the world; that all nations would bow down before him, and that he would draw all men to himself and to the Father. But he said that his kingdom would not be of this world; nor would his servants fight, for that force is not always power. He would indeed smite the earth, but only with the rod of his mouth, and slay the wicked with the breath of his lips; that is, as I now understand it, by the power of truth. He said that truth in the mind is only knowledge, but in the life it becomes power. He saw before him two ways to this end. He knew that there was in his soul the holy power of God to make of him the Christ, the King of the world. He knew that he was in the bosom of the Father always, in heaven and on earth at once, living from God, for man. If the rulers and people saw this in time, and received him as their King, the nation would become priests of the human race, and Jerusalem the light of the world. If they could humble themselves to be the servants of the world, they would be exalted to be the kings of the world. If they could accept poverty, humility, and the lowly place,—not hoping to receive, but ready to give,—in the service either of Roman, Greek, or Samaritan, then they would rise to the mark of their great call, and become what God meant them to become. He himself then would be their leader, as a Christ on earth. But they must be born again for this, and become as little children. Without some such mighty change, they could not even see the kingdom of God. And he told me that I, too, must be wholly changed in my way of thinking, and in my expectation, in order to see the kingdom of God. If no such change were possible in the nation's mind, nevertheless he should become King, but by dying, as a seed dies in the ground, that its germ may come up in a higher form.

I have mingled my own thoughts with this master's words; for, as he spake, new thoughts I never had before rushed into my mind. I seemed to behold a vision of the coming day of God, which the prophets foretold,—the reign of peace and love on the earth; and my eyes were filled with tears as I answered,—

“Alas! I am too old for such a change. How can a man as old as I, so fixed in all my habits, ever come out of them? how live in such new and strange thoughts as these? They are too high for

me: I cannot attain to them. How can a man be born when he is old?"

The master answered, "He can be born from above, born from within, by the power of God. The holy Spirit is waiting to be gracious. To be born of the flesh — that is, by an outward change, outward influence, and effort of our own — is difficult: but to be born of the Spirit is easy, when we are willing; for then the power of God takes us out of ourselves into the bosom of the Father."

But I, confused in my mind, and feeling my way, was like the blind man I had seen a few days before, to whom a new world of sight came so suddenly that it confused his sense. And I stammered forth, "How can these things be?"

And he answered with kind but serious tone, "Art thou a master in Israel, and knowest not these things?"

Then he asked me if I did not know how the breath of God in the soul could at any moment create a new faith and love, how God's spirit could change the hard heart and stubborn will, and how the prophet taught us to say, "Create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me." Such changes of purpose and intention had been produced by the preaching of the prophet of the wilderness, the Baptizer. These were the rudiments of faith. "How canst thou understand," said he, "all the higher wonders of the kingdom, all its heavenly mysteries, if thou art so confused by these things?"

And I saw, as he spoke, that his own soul is full of insights so high, that there is, I suppose, no man on earth able to comprehend them. And I thought he must needs be the most lonely man alive, since he can only talk with God of these things; yet who would not be willing to be so alone with God? But, most strange, this man does not go from the world to pray and meditate, and commune with the Almighty, but spends his days in the streets and wherever men are to be found. He seems to love all men more, the more he loves God. He, though alone with God, is always walking with man. Then I understood one of his sayings, "No man hath gone up so high into heaven as he who hath come down out of heaven, even the Son of man, who is always in heaven."

Can this be THE CHRIST?

## LETTER FROM THE RABBI EPINETUS, ONE OF THE SANHEDRIM, AND A JEWISH STOIC, TO SOTION THE PHILOSOPHER AT ROME.

Health and Peace. I write to thee, my master and teacher, moved by my desire to tell thee the story of a youth of our nation, whose teaching in many things resembles what I heard in the Stoa at Rome, when I was benefited by thy instructions. When I listened to thee, I sat near thy pupil, Annæus Seneca, some of whose writings are in the Bibliotheca of our temple. What thou didst teach us of the wisdom of life hath remained deeply fixed in my mind, as well as what thou didst report of the sayings of Zeno, of Cleanthes and Chrysippus, and of Athenodorus, who taught Cato. I also recall what thou didst tell us of Quintus Sextius, that soul of fire, that writer of supreme force; and of his son Sextius the second, who said that Jupiter himself had no more power than a good man, except that Jupiter can be virtuous for a longer time. I also listened to Attalus, and learned from him to deny myself the use of luxuries; so that I gave up the enjoyment of the bath, of perfumes, of oysters and wine. He taught me, also, to sleep on a hard mattress, on which the body would make no print. And thus have I lived unto this day.

Thou knowest well, my master, that, between the doctrines of the Porch and those of the Jews, there are many resemblances. Thus, though I belong to the strictest of Jewish schools, that of the Separate Society, I am yet able to receive the teachings of the Porch; for our people believe in one indestructible and immortal God, and so do the Stoics. All other deities, we, like yourselves, consider as doomed to perish. The Jews have also condemned images of the gods. One of our great prophets ridicules the man who makes an idol, and worships it, saying that he takes part of a stick of wood, and makes a fire and warms himself, and of the rest he makes a god, and worships it. And so the Stoics say that no image of gold or silver can resemble God. We believe in the resurrection of the body; and thy master Chrysippus says, that, after a great lapse of time, we, after death, shall return, by a steady cycle of change, into the same form which we

now inhabit. The Jews, like the Stoics, look forward to a great conflagration, and a purification of the world, by which it will be destroyed and restored. We also, like yourselves, believe in a divine Pronoia, or Providence, which watches all things.

The young man of whom I have spoken is named Jesus, and comes from a part of our province where much ignorance prevails. He hath never attended our schools in Jerusalem; yet his wisdom is conspicuous, and some divine spirit seemeth to speak through his lips. Though he cannot have heard the teaching of our philosophers, he is reported to have said many things which remind me of them. Thou knowest, O Sotion! with what superstitious awe our nation regardeth the great temple in this city; but this young man speaketh of it with little respect. He is reported by several witnesses, as saying that men should not worship the eternal Father in the temple at Jerusalem, nor in that on Mount Gerizim; for that God is Spirit, and can only be worshipped aright in the temple of an honest heart. I recollect thy telling us how Aristo of Chios said that "the object of speech is to purify the soul." Our young prophet also declares that what entereth the mouth doth not defile a man; but that what goeth out of it in impure and dishonest language defileth a man, and that our words make us just or unjust. Aristo compared the subtle distinctions of the grammarians and philosophers to the fine web which a spider spins to catch flies; our prophet also condemns such subtleties. In our schools they are much practised, and fine distinctions are drawn, difficult to understand and to remember, between what is forbidden, and what allowed, in all actions. Jesus condemns such distinctions as false and dangerous, and thanks God that the pure in heart, like innocent children, can see the things of God which are hidden from men of great study and science.

He also teacheth one of our doctrines which I have always deemed the highest, namely, that the harmony of all virtues in the soul is the root of good actions. He declareth, as we do, that the wise man must be perfect and complete on every side. Thus thou didst teach us, O excellent master, that all virtues are one, and that he who has one has all; that virtue must be perfect, or it is not virtue. All virtue, thou didst say, comes from an inward source, from our inward desire and love; and that our

wish to do good makes us good, even though we are unable to accomplish that desire in our actions. A man becometh good, thou didst say, when he hath a good intention in his soul; and as all our intentions must be either good or bad, so all men are either good or bad, according to their intentions.

This, also, is taught by the prophet Jesus. He maketh all goodness, as well as all evil, inward, of the heart. "A good tree," he saith, "*must* bring forth good fruit, and an evil tree, evil fruit." "Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh." "What is born of the flesh is flesh; and what is born of the Spirit is spirit."

He teacheth that the root of murder is in the heart, and that anger and wrath are really murder. He saith that evil desire in the heart is the same thing as its outward expression in licentious action; that to say what is not true is the same thing as to break an oath; that merely to love our friends, while we hate our enemies, is not love at all; but that we must be able to love our enemies also, or else we do not really love. He teacheth that men must be like the gods, who do good, hoping for nothing again.

I mentioned before, that Jesus declared that the worship of the Father must be in spirit and truth. This reminded me of the saying of the Stoic, as reported by Cicero in his treatise on the Nature of the Gods: "The best and most chaste worship, and that most full of piety, is always to venerate the gods with a pure, entire, and uncorrupt mind."

Jesus also saith that God is to be loved, and not feared; for God doeth good to all, and is kind to the evil and unthankful, sending his rain on the just and the unjust. Thou hast taught us the same; and my fellow-disciple, Annæus Seneca, in one of his Epistles uses these words: "No one who is sane is afraid of the gods. No one loves what he fears, and it is madness to be afraid of that which is always doing us good."

I learned in thy school, that to light candles in the temples in the daytime is absurd; since the gods do not need light, and men are not made more holy by the smoke of torches. Thou didst say that the gods take no pleasure in words of praise, and that he who knoweth God worships him. They who trust in God worship him aright. He needeth no servants in his temple, no service at his altar, since he is himself the universal Servant, not

wishing to be ministered unto, but to minister. We propitiate God by being good and doing good. We show our reverence for him by imitating his beneficence to others. What pleasure can he take in the sacrifice of innocent lambs? The most magnificent temple man can raise is poor and low compared with the vast plain of earth which supports the great dome of the sky.

Taught thus in thy school, I look with dislike on much which surrounds me here at Jerusalem, where the religion of Moses and the prophets hath become corrupt, and a mercenary body of priests have reduced our religion to a routine of ceremonies. All has grown hard and cold, like the ice we once gathered in a cleft on the northern side of Soracte. If I conform to these practices, it is not because I believe them grateful to God, but because they are commanded by our laws.

To tell the truth, O Sotion! I have never been wholly contented even with our Stoic philosophy; and for this reason, that we are satisfied with hearing it and teaching it, but do not often act as if we believed it. We despise riches, and yet heap them up. We say that all men are our brethren, but we do very little for them. We say that men must be perfect in all goodness, yet we are not much better than others. We are like those who propose to climb a mountain, and, with the summit in their eye, continue to walk always on the plain. Our philosophy, we say, is for life and action; not for speculation, but to enable men to lead virtuous lives. Some, no doubt, do this; but as an unseen current draweth back a swimmer, so most of us continue to drift backward to our former habits.

But this young prophet is so bold, that he plainly hopes and intends to change the life of the world, to put an end to war and sin. He doth not hesitate to tell the rulers and priests, the scribes and doctors, that they are leading the nation to ruin. He calleth on them to return, and be followers of God, and obedient to him; and he promiseth, that, if they will do so, this nation shall lead mankind into a kingdom of heaven. And he saith that the hour for this has come, and is now here.

Is this all a dream? Whence doth he receive this wonderful power over human hearts? Great numbers believe that he is the King who is to come. The Senate (to use your Roman equivalent) hath voted that he is a false prophet and a blasphemous; and

orders have been issued to have him arrested and put to death. Yet no one hath ventured to execute these orders. He is guarded, not by a cohort of soldiers, but by the love and awe of the people. When he is absent, the rulers speak of him with contempt as a vile impostor; but when he appeareth in Jerusalem, which is usually at the feasts, he walketh and teacheth every day openly in the courts of the temple, and no man lays hands on him. So that our decrees have become almost a laughing-stock to the people, and it is openly said that the rulers also believe in him.

And no doubt great numbers incline to accept him, even in our own society and in the Senate. He is also a skilful physician, and cureth multitudes of bodily diseases by some magical process. He speaketh to the sick, and they are instantly cured: such are the reports brought to us by the spies who are sent out by the Senate, and who have followed him during many months. These reports are copied by the scribes, and preserved in rolls in the archives of the temple. I have been allowed to see them; and what I relate hath been taken, in a great degree, from these rolls.

In reading these reports, I find one mark of greatness which astonisheth me. Thou knowest, that as the Greeks divide mankind into Greeks and Barbarians, and as the Romans divide them into Roman citizens and foreigners, so we divide the world into Jews and Gentiles. Thus Greeks, Romans, and Jews despise all nations but their own. Thou, my Sotion, hast often told me that our great teachers rose above this narrowness, declaring every man to be a citizen of the world. All men partake of the one divine reason: all are therefore members of one body. Our Seneca, in a Treatise on Doing Good, which he hath sent to me, saith, "Let this line be in our heart and on our lips: 'I am a man, and nothing which concerns man can be indifferent to me.' My very constitution as man maketh it a more miserable thing to injure another than to be injured by him. He who cometh to me with no other recommendation, if he is called a man, is a gracious guest."

What difference doth it make, so we have been taught to say, whether a man is a slave or a freeman, a friend or a foe? If we can do him good, we ought to do so, even though he hateth us. We all belong to one family, under the fatherly government of the divine reason.

My heart hath burned within me when I have heard such things from thee and from my other teachers. But, O Sotion, how little have any of us been able to fulfil these doctrines in our lives! Do we ever treat our slaves as friends? Have we done any thing, even to prepare the way for this great union of all men in one family?

But this very thing is that which our prophet meaneth actually to do. He calleth this universal brotherhood of man the kingdom of heaven on earth. He saith that the hour hath come for it, and that God hath sent him to establish it. He declareth that God is ready to pour out his Spirit on all human beings, and unite them all in one family. He announceth that our nation hath been chosen to do this work; and, if it accept him as its leader, our people shall become the teachers of the world.

And he adds deeds to his words. He maketh no difference between Jew, Greek, Roman, Samaritan, and Phœnician. He eateth and drinketh with them, and treateth them all as his friends. He goeth with the sinful and abandoned classes, as well as with the rich and learned; he talketh with lepers, and consoleth them; taketh madmen by the hand, and cureth them; dineth with the Roman tax-gatherers; and lifteth the feeble out of the dust by his words of good will and his bountiful actions. All this is done, not by an effort, but as if it came spontaneously from his soul. Perhaps the gods, pitying our race, intend that this wonderful youth shall introduce among us a better age; perhaps the words of thy great poet will come true, —

“Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo.”

If we could ever say or believe that a God can come down among men to help them, this strange youth, so strong and so gracious, so wise and so sincere, so full of heavenly and earthly love, might be such an incarnate *logos*, or heavenly word.

And how, indeed, is intellectual truth to become alive, unless by some new influx of life from above? Thought cannot make itself alive, cannot turn itself into life. Great philosophers have come to fill our minds with noble thoughts; but we need prophets, as well as philosophers. Greece and Rome have given to mankind the great thinkers. But in our small nation of Israel have come a long line of prophets, who have poured a stream of religious life



into the heart of our people. This young man may be another, sent by God to help us to make the divine thoughts of Plato and Zeno divine realities. Plato describes the republic and laws as they should be ; but, since his day, four centuries have gone by, and this republic and these laws are still only a vision of the mind. Plato was like the architect who plans a house ; but Moses was like a builder, who puts it into stone and wood. The Jewish nation, with its customs, religion, and laws, is still here, as the house built by Moses ; but it hath become too narrow for the growing mind of men. Perhaps this prophet is to be a second Moses, and will build a house large enough to hold all mankind.

Something very strange hath lately occurred in this vicinity. There is a family in a village near Jerusalem, with which our young prophet is intimate. It consists of a brother and two sisters. The brother died, and was buried. *Four days after*, as many credible witnesses aver, he was restored to life by Jesus. The story seemeth incredible, but it hath produced much impression on many leading people of weight in this community. Some of my friends, members of our society, some of the priests, and some of the Senate, were present at the time, and solemnly declare that the facts are as they were stated to be. In consequence, a very large body of people are prepared to become the followers of Jesus whenever he re-appears among us. I should not be surprised if the Sanhedrim, by a numerous vote, should accept him as our Christ, which might produce dangerous complications. But there is a large body who are bitterly opposed to him, and determined to go all lengths in defeating his purpose. The great body of our society are hostile to him, because he hath openly denounced many of our methods and practices.

For my own part, I have greatly doubted what to do. I certainly think him right in his censures on the condition of our society. What he condemns, I have also condemned. There are a number of the younger members who agree with me. We are utterly weary of the little miserable questions about what ought to be done or not done on the sabbath, or in our ablutions, or on the festivals. The great laws of justice and mercy are broken up into a thousand vermiculate precepts. Instead of preparing our hearts to worship God with awe and love, we spend our time in debating what position the body should take, and how the

words of our prayer should be uttered. We often put on a show of holiness, wear solemn faces, go out into the street with long robes of black to attract attention, suddenly stop, as if absorbed in prayer, at the corner of the streets. Meantime, we love wealth, and heap it up; we live in luxury in our houses; we are bitter against those who differ from us; we despise all people but ourselves. We are ready to persecute and kill every man who has the courage to prophesy in the spirit of Isaiah and Ezekiel. This prophet of Galilee is full of the spirit of the great seers and sages of our nation; and those who are always praising the prophets of old are ready to murder him. I cannot but reverence his lofty spirit, and I sympathize with his noble teaching.

Thou mayst ask, my friend, why I do not forsake the Separate Society, and join myself to Jesus? I have been on the point of doing so, as I will presently explain to thee; but some reasons prevent me from taking this course.

The Society of Pharisees, or Separate Ones, hath a great history, and its work hath been a very useful one, and I do not yet despair of seeing it filled again with its old life. The prophet compares it with bad leaven, by which he means that the essential spirit pervading all the parts is evil. He does not merely think that this or that limb is diseased, but believes its inmost soul to be evil. He says it is inwardly false, and carries falseness into its actions. If I believed thus, I would at once renounce the society; but I see so much good mixed with the evil, that I cannot give up all hope. There is a party among the Pharisees, at present small indeed, and not having great influence, but young, and full of ardor. They sympathize entirely with the spirit and work of Jesus. Ought I not to stay with them, and help them to reform the society from within? If I leave the society, I throw away my influence, and shall be looked on as a traitor: but, if I remain, I can tell the truth to the very persons who need to hear it the most; I can watch Ben-Gamlah, who hates the prophet, and defeat his plans; I can improve the spirit of our society, and bring it back to its original generous objects.

Let me tell thee something of its past history.

It is now about five hundred years since Ezra, the first scribe, brought back from Babylon to Jerusalem about fifty thousand Jews, and built the second temple. With him began a new sys-

tem. Revelation had come to an end, and instead of it came instruction. The teaching class, or doctors, succeeded to the inspired class, or prophets. Reason was inaugurated in the schools, in which the people were daily taught the meaning of the Scriptures by oral instruction.

Ezra also established the Grand Synod, consisting of the most pious and learned men of the nation. He gave us a liturgy, and founded the synagogue. As our people had lost their knowledge of Hebrew at Babylon, and spoke Chaldee, Ezra had the Bible translated into the vulgar tongue. He established the custom of erecting two pulpits in the synagogues, in one of which stood the interpreter giving the translation, or *targum*; in the other the scribe, who explained the meaning of the text to the people.

The scribes, therefore, or *sephorim*, are teachers, and the teachers of a public education. All God's people could not be prophets, as Moses wished; but all could be taught the Scriptures. Afterward schools for children were founded, and education for all introduced. Every child of six years old must go to school; and there must be a teacher for every twenty-five children, the course of instruction lasting six or eight years. Thus our whole nation is taught from childhood; and we alone, among the people of the earth, are all imbued with the knowledge of ancient times, and the truth of religion and virtue.

In all this work the Pharisees have been the chief actors.

Our society began in this way. As soon as the Scriptures of the law and prophets were thus taught, the doctors or scribes began to differ as to what was most important. All agreed that the law required both worship and obedience: the first table of the law taught duty to God; the second, duty to man. Some said that to worship one God is the root of all goodness, and that piety to God comes before the offices of justice and mercy to man. Those who taught this were called "Hassidim," or the pious: those who taught human virtue were called "Tsadikim," or moral men. From this word "Tsadikim" came the title "Sadducees." By degrees the Sadducees allied themselves with the rulers and chief priests, and became an aristocracy, fond of luxury and the arts of Greece. They filled their houses with Greek statues, read the works of Homer and Epikuros, and lost their influence over the people.

But the Hassidim were austere, self-denying men, patriots, and democrats. They had little sympathy with the priesthood; for they did not hope to be saved from sin by the sacrifices and ritual of the temple, but by the power of the Holy Word. They believed in free thought and in private judgment. They substituted science for authority. Instead of the worship of the temple, they established the prayers and preaching of the synagogue. The priests inherited their privileges, and were an hereditary caste. But in the synagogue the rulers are chosen by the whole *kehilah*, or community. There, three times a day, prayers are offered, and the eighteen benedictions read, which call down a blessing on all the authorities of the land, — on the Hassidim and Tsadikim, the Sopherim or Scribes, the Elders, and the Proselytes.

While the Tsadikim joined the priests and rulers, and were corrupted by Greek influences, and lost all national feeling, the Hassidim opposed this corruption. But after a while they divided into two parties, — the Essenes, who lived in monasteries, and became Solitaries; and the Pharisees, who were Separatists, so called because they came out and were separate from the world, determined not to touch any unclean thing.

When the brave Maccabees arose to resist the tyranny of the kings of Syria, the Pharisees through the whole land encouraged and supported the patriot cause; while the Sadducees took sides with the high priest, who was an instrument of the Syrian king. So, when the Maccabees triumphed, the Pharisees acquired power, influence, and popularity. But then came to them the love of money, of rank, of power, of praise. Our society hath always taught that the whole Jewish people are the true priesthood, and are intended to be the priests for all mankind. Wherever we go, we establish synagogues, and make proselytes. Ten Israelites can found a *kehilah*, or congregation; and every *kehilah* must have, as soon as possible, its house of prayer, its schoolhouse, its civil chief, its religious chief, all elected by free suffrage. Each *kehilah* is self-governed, and independent of every other. Any layman, when elected, can perform all religious rites, circumcise children, celebrate marriage, bless births, say prayers for the dying, and bury the dead. Thus Jerusalem may perish, but the Jewish religion will endure. The temple worship may cease; but our society, by its synagogue worship, will have saved the nation.

I can imagine a time in which the temple shall be overthrown, and Jerusalem become a desert; but the Jewish nation and its law will survive. This will be due to the Pharisees and their democratic and decentralized communities. Thus every Jew becomes a missionary. Every one who says "God is one and his name one" hath a part in our great work of converting the world to the one true God. The altar may then perish, but love will remain.

Since our society hath done so much for the nation and the world, dost thou marvel that I hesitate to leave it to become a disciple of Jesus? As long as it continues to produce such men as Hillel, that "eagle of the synagogue," may I not think that the fire of love still burns below the ashes of form? Hillel said that the whole substance of the law was in this maxim, "Do nothing to another which you do not wish to have done to you." This prophet of Galilee also says, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them; for this is the law and the prophets." I confess that this saying of Jesus is broader than that of Hillel, since the positive includes the negative, and goes beyond it. And in this the teaching of Jesus seems to go further than the law; for his teaching of morals is positive, while that of the law is mostly negative. The Ten Commandments say, "Do not:" Jesus says, "Do." The Commandments say, "Thou shalt not have any God before me;" "Thou shalt do no murder;" "Thou shalt not steal." But Jesus says, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to those that hate you."

When I first met with Jesus and his disciples, I supposed that they belonged to the Essenes, whom they resemble in some ways. Like the Essenes, Jesus opposes oaths; like the Essenes, he speaks of immortality as something which is close to us, and he hath no fear of death; like the Essenes, — Onias, Juda, Menahem, and Simon, — he hath the gifts of prophecy and of miracles; like them, he hath founded a community which hath a common purse; like them, he teaches that the kingdom of heaven is at hand; like them, he lays more stress on purity of heart and life than on sacrifices. But I found soon, that, with these outward resemblances, there is an inward divergence between him and the Essenes. Their fundamental principle is solitude: he goes into society. They go out of the world to escape temptation: he meets temptation, and resists it. They separate themselves from the contamination of

evil doers: he goes to find evil doers, to lead them to repentance. The Essenes deny themselves common food, live on roots and herbs, and wear coarse raiment: Jesus and his disciples dress and eat like others, and he teaches that what goeth into the mouth doth not defile a man. In all this he differs from the Essenes as the positive differs from the negative. They devote themselves to avoiding evil: he seeks to do good, sure that evil is always conquered when good is done.

In the communities of the Essenes there are degrees of initiation, frequent ablutions, a white linen dress at meals; none of which I find in the practice of Jesus. Our society, which believes in aggression on the world, calls the Essenes "pious imbeciles," and ridicules their doctrine of a community of goods, saying, "He who says mine is thine, and thine is mine, is an ass." In this respect Jesus is nearer to us than to the Essenes; for, although he sometimes tells the rich to give all they have to the poor, he doth not make this a universal rule. And he, like ourselves, believes in attacking evil and sin in its strongholds.

Thus, though I much admire the teaching of this Nazarene, and am strongly impressed by it, I have not decided to leave the society of the Pharisees, nor to resign my place in the senate, to join him. It is true that one day I was so moved by the beauty of his words and the charm of his presence, that I could not refrain, but ran to him, and kneeled down before him, and said, "Good master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" I shall never forget the look of benign approval which filled his countenance. He spoke to me tenderly, first telling me that he ought not to let himself be called "good," since all goodness flows into the soul from God, and none of it is ours. Then he said, "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the Commandments." I said, "Which of the Commandments, master, shall I keep?" He answered, "Thou knowest them well: do not kill, nor steal, nor commit adultery, nor bear false witness, nor covet, but honor thy father and mother, and love thy neighbor as thyself." And, when I told him I had kept all these from my youth, he did not rebuke me, and say I deceived myself, and was self-righteous, as many would have done; but he looked on me with an expression of heavenly love, and said, "One thing thou lackest to be perfect. Sell all thou hast, and give to the poor, and come and follow me, and thou shalt

have treasure in heaven." And a great chill fell over me at these words ; for how could I make up my mind to such a renunciation? I saw myself poor, losing my rank and position, cast out of the synagogue, excommunicated from the society, deposed from my place as a ruler, and, after having lost all my friends, obliged to associate only with the ignorant men and women whom he had gathered around him. He saw my great sadness, and said, " Yes, it is hard, very hard, to give up so much. It is hard for those who are rich in every thing to leave all to enter the kingdom of God."

Then I rose, and went away. I had not the strength to make this great sacrifice. I do not know if I was right or wrong, but it seems to me I was right. Since God has given me these talents, — power, rank, wealth, influence, — have I any right to bury them in the ground? Ought I not to use them for good purposes, instead of throwing them away? I am now in a position where I can do great good, where I can influence many. If I became a disciple of the Nazarene, and one of his twelve, I should never be heard of again. Who, fifty years hence, will ever hear the names of his twelve missionaries, — Simon Peter, James, John, and nine others? They have not the genius nor the inspiration of their master: they are wholly destitute of knowledge. *His* name may survive, but surely not theirs. But if I complete, as I hope to do, my great work on "The History of the Separate Society," I shall acquire great fame. How glad I ought to be that I refused the invitation of Jesus!

And yet, and yet, I am sometimes sad when I think of it. Oh that look of love! what a heaven seemed to open when it fell upon me!

## CHAPTER XVI.

ON THE WAY TO JERUSALEM, LEAVING GALILEE FOR THE  
LAST TIME.

AFTER these things, the master told us that we were about to leave Galilee, as his work there was ended: indeed, to me, all the people of this region seemed ready to follow him, and to accept him as leader and guide. In this country, where men lived scattered in small villages, — raising sheep and cattle on the hills, corn, wine, and oil in the valleys, — the influence of the rulers and priesthood was small. Nor did the Society of Separatists have much power. The inhabitants listened gladly to the master's teaching of a reign of peace and love, of universal brotherhood, of God dwelling among men. In fact, the power of Jesus was so great, that Herod Antipas was thoroughly alarmed, and consulted with the relentless priests and rabbis as to the best way to seize and kill him.

And yet among these there were those who loved the master; for while we were yet in the neighborhood of Tiberias, at Kaphar-nahum, one evening we were told of two men who wished to see Jesus. I asked them of their business; for we did not permit strangers to come to him now, since we had heard of the edict passed by the Sanhedrim, that he should be killed. Then one of the young men said, "I am a Pharisee, one of the Separatists; but I reverence goodness, and I am sure your master is a good man; and my brother who is with me also feels thus: therefore we have come to say, that men speak in our society as if it were



certain that Herod has decided to seize your master, and kill him. I know that he hath given orders to a centurion to take a file of soldiers, and come by night to this town to seize and bind the prophet, and to take him away. And, when he is carried away, he is to be killed, and buried in a lonely place among the hills. Meantime Herod will deny that he knows any thing of the matter. We have come privately to say that the only safety will be in quickly leaving this region, and that under cover of darkness." Hearing this, we called the master, and the young men repeated their story. But Jesus smiled, and said, "Ye have guileless hearts, and are upright, and I give you thanks for your good will. But Herod will do me no harm. He is not a lion, but a fox. He hath deceived you, meaning you to come and tell me this; for he desires that I should leave the country. Go back, then, and say to him that I am to remain here but three days longer, and then my work in Galilee will be finished. I shall do my work in these three days, and no harm will happen to me; for all prophets must die in Jerusalem. It is Jerusalem which stones the prophets, and puts the righteous to death." Thus he spake, and the young men went away astonished.

Our master was always earnest, but not always grave. He said pleasant things often, and spake with a smile. Nor was any thing so small, but by means of it he could teach some truth; for he saw God's laws working in the smallest matters, as in the largest. Once, as we journeyed, we came to a town where the richest man gave a feast, and we were bidden. As we entered the hall of reception, where the tables were spread for the supper, Jesus spoke to us privately, and said, "Observe how they crowd forward to take the best places. But this is not wise; for it is better to have a place not as good as you deserve than one better than you deserve. It is better to have men say, 'Why is he not placed higher?' than to have them ask, 'Who is this who hath so high a seat?'"

Thus in this small matter the law also prevails, that whoever exalteth himself shall be abased, but he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." We all sat together in the lowest seats. Then was fulfilled what he had prophesied: for the master of the house, hearing that the prophet was there, left his own seat, and came to him, and besought him to take a place near himself; and room was made for us also. Thus was Jesus seated near the lord of the feast, and said to him, still with a smile, "Shall I tell thee, O Isaac! how to increase the joy of thy banquets? Do not invite the rich, to whom it is nothing new to go to a feast; but ask the poor, to whom it will be a wonderful and very joyful thing. Do not ask the rich; for they will ask thee again, and then thou wilt be repaid. If thou dost ask the poor, they cannot repay thee; and thy gift to them will be remembered on thy behalf in the resurrection of the just." But he said this not solemnly, but cheerfully. One man, however, who sat near, was displeased that a prophet should give advice about such trivial things as giving and receiving a feast: so he cried out in a hoarse and harsh voice, and with a gloomy look, "Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God!" meaning to rebuke the master for not being sufficiently religious. But Jesus replied, "That is true, Jonathan: yet many, when that feast is given, will not wish to go to it, but will beg to be excused. Let us be careful, Jonathan, not to be of the number. Then he told the story of those, who, being invited to a supper, excused themselves by press of business, till the master sent and called men out of the streets to take their empty places. "The feast of the kingdom," said he, "is soon to be spread, O Jonathan! but, if the children of Abraham refuse to come to it, the lord of the feast will surely call in the publicans and the people of Tyre and Sidon, who live on the trampled highways of the world. And many shall come from the east and west, even from Persia and Rome and Greece, and sit down with Abraham and Isaac and

Jacob in the kingdom of God ; while the sons of Jacob shall be left outside, saying, ' Lord, open unto us ! ' and shall cry in vain."

And, when Jesus thus spoke, those of the Separate Society were offended, and their faces gathered blackness ; but the Gentiles who were there rejoiced greatly, and said, " A prophet has risen up in Israel who cares for us also."

Before these three days were over, the brethren of Jesus arrived at Kaphar-nahum from Nazareth, going to Jerusalem to the Feast of Booths, or Ingathering, which was near at hand. Now, these brethren of Jesus could not believe that he was the Coming King of Israel ; since it is hard to believe in one whom you have always known as one like yourself, living in your father's house. Neither did they disbelieve it wholly, but were in doubt. Therefore they said, " How can we believe in thee, O brother ! when thou art so private in thy works, and dost not any thing in public before the people ? Go now to Jerusalem to this feast, not as before, as a private pilgrim, but go as the King of Israel, — if truly thou art he, — and do great works there, so that the whole nation may know that thou art the Coming One ; and we will then, also, gladly believe in thee."

But Jesus answered, and said, " For that manifestation the time hath not yet come. I cannot go with you to this feast, since men are waiting to kill me, and are watching for me. But you can go without danger, for they have no hatred for you. Go, then ; and, when my time hath fully come, I will be there."

Jesus, knowing that his work in Galilee was over, went up with us, late in the day, to the side of a hill which overlooked the lake, and the cities along its shore. And, as he looked at them, his face became very sad, and he lamented over them, because they had not hearkened to his words. In these cities most of his wonderful works were done, and his wonderful words were spoken ; yet the people went on their

way as before, and seemed no better for what they had heard, though they listened gladly.

Thus he looked down upon the cities, and the lake, and the lovely coast, knowing he should see them no more. Never again should he scatter the seed of his word, nevermore bring comfort to troubled souls, never heal the sick bodies and sick minds of this people whom he loved so well. But what he thought of most was the hearts which remained hard, and untouched by all he had done. Because of these, tears fell from his eyes, and he said, "O cities full of comfort and riches and peace, how soon ye will be desolated with war! Why did ye not listen to my words, and take warning, and forsake your sins? and then ye might have been spared the woes to come, and the hell of misery into which ye are to fall."

After this we left Galilee, and saw it no more during our master's life. We did not go directly to Jerusalem, but eastward, beyond Jordan. The main road from Galilee to Jerusalem, by which the pilgrims journeyed, ran directly south; but Jesus, with his disciples, now went by another road farther to the east, which, after passing into the north-eastern corner of Samaria, turned abruptly, and crossed the Jordan into Peræa. When we reached this part of Samaria, where the people were more rude than on the highway of Sichem, as we approached the village where we were to stop for the night, our messengers, who had gone before, returned to us, and said, "They refuse to give us lodging, because they hold us to be pilgrims going to the Jewish feasts." Then two of the twelve missionaries cried out, "Master, destroy their village with fire from heaven. Call down the lightning to punish them." And the two who spoke thus were the sons of Zebedaios, — Jacob and Johannan. Then the master looked on them with a grave sadness, and said, "Would ye, then, rather be called Sons of Thunder than Sons of Peace?" And the two were abashed. But, being

willing to defend themselves, they said, "Did not Elias call down fire from heaven, and that twice, to consume the captains and their fifties, who yet had done him no harm, but only obeyed the king who sent them to call Elias to come to him?" And Jesus answered, "The spirit and power of Elias are not the same as my spirit and my power. I have not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them. The prophets in old times followed their light; but that light is now darkness, since the new light shineth." Thus the master taught us that many things in the law and the prophets must pass away, not being destroyed, but rather fulfilled in something higher.

We left the village where we were rejected, and went to another. There we were well received, and abode some days. On the day after our arrival, Jesus called us all together, and said, "I shall remain here for a little space of time, while ye go before me, and announce that the kingdom of God draws nigh. I will send out all of you, except a few who will remain with me until ye return." Then, selecting eight or ten to remain with himself, he sent the others before him in twos. And there were seventy in all. He first gave them their instructions.

He told them that the minds of men were ready to be moved by their teaching, even as a vast field of wheat, which is over-ripe, waits impatiently for the reapers. "The harvest," said he, "is too large for the reapers. But the Lord will send us more laborers: therefore, go forward with confidence." Then he named the towns they were to visit after having left Samaria, and gone into Peræa, which is on the east of the Jordan. He told them, as soon as they entered a town, to go to the sick people, and the wretched lepers, and those afflicted with epilepsy, who were usually collected under the shade of the trees during the day. When they reached them, they were to lay their hands on them, and, being full of faith, to command the disease to

leave them, and it would do so. When this was noised abroad, the people would come together, and they must say to them, "Behold! our master hath sent us before his face, giving us power to heal the body. But he who is a healer of souls is coming after us, and the kingdom of God is at hand."

Then he directed them to trust wholly to the charity of men for whatever they needed, and to go unprovided with money or food. Thus they would learn to trust the good will of their fellowmen. He told them to ask for nothing, but to eat whatever was given them; for to this they had a right. When the time of rest came, they were to go into any house, and stand in the doorway, and say, "Peace be to this house." If any well-disposed people were there, they would be asked to enter; if not, they were not to be offended, but to go in peace and good will from house to house, until they should be invited to remain. But he said, that if any town refused to admit them, as this village of Samaria had done, they were to speak aloud, and say, "In testimony that we claim nothing of yours, we wipe off the dust of your streets from our feet. But what we have to impart, we give you notwithstanding. We give you the good news we bring. We are messengers of good tidings to you. Ye may drive us away from your gates; but ye cannot drive away the kingdom of God, which is now drawing very nigh."

Having received these directions, the thirty-five pairs departed. And after a few days they returned full of joy, and testified that they had been gladly received, and also that their faith had enabled them to cure the sick, and even to cast out demons.

And Jesus was greatly moved, because he saw that the power he had in himself to heal and to bless men, he could also impart to others. Thus the good done might be multiplied without end, and be transmitted from one to another. And so his spirit could pass into the minds even of the most

ignorant and humble. "Behold!" he cried, "I see Satan falling from heaven. Now his power is broken. I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast not bestowed these gifts upon the wise and the learned, but that these divine truths can be seen by those who are only babes in the knowledge of this world." Then, turning to us, he said, "As God giveth all things freely to me, I give freely to you; and as ye have freely received, so freely give. Ye are all sharers of this great gift of being sons of God. The world knoweth nothing of this great joy. The Father and the Son know each other; but the world knoweth not this trust of the child in his heavenly Father. Yet he who feels it in his soul can reveal it to others. I have revealed it to you; and ye may reveal it again to others, thus helping them to become sharers of your joy."

Afterwards he added, "Let all who are burdened with woe, let all who are laden with sin, let all on whom the weight of law rests heavily, and who find it hard to do right, — let them all come to me, and I will bring them to their Father, and make them his sons, and then they will have rest. When the soul is at rest, there is no more struggle. All burdens then are light, and all yokes are easy."

And again he spoke, "I say unto you that even David and Isaiah were never able to behold that love of the Father which I have shown to you. You see what they longed to see, and were not able. The words which you hear from me, they longed to hear, and never heard them."

While he thus spoke, a heavenly joy beamed from his face. My fellow-disciples, who were babes in heart, shared his joy and peace: they also saw God as their Father and their Friend. But I, alas! could not then attain to this faith. God was still far away from me. My mind still labored with many doubts. Though I had seen such wonderful works, and heard such wonderful words, I had no confidence, no assurance. I lived in a region where all was one "perhaps."

I thought my master good and great above all other men ; but still I asked, " Is he not self-deceived? He believes in God close by, nigh at hand ; but is God indeed so near? He believes in the power of truth and love to conquer all things ; but are not force and skill the real masters of the world? " Therefore I could not believe : I could only wait. I said, " If he is stronger than his enemies, he is right : if they are strongest, he is wrong.

But an event was soon to occur which would shake these doubts, and almost dissipate the mists which clouded my mind.

We had been moving on, sometimes in Samaria, and sometimes to the east of the Jordan. Wherever we went, the great works of the master were manifested. He spoke now with more authority, and did not hesitate to declare himself the true Christ foretold by all the great prophets, who was to reign by truth and love. He explained the nature of the kingdom, and showed how it would embrace all mankind. The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob would be worshipped throughout the whole earth ; the law of works taught by Moses would be fulfilled by the law of love ; the whole Jewish nation would be the prophets of this faith, and teach it through all the world ; with love for God would be joined the love of man ; all kinds of selfishness and cruelty would be conquered ; and the long-predicted time arrive, when the sword should be beaten into a ploughshare, and wars should cease throughout the earth.

All this, as I repeat it, seems like a mere dream ; but, as he described it, it was a coming certainty. This vast hope rested on no illusion, but on knowledge. His inspiration was not the fitful vision of a seer carried into future times by some ecstatic emotion : it was the clear knowledge of one who saw the present and future at once, who was hurried away by no delusion. He knew men well, — knew all the hindrances to be overcome. He understood the weakness



and wickedness, the selfishness and indifference, of the world; but beneath all, and around all, and above all, he saw the providence of God, leading all events forward to the end prepared for before the foundation of the world.

The master's foresight was insight. He looked into actual facts, and in them discovered the seeds of the future. He never spoke from conjecture. He said, "We speak that we do know." Once he said that he was born and came into the world to bear witness to the truth. He was sure that God had sent him for this end. He always spoke of himself as being *sent*.

A common saying of his was, "The hour cometh, and now is." He saw what was coming because he saw what was already here. As when one sees an acorn, he can foresee the oak, and can say, "The oak cometh, and now is," so Jesus saw in the present the seed of the future. Thus he said, "The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and truth." In his own intimate fellowship with the Father, he saw, as already present, the true prayer which all men should at last pray. At another time he said, "The hour cometh, and now is, when all that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of man, and come forth; the good rising up into life, the evil rising up into judgment." The power of truth in his soul was already doing this work. He saw men already coming up out of the graves of sin and stupor, either into a higher life, or into a sight of their own sins, which was also an ascent to something higher. He knew that this power of truth was able to do the same work for all mankind, and would do so.

That he saw the future because it was already here, concealed in the present, appears also from this, that he rebuked the teachers and leaders for not being able to discern the signs of the spiritual world, as they could see the approach of rain or of heat by the face of the sky and earth. He

therefore must have believed that it was possible for all men having spiritual insight to foresee the coming of spiritual storms or calms.

As I look back over all the teaching of the master, I perceive that there were some truths which he taught from the first, and taught always. These he saw and knew by his power of communing with God, and of receiving his light. For some things he labored, but was not certain of the result. Other things he declared that neither he, nor the angels, nor any one, could know, but God alone.

What he knew was, that God had sent him to save the world from its sins and evils, and to cure all the miseries of man here and hereafter. To him was given the power to forgive sin, to break every yoke, and to give perfect rest and peace to all mankind.

He also knew that he would accomplish this by revealing to men that God was a Father of infinite tenderness, rejoicing whenever a sinner repents of his sin; that the way to heaven was by love, forgiveness, truth, purity. He would lead mankind at last to overcome all evil by the power of good.

This he knew. But that for which he hoped and labored was to convince his nation that he possessed this power, and so to make the whole Jewish nation a prophetic body, to convert the world to God. If they could take him whose whole power was in truth and love, as their Messiah, they would be able to believe in the omnipotence of spiritual power, and to renounce forever the hope of conquering by force.

All his movements had been directed to this end,—his teaching in Galilee, and his conversations at Jerusalem; and now he passed several months moving to and fro in Samaria and Peræa. He arrived in this region, finally leaving Galilee, about the end of the month Tisri. He remained there during the following months,—Marchesvan, Chisleu, Tebeth,

Shebat, Adar, and the first part of Nisan, when he went up to the last Passover. During the month Chisleu was the Feast of Dedication, which he also attended. From that feast until the Passover, which was about a hundred days, he did not go to Jerusalem, but was near enough to that city to talk with many of the chief rulers and Pharisees, who went out to see him. In all these conversations he showed them his high design, and exhorted them to renounce forever the Messiah of force and worldly wisdom, and to accept God's true Messiah, who would rule the world by truth and love; for it was the Father's good pleasure to give the kingdom to him.

But what confused our minds was, that while he spoke with certainty of his triumph, and of being manifested as the Son of God and the King of Israel, he also often spoke of being killed by his enemies. This we could not understand then, though we do now.

While he knew that he would be certainly manifested as the Son of God and the Saviour of the whole world, he was not blind to the danger, suffering, and death which would intervene. If he failed of convincing and converting the Jewish rulers, he would be put to death by them. And he saw the hardness of their hearts so clearly, that he was almost certain that his triumph could come only after his death.

Thus, though he told us that he came to give us his perfect peace within, he also said that he had not come to bring peace, but a sword, and to set the father against the son, and the daughter against the mother. He told Peter that he would build his *kelilah* or community on him, but afterward saw that Peter would deny him three times in one evening. He was sure of his coming to be the true King and Judge of the earth. But he foretold long wars, and many evils and woes which would intervene. He foretold that his disciples would be persecuted, and put to death, and that, too, by

righteous men, who would think to please God in doing so. Not blinded by his hopes, he saw all the evil around him, yet foresaw the final good.

Another thing which we could not understand was this. All the time he taught in Galilee, he had been making the people ready to take him for their King; and now he had been doing the same thing in the coasts of Judæa, and around the Jordan. We saw how all the people were prepared to take him for the Christ. He also spoke more openly, both to the Jews and the rulers, of his being sent by God to be the leader of the people in the new age. But while he made all this preparation to begin his work as the Christ, as though he were sure that the nation would receive and follow him, he yet told us that he was to die. This was all very unintelligible to us.

I now think that the reason why we could not understand him was this, that his mind was too large to be understood by our smaller minds. He was like one who stands on the topmost peak of a great mountain, and sees below him on every side hills and lakes, and forests and cities, and the far-off sea. He knows where they all are, how near to each other and to him. But we were like those who stand in a low valley, and know that there are cities and forests and ocean somewhere, but do not know their distances or direction.

To most men, every question is like a plane, which has two opposite surfaces, — two sides only, and no more. To every such question we have only to say "Yes," or "No." But to him every question was like a globe, with an infinite number of sides, and he saw them all. Thus it was not possible that we should understand him, though we could trust in him, and follow him; and, the more faithfully we followed him, the more did our own horizon also enlarge, and our own vision extend.

While we were thus journeying from town to town in the neighborhood of the Jordan, sometimes in the coasts of Judæa, or the borders of Samaria, there came one day a messenger, running, as though bearing news of importance. When he came near, he bowed himself, and said, "Which is the prophet of Nazareth?" And we all turned toward Jesus. Then the messenger said, "I bear evil tidings: I come from the village of Bethany, near Jerusalem. Two sisters are there, named Martha and Mary, and they sent me to seek thee, to say, 'Behold, Lazarus our brother is sick, and about to die; but only come thou unto him, and he will revive and live.'" Then Jesus bent his face toward the ground, and sat long in silence, while the messenger stood, and waited for an answer. At last he lifted up his eyes, and said, "Return to Mary and Martha, and say that this sickness is not unto death, but to the glory of God, that the Son of God may be glorified thereby." And the messenger speedily departed, being the bearer of glad tidings.

This family of a brother and two sisters was much beloved by Jesus; and they loved him greatly, each in a different way. Often we see much difference in the character of brothers and sisters, even of those who have always lived from childhood in the same house and under the same circumstances. Lazarus the brother was grave and silent, full of faithfulness in all that he had to do. He never neglected any duty, and his soul went forth to all good things: therefore Jesus greatly loved him. Martha was also full of goodness, which went into all her daily work. She rose early, and prepared the meals, and kept the house in order, and was diligent until the evening, and thus had little time for other things. She was like the wheel of a mill, turned by water, always revolving in one place, and ready to turn the stones to grind corn. Her love went into her hands; and in her was fulfilled the words of the prophet, saying, "Whosoever shall do these things shall live by them." But Mary

loved to meditate, and to think of all God's works and his ways, and she longed to draw near to the Infinite Friend. Her heart burned within her with this strong desire ; and when she worked on the tasks of women, with the distaff, preparing the clothing for the household, her thoughts soared like a bird high in the air. And in her was fulfilled that other saying, that " man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that cometh forth out of the mouth of God."

Once before this time, on a visit to a feast, we came to Bethany to pass the day with the brother and his sisters. And, as there were many of our company, Martha hastened to prepare the supper, and had much to do. Meantime Mary came to the master, and asked him many questions about the kingdom of God and the love of the Father. For she said, " The prophet is here who alone knows these things, and can answer such questions. This may be the only time when I can receive the light I need : let me, therefore, think well of what I wish to know, and let not this great season pass by without use." And she sat at the master's feet, and listened to his words. Meantime Martha was perplexed with many cares, and she had much to do. Moreover, she desired to have something better than usual for the master and his disciples. And being much troubled she came, and called Mary to help her ; but Mary, wishing to hear more of what Jesus was saying, replied, " In a moment, dear sister ; wait a little while, and I will come." And Martha said, " How can I wait ? I also would gladly listen to the master ; but then who will prepare the supper ?" And at last she came to Jesus, and said, " Ought not my sister to help me ?" The master then gave to her and to the other disciples this lesson : he told us that at every moment there was one duty nearer than all others, which should be done first. Only one thing is needful at any one time. If you do that one thing, you need not be disturbed and anxious about the rest. Sufficient unto the day is its good and its evil ; sufficient unto each

moment is its work. "Tell me, then, Martha," said he, "which is the one thing needful now?"

And Martha replied, "The needful thing for me, and I think also for my sister, is to prepare the supper; for there are many to eat, and much is to be done."

"Tell me, Mary," said he, "what dost thou think the one thing needful?"

And Mary answered, and said, "Food is needful for the body, but food for the soul is more needful. If Martha would come and listen with me to thy words, the supper, indeed, would be late, and there would be less of it on the board. Yet no one then would go away hungry. Therefore I think the one thing needful, first, is to listen to thy words: afterward it will be needful to prepare food."

And Jesus smiled, and said to Martha, "We will let Mary keep the good part which she hath chosen. And thou also, Martha, shalt come and feed thy soul with bread from heaven. Earthly food only satisfies for a time, and then a man must eat again; but he who hath eaten and drunk the bread and water of heaven, which I can give him, hath no need of eating or drinking again, for the food remains in him to comfort his soul always." Thus both Martha and Mary sat with us to listen to the teaching of the master; and afterward both arose, and prepared the food.

When the news came of the sickness of Lazarus, and Jesus returned the answer that he would not die, but recover, we were glad; for now it would not be necessary to go so near to Jerusalem, where the master's enemies were many and strong, and had only lately sought to kill him. And the reason of their attempt was this.

While we were traversing the borders of Samaria and Judæa, and the coasts of Jordan, the Feast of Dedication had come. This lasted eight days, and was a feast of thanksgiving. The master went to it, and spoke, as usual, of the coming kingdom as the reign of truth and of love.

One day when he was teaching in the Court of the Gentiles, under the great portico of Solyma, there approached him a body of men sent by the Sanhedrim, who asked him to say distinctly whether he were Christ the King, or not. "Why keep us in doubt?" said they. "We are ready to believe, if thou plainly tell us that thou art our King. Prove that thou art 'the Son of David;' show us that El-jah has come as thy forerunner; do some mighty miracle as a sign that thou art sent by Yahveh. Give us these three proofs which the tradition requires, that thou art the Coming One sent by God, and we will believe in thee. We hear of wonderful works done elsewhere, but thou hast done none here. We ought not to believe in thee without evidence, and it is unjust to ask us to do so. Therefore we say, if thou art the Christ, prove this to us: if thou art *not* the Christ, say so plainly, and calm the minds of the people."

Thus spoke the deputation; and it sounded so reasonable, that all the people applauded loudly, and looked to Jesus, hoping that he would give the desired evidence, and that all the nation would then unite to receive him. We also cherished a like hope, and waited to hear his reply.

I shall give the answer of Jesus, as well as I can, in my own words. He told them that the proofs they asked for would not convince them if they received them. The only real evidence that he came from God was that he lived and spoke and acted in the spirit of God. His works and life were the true evidence. This evidence was always before their eyes, and yet they did not see it. They did not see it, because their minds were not in harmony with his. The true faith, he said, is not born of reasoning or argument, but grows out of sympathy of heart and soul. Just as sheep know the voice of their shepherd, and do not need any other evidence, so those who are inwardly in harmony with the teaching of a prophet will follow him. Unless ye have this sympathy with my purpose, my methods, my spirit, all



the proofs I can give will not bring you to me. Ye might be forced by a mighty miracle to admit that I am the Christ; but ye would be inwardly hostile to me, inwardly at war with me: therefore, instead of giving you these proofs, I am seeking to convince you that my purpose is one with God's purpose, that the truth I teach is God's truth. If ye see that, then, in following me, ye follow God; then ye will be full of spiritual life; then nothing can separate you from me, or pluck you out of my hand; then ye will never see death, never feel its sting, but be filled full of immortality; then, in following me, ye will follow my Father, for I and my Father are one; and ye shall be one with God, as I am one with God.

Thus he spake, and with such power, that many said, "Verily, verily, it is true: the prophet is right. He who is convinced by wonders, by genealogies and portents, is outwardly convinced, but is inwardly an infidel. He who is convinced inwardly by his conscience and heart is bound to his faith by a chain of iron."

Thus many spoke around me, discussing the matter among themselves. But those of Ben-Gamlah's part shouted aloud, "He blasphemeth; he makes himself one with God: stone the blasphemer!" And many took up stones, and were about to hurl them at the prophet. But he stepped calmly toward them, as if they had in their hands nothing but grass, and said in a tone full of tenderness, "I have done good to many of you; I have healed your sick; I have cast out your demons: are ye about to stone me for this? Simeon, I cured your child: wilt thou stone me for that? Barnabas, I took the sin out of your soul by showing you the love of God: wilt thou stone me for that? I have driven away the demons that possessed and tormented many of you, and have made your disturbed souls tranquil: will ye stone me for that? I am ready to be stoned; but say, first, for which of these things ye stone me."

While he spoke, a great shame came over the multitude. The stones fell from the hands of many; and some began to shed tears, remembering his goodness. But the leaders were all the more indignant, and cried out, "We do not stone thee for these things, but for blasphemy. Thou art only a man; and thou dost say that thou and thy Father are one: so thou dost make thyself equal with God."

Jesus said, "I and my Father are indeed one. God is truth and love; and, if we enter into his truth and love, we become one with him. All who love God are one with him. They dwell in him, and he dwells in them; yet this does not make them equal with God. I pray daily for my disciples that they may be one with me, as I am one with the Father. But this will not make them equal with the Father.

"Search the Scripture. It is written in the Psalms, 'I said ye are gods, and all sons of the Most High.' Of whom doth David speak? Of those in the Book of Moses, where the judges who sit in the place of God, administering justice daily in his name, are called Elohim, or gods. The Scripture calleth those God to whom the word of God comes: if, then, the word of God hath come to me, I might, without breaking the Scripture, call myself God. I call myself the Son of God, because God hath filled me full of his love, and I am his child, dwelling always in his bosom; and he hath sent me to make you also his children, his happy children, dwelling always in his bosom with me. I desire that ye may see this; for only when ye see this to be true, can ye really believe in me. Consider my works, look at what I do, — and yet I do nothing of myself, — but believe the power which worketh in me and through me, and doeth all that I am doing. Believe the goodness of God which ye see working in me. So ye will understand that I dwell in the Father, and that the Father dwelleth in me, and that, because of this, I am the Christ and the Son of God."

When he said this, many of those who were pure in heart

were drawn toward him by a certain heavenly influence which went from him. He himself had said, "No one can come to me, unless the Father draw him." Those, therefore, who were not ready to be drawn to him, because filled with passion and prejudice, were the more indignant, and sought again to raise a tumult, and called on the guards of the temple to seize him, that he might be punished for blasphemy. The temple guards came toward us, and I thought surely that he would be taken. But again his friends closed about him, I leading the way; and we escaped from the temple and city, carrying him in our midst. We made our way out through the temple gate called Shusan, which was near by, and hastened through the streets till we came to the gate of the city which was called the Sheep-gate, the guards having been sent to keep watch at the Water-gate. Thus we avoided them, and crossed the Valley of the Kedron, and, passing the night at Bethany, went over the Jordan the next day, and came to Bethabara, and there remained. And in this neighborhood we were when the news came to us of the sickness of Lazarus, of which I have before spoken.

Now, when Jesus had said that the sickness of Lazarus was not unto death, we were all comforted greatly, since Lazarus was dear to us all. He was one who performed many acts of kindness, and that cheerfully.

Much astonished were we, when, two days after, Jesus said to us, "Let us go into Judæa again." We remonstrated with him, saying, "It is only a little while since the Jews sought to kill thee, and dost thou go thither again?" But he answered, "There are but twelve hours in the day: one must walk in the day, while there is light by which to see." Then he added, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth, but I go that I may awaken him out of sleep." One of our number said, that, if Lazarus slept well, he must be recovering, and therefore it was not necessary for the master to risk his life in going so near the stronghold of his enemies; for, as

there was now no festival, his own friends would not be there to defend him. Then he said plainly, "Lazarus is dead; and I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, because ye will be led to believe more fully in me and in God. But now let us go to him." We looked at each other with terror, feeling sure that the Jews would seize this occasion to destroy the master, and that we must share his fate. But it seemed to me better to die with him than to remain behind. This I said; and we determined to go with him.

It was on the second day, that, having crossed the Jordan, we ascended by the steep road which took us up toward the town of Bethany; which, being interpreted, is The House of Dates. An orchard of the date-palm grows in the little valley where we had passed so many evenings while the feasts were held at Jerusalem. Here, as in a nest, lay the village; and as we drew near, and approached the house of Lazarus, we heard the sound of the mourners, who sent forth from time to time pathetic wails. It was the custom among our people to bewail the loss of friends during seven days, and sometimes longer. Those who were the friends of the family would come and sit with them, and utter these wailing cries: this was thought to be becoming and right. Our master, who never loved these customs, from which the meaning had departed, sat down under one of the trees, at a distance from the house, while some one ran to tell the sisters that he had come. Martha, who was outside of the house, attending to some household duty, heard of it, and came at once to Jesus. She burst into a flood of tears, and cried out, "Master, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." Then she looked up through her tears, and said, "I know that even now whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee." For she had heard of some of his wonderful works,—how at Nain he had raised the son of a widow whom they were just about to bury; and also the story concerning the daughter of Jairus.

Therefore she greatly hoped that he might ask the Lord to give back her brother. And the master looked at her with eyes full of a heavenly light, and said in low tones, which yet we all heard, "Thy brother shall arise." And she, confused in her mind, answered, "I know that he will arise in the great rising-up, at the end of the age." But Jesus said what I did not understand, and hardly understand now. For he said that he was himself both the inward life and the power of outward ascent from death into a higher life. He added, also, that there was no death, and never would be death, to those who had faith in him. And I think, that, in saying this, he meant to make her see that God is with us now, and that we are not to look forward to some distant rising-up of the dead. Rather we should believe that all who have the faith which the master gives us rise *now* above all thought of death. Death becomes to all of us who live in him only a sleep. We pass out of this life into a higher life after a brief sleep: this I have since learned. But what he said was then very obscure to me, as it was to Martha. For, when he asked her if she believed it, she simply replied that she believed him to be the Christ of God, and went to call her sister, who might be better able to understand his words.

But to us, my children, the master has become both the life and the rising-up. The life we now live we live by our faith in him; and by the power of this life we rise up every day out of body into soul, out of death into higher life. We are not now hoping for some future resurrection of the body, as we once did, with the other Jews, but are renewed inwardly every day, while the body perishes. The great love which our master has inspired for God and man, for duty and goodness, and for himself as the best of all friends, — this love renews our life at every hour.

As soon as Mary heard that the master had come, she rose up quickly, and left the house. All the friends who had been sitting by her, and whose wailing cries we had

heard, arose and followed her, believing that she wished them to utter their lamentations with her at the grave. When Mary came where Jesus was, she suddenly fell at his feet, weeping, and said to him, "Master, my sister and I have both believed, and have said to each other, that, if thou hadst been here, our brother had not died." She burst into tears again; and the Jewish women who were with her began also to utter their wild pathetic cry.

Then we saw something we could not understand. Jesus also became troubled. A cloud passed over his face, and he groaned deeply. Afterward he asked where the body was laid. They replied, "Master, come and see." He stood still and wept. Then the Jews said, "Behold, how he loved him!"

But since then I have often questioned why the master wept, when he knew that soon he would recall his friend to life. I think perhaps it was his sympathy with human sorrow. Possibly at that moment there came over his mind the sense of all the sufferings of the world, all the bereavement and sorrow, all the pangs of body and soul which men suffer every day. His heart was so large, that it bore the sorrows of mankind. And thus was fulfilled the saying of Isaiah the prophet: "Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows." Often, in like manner, we all feel; for, when we suffer, it is not merely our own pain which grieves us, but the feeling that it is always so, that there is no unalloyed happiness here. It is the dark shadow of universal evil, and not the particular pain, which weighs most heavily on the heart.

When Jesus came to the sepulchre it was a cave, and a stone at the mouth. Then he said, "Take away the stone."

And when they had taken away the stone, Jesus prayed aloud; yet not so much asking for help as thanking God for the power already given. He seemed to be talking earnestly with God, thanking him beforehand for the great wonder

that he was to do, and especially because it would make so many believe that God had sent him, and that thus they would accept the Messiah of truth and love, instead of the Messiah of worldly wisdom and earthly power.

While he was thus speaking, a great silence of expectation fell on all. The mourners ceased their cry, the sisters leaned eagerly forward, looking into the tomb. All was still therein; no rustle, no sound.

Then Jesus cried out with a voice penetrating and yet tender, "LAZARUS, COME FORTH!"

Something began to stir in the tomb; something white appeared in the opening. Presently he that was dead staggered forward. He was so wrapped and encumbered with the grave-clothes around him, that he could scarcely move. But such amazement fell on us all, that no one went near him to help him, until Jesus, who alone was calm, said tranquilly, "Loose him, and let him go."

This wonderful work was seen by so many Jews who were present, having come from Jerusalem, that it made a mighty commotion in the minds of men. The whole city was moved, and the enemies of Jesus were greatly troubled and perplexed.

It was at this time that Jesus made an appeal to the leaders of the Separate Society, endeavoring to show them the evil which was corrupting their inmost life. We were in this town of Bethany, near Jerusalem; and the leaders of this society came in great numbers to behold and speak with him. One of them, who was a friend of the master, asked him to dine with him. In the court within the house the tables were spread. It was open to the air and light above, and many were collected to see and hear him. Water was handed to all for the ablutions. Before eating, each, according to the rules, carefully poured it upon his hands, with much solemnity; for this was a part of our religion. At last it was brought to the host, who also made the necessary ablutions.

Then it was handed to Jesus, the chief guest, that the ceremony might be complete. But Jesus refused the water, and would perform no ablution. All who saw this were astonished; some looked grieved, and others offended. The host also appeared greatly grieved, and said, "Master, are not all things purified with water? Why, then, refuse this rite of sacred purity?"

Then Jesus spoke, with words full of power, yet also full of gentleness and sadness. He told them that what was at first innocent, as a sign of purity, had taken the place of the true inward purity, — that of the soul. He told them there was a deep disease, which was corroding the heart of their society, and threatening ruin to themselves and the nation whom they led. "Woe, woe, to you!" he cried. "Woe, woe, to you, Pharisees! woe to the people, woe to us all, if you do not repent, and change your hearts and lives!"

His words were so solemn, his voice so penetrating, that a thrill of awe went through the company present. There was silence for a moment; then the chief of the Pharisees rose, and said, "What is this dreadful disease of which thou speakest?"

The master looked at him, and answered, "It is the disease of hypocrisy. It infects all ye do. What ye do is done to be seen of men. Ye wash your hands to be seen of men; ye pray, standing in the streets, to be seen of men; ye make broad your phylacteries, that men may see you, and say, 'How holy are these people!' Ye carefully pay tithes of every little herb that grows in your garden, that men may say, 'How conscientious are these people, not willing to omit any duty!' This love of the praise of men hath corrupted your souls inwardly till no truth is left therein. Outwardly is show and ceremony, but within is death. Look in, and ye will see how empty ye are. Ye are like the marble monuments which ye have raised over the graves of the prophets: they are beautiful without, but foul within.



Ye have grown hard in this trodden road of use, and ye will kill the prophets the Lord sends you to-day, while ye are building monuments to those whom your fathers killed."

Jesus went on thus, speaking to them in words of deep earnestness; and yet he seemed filled with an unutterable sorrow while he spoke. He yearned toward these men, longing to be to them the good physician, who must first show the whole evil and danger of the disease before he can cure it. He told them of the woe which was sure to come to them when their eyes were opened, and they saw how they had made their hearts hard against the truth.

"Woe, woe, to you!" he said, — "woe and sorrow; for ye who should teach the people justice, mercy, and faith, only teach them to make the outside of the cup and platter clean. Ye strain out a gnat, and swallow a camel; ye love what is highest in the eyes of men, — titles and places and honors. Ye love to be called master, when there is but one master over us all. Ye love to have men call you doctor and father, when we have one Father, who is our Father in heaven. This is the evil which first corrupts your souls, and then, through you, the soul of the whole people, till all things lean the wrong way, toward ruin. Open your eyes, and see the signs of the times. The hour of destruction approaches, and is already at hand. O proud Jerusalem, thou art tottering to thy fall! O stately temple, thou art already a heap of ruins! But it is not too late to turn now, if ye, leaders of the people, will only repent, and follow the truth which is in your midst."

Something like this he said, as well as I can remember. And a trembling came over the hearers, yet some faces gathered blackness. And one, who was a scribe, a teacher of the law, answered, and said, "Master, in speaking thus, thou reproachest our whole profession also; for we teach the people how to follow the law, and explain it to them: therefore, if ruin is at hand, we cannot have taught it to them aright."

And Jesus answered, "Truly thou hast said it. Ye make the yoke of the law heavy, when ye should make it light; ye multiply minute commands; ye bind your lives with rules, till nothing is left for love and joy. Ye do not help the people to carry their burdens, nor bring them to see the love of their Father: ye show him to them as one who always commands, and will be obeyed, who says, 'Go, do this;' 'Go, do that;' but not as one who says, 'Come, my children, come and trust in my goodness and my love.' So did not the prophets teach. They taught that the Lord was weary of the multitude of sacrifices, and wished not for the blood of bullocks and lambs, but for mercy and justice, pity for the fatherless, kindness to the widow. And ye go out of Jerusalem and build marble monuments to the prophets who taught thus, and then return to teach otherwise. This is hypocrisy and falsehood. The people cannot read the words of the prophets: ye are set to teach them this knowledge. The key to it is in your hands; and ye lock the door, and take away the key. Ye bury the soul of the prophets with their bodies in these tombs on the side of the mountain. Ye are full of zeal, and compass sea and land to make proselytes to the law of Moses. Ye do not teach them the spirit of Moses, but washings, and fastings, and sabbaths, and meats; so that ye put death, and not life, into their hearts. Are ye not blind guides, teaching vain distinctions, and laying stress on unmeaning rules. Ye say a man may swear by the temple, and need not keep his oath; he may swear by the altar, and swear falsely, yet do no wrong: but if he take an oath by the gold of the temple, or the gift on the altar, then he must keep it. Thus ye teach men how they may swear falsely, when ye ought to teach them that when they say 'Yes' or 'No,' their 'Yes' should be really 'Yes,' and their 'No' really 'No.' Truly ye harden the hearts of the people, and teach them to worship God in falsehood. So, at last, the voice of truth is hateful to you. If God

shall send to you prophets and teachers of his truth, ye will be angry with them, and kill them; ye will drive them out of your synagogues. If Isaiah should come back, and say to you what he said to your fathers, ye would scourge him and slay him. The same spirit of pride is in you which has persecuted all the teachers of God's truth, and thus ye make yourselves guilty of all the righteous blood which has been shed from the beginning of the world until this day. All the woe and misery which that innocent blood demands will come upon this generation. The suffering draws near: the black cloud is now hanging over Jerusalem. O Jerusalem, sacred city of God, remorseless city, which has resisted God's truth, and stoned his prophets; woe to thee, woe! But how have I tried to save thee! how patiently have I taught in the courts of the Lord's house! how I have sought to shelter thee from the wrath to come! how I have endeavored to cover thee with the wings of my love! I might have saved thee from this dreadful woe, but thou wouldest not. I shall not enter Jerusalem again until the day when I shall hear the people chant the psalm of praise to the Messiah of God."

Thus he spake, looking into the future. And a great fear came over all who heard; so that they arose in silence, and went their way.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE LAST JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM, NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

YE may suppose, my children, that, after this wonderful event of the return to life of Lazarus, all my doubts would have come to an end, and that I should then have felt certain of the nearness of God, and that my master, Jesus, was sent by him. The event made a deep impression on my mind, but it did not convince me. I argued thus, "What we call death is not such an impassable gulf as we suppose. It seems, that, under certain conditions, one who hath actually passed the boundary may return to this life again. The vital power of a living man may attach itself to the soul which hath left the body, and draw it back again. We know nothing of the connection of soul and body. We have no reason to disbelieve in the return to life, except that it hath never been certainly known to take place. If we see it take place, then the only reason for disbelieving it disappears. There are no physical or anatomical reasons for disbelieving, only this absence of experience; that is, our ignorance whether any such revival of life hath taken place. In the present instance there can be no doubt that Lazarus was dead. He might indeed be in a trance, for trances may last four days; and a trance in which there is no perceptible movement of the lungs or heart for eighty or ninety hours is the same thing as death. What difference is there between them?"

Thus, though I was willing to believe that Lazarus had actually returned from death to life, I saw in this event only

a proof of the exceptional physical or vital force of the master, shown in a less degree by his curing other diseases. It was the highest example of the power of soul over body, of spirit over matter, of vital forces over physical atoms. God was no nearer to me in this event than in the unfolding of buds and seeds in the spring. Raising one dead man to life is certainly not so great a miracle as raising a whole dead world to life. Thus I found it impossible to conquer my obstinate unbelief. God and immortality were no nearer than before ; and I was seized with a new despair, instead of a new hope. The black shadow of doubt seemed to settle down on my soul more darkly than ever. I then saw how little influence any outward event, however wonderful, has on mental and moral convictions ; and I understood the truth of the saying of Jesus in one of his stories, "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one should rise from the dead."

But, though this strange event had so slight an influence on my mind, it produced a vast change in the attitude of the Jews in Jerusalem. It had been the fashion in the great city to ridicule our prophet and his disciples. Men thought it absurd for a prophet to come from Galilee, or that any thing good could proceed from Nazareth. But, as soon as this history of Lazarus was noised abroad, a change came over the city. Men stood in groups talking about it, and declaring that Jesus was certainly the King who was to come. Even in the Sanhedrim, and among the priests of the temple, many declared that they would follow him as soon as he openly claimed the office. Dark threats began to be uttered against the chief priests and the Pharisees who were opposed to him. "This is always the way," men said. "They build tombs to the prophets who lived five hundred years ago ; but, as soon as God sends us a new prophet, they try to kill him. But they shall not kill Jesus, even if we have to pull down the temple over their heads." Thus the

city was full of ferment. And the enemies of Jesus became much alarmed, and did not dare to speak openly against him; but privately, as I afterward heard, they discussed the plan of seizing Lazarus by night, smothering him, so that no sign of violence should appear, and putting him secretly in the sepulchre where he was before. Then they meant to deny that any such wonder had been done, and intended to invite those who believed in it to choose a number of persons to examine the sepulchre, and see if his body were not still there. Such was the plan, but I suppose they found it too difficult to execute. Nevertheless, they took among themselves a resolution, confirming it with an oath, that Jesus should be put to death as soon as they could find a way to accomplish their purpose.

Howbeit, great numbers came from Jerusalem to see the prophet. He had again retired, and gone to the neighborhood of the city called Ephraim. This was a day's journey from Jerusalem. Hundreds of persons came to him there every day, asking him questions. One day there arrived a body of Pharisees, who requested to see him, and talk with him. They were led to him by some of his disciples, of whom a large number watched near him day and night, for fear of the Jews; though he himself said, "My time has not yet come. If I die, it will be in Jerusalem." However, we brought these Pharisees to him, and this conversation took place.

PHARISEES. — "Master, how soon will the kingdom of God come? and what shall be the signs thereof?"

JESUS. — "The kingdom of God cometh without any display or any outward show. When it cometh, no man will be able to point to one place, and say, 'Here it is;' or to another place, and say, 'There it is.' When it cometh, it cometh within your soul, to be known, and not seen. The day of Christ will come as the lightning, which shines all round the sky at once, and you see it everywhere, — in one place and in all places."

PHARISEES. — “But when the Christ cometh, shall we not see him? Will he not be somewhere?”

JESUS. — “You will see him, but not know him: you will seek him, but not find him. In that great coming there will be terror and anguish, and then you will wish for one of the days of the Son of man. But it will be too late. You reject the reign of peace, and you will have war. Then you will say, ‘Would we had followed the Son of man!’ That day will come without warning. Every one will be eating and drinking and marrying, without anxiety or dread. Then shall be the days of dreadful calamity, for you are permitting the hour which never returns to go by.”

So he talked with them every day. Once they asked questions about the law of marriage and divorce. They quoted the law of Moses, which allows a man to put away his wife by giving her a bill of divorce, called, in our tongue, a “GET.” And there are many rules concerning the *Gettin* among the rabbis; as, for example, by what messenger it may be sent, and how attested, and the like. Jesus said, “Let such divorces cease; for the man and wife should keep together, and not be divorced.” But they said, “Moses allowed it.” Then he answered that there was something before Moses, and higher than Moses; and that was the eternal law of right, the law that was in the beginning, in the nature of man when God created him. He added, that Moses was obliged to give to the people, not absolute justice, but such a law as would be obeyed; and so, because men’s hearts were hard, he allowed this freedom of divorce. And I saw with wonder that Jesus elevated the law written in the human soul by the Creator above the law written on stone by Moses.

Now Jesus began to tell us that he should go up to Jerusalem, to the Feast of the Passover. And we were amazed and afraid, knowing that the high priest (who was a kind of king, appointed by the Romans, with power to

rule the nation) had determined, with the other priests and rulers, to put Jesus to death. Orders had been given that he should be seized and imprisoned, and all men were commanded to betray his residence, wherever it might be. It is true that this arrest could not easily take place during the feast in the daytime, since the master was then always surrounded by a multitude of friends; and an attempt to seize him would cause a tumult, which the Jewish rulers wished anxiously to avoid. Any serious uproar would be eagerly seized by the Romans as an excuse for destroying the self-government which remained to our people, and the Jewish rulers would be despoiled at once of their power; but if they could find Jesus alone, or with only a few friends, they would not hesitate to make him a prisoner. Therefore, as I said, we were amazed and alarmed to hear him say that he should go up to Jerusalem.

And there was much that confused us, also, in his way of speaking about what was to come to pass. He spoke with great confidence of immediately establishing the new kingdom of Israel. The world would be made new; he should be seated on a glorious throne; and we his missionaries should also have twelve thrones, each one of us ruling one of the tribes of our nation, and all subject to him, the supreme King. I, indeed, did not hear him say this, but it was told me by Matthew; and I think that Matthew might have mistaken his language, as this was very different from his usual teaching. He might have said, "Ye shall be greater than kings, and shall rule the tribes of Israel by the power of my word." But I, as well as Peter, heard him say, that we who followed him faithfully would receive a hundred-fold more than we renounced. So, indeed, we have, but not in outward power and possession, as we then dreamed; instead thereof we have received power to bring souls out of despair and death into life and peace. We have been made kings and priests of God, ruling in the king-



dom of truth. We see our Master coming in the clouds of heaven, amid the confusions of thought and dying beliefs, to be the King of the world, before whose majesty the highest minds must bow down.

All my fellow-disciples were sure that the reign of our master would soon begin. Two of them, James and John, were impelled by their mother, a woman of much ambition, to secure beforehand the highest places under the new government. Therefore they took an opportunity when he was alone, to ask him to promise them whatever they might desire. He told them to say what they wished. And, when they told their desire, he said, "Ye do not know what ye are asking. To be next to me in my kingdom means to drink a cup of bitterness such as ye cannot imagine: it is to descend into the baptismal waters of an agony such as your souls do not understand. Are ye ready for this?" They answered, "We are ready." Then he said, as though speaking to himself, "Yes, truly, ye will drink of that cup, and be baptized with such a baptism; but I have no power to say who shall come next to me in my work. God my Father can alone tell what souls shall be prepared for that honor. He will select them for it; not I."

One of our number heard this conversation, and told the others. We were all greatly indignant with James and John for seeking privately this advantage over the rest of us.

Jesus, observing this jealousy in our minds, called us together, and said to us, "The way to become great in my kingdom differs from the way in which men become great in the kingdoms of this world, where each one tries to gain something from his neighbor. In my kingdom one becomes the greatest by helping and serving others. He who doth the most service to man will come nearest to me, and be on my right hand; for all that my Father giveth to me is given because I have made myself the servant of all mankind. This is God's law for my kingdom: that whoever

wisheth to have must give ; whoever wisheth to go up must be willing to go down ; whoever wisheth to be served and helped must make himself the servant and helper of his brethren. Thus have I come, not to be waited on, and not to be served, but to serve others, and work for others. I come to give my life and all my powers to redeem men from slavery, and make them free. I make myself a servant, to ransom others from the service of sin.”

Having told us that he was going to Jerusalem to be made king, he also said that he was going to Jerusalem to be put to death. He was to come in the clouds, surrounded by angels, and to sit on his throne ; but he was to be killed by the rulers, and to rise on the third day. All this confused our minds. For how could he be killed, and be king at the same time ? And what did he mean by rising on the third day ? What third day ?

We had been journeying for a short time on the east of the Jordan ; and now we went down to the fords of that river, which were opposite to Jericho. The morning sun was shining on the waters of the river as they rushed sparkling between their steep banks. But the stream at this place is not deep ; and we were soon over, and ascended through the valley. The fragrance of balsam, which was cultivated for its costly perfume, filled the air. A vast forest of palms rose before us ; above them we saw the white, jagged summits of the mountains of Judæa. Men were at work in the rich fields on either side, amid the corn ; or gathering figs and pomegranates ; or cutting the cane to make sugar. Horses and cattle were feeding, or lazily dozing in the shadows. Roses and oleanders, scarlet and yellow flowers, and all kinds of plants, grew on either side of our path. Many pilgrims journeyed with us, and the rumor of the master's coming had gone before. As we approached Jericho, and saw the great castles built by Herod, — the fort called Cyprus, and the lofty tower Phasaelus, — a large company came forth to meet

us. Many Romans and strangers were there, for this was almost a Roman city. As we entered the gate, the crowds filled the streets, gazing at the prophet, and covered the summit of the amphitheatre of stone which Herod had built for the shows of wild beasts and gladiators. Below the walls of the amphitheatre there grew a tall fig-tree. As we passed, we saw a man sitting on one of the lower branches, gazing at the master. Jesus looked up at him with a smile, and said, "Make haste, Zaccheus, and come down; for to-day I must abide at thy house." This man Zaccheus was a Roman publican, chief of the tax-gatherers, and a rich man. He had made his fortune by selling to other publicans the right to collect the tax on the balsam-crops of the valley; and, as all the evil and hardship of such taxes is apt to be laid on the man who is the instrument, Zaccheus was disliked by the people. It was a rule of the Pharisees not to eat, nor even to speak, with the Roman tax-gatherers. Jesus had seen Zaccheus before, and knew him to be a man who had a longing in his heart for something better. Zaccheus was joyful at being thus chosen to receive Jesus, and gladly welcomed us to his home. When he had prepared a supper for us, and had also invited many of his friends to come in, he rose in the court where we were sitting to eat, and said, "Master, my heart is full of joy at thy great goodness in coming into my home. I wish to show my gratitude to God for this blessing: therefore I have determined to give to the poor of this place every year half of all the money I receive. And, as I know that I have been sometimes unjust and oppressive, I now declare, that, if I have taken any thing from any man by a false accusation, I am ready to restore to him fourfold." I believe, that, before he said this, he had confessed to Jesus his sins, and had received pardon from on high, which filled his soul full of grateful love. Jesus was well pleased, and said, "Near this place John the Baptizer declared, that, if the Jewish

people were faithless, God could take the stones from the bed of the Jordan, and make of them children of Abraham. God hath fulfilled this to-day. He hath taken thee, O Zacheus, from a people who are hard as stones, and made of thee a true child of Abraham." And in this act Jesus, in order to seek and save that which was lost, opposed both the prejudice of the people and the authority of the rulers.

After remaining a few days in Jericho, and teaching the people there, and healing a blind man, Jesus went on as far as Bethany. At this time he did not stay with Martha and Mary, but in the house of Simon, called the leper, whom he had before cured of his leprosy. Simon was a neighbor and friend of the two sisters, and both were there, and Lazarus also.

I did not go in to the entertainment, but sat outside, beneath a tree. As I was looking at the clouds which drifted by, I suddenly became aware of a person coming near to me. Soon I perceived it was Mary, the sister of Lazarus, whom I knew well. By her face I saw that something had happened to her, and asked her what it was.

She answered, "O Thomas! a new fear hath darkened my joy. The master gave us back my brother: he hath lifted us all to God. How can we love him enough? how be grateful enough? But he is in danger: his enemies lie in wait for him. I hear of their threats. They say he shall not escape them this time. They are determined to kill him. And I am only a weak woman: I can do nothing to save him.

"To-day I longed to show my grateful love in some way that would let all men know how much I reverence him. I would show by a royal consecration that I believe him to be the King of Israel. I had been keeping for many years an alabaster box of very costly balsam, such as men use, I have been told, to anoint kings with on the day of their coronation. I said, 'I can do this for him: I can pour this balsam on his head. I cannot speak, and say what

I believe, I cannot do any thing to defend him; but this I can do: I can show that one person at least thinks him the King of the world.'

"It was hard to do it. At one time I thought I should not dare to go. I said, 'They will laugh at me, they will think me bold or foolish: it may be thought not modest. It will not do any good: it may only make his enemies more angry; it may call down their hatred on my poor brother. I had better not do it.'

"But somehow my heart always answered, 'Go!' And I went. And in the midst of the feast some power stronger than myself made me break the box, and pour out the precious balsam on his head and his feet. All who were there looked at me with amazement; and I heard some say, 'This is a great waste: it ought to have been sold, and given to the poor.' Then my heart sank within me; for I knew how much the master loved the poor, and that he never wished any honor for himself, but said that he came not to be ministered unto. Thus I stood trembling, fearing his rebuke. But directly I heard his voice saying in gentle tones, 'Trouble her not, she hath done a good work for me: she hath done what she could. She hath come beforehand to anoint my body for the burial. Ye have the poor with you always, but me ye have not always.' And then he said something more, about this deed of mine being spoken of with praise through all time; but I could not have heard aright, since what have I done worthy of praise or remembrance? I am so happy because he seemed pleased at the offering, yet I am sad at what he said about his death. O Thomas! how can such a one as he be permitted to die? How can the Lord let such a one be taken away, when his great work is only begun?"

Then I replied to Mary, and said, "His thoughts have been full of death during these last days; and I think thy precious balsam smelt to him like the perfume of an em-

balmed body. It was not the anointing of a Christ, but of a corpse. O Mary! how can we let him go? How great he is, how generous and wise, to accept thy gift so graciously! Those who complained, and thought it wasted, are those who think those things only useful which are done for the body; but thine act of love was a comfort to his soul. It is the Devil who says that man lives by bread only, but our master tells us that man also liveth by every word that goeth forth from the mouth of God. Thy act, O Mary, was one of those words; for God put it into thy heart to do it."

This happened on the sabbath day; and we passed the night in Bethany. The next day, being the first day of the week, we left Bethany early, in the company of a great number of pilgrims from Galilee and Peræa,—all of them disciples and friends of the master. The day was beautiful; and the sun shone brightly on the procession, which wound along the slope of the Mount of Olives. All was bright without and within. The very air seemed full of hope. A great conviction had seized all minds, that Jesus was the King who was to come, who should restore to Israel its independence, and make Jerusalem the royal city of the whole Eastern world. Far to the West, Rome, seated on her seven hills, was the city of the kingdoms of this world: here at Jerusalem was to be the city of the kingdom of heaven. The Kaiser ruled there: the Christ should govern here. We would render to the Kaiser the things which were his, but to God the things which belonged to God. The hour had come,—the great hour,—foreseen by the prophets and the sibyls, when there should be peace on earth, and good will from God to man; and Jesus himself, for the first time, did not forbid us to call him King. This showed that the great day of the Lord had come.

Leaving Bethany, and the dark descent to Jericho, behind, the procession moved along the road, through the tall date-palms, up the ridge, to its summit. We looked back, and

saw Bethany, the House of Dates, behind and below us, covering a shattered mass of rocks, which came out like a shelf for the town to stand upon. Beyond, to the east, rose the black mountains of Moab; around were gardens of olives and figs, enclosed in their old gray walls. Our road wound between the summits, sometimes ascending, and then going down into a little valley. On the left the hill fell, like a precipice, toward the Valley of Hinnom. Onward we went, ascending again toward the higher summit of the mountain. All at once a part of the great city began to appear. Mount Zion came into view, with Herod's castle built on the place where the house of David had stood. When the people saw this old city of David, they began to cry out, "Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is the coming kingdom of our father David." The whole multitude stood still, gazing at the city, and raising their hymn of triumph. But some of the Pharisees were displeased, because they thought Jesus had no right to claim the office of the Messiah of God until the priest and rulers had examined his claims; and they said, "Master, rebuke thy disciples." But he replied, pointing to the loose stones which lay by the side of the road, "If these held their peace, the very stones would cry out." And the Pharisees were silent.

Then the multitude once more moved forward. The city disappeared from view for a moment, hidden by a mass of rock which rose between. But soon the road ascended higher; and now we came upon a level platform of stone; and immediately Jerusalem appeared in full view, the sun shining on its marble walls and lofty towers. In the middle of the city, high above the valley, arose the majestic temple. Again the multitude burst into a chant of thanksgiving. Here the road wound to the right to avoid a deep gully. As we looked over this depression, we saw another multitude approaching from the other side to meet us. They heard our chant, and caught it up, and also sang, "Hosanna to the Son

of David!" On their way up the hill from Jerusalem, they had taken the long leaves of the palm from the gardens on both sides of the way; and as they reached us they divided on either side the road, and laid down their palm-leaves for Jesus to walk upon. We who had no palms took off our upper garments, and laid them on the road beneath his feet. But Jesus beckoned to Matthew and myself, and said to us, "Cross the valley by the footpath, while we go around by the longer circuit of the road. When ye come to where the path meets the road on the other side, ye will find an ass tied in front of a cottage. Loose him, and bring him up the road to meet me. And, if the owners ask why ye do it, tell them it is for me and they will give the ass to you." This we did; and when we reached the master, and put our garments on the ass, he rode on him. And the people understood the meaning of this action, and cried out, "The King of Peace cometh. He cometh in meekness and lowliness of mind. Hosanna to the King of Peace!" For in that country, my children, merchants and men of peace ride on the ass, and only soldiers and rulers ride on the horse.

Thus we moved on again. The multitude from Jerusalem turned round, and went in front, and we who had left Bethany came behind.

And now we reached the descent of the hill, and once more we stopped for a moment. Then sadness came over the face of Jesus. Tears fell from his eyes while he looked at the city, because he knew that its rulers were not willing to receive him, the King of Peace, but demanded a King of War. He saw that the city and nation would thus be ruined, and his heart bled at the thought. It did not know, this great city of our fathers, that God was once more visiting it by this prophet, to offer it either life and good, or death and evil, as it might choose. Jesus saw the ruin that would come, and he wept.

Once more the great multitude moved forward, and de-



scended the mountain, entering the city gates, and going toward the temple. We were joined, as we went, by other multitudes, all of whom took up our hymn of praise. Crowds filled the streets, and followed us. Arriving at the temple, we passed first into the large Court of the Gentiles. This court was thought by the Jews less sacred than the rest, because it belonged to the Gentiles, who could not go farther under pain of death; and therefore they had leased to certain persons places in this court, where they could sell the sheep and doves for the sacrifices. Others were there as money-changers, to change foreign money into the half-shekel which every male Jew over twenty years of age must pay annually into the treasury. The law required half a shekel from each Jew. The temple officers demanded that each Jew should deposit the exact coin. As the number of half-shekels in existence was not large, those which were paid in were immediately sold again, with one-tenth added to their value. Thus the same coin would be paid in a great many times each year, with a profit every time, which was divided between the officers of the temple, and the money-changers furnished with coin from the treasury.

Jesus entered this Court of the Gentiles, accompanied by the great multitude, who had formed a triumphal procession around him. Indignation seized him when he saw the place of worship for the nations of the world treated with such contempt by the priesthood, who ought to have welcomed the Gentiles to the worship of the one true God. The divine anger of the prophets of old seized him; and, like as ancient seers spoke to the sight of men by outward actions, he took a whip of small cord, and drove from the court these traffickers. In a voice so loud and clear that all could hear, he cried, "Have ye not read what the Lord said? — 'My house shall be called a house of prayer FOR ALL NATIONS; but ye have made it a den of thieves.'" He told them, that, when the Lord had declared that his house should be the

temple where all mankind might worship, they had excluded all but themselves from the interior places of sacrifice, and then, leaving only one outside court for all other nations, had profaned *that* by their traffic. Thus he who just before had wept for the approaching ruin of his own city and people, now showed the love he felt for the outside world. The Jew was his fellow-countryman; but the Gentile, also, was his fellow-man.

And Jesus passed on, with the great company of his followers, into the Court of the Women. Again the multitude broke forth into hosannahs, crying, "Hosannah to the King, the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord! We have blessed you out of the house of the Lord!" And, when they ceased, a multitude of children began to respond, singing the same psalm which the priests chanted in honor of the Messiah, the King who was to come. And their little voices arose in praise of the King who comes in the name of the Lord. And they sang, "Open to me the gate of righteousness, I will go in and praise the Lord."

But the priests and rulers were much displeased, thinking that the worship of the temple should be performed by themselves alone. They thought it wrong for little children to sing in the temple. And for these reasons they desired the more to destroy the master. But on this day they did not dare to do any thing, since the whole multitude were full of faith that Jesus was the King who was to come. In the day time he was surrounded by his friends; and in the night time he retired from the city to where the Galileans had their tents, — on the other side of the Mount of Olives. There, likewise, he was in the midst of his friends, and was safe. The only danger for him would be if he were at any time alone, or with only his disciples near him.

But this night we returned in safety to Bethany, and all things were prosperous. The people appeared ready to accept him as their Leader and spiritual King. His enemies were silenced, his friends encouraged.

The second day of the week also dawned brightly. Very early we took our way, with the multitudes, toward Jerusalem. Near the road we saw a fig-tree which seemed full of fruit, and we went toward it to gather some of the figs; but what appeared like fruit were indeed dry leaves, for the fig-tree was dying of drought or disease. Then I saw Jesus lift his eyes toward the city and the temple, on which the sun had just arisen, and he said sadly, "No one shall ever again eat thy fruit." Afterward, Matthew and Simon said that he had cursed the fig-tree; but to me it appeared he was speaking of Jerusalem, and that the barren fig-tree had seemed to him a type of the nation which would not bring forth fruit to God. The next morning, when we passed that way again, the fig-tree had withered almost wholly away, which caused Matthew to say that Jesus had cursed it, and wrought a marvel to destroy it. But Jesus answered, "Verily I say unto you that if we have faith, and do not doubt in our heart we could lift this mountain, and cause it to fall into the sea." And the disciples thought he spoke of the Mount of Olives on which we stood; but I knew that his soul was exceeding sorrowful because of the hardness of the people's heart, and that his mind was always full of this thought: therefore I believe that he meant that their prejudice was as great as a mountain, preventing them from receiving the truth. He, therefore, was praying to God for power to roll away that mountain from their souls. For what was a fig-tree to him, or the marvel of destroying its life? Was he displeased with fig-trees? Had he not, long ago, in his temptation, refused and resisted all displays of power? I suppose, therefore, that the disciples were mistaken in this, and did not see the master's meaning.

We went onward again, and entered the temple on this the second day of the week, which we call the second of the sabbath; but the Romans call it the Day of the Moon.

The act of Jesus in his solemn purification of the Gen-

tiles' Court had increased the rage of the rulers: it was an interference with the police of the temple, which belonged to themselves. Moreover, it interfered with their revenue derived from the sale of the half-shekel. And, again, it was another proof of his purpose to break down the partition wall between Jew and Gentile, and to set up a universal kingdom of God on earth. In allowing the multitude to sing in his honor the Messiah's psalm, he was accepting the kingdom for himself. As they did not dare, in the present condition of the public mind, to risk a tumult by arresting him, they determined to discuss his claims, and convince the people that he had no right to be taken as the Messiah. Before his inspiration they were powerless, but they hoped to conquer him in argument. If they could induce him to discuss his claims, they relied on their logical skill, acquired by long practice in their schools. "He appeals to feeling," said they: "he carries away the people by his high prophetic words: but, if we can engage him in argument, we bring him down from heaven to earth. He will then cease to be an inspired prophet, and become a mere philosopher, — only one rabbi among others."

Therefore they made their arrangements, and prepared questions to put to him, and hoped, by thus leading him from the ground of insight to that of inquiry, to despoil him of his power. As soon as a prophet begins to discuss, instead of knowledge, he can only give arguments; then he ceases to lead. The power of Jesus had always been in this, that he spoke what he knew, and testified what he had seen. He seldom argued, but usually affirmed. He announced heavenly facts and divine laws, and made them visible to those who heard. Thus he spoke with authority; and he differed from the scribes, to whom every question had two sides, and nothing was certain. The power of Jesus, as of all prophets, was, that he made truth appear as a reality, and not as a speculation; for prophets unveil truth,

whence they are said to bring a revelation, and are also called seers, because they see heavenly things.

As soon, therefore, as Jesus had taken his place in the Gentiles' Court (where the traffickers no longer were seen, having gone outside of the temple), a learned body of elders and rulers came to him, and spoke thus : —

“The Great Council, in whom the government of the nation rests, have heard of thy actions, O prophet of Galilee! Yesterday thou drovest from this court, with great violence, those whom we had allowed to deal here in matters pertaining to the temple sacrifices and temple taxes. Thou oughtest to have complained to us, if thou thoughtest this traffic wrong, and to have asked us, as guardians of the temple, to purify its courts. As thou didst not do this, but hast acted without our consent, we ask, in the name of the Great Council of Israel, for thine authority. Some say that thou claimest to be the Messiah. If thou art, thou hast full rights over us and over the temple; but thou must prove that right, and the council demands that thou shouldst do it. Say, then, by what authority thou doest these things.”

Jesus looked at them calmly, and replied, “I, also, will ask you one question. If ye answer me, I will tell you by what authority I do these things. The baptism of John the Baptist — was it from heaven, or of men?”

Never saw I men so confused. Astonishment came over them, and they hastily consulted together. All saw the dilemma in which they were placed by this question which seemed so simple; for, if they admitted that John was sent by God, Jesus would then have asked why they, the Great Council, who claimed the power to know and decide concerning all prophets, had not believed in him? They would thus admit, that either by their own ignorance, or disobedience to God's will, they had rejected a prophet of God. Having done this, what right had they to decide on the claims of Jesus? But they dared not say, in the presence of the

people, that John had not been sent by God; for the death of John, slain by Herod for his fidelity, had made him sacred in the eyes of the nation. He was now its great saint and martyr.

Therefore the delegates hesitated, and at last replied that they could not say. Then Jesus replied, "Neither tell I you by what authority I do these things." And all men justified Jesus, saying, "If these scribes and rulers are so ignorant of the things of God, what right have they to decide upon the claims of this prophet of Galilee?"

But Jesus, not satisfied with having defeated them, desired, like a skilful general, to turn their defeat into a rout, and thus went on, —

"If ye cannot answer that question, let me ask another. A certain man had two sons. He came to the first, and said, 'Son, go work to-day in my vineyard.' The young man answered, 'I will not,' but afterward repented, and went. He came to the other, and said likewise. And he answered, and said, 'I go, sir,' and went not. Whether of these twain did the will of his father?"

This time the delegates were unwilling to confess their ignorance, since it would be disgraceful to say twice that they could not answer such simple questions: therefore they replied, "The first."

Then Jesus answered, "Truly ye say well; for only those who obey God are his true servants, though they may have long refused to do so. The publicans and harlots did not call themselves the servants of God; but, when God called them by his prophet John, they believed him, and obeyed. But ye, who always say to God, 'We will go,' have not obeyed when he called you. When the kingdom of heaven comes, you will still do the same. The publicans and harlots will go into that kingdom before you."

Thus he spoke, awful in his indignation, and they trembled before him. Again: he told a story of some wicked husband-

men, who beat and killed all the servants the master sent to them to claim the fruit of his vineyard, and at last killed their lord's own son. "What will the master do when he cometh? He will destroy those husbandmen, and give the vineyard to others."

And the scribes and rulers knew well what this story meant; for the prophets of old had compared Israel to a vineyard which the Lord had planted, and which gave no fruit, and prophesied that he would take away the wall, and let it be trampled down. Knowing this, they said, "God forbid that the Lord should take away the kingdom from Israel, and cease to be our God, and become the God of strangers." And many of the people said "Amen."

But Jesus answered, "Verily, it will be a sad day when the house of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob becomes desolate, and the Gentiles become heirs of your inheritance. Why, then, do ye stone God's prophets, and not hearken to them when he sends them to you, rising up early to send them? If Israel is a barren fig-tree, it will be cut down; for it cumbereth the ground where a fruitful tree might stand. Have ye not read, 'The stone which the builders refused is become the head-stone of the corner'? Unless ye speedily return to God, and obey him, and listen to his prophets, the kingdom shall be taken from you, and given to a people bringing forth the fruits thereof. And many shall come from the east and the west, and sit down with Abraham in heaven, while the children of Israel are cast out."

Thus he spoke, appealing to these rulers and rabbis with words in which a great power of truth was mingled with a mighty persuasion of love. He called on them to give up their trust in force and skill, and become the servants of the heavenly grace. He begged them, for the sake of their holy nation and city, not to make light of this invitation of their King, who had a marriage-feast prepared and waiting for them, and would call in, if they refused to come, the very

outcasts and beggars from the streets of the world to take their place. So mighty were his words, that a terror and a tenderness came over the multitude; and many of the Pharisees were touched; but there was a body of them standing in the midst, so hard in their pride, that all this divine persuasion fell on their ears like rain against a castle wall, and they were the more determined to destroy him. They, therefore, devised another plan, and prepared another question, which might make him odious to the people or to the Romans. There came before him certain Pharisees who objected to paying taxes to Rome, and with them certain of those called followers of Herod, who thought the Romans should be obeyed in all things. They pretended to be in a dispute among themselves, as to whether the Jewish people ought to pay the tribute to the Roman Kaisar, — a tribute which was first laid on them by Pompey the Great after he took Jerusalem. Therefore, hoping to entice Jesus to teach rebellion against Rome, they said to him that they knew he feared no man, and always told the truth, whether men would hear or forbear, and regarded not the person of the Roman governor, nor his power. "Tell us, therefore," said they, "is it lawful to pay tribute to the Kaisar, or not?"

But he replied, asking for the tribute-money, that he might look upon it. They produced a denarius, a Roman coin. He demanded whose image and inscription was on it; and they answered, "The head and inscription of the Kaisar." Then he said, "Give to the Kaisar what belongs to him, and to God what belongs to him." Now, we knew that the Kaisar only claimed the outward tribute of money, for which he gave protection to the outward life; but God demands the inward tribute of worship and obedience. To pay tribute to the Kaisar, therefore, did not prevent us from worshipping God, and obeying him. We could not serve God and mammon; but we could serve God, and let mammon serve the Kaisar.



At this time, and at other times, they had selected their wisest rabbis to debate these questions with Jesus. These rabbis had spent their lives in argument. They were familiar with such controversies in every part. They knew every position which could be taken, and all the answers that could be made. They were practised in subtlety, keen to detect sophism and fallacy, and were masters in what the Greeks call logic, or the dialectic art. They were sure that they could confute this young man, who had been trained in no school, and was ignorant of all the turns and winding ways of these arguments. Therefore it was strange to see them silenced and helpless before him, knowing not what to say. His replies were full of light, clear as sunshine, and made their questions ridiculous. He answered their difficulties by letting in more light. His method reminded me of a parable I once heard in the synagogue. "Two men in a dark chamber disputed. One said, 'We are near the ocean; for I hear the sound of water.' The other said, 'We are in the city; for I hear the sound of wheels.' But a child who was in the room said, 'Why do you not open the shutters and see?' And the child opened the shutters and let in the light; and they looked through the window, and saw that they were neither by the sea, nor yet in the city, but in the country, near a mill, the wheels of which were turned by a running stream."

Thus Jesus answered them by showing them something which made their question unnecessary. He removed the controversy to another region, lifting it to a higher point, where they could overlook the whole question. He conducted them to a new field, where all their old arguments were plainly out of place. He replied to all their difficulties by taking them up higher, into a region where the difficulties disappeared. This was seen when another body of questioners arrived.

Those who came next were Sadducees, — men who were

like the Epicureans of Greece and of Rome. They said that all we know is matter and its appearances. The soul is either nothing, or it is a form of matter. When the body is dissolved, the soul disappears; as when a lyre is broken, there can be no more music. This, also, was my opinion, so far as I had any fixed opinion.

Now, the Sadducees were in alliance with the priests and rulers. They feared Jesus, because he seemed about to take away the power of the Great Council, and assume authority as the Messiah of God. Thus they also came forward with prepared arguments, telling of a woman who had seven husbands according to the Mosaic law, and asking whose wife she should be in the resurrection. With this question they had often confused the Pharisees, and hoped, by its means, to confuse Jesus. But he answered that they erred, and that in the resurrection there were no marriages. He also gave them, as proof that the dead rise and live, the words which God said to Moses, "I am the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob;" adding that "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." Thus he made them see that whoever belongs to God, and whom God loves, must live. Those who are his cannot perish; for he is life, and his life must make *them* alive.

No such argument as this had been used by the defenders of immortality. I had studied the arguments for a future life, in the Phædo, and in the Tusculan Disputations. Socrates, in Plato, argues that the soul is immortal, for these reasons: First, all opposites generate each other, and as death follows life, so life must follow death; secondly, since the soul remembers what happened before birth, it follows that it existed before its body, and therefore need not end with its body; thirdly, the soul cannot be dissolved, since it is a pure unit, and indivisible; fourthly, the soul is not the result of the body, as music is the result of a flute; since it is a cause, and not an effect. These are the argu-

ments of Socrates. They convince us while we read them, but afterward leave us with no solid belief. And such are all the arguments for a future life, except this: that we have immortal life abiding in us. When we are in communion with God by trust in his love, then his life flows into our souls, and we need no argument to make us sure of immortality; for, if God be our God, we know that we shall live; since he is not the God of the dead, but the living.

But at this time I had no such trust in God. My mind was tossed on an ocean of doubt, like a vessel at sea in a black night of storms, drifting it knows not whither. Later, I perceived that when we really know God, and receive the grace and truth he has sent to us in Jesus Christ, we have immortal life abiding in us; then all fear of death departs, and we need no argument to prove our immortality.

This answer shows how Jesus departed from the well-trodden road of argument and proofs, and how he gave men new visions of God and eternity, making old arguments seem weak and childish. As he spoke, the realities of heaven became open before us, and men marvelled at these heavenly visions. As the stars fade when the sun rises, so the ceremonies and sacrifices and worship of the temple faded away in the awful presence of divine truth and divine love.

So it was this day, when another—a young scribe, or teacher of the law—came forward, after the Sadducees had departed. As he approached, he looked confident, as though he had some important work to do. The Sanhedrim had appointed him to put another question to Jesus. He was to ask him which was the greatest Commandment of the law.

His plan, as he told me afterward, was this: the scribes and doctors made the whole law consist of something to be done, or not to be done, of duties commanded, or transgressions forbidden. Now, it was necessary to have a body of learned men to explain to the people what these Commandments meant. The first Commandment of the tables of

Moses says, "Thou shalt have no other God before me." But how shall the people know who God is? How shall they know how he is to be worshipped, or what service he demands by this Commandment? Another Commandment says, "Remember that thou keep holy the sabbath day, and do no work therein;" but how shall they know exactly what work they may do, and what not do? They need learned men to decide this, and to explain to them what is lawful, and what not, on the sabbath. The law says, "Honor thy father and mother;" but what must the son do to honor his parents? What is commanded, and what forbidden, by this law? "Thou shalt do no murder;" but what is murder? Is it murder to kill in self-defence? If not, what danger will justify killing? Evidently the written law is not enough: there is needed a body of learned men able to teach its practical application to actual life. The laws are general in their expression, and must be so; and therefore there is needed some class of men to teach how they shall be obeyed in each particular case.

Now, a few days before, when Epinetus, the rich young man, member of the Sanhedrim, had come to Jesus, asking him, "What shall I do to have eternal life?" Jesus had replied, telling him to keep the Commandments by doing right and abstaining from wrong, and ended by telling him to sell all he had, give to the poor, and follow him. What Jesus then demanded for eternal life was outward conduct. The scribe had heard of this. He said to himself, "I will go and ask which of all these Commandments is the most important. Whatever Jesus says, I will then ask, 'How can men know how to obey this Commandment, or precisely what is to be done?' I can show that every outward act needs to be carefully defined and explained, and that to do this requires a body of educated lawyers. And, if so, why does he lead the people to despise our profession, which is so necessary and useful?"

Jesus, who knew what was in man, and saw the things most needed by each, perceived that the soul of Epinetus had become dried up with speculation, and required to be turned to action; but he saw that the lawyer had always been conversing with outward and minute actions, and needed to be turned back upon the things unseen and eternal. Therefore he answered: "The first of all the Commandments is, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, soul, mind, and strength.' That is the first and great Commandment; and the second is like it, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' On these two Commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

And, when Jesus thus spoke, the scribe forgot all his subtle questions, and the answers he had made ready beforehand; for he was a true Israelite at heart, and without inward guile. He saw that love to God will cause us to wish to do his will in all things, and to find out what that will is at all times. He saw that love to man will keep us from wishing to do man any harm, and make us desire to do him all the good we may. As a river in spring overflows its banks, so his heart suddenly overflowed, and he forgot his pride and skill, and was full of awe and reverence. He uttered his soul, and said, "Thou hast said the truth, O master! Love, indeed, is every thing, and will lead to all knowledge. To love God is better than all the sacrifices which are brought to this temple, and all the offerings on that altar." And Jesus said, "Dost thou indeed see this? Then thou art just ready to enter my kingdom."

On this day, which may be called the Day of Discussion, all the attempts to overcome Jesus in debate broke down. Neither the acute Pharisees, nor the hard Sadducees, nor the most learned of the scribes, availed any thing against the pure light which streamed from the soul of Jesus as from a sun. They brought their thoughts, and he gave them his knowledge. All the people saw this difference so plainly,

that his enemies ceased from argument, and did not venture to ask any more questions.

The Pharisees had everywhere circulated a report that Jesus could not be the Messiah who was to come, because he was not descended from David. This argument was used by the Jews after the death of Jesus, when his disciples became numerous. In answer to this, some of the preachers of the gospel produced genealogies from the archives of the Levites, which were carefully kept in every city, to show that the master was indeed descended from David, both by the father and the mother. My brother Paul laughed at this, and said, that whether Jesus was descended from David, or not, was of no moment, inasmuch as he was declared to be the Son of God with power, by his ascent from death into a higher life. Paul exhorted his disciples not to pay any attention to these endless genealogies and old wives' fables. Nor, indeed, did Jesus claim any such outward descent from David, but rather declared that the Messiah ought not to be called David's son, since he was greater than David, and the master of David. And in this, again, he set aside the discussion by taking his opponents with him to a higher position, from which the debate appeared an idle one.

At this time there was standing before us, at a little distance, a group of the Separate Society, earnestly disputing with those about them on this point. I went near to listen to what they said, and heard such words as these: "He cannot be the Messiah, for he is not the son of David. He is a Galilean, born in Nazareth: that settles the question."

Directly Jesus spoke to them, and said, "Draw near. Since you have asked me many questions, I, also, will ask you a question. You say that the Messiah must be the son of David. How, then, is it that David calls the Christ, not his son, but his master, in that psalm in which he describes the Messiah as making the people willing in the day of his power, and as being an eternal priest after the order of

Melchi-Zadek, the king of righteousness? Do fathers call their children lord and master?"

And the Pharisees had nothing to say in answer; but from this I saw that Jesus did not desire to be called son of David. He did not say, "Verily, my mother and my father are both descended from David, as your genealogies will show; and in truth I was not born at Nazareth, but at Bethlehem, the city of David." Instead of this, he showed that the Coming One would not be a son of David.

Some of us afterward asked him why in this psalm the Christ was called "an eternal priest after the order of Melchi-Zadek."

He told us, in reply, that there were two kinds of priests. The Jewish priests were priests because they were descended from Levi, and could prove their descent by the genealogies; but Melchi-Zadek, the king of peace and of righteousness, called in Scripture "priest of the Most High God," was not a priest by any correct genealogy or sacramental succession. The Scriptures say nothing about his father or mother, where he was born, or where he died. He was a priest because he had the soul of a priest, because he could bring men to God, and make them feel the pardoning love of God. All who can do this are priests after the order of Melchi-Zadek. And the Messiah, who will bring all nations to God, and give to them faith in his pardoning love, will be more than all a priest of this order, by the power, not of any outward succession, but of an inward life.

And this second day of the week of Pascha, which we have called the Day of Discussion, came to an end.

The crowds streamed forth from the temple, which the scribes called "The Mountain of the House." The captain of the temple had posted the temple guards at each gate as the people went out; and, when they all had gone forth, the Levites, with their trumpets, blew one long, loud cry, and then twelve men shut the great gate with a loud clang. It

was a saying among the Jews, that people heard the shutting of the great gate as far as Jericho. And from Jericho, which is five hours from Jerusalem as a man walks who goes rapidly, they were said also to hear the sound of the trumpets and cymbals, and the clang of the horn, and the chanting of the psalms by the Levites. All this we heard from the Mount of Olives; but I do not think it could be heard at Jericho.

It was the custom of Jesus, after leaving the city, to go with his disciples to a garden on the ascent of the Mount of Olives, which belonged to one of his friends. It was called "The Garden of the Oil-Press," because there was a press for making oil from the olives of the mountain. There were also fig-trees and pomegranates, and old olive-trees, with their great twisted trunks and their light foliage. Here, after leaving the crowds of the city, the master came every day and rested a while, and talked with us of what we had seen and heard. Afterward, the crowds being gone, we walked on to Bethany to pass the night.

That evening, as we sat together in the Garden of the Oil-Press, the master talked with us, and taught us. There were vines growing near us; and as the moon, almost full, arose, and lighted up the trees, we said, "How well are these vines tended! How carefully are they pruned! The owner has been bold enough to cut away many branches, and to pull off many clusters: therefore those that remain are thus large."

And Jesus said, "As the good husbandman prunes his vine, thus doth the Father prune us, that we may bring forth more fruit. I am his vine, and he means that I should bring forth much fruit: therefore he will cut away all dead branches, and cut off a part of many living ones. Ye are branches, and I am the vine. Continue in me, and draw nourishment from me, and you will bring forth much fruit. And be not afraid or confounded when the Father of us all prunes you severely, and you bleed, and are in anguish; for



it is done that you may bring forth more fruit. So long as I am here and talk with you, you are clean by the power of my words: you feel full of courage, and only love what is good. But when you see me no more, continue in me, and still partake of my life; for I shall be with you always, even to the end of this age."

Thus he talked with us, full of tenderness; and the place seemed dear to us because of his words of love. In the same way he came and talked in this Garden of the Oil-Press every evening. But what horror, that one of his own friends, whom he had spoken to here, should have chosen this spot, so sacred, as the place of his betrayal!

Then we left the Garden of the Oil-Press, and walked on, still talking, by the light of the full moon. We ascended to the summit of Olivet, and followed the road to Bethany. Along the way were many tents, where the Galileans passed the night, waiting for the Passover. As we went on, some were standing near the path. And one spoke to me, and said, "The rulers threaten to kill our prophet; but we have our swords, and are ready to defend him, even with our lives. Call on us if there is any danger."

And thus began the third day of the Paschal Week; for our people begin the day with the evening, because the Book of the Beginnings says that "the evening and the morning were the first day." Therefore our rabbis said that the world was created at sunset.

The next morning, it being still the third day of the week by the Jewish reckoning, we again took our way to Jerusalem, over the Mount of Olives. But to-day Jesus took his place, not as before in the Court of Gentiles, but, passing up through the Gate of Nicanor, sat in the Court of the Women. In this court were the tall, trumpet-shaped vessels to receive gifts for the treasury. One of these was near where we were placed. We saw a rich and devout Jew approach; and, taking a leathern bag from his girdle, he opened it, and

emptied the gold-pieces it contained into the mouth of the tall trumpet. Then the treasury attendants and those who stood by applauded loudly. Others came up, in turn, and gave, — some more, and others less. At last came a poor woman ; and, raising her hand in order to reach the mouth of the trumpet, she dropped in two small coins of copper. Some of those who stood by laughed rudely, and said, “ Little good will that do : it will not buy one pinch of incense, — not so much as can be held between the thumb and finger ! ” And the woman answered them, and said, “ I am a widow, and am poor. These two mites which I give are all the money I have in the house. To-day I and my children will have nothing to eat. ” Then Jesus, who was the friend of the poor, turned to his disciples and to those who stood by, and said, “ Verily, I say unto you that this widow hath cast in more than they all ; for others have given out of their abundance, but she, out of her want, even all she had. ”

On that day none of the rulers or chief priests came near, or spoke to the master. If any passed by, they looked darkly at him. Then we feared, what was indeed true, that they had finally determined to reject him, and to consider him as a false prophet and a false Messiah ; and this thought filled our souls with grief.

There were in Jerusalem at that time many proselytes from Greece, who had come to the feast : these had listened to the teachings of Jesus, and had been made glad by his words ; and they said to each other, “ In this man’s teaching there is nothing foreign, nothing barbarous. It is like the words of our own sages. It is for all men, and for all time. ” Therefore they came and asked us to let them speak to Jesus. And when we told him that the Greeks had come, wishing to be his disciples, he seemed deeply moved, and said, “ The crisis of the world has come. The Jews refuse the truth of God : the Gentiles come and ask for it. The hour has come for the Son of man to be glori-

fied by becoming the Saviour of the world. But the seed must die in the ground before it can bring forth fruit." While he was speaking, the heavens were gradually becoming overcast with clouds, and a dark storm came near. Jesus sat, deeply moved by many thoughts. We saw this, and did not speak to him. He looked at us, and said, "Yes, my soul is troubled, and I know not what to ask of God. I would stay and finish my work. I long to save the people. But to love life is to lose it: to be willing to lose life is to save it. Shall I, then, ask God to save me from this hour? Have I not come to this hour for the very purpose of glorifying God in the salvation of the human race? It was my love for the Gentiles that has created the hatred which brings me to this hour. Let God be glorified by my death." Then he rose, and said in a solemn voice, "Father, glorify thy name." At this moment there came a burst of thunder from heaven repeated in many echoes, in which God appeared to answer him, and say again and again, "I will glorify it." And the Daughter of the Voice seemed to us to be speaking out of the sky; and we cried out, "God answers his prayer!" But those who disbelieved in him said, "No; but it happened by accident that the thunder came at this moment."

Afterward I wondered, if, in truth, the Bath Kol, or Daughter of the Voice, had spoken to him. And I thought that he indeed needed no voice, but that the heavens and earth sympathized with every great event, and that whoever needed a voice from heaven would hear it.

He then spoke to the people, and said to them, "This is indeed the crisis of the world: and from this hour shall the Prince of Evil, who has so long ruled the world, lose his power; for, when I am lifted up from the earth, I shall become the Saviour of the whole world, and draw all men unto me."

One of the emissaries of the Sanhedrim, who had been

sent to watch him, and to report his actions, then said, "We have heard out of the law that the Christ abideth forever; and how sayest thou that the Son of man shall be lifted up? Who is this Son of man? Is he the Christ, or is he not? Thou callest thyself the Son of man: if thou art the Christ, no one can kill thee."

But Jesus did not answer the man. He went on to teach the people, asking them to listen to his words, which might be the last they would hear from him. Then he said to them that they need not trouble themselves to know whether he were the Christ, or not; for he did not ask them to believe in himself, but rather to believe in his truth. "Do not look at me," he said, "but look through me at Him who sent me. For when ye see me, ye see not me, but Him. When ye hear me, ye hear not me, but Him. And, when ye believe on me, ye believe not on me, but on Him. I am come to you to bring you light; and if ye are in this light, and walk in it, and not in darkness, then I have done my work for you. While ye walk in the light of truth, ye are safe, and cannot go astray. I do not condemn those who refuse to believe in me, if they will believe what I say. If what I say is truth, receive it, and walk in it: if ye refuse to do so, I do not judge you. The truth will judge all men in the great day of judgment."

And he spoke more earnestly to them, and told them that they must choose between himself and the Pharisees; for that his teaching was the opposite in all things to theirs. If one was light, the other was darkness. When the scribes and Pharisees took the seat of Moses in the synagogue, to translate the Books of Moses to the people, and to make clear the meaning of Moses, then what they said was to be listened to. When they followed Moses, they were right; but, when they went their own way, they were wrong. They made conformity to their rules in outward action the main thing, and were patterns of outward regularity in all cere-

monies. But Jesus taught that the soul must be made right first, the heart filled with love, the mind with truth, and then the whole man would be full of light, and all his actions true.

Then he told the people, that, the scribes and Pharisees having taken this false step at the beginning, all their steps had gone further wrong. At last they had become hypocrites, thinking only to please men, not God; dressing in long robes, and making many prayers, and paying tithes, and full of scruples in all little matters, but forgetting the great commands of God, — justice, faith, and love. “They live,” he said, “for themselves, for their own ease and comfort, their own glory: therefore they have corrupted the mind of the people, and are leading it toward ruin. It is going on the way of destruction. This temple in which we stand will fall, and its sacred worship cease, unless a great change comes.”

God, said he, hath taught me this, and hath put in my soul the power by which I can prevent this ruin, if ye will turn from the scribes’ teaching, and follow mine. He hath revealed himself in my soul as the Father. I see him always as my Father, and the Father of all mankind. He asks us to love him as our Father, and to love all men as our brethren. Follow me, and I will lead you to the Father. Ye shall see him as I see him; for no one cometh to the Father, but by me. He has made me his Son, — his well-beloved Son, — that I may make you all his sons. Come to me, all ye who labor, and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest; for the peace in my soul is so great and so abiding, that I can give it to you if you will come to me.

While he thus spoke, the people were greatly moved; and many said, “This is the Christ: let us follow him, and cause the rulers to receive him.” But the emissaries of the rulers went to and fro among them, and said, “Know ye not that the Great Council hath determined that he is a deceiver? It

hath also been decreed that whoever confesseth him to be the Christ shall be cut off from the people, from his home, and be made to live like a leper and an outcast." Thus the people were uncertain, and decided nothing.

Jesus, seeing that he could do no more, went forth from the temple, and stood outside, gazing at its lofty walls, strong as a mighty fortress, and at the golden ornaments which gleamed far up in the sky on the summit of the Holy of holies. And the disciples said to him, "Is it not the grandest temple in the world?" But he sighed deeply, and said, "The day of its destruction hath at last come. Not one of these stones shall be left resting on another, but every one shall be cast down." And he turned away, and left the city, and went to the Mount of Olives; for it was evening. And he sat on the mount, and looked again at the temple.

Then we, his twelve, came to him privately, and said to him, "Tell us when shall all this be? And how shall we know when thou art to come, and when the old age shall end, and the new age begin?"

He answered, first telling us that no one could foretell the day and hour of such events, which come according to the decree of God and the freedom of man. Only the Infinite Being can know when these two shall unite in one result. Man can foresee the event as determined by God; but neither man, nor angels, nor the Christ himself, can tell the very day when it shall take place.

Next he described to us the nature of his coming, as afterward he described it in his conversations at the last supper. And some of us thought that he meant to appear visibly in the clouds, with a great sound of a trumpet, and surrounded by whole troops of angels; but others of us thought that he meant to say that he should be seen inwardly in the soul, and would bring light and love to the hearts of men all over the world. For thus he spoke afterward, at the supper, when he said, "I will not leave you

comfortless : I will come to you." He told us at that time, that his coming would give to all his disciples inward peace and joy, enable them to bear fruit, and make them one with the Father, the Father dwelling always in their souls. This would be his coming. It would not be outward and apparent, but inward and real ; not something we should see, but something we should become. And on this occasion, while teaching us on the Mount of Olives, he finished all he had to say with the description of his coming to all mankind, dividing the evil and the good according to their love to their fellow-men. All who had loved and helped their neighbor, he said, would appear to have been truly his servants, even though they had never known him. Thus he taught that his coming was in reality God coming to the human heart as a tender father, and man loving all men as though each one whom he helped was Christ himself.

But, when we asked for the signs of his coming, he warned us of coming wars and persecutions ; and that we should be hated of all men for his sake, and put to death. He said that terrible calamity would come on Judæa and Jerusalem, and that we must escape from this country for our lives. He said false prophets would arise, and would deceive many ; and that Jerusalem would be trodden down of the Gentiles, till the time of the Gentiles was fulfilled. Therefore, all must watch, and be ready, and not be like foolish virgins, who slept when their Lord was near at hand. And, though he did not fix the year or the day of these events, he said that this generation should not pass away till all was fulfilled.

While he spake, the future seemed to unroll before him like one of the large maps I had seen in the Serapeum in Alexandria, on which all the world is drawn. He was carried up in a vision, and we sat still, gazing at his face, which glowed as with hidden fire. And since then, when some of these events have come to pass, I have wondered at the truth of his prophecy : for persecutions and wars have come ; and

even now I am told by a messenger from the Parthian king, that the Romans are laying waste Jerusalem with fire, and that awful desolation has come on the land.

Thus ended the third day of the week, and the fourth began. We went, as usual, into the Garden of the Oil-Press, and rested there during an hour. Jesus remained apart, in thought; but we talked together in whispers of all we had heard.

Of the conversations which followed on the next two evenings, I have received an account, sent to me by my dear brother, the Beloved One, the Missionary John, whom Jesus loved much. One of his disciples at Ephesus in Asia, where he now lives, has written down from his lips all that he remembers of those wonderful conversations of the master. In my memory they remain as a strange dream, — a dream of heaven; for while Jesus talked with us, and comforted us, I seemed to be sitting with him in some heavenly place. I drank in the music of his love, but my faithless memory has preserved little of what he said. Thus I was glad to have these papers, written while John's disciples sat around him, asking him concerning Jesus. This young scribe wrote down every thing which John narrated of the acts and conversations of Jesus.



CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LAST CONVERSATIONS OF JESUS WITH HIS DISCIPLES.

PAPYRI OF THE GOOD NEWS ACCORDING TO JOHN.

(Written down by the Scribe Flavius, and sent to my dear brother,  
Thomas the Twin, residing in the Far East.)

HEALTH and joy in the master's love!

Whereas thou hast written by a messenger to ask for my memories of the last sayings of our beloved master, I have requested the young man Flavius, who has the ready pen of a scribe, to send to thee a portion of the papers he wrote at the times when I talked to my little children of the love of Jesus.

From the old man,

JOHN.

PAPER I. — *Concerning CHRIST as the Word of GOD.*

This first paper, O Thomas, I do not send thee, since it was written for those philosophers called "The Knowing Ones," in the midst of whom we live. They teach that the primal God can never be known by man, but is an abyss of darkness. But out of him, say they, proceeded at first his Word, like a high archangel; and from him came Wisdom, who is called Sophia; and from her came Light; and Light produced Life. So, at last, from Life, the Demiurg was born, who made the world. Thus teach the Gnostics, or Knowing Ones.

And when our master, John the Beloved Disciple, heard of this doctrine, he was moved to reply out of the depths of his spiritual discernment, and that the rather, because the Knowing Ones scouted the good news by Jesus the Christ as a Jewish superstition, saying, "How can the mighty Maker of all the worlds have

been silent until now, and only make himself known at last by an ignorant peasant in the province of Syria?"

We, the disciples of John, have from time to time asked him to tell us his memory of the great prophet Jesus, his master and ours. And when he tells us any thing we write it down on a leaf of papyrus, and copy these, and send them to the other churches; and they, in return, send to us the narratives they have received from other apostles, as Matthew one of the twelve, and Mark the amanuensis of Peter, and Luke the companion of Paul, who is also a Greek scholar.

Therefore, when our master heard these words uttered by the Knowing Ones, he told us to write what should stand as a beginning to his narrative of the good news. He taught us that God spoke in the beginning, when he created the heavens and the earth; for that by his word were they made, and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth. When the Lord created the world in ancient times, then he spoke, and creation was his first word; for the heavens declare his glory, and the firmament showeth his handiwork. The word of God, therefore, was in the beginning; but it was no great archangel issuing from an abyss of darkness, as the Gnostics teach, but God himself, speaking, and making a revelation of himself.

Then our teacher told us to write that all souls in which is life are manifestations of the Lord who makes them. In this life is light; for the reason and the conscience in man also speak to him of God, and are the Daughter of the Voice to him. Thus life and light are not separate beings; but they are the same word of God speaking in the soul, which before had spoken in the visible universe. By this word the prophets were taught, who have been since the world began. Thus God hath not left himself without a witness in those whom he hath raised up to preach his law and his love to his children.

Then he told us to write that this divine word, or revelation, which was God himself speaking, was at last made flesh, and dwelt among us, abiding in him who was always in the bosom of his Father. And through him the word of God speaks anew, teaching of his grace and his tender love to each of his children: for the law was given by Moses; but grace and truth came by Jesus the Christ.

Thus the Gnostics were taught their error in thinking the good news was the beginning of the revelations of God, when, in truth, it was the fulfilling of them all. They also were shown their error in teaching that the Word was a second person, differing from God himself, since the Word is the speech of the Almighty, either in the visible world, or the light of the soul which lightens every man who comes into the world, or the grace and compassion which dwelt in Jesus Christ. FLAVIUS THE SCRIBE.

The Second Paper was concerning Johann the Baptizer; the Third Paper was concerning the Marriage at Kana; the Fourth was concerning Nicodemus; and the Fifth, concerning the Woman of Samaria. These papers I do not transcribe; since I have already spoken to you, my children, concerning these things. And there are many other papers not well arranged; since some things which should follow after are put before, and others which should go before them come after. And this, I think, was because John himself, not having read them, did not see how they were placed together; for if he had he would have altered the arrangement.

I find many great and wonderful words of Jesus written in these papers of John; and no one, I think, was able to remember so well some of the divine sayings of the master, uttered to us his disciples during the two days which follow after that of which I have spoken: therefore I shall borrow from them many things here. Yet here, also, there is a little confusion in the arrangement, by which things have been mingled together by the writer, Flavius. During these two days, the fourth and fifth day of the week, Jesus remained at Bethany, where he could not be found by the soldiers of the high priest, who had been commanded to arrest him before the feast day; for they feared, if he was seized then, when great multitudes filled the city, there would be a tumult among the people. Until the feast day, therefore, Jesus remained with us, and taught us, and comforted our hearts; and these words of comfort are recorded by John.

PAPER XIII. — *Conversations of JESUS on the Fourth Day of the Week, which is the 13th of the Month Nisan.*

I find among the papers of John one in which two conversations of Jesus have been put together in one by the mistake of

the scribe. These conversations took place on two evenings, after the two suppers of which Jesus and his disciples partook together. The first was on the night before the Passover: the second was at the Passover. They are not distinguished in the narration of John; yet the place where the first conversation ends is pointed out by the words of Jesus, "Arise, let us go hence."

I remember well both these conversations. Jesus now saw clearly that the rulers and the people would reject him, and that he would be delivered up to the Romans, and put to death: therefore he ceased from all further attempts to convince the people. He did not go to Jerusalem, or enter the temple, during these two days. He gave himself entirely to his disciples. All he thought of was how he could comfort and encourage us. He sought to prepare us for this great bereavement: he did not think of his own sufferings. He did not speak again of the woes coming to his people because they rejected him, except during one brief hour of agony in the Garden of the Oil-Press. Now he thought only how to strengthen our souls, to fill them with hope, to pour into us his own confidence in God, to fill us with an unselfish love for each other.

On this first evening he sought to impart to us this generous brotherly love; and as an outward, visible action makes a deep impression, he gave us two of these, — one at the first supper, the other at the second. One of them should remind us that we were to serve each other; the other, that we were to receive strength and peace from God. To-night he showed us by a visible action that brotherly love should lead us to do for each other the humblest service. This he taught us by taking a basin of water and a towel, and washing our feet. *He*, our great master, our wonderful prophet, the Son of God, knelt at our feet, and performed for us this humble service. Our brother Simon Peter did not wish to accept this condescension: he did not wish the master thus to humble himself, and take on him the form of a servant, and declared that Jesus should never wash his feet. But Jesus said to him, "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part in me." Then the impetuous soul of Peter, which knew no moderation, went in a moment from one feeling to the contrary one; and he cried out, "Master, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head." But Jesus answered, and explained to us, that, by washing our

feet, he taught by an outward sign how we must help each other wash from the soul the soils and stains which come from daily temptations. And as he who has bathed does not need to bathe his whole body every time he enters the house, but only to wash his feet, which are soiled with the dust of the road, so he who has once given himself to the service of God does not need to do this again every day, but only to confess and forsake his daily transgressions. Thus he taught us to do for each other, after he was gone, what he had done for us, being with us.

After this we lay down on the couches around the table. Next to Jesus reclined John the Beloved; and Simon Peter lay next to him. Then the damsel of the house brought the dish of meat boiled with spices into a thick gravy, and placed it, with a loaf of bread, before Jesus. For this supper, boiled meat and leavened bread were allowable, for the Passover had not yet begun. At the Paschal Supper only roast meat was allowable, and if a drop of the gravy fell on the meat the scribes said it must be cut away. Jesus broke the loaf into thirteen pieces, giving to each of us a piece to dip into the dish, and thus sop up the gravy.

Then the master's face was troubled, and he sighed deeply. "Alas!" said he, "now is the Scripture fulfilled which says, 'Mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted, who did eat my bread, hath lifted up his heel against me.' I tell you of it before, that he may know that I know him; for in truth one of you is about to betray me."

When Jesus said this, we were very sorrowful, and each one feared lest it might be himself. And we looked at the master in fear; and each said to him in a trembling voice, "Master, is it I? Master, is it I?" Then Peter whispered to John, and said, "Ask him who it is;" for Peter, being confident in himself, did not fear that *he* could do such a thing as this. And John the Beloved One said softly to Jesus, "Master, who is it?" And Jesus said, not looking at any one, yet so that all could hear, "It is one of you twelve, one to whom I have just given a piece of bread, and who will dip it into this dish with me. I must go where God, not man, has determined; but what woe, what misery, will be his lot who shall betray me! It would be good for him never to have been born."

Then Judas of Karioth, who was thinking to betray him, when

he saw that the others had said "Is it I?" lest he should make confession by his silence, also said to Jesus, "Master, is it I?" And Jesus, looking at him sadly, answered in a low voice, "Thou hast said." And Jesus handed the dish to the others, having dipped his own sop; and each dipped in it, and ate. But, while Judas ate, his face was dark and fierce, as though some evil spirit had gone into him. Then Jesus said to him, "Do at once what thou proposest." And he immediately rose and went out. We wondered why he went out, since it was now night. Nor did any of us know what Jesus meant, for he only wished Judas to see that he knew what was in his heart; thus, haply, he might yet prevent him from committing the sin, which, though Jesus might forgive it, the world would never pardon, no, not for all time. We indeed thought that Jesus meant to tell him to go and buy something that we should need for to-morrow's feast; for, after the Paschal Feast began, nothing could be bought.

When he was gone, and all who remained were united in one love, the heart of Jesus grew more light. Then he began to talk to us of the glory that would come to himself when it was granted to him to reveal the glory of God's love to all mankind; for always he looked through his death to the great good which was to come. He told us that now he had only a few more hours to be with us, for he was going where we could not follow.

Some suppose that this saying of Jesus, that one should betray him, and the dipping of bread, and the going-out of Judas, happened on the next night, at the Paschal Supper. But this could not be, since on that evening there was no gravy into which to dip the sop, but only roast meat. Nor could we have believed that Judas went out to buy, if it were already in the midst of the solemn feast, when no shops were open. Moreover, if Judas had then been with us, he might have brought the soldiers directly to the guest-chamber, and the master would have been taken there. All this, therefore, happened at the first supper; and all was harmony among us on this night and the next, Judas being gone.

Then Jesus said that he had a new commandment to give us. Besides the two great Commandments, to love God with all our heart, and our neighbor as ourselves, there was a third commandment, which was to love our brother who had the same faith and work as ourselves. And this was to be the sign that we were his

disciples, that we loved each other. And so in truth it was; for long afterward it happened that the disciples of Jesus were known among the heathen by being all like brothers. It was a common saying among the Greeks and the Romans, "Behold, how these Christians love one another." Thus our master created a new kind of love among men, and called it his "New Commandment."

On this evening the master was so very tender to us, that we took courage to ask him many questions, and we talked with great freedom. He told us that our hearts must not be troubled because he left us; that, when he had gone away, we must continue to trust in him, as we trusted in God. He said that there were many chambers in God's great house, places where every one would be at home and in peace; that he would go into the unseen world, and there make ready a new home of love and thought, where we could all live happily together. He promised he would be with us there, "And you will come to me there, for you know the way."

I find that John has recorded that I asked him then this question, saying, "Master, we know not whither thou goest, and how can we know the way?"

He answered, saying, that, since we knew him and his truth, we knew the way to the Father. Because he certainly knew that God was the Father, by his own faith he made us also believe that God was near to our hearts, being our Father. If ye keep near me, and abide in me, then ye will also abide in the Father. I am the way to him: in me ye find the truth and the life which comes from God. This is what I am in the world for, to show men the way to the Father.

And at this Philip also took courage to speak, and said, "Master, show us the Father, and that will be enough." And Jesus said, "How canst thou be with me, Philip, without seeing the Father? Dost thou not see that I am always with him, and that he is always with me?" Thus, my children, when ye look in a lake, ye see the sun, because the lake reflects the sun, and so, when ye look to Jesus, ye see the Father, because God is reflected in that heavenly spirit. "When I speak," he continued, "I do not speak from myself; but this heavenly light within me tells me ever what to say and what to do. Let this light shine from my soul into yours, and ye also shall speak and act by the same

heavenly power. Ye shall do even greater works than I have done ; for when I am risen up, and am nearer to God than now, I can help you more fully.

“ But remember this, that, if ye love me, ye must keep my commandments, and love each other. Then ye shall have comfort ; for I shall pray God to send to you a Comforter and Friend, who shall be ever with you wherever ye are. This Comforter will be the spirit of truth dwelling in your hearts. Such will be, indeed, my coming. Ye have been expecting my coming as the Christ, and I shall come. My coming will be when ye have the spirit of love and truth, giving you strength and peace. Then ye will know that the Christ has come. He who now dwells with you shall be in you. Ye will not be orphans, for I shall be nearer to you than ever. When I go away outwardly from you, I shall come to you inwardly. The world will not see me, but ye will see me. Ye will know this certainly, and be sure of it, — sure that I am in the Father, and that ye are in me, and that I am in you.”

There were two of the twelve having the same name of Judas ; and the one who was not Judas of Karioth also spoke, and asked the master how it was that he would manifest himself to us, and not to the world. “ For,” said he, “ will not the Christ come in power and glory to the whole world? We have been taught that he will come visibly to all men, to punish his enemies and reward his friends, amid thunders and earthquakes and fire. But now thou speakest of coming inwardly in our hearts.”

Jesus answered, saying that false Christs come in that way, outwardly, with signs and wonders, but that the true Christ can never come, except to the soul which follows truth and right. “ To him the Father comes, and dwells in his heart ; and, where the Father comes, I come also,” said he, “ and we make ourselves known to him. This is the true coming of the Christ.

“ Ye do not now understand all these words of mine, and ye will forget them,” he added. “ But, when that Holy Spirit comes to you from my Father, it will teach you every thing, and make you remember all that I have told you. Ye need not be troubled, or be afraid, because of any thing that happens ; for, when I go away, I really come to you. I give you peace, — my peace : not as the world giveth, give I unto you. And now, if you love me, you



will not be sorry, but glad on my account that I go, because I go to be with my Father, who is greater than I.

“I cannot talk more with you now; for there is a power of worldly evil at hand, and I must be ready to meet it, for I have nothing in common with it. I must do what my Father commands, and show the world that I am in the love of the Father. Arise, let us go hence.”

We then arose, and left the room where we had supped, and went to a house in Bethany to sleep. It was a place where many friends were around us, in their camp of tents. In this place we were safe from the rulers and priests.

*Conversations on the Fifth Day, which is the 15th of Nisan, and the Evening of the Passover.*

In reading these stories told by my brother John to his disciples I was astonished at many things. I wondered much that he should be able to remember so well the very words of the master. I had long ago forgotten them; but, when I read them as they are repeated by John to his scribe, they come back to me again out of the distant regions of my memory. I seem again to hear the master's very tones of solemn tenderness, to see the heavenly light of his eyes as I then saw it, and as I know that I shall see it again. And then I wondered, not so much that John could remember these things, as that I could ever have forgotten them.

But while many of these sayings of Jesus have sunk so deeply into the loving heart of my brother John that they have been kept there unsullied by any mixture, as a gem is kept in its casket, there are other sayings in which my brother's own thought seems mixed with that of the master. There are, again, others in which the sayings of Jesus are as I recollect them; but they seem to be not in the right place.

I am still more surprised at seeing how the soul of John has grown into a new soul under the influence of the master. The inward spirit, which the master promised to all his disciples, has bestowed on him some wonderful gifts. He was an ignorant, loving, passionate youth: he has grown into what our fathers called a seer. He does not think, or reason, or argue, as most of my old teachers, the scribes, did; nor does he make systems of

philosophy, as my teachers did in Alexandria: but his mind rises toward God, as an eagle rises toward the sun. Certain great truths are deeply rooted in his soul: these truths shine separate and distinct like the stars in the sky. So shine before his mind the grand ideas which he indicates by such sayings, as "the Word," "life," "light," "love," "fellowship," "knowledge." As one star in the sky differs from another star in glory, so are some of these truths more glorious in the heaven of his thought than others. The brightest star of all to him is the star LOVE. He dwells in love, and so dwells in God. As he rested his head on the earthly bosom of the master at the supper, so now he seems to rest in spirit nearer to the master's heart than any other, because he hath so eaten and drunk the master's teaching of love.

The spirit of truth which our master promised us, to lead us into all truth, brings us to the same truth, but brings us by different ways. Each receives a different gift, according to each man's natural capacity to hold it, as the same wine is poured into goblets of different shapes.

The spirit of truth makes us grow up in all things into the knowledge and love of Jesus, but it doth not make us all alike. It even seems to make us more different in the methods of our minds, while it makes us one in our inmost convictions.

In Alexandria I studied the great Greek philosophers, Plato and Aristotle. They also were one in many of their convictions, but differed widely in the action of their minds. And in reading the recollections of my brother John, and those sent to me by my old companion Paul, I perceive that John is like Plato, and Paul is like Aristotle. The one sees; the other reasons: the one willingly dwells in the world of ideas; the other, in that of things and men. Plato, indeed, was also a reasoner, and John does not reason. Paul desires to show how each one of his thoughts fits the rest, and how the body of his belief is fitly joined together, and compacted by what each joint supplieth. But in John's mind there are no joints, no fitting of one truth to the rest: each stands alone. Hence it easily happens that he may not have given his narrations to his scribe in any proper order, and they may sometimes be put in wrong places.

The fifth day of the week had now come, which was the prepa-

ration of the Passover. This was the most solemn of the Jewish feasts, being one of annual thanksgiving for the new birth of the nation out of slavery into freedom. It was kept by families, and small groups of friends, not exceeding twenty in number, and not less than twelve. Each company killed and roasted a lamb. They were told to eat it standing round the table, in the posture of travellers, with their loose robes fastened up by their girdle, to leave the limbs free for walking. They were to have on their feet their travelling-shoes, and not the light sandals worn in the house; and each was to have a staff in his hand. The bread was to be made without yeast, as a sign of haste. When the feast began, a cup of wine was mingled with water, and drunk with thanksgiving, as a sign of joy. Four cups of joy were to be drunk during the feast.

To prepare this feast, it was necessary to begin early; and we asked Jesus where we should prepare the Passover for the evening. Then he called Peter and John, and told them to go to Jerusalem, and, after they had entered the gate, to wait till they saw a man pass by, carrying a water-pot of water. They were to follow him in silence; and, when they saw him enter a house, they must go in after him, and say to the owner of the house that the master wished to eat the Passover in his guest-chamber, with his disciples. The man would show them a large upper room furnished, and there they would make ready the Passover. This they did; and it all happened as Jesus said. Peter, and some others, thought that the master knew these facts by some divination; but I, who had observed that Jesus never performed a wonderful work in order to astonish us, nor for his own benefit, judged it to be more probable that he had arranged beforehand with the man to have the room ready, and to be known to us by this sign of the pitcher. For it was necessary, if he would take the Passover in quiet, to make some such arrangement; since, if the rulers had known where he was to be, they might have sent soldiers to the house, and arrested him; and if Judas of Karioth had known where he was to be, or could have learned it from the disciples before they went, he might have betrayed the place to the rulers. Therefore, in my opinion, Jesus had privately agreed beforehand with the master of this house to come there.

I suppose that Judas of Karioth, whose heart was corroded by

ambition and the love of money, and who believed that Jesus could, if he would, become master of the country, thought, that, if he were taken captive by the rulers, a great insurrection would be made, and Jesus would be forced to become king of the land. So he went to the house of the chief priest Kaiaphas, and said, "I can bring your soldiers to a place where Jesus will only have his disciples with him, who are twelve unarmed men. What will you give me to do this?" And they agreed to give him thirty shekels. Then he said, "Have ready a body of the temple-guard, with safe officers, and I believe I shall be able to take him this very night." And thus it was arranged. Then he came, and asked where in the city we should eat the Passover, that he might betray the place to the rulers. But he could not learn, since we ourselves did not know: therefore he determined to lead the soldiers to the Garden of the Oil-Press, where we spent an hour or more every evening in conversation.

When evening drew near, we went to the city with the multitudes. The crowd was so great, that our small party could not easily be found, if any one had sought for us. We came to the house, and entered the guest-chamber, and partook of the Passover, eating the roast lamb, and the unleavened bread, and the bitter herbs; also drinking the four cups of wine, and singing the psalms and the *hallel* which belonged to this season.

And Jesus, standing in front of the table, said, "I have greatly desired to eat this Passover with you; for this is the last time I shall eat it, until it be fulfilled by a higher passover in the new kingdom. Let us drink this wine together for the last time. The wine which we shall drink together when we meet again will be the new wine of the kingdom of God."

We did not know what this meant; but afterward, when we had ceased to be Jews, and had become citizens of the new kingdom of Christ, where all men may be kings and priests unto God, we left behind our Jewish Passover. Then we understood what the master meant by his saying, "fulfilled." All that was good and true in the old covenant was carried up into something better in the new covenant. The bodily rest of the Jewish sabbath was fulfilled in the rest of the heart at peace with God. The grateful thanksgiving of the Passover for Jewish deliverance was fulfilled in our constant gratitude to God, who had shown us that all men

can be saved from evil, and that death and hell shall be cast into the lake of fire. We needed not to kill innocent lambs by thousands every year; for we had our one innocent Lamb, Christ *our* Passover, a Lamb slain in the counsel of God from the foundation of the world.

Thus we stood around the table, and ate the supper, — the lamb roasted whole, the unleavened cakes of bread, and the bitter herbs. After our hunger was satisfied, and the lamb was eaten, and most of the bread, the master talked with us a long time, with tender love. This conversation I find in the papers of John; and, as I read them, the words of Jesus rise again from out my memory, and I see him standing before us as he then stood, his face full of divine light.

He began by telling us that he was going away, and would leave us in a very little while. He did not use the word “death,” as he had formerly done, when death was more distant; nor did he say any thing of the Pharisees and scribes, or that they were the cause of his death: but he only said that he was going to the Father, and that in a little while we should not see him. And as we looked sad, and wondered what this meant, he smiled, and said, “Be not troubled. In a little while ye shall see me again; for, if I go to the Father, I shall come back to you again.”

Then he said that we should be sad when he was gone; we should weep and lament, while all the world around was glad and gay: but our sorrow should be once more turned to joy.

He added, that, if we did not understand him then, we should hereafter understand what he meant; for the spirit of truth in our hearts would lead us from truth to truth, till at last we should see all truth. Meantime, he said we should sorrow for a time; but, when he came to us again, we should have inward joy, which all the cruelty of men would not be able to take from us. We should not have him here to talk with; but we should be so near the Father, that we might ask any thing of God. If we thought of Jesus when we asked, and of what he loved and desired, we should ask *that* of God. Then we should have him, as well as the Father, near us, and we should ask every thing in his name and for his sake, when we asked in his spirit, and then should be full of joy. He said he did not mean by this that he should pray the Father for us. He did not wish us to depend on his intercession, but to

believe that the Father himself loves us. We might know that he loves us, because we saw God's love in the love of Jesus. Because Jesus was in the Father, and the Father in him, therefore, when we loved Jesus, we loved the Father; when we believed in him, we believed in the Father; for Jesus came from the Father, and remained with the Father, and was now going to the Father.

Then we cried out joyfully, "Yes, it is indeed so: now we understand thee well. This is all plain; for we see God as our Father while thou art with us. Thy words go directly to our heart, and thou knowest exactly what we need."

Jesus then said, "Yes, my children, you now believe in me; but the hour is almost here when your fear will overcome your faith, and you will all forsake me, and leave me alone. But when ye think of it afterward, and remember how ye deserted me, ye must not think that ye left me alone; for the Father is ever with me. How, then, can I be alone?"

And we were alarmed at this. Jesus continued, "Be not astonished too much. Doth not the Scripture say, 'I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered'? We must not expect the sheep to be bold when the shepherd is stricken down. What will happen to me to-night will disturb the faith of you all. You will all lose your faith in me for a time." Peter said, "Even if all the rest lose their faith in thee, I will not lose mine. Whither art thou going, master? Let me go too." Jesus said, "Not now, Peter; but hereafter thou shalt come to me." Peter answered, "Why not now, master? I will go to prison and to death with thee gladly." Jesus answered, "There is a Satan in thy heart, Peter, a Tempter: he will try thee sorely, and sift the chaff out of thee. But I have prayed for thee, that thy faith shall not wholly give way. When thou hast passed through this trial, and come out strong, then remember thine own weakness, and forgive the weakness of others. Strengthen and encourage them, but do not rebuke them." Peter, still full of trust in himself, which I suppose was the Satan Jesus meant, said with much determination, "Master, I will lay down my life for thy sake." Then Jesus looked at him, and said, "Peter, this very night, before the cocks crow the second time for morning, thou wilt deny me." Peter became much roused by this, and said earnestly, "Though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee."

And we also, carried away by his excitement, said, "Neither will we deny thee, nor forsake thee."

Jesus said no more concerning this matter, but asked us if we recollected the time when he sent us out without money, or any thing to eat, or garments other than those we wore. "Did ye then need any thing?"

We answered, "No, the people where we went gave us readily all we needed."

Then he continued, "Ye must not depend on this hereafter. Ye went among friends then: hereafter ye will go forth surrounded by enemies. It will be necessary to take purse and scrip and sword. Then men loved us, believing we came to do them good: now they will hate us, being made to believe that we are their enemies." We foolishly thought that he really meant us to take our swords with us, and said, "Master, we have two swords here;" and he, seeing we did not understand, said, "Enough of this. One day, when the Comforter comes, ye will understand all things.

"Remember this in the day of trial, that ye did not choose me, but that I have chosen you. Trust that I knew what I did, that I saw more in you than ye can see in yourselves. I saw in you the power of bringing forth much fruit, and fruit of a good and lasting kind.

"If the world hate you, remember that it hated me before. It hates you because I have chosen you out of the world: therefore love one another, as I have loved you. When they persecute you, be not astonished, but remember that I told you that it would be so. When ye think of all I have said and done for you, ye will have peace in me. Ye will have tribulation in the world; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

Having said these words, and many others like them, during the supper, when it was finished, and we had eaten the lamb as the law commanded, and drunk the last cup of wine, Jesus said, "Now I wish you to do something in memory of me. I told you once that ye must eat me and drink me, and make my life a part of your life." Then he took a piece of the crisp, unleavened cake from the table, and broke it into little pieces, and uttered over it a prayer of blessing, and gave each a piece.

How tender was that prayer! It asked that we might be all

one,—one with him, one with the Father, one with each other. It asked that we might have life within our souls, making us conscious of immortality,—the life eternal, which is to know God as our Father, and to know Jesus as the Christ sent by him. He prayed God to keep us, and guard us as he himself had done, having only lost one, the one who chose to be lost. He said he would not pray that we should be taken out of the world, but that we should be kept safe from the evil. As he prayed, he only thought of us, lived for us, and seemed ready to die for us. And to think that so soon we should all forsake him!

Then he took the wine, and said, “This bread and wine, it is my body and my blood: ye are eating and drinking my body and blood; for soon my body will be broken like this bread, and my blood poured out like this wine. I am the victim to ratify the new covenant, and my blood will be shed for the forgiveness of the sins of many. As often as ye drink this cup, remember me.”

Then he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and said, as if talking with a dear friend close by,—

“Father, the hour has come. I have finished the work thou gavest me to do. I have manifested thy name to the men thou gavest me out of the world; I have given to them the words thou gavest me; I have kept them in thy name; I have sent them into the world as thou didst send me into the world; and I have given them the glory thou gavest me, the glory I had with thee before the world was. Nor do I pray only for them, but for all who shall believe on me through their word; that, as I am one with thee, they may also be one, I in them, and thou in me; that they may be perfectly one; that the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them, and I in them.

“And now, O Father, glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee. I have glorified thee on the earth; I am glorified in those thou hast given me; for all mine are thine, and thine are mine, and I am glorified in them. Sanctify them through thy truth. And for their sakes I sanctify myself, that they, too, may be sanctified through the truth.”

Thus he spoke, and his words sank deep into our souls. And each took the cup from his hands, as each had taken the bread from his hands; for we were all standing at this supper, around the table, as our customs required, and not reclining, as we were the



evening before. It may therefore be easily seen that it was at the previous supper, and not at the Paschal Supper, that Judas received the warning, and left our company; for then we were reclining, and at the Paschal Supper the Jews usually stood up. Then, also, there was a dish of gravy into which to dip the sop; but at the Paschal Supper gravy was not allowed. Then, also, each dipped in the dish with a sop of soft bread; but at the Paschal Supper there was no soft bread, but only unleavened bread, which is hard and dry. Hence it may be seen that the scribe who wrote down the account given by John of these two suppers, by mistake put them together, as if there was only one.

You know, my children, that when we meet on the first day of the week, in memory of the ascension of Jesus from death to life, we break a loaf in pieces, and divide it among all present, in memory of Jesus, and as a sign of our union. This we continue to do in memory of his great love for us all, and for those also who shall believe on him through our word. He did not take any of the *meat* from the table, but the bread and the wine; for bread is among us the sign of strength, and wine of joy. Jesus is the wine which makes glad the heart of man, and he is the bread which strengthens man's heart.

You have sometimes asked me, my children, why the master spoke so much, in these last hours, of his being "glorified," and of the "glory" which he had himself, and would give to his disciples; for surely he did not desire what men call glory, since he told us how he had resisted and overcome that temptation. He did not wish to be praised, or be so honored of men; and yet he wished to be honored by men, even as the Father is honored. And how is the Father honored? "Herein," said he, "is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." The glory of the sun is not in being praised, but in shining, and, by shining, filling the world with light. God is glorified when his truth and love are seen and felt, and when men are thereby filled with goodness. Christ glorified God, not by causing men to praise him, but by being the mediator of God's love and truth to his children. This he had done on earth among his own people; but, when he was lifted up in death, he became the manifestation of God to the whole human family. Then he gave to all mankind that eternal life which is to know God as our Father,

and to know Jesus as the Son who brings us to the Father. When he prayed to God to glorify the Son, that the Son might glorify him, he asked to be the mediator of this heavenly truth and love to all mankind. This was the only glory he sought, to reveal God to all men as their friend. And this glory which God gave him he gave to his disciples, that they also might manifest the Father to the world.

Presently we arose, after singing a hymn, and left the house. We left the city, and crossed the brook Kedron, and went to the Garden of the Oil-Press. There a strange thing happened, a great struggle in the mind of the master. To the joy and triumph of his interview with us there followed a great depression. He went away with Peter, James, and John, to a remote part of the garden, and there (as they told me afterward) he endured a great agony. In this agony he prayed that the cup might pass from him, and prayed so earnestly, that one would think God could not help granting his prayer. He prayed again and again that the cup might pass, but added, that if it might not pass, then that God's will should be done.

This agony and prayer seemed to me very strange. The sudden change from the triumph and peace just before expressed in his prayer at the supper was strange. Then he looked on his work in the world as done; then he declared that he was about to leave the world, and go to the Father. He told us, that if we loved him, we should rejoice that he was to go to his Father, and he spoke of his death as giving him the glory with God ordained for him before the foundation of the world. He had been preparing us for his immediate death as part of the plan of God for the salvation of the world; he spoke of his blood as the blood which should seal the new covenant: why, then, did he now pray that the cup might pass? Another strange thing regarding this prayer was, that it seemed to contradict his own repeated sayings, that he was about to die, and that the Scriptures could not be fulfilled but by his death. Already, before we left Galilee, he spoke of his death as certain, and as about to take place at Jerusalem, at this feast. How, then, could he believe it possible that he should not die?

Meditating on this afterward, I thought that the very agony and anguish of this prayer was but another evidence of the grandeur

of the soul of our master. A large mind sees the good and evil on both sides of an event. Jesus had seen the good that would come to the world by his death, how the religion of Moses and El-jah would break the narrow banks of the Jewish ritual, and flow forth freely to be a blessing to the human race. The God and Father of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, would become the Father of all good and true souls in every land and nation. God would be glorified; for his truth and love would radiate, like the light of the sun, over all shores and climes. This was the good that would come from his death; and therefore he said, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

But there was another vast good which might come if he did not die, and great evils which would be prevented. His death was the ruin of his people: his life, its only hope of safety. If even yet they would take him as their Christ, their peaceful Christ, as one whose kingdom was not of this world, as one who would reign by bearing witness to the truth, then they might be God's chosen people again in a higher way than ever; then all human hatreds being put out of the way, the nation, having learned to love its enemies, would return the cruelties of Rome by teaching it the love of God and man; then the whole people would be missionaries of love to mankind; then Jerusalem would be the holy metropolis of the world; then the whole temple would be made a house of prayer for all nations. If the Jewish heart of stone could become a heart of flesh, all this might be: if not, if the cup might not pass, then Jesus saw the horrible destruction which must come from the spirit of hatred now working in the mind of the people. This was the bitterness of the cup; not his own anguish on the cross, but the long tortures his nation was to bear, slaughtered by thousands in the war of rebellion, driven into exile, scattered, and nailed to the cross of persecution in all lands for many years. That this was the poison in the cup appeared to me from what he said on his way to death, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children."

But did he not believe his death certain, since he had predicted it himself, and that so often? And if, as a prophet, he foresaw that it was decreed by God that he should die, how could he pray not to die, or say, "If it be possible"? It was because with God

all things are possible. It was because the greatest prophet sees no future event as certain. He sees events approaching; he sees them coming nearer and nearer; he sees them close at hand: but even at the last moment they may be turned aside. What is certain in his foresight is the substance, but it may arrive in a different form. That God should be manifested to all men as the universal Father was certain; but that he should be manifested by the salvation or the destruction of the Jewish nation was something which belonged not to the substance, but to the form, of the prophetic vision.

I early learned from the great Plato that the future is foreseen by the prophet, because its seeds are already in the present. The prophet sees the seed, and foresees the plant. The prophet is therefore a seer, and his foresight comes from his insight. Hence it was that Jesus often said, "The hour cometh, and now is."

Jesus did not explain to us the sources of his anguish, or the nature of his agony. At that time none of us would have been able to understand it. Yet so much did he wish for human sympathy, that he could not bear to be entirely alone. For this reason he took with him the three who were nearest, — Simon called Peter, James, and the Beloved One, — and asked them to watch near him while he went a little way, and prayed. And they, watching, saw his dreadful anguish, and heard his cry, "Abba! Abba!" Three times he prayed, saying, "All things are possible to thee, O Father!" And after a time he came back to the three, and found them asleep; for their sorrow, fear, and anxiety had oppressed their souls, and their bodies were weak. But, when he came, they wakened suddenly, and he said, "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" Thus, finding so little sympathy from man, he turned again to God. Alas! how weak we were, how ignorant! how little did we understand him! how little were we able to help him! We could do nothing but love him; but that human love was dear to him, and gave him some comfort. He knew our spirits were willing, though our flesh was weak.

We who sat in the other part of the garden also slept, but were suddenly awakened by the flash of torches, and the noise of many footsteps. A band of soldiers, sent by the high priest and the Sanhedrim, came to the garden; and Judas of Karioth led the

way. The soldiers stood around the wall of the garden on all sides, to prevent escape. But there was no need; for Jesus came toward them, meeting Judas first, who said, "Hail, master!" and kissed him. And Jesus, looking at him, said, "Judas, betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?" Then Judas turned, and fled away. Meantime the soldiers, and some of the priests and elders, who were a little way behind, came forward quickly, thinking to seize Jesus before he should escape. But, as they hurried tumultuously on through the trees, they met him coming calmly toward them. And I, who had run forward also, to see what would take place, saw him at this moment, his whole person full of power, and his face radiant with divine light; for he, like Moses, had just come down from the mountain where he talked with God. As the priests and rulers, stumbling forward in their haste, came unexpectedly on this heavenly apparition, they were startled. Those nearest to him fell backward, and, coming with a shock against those next behind, these were pushed over, and one fell down. But, collecting themselves again, they came up to him. He said calmly, "Whom seek ye?" The chief ruler answered, "Jesus of Nazareth." Moving toward them a step, he said, "I am he." Knowing the strange power he possessed over nature, I think a fear took possession of them, lest, perchance, he might strike them down; for again they started backward in confusion, and pushed each other over. Again Jesus calmly said, "Whom seek ye?" And when they again replied, "Jesus of Nazareth," he answered, "I am he. If it is I whom ye seek, take me; but let these disciples of mine go their way." One of the men lifted his hand to seize the master. Then Peter cried out, "Let us defend him," and, drawing his sword, struck at the head of the man. But Peter's sword, glancing down, struck his ear, and cut off a piece of it. I saw the man afterward. He was a servant of the high priest, and his name was Malchus. He said to me that Jesus immediately told Peter to put up his sword, for that God had given to him this cup, and that he must drink it. "Then," said Malchus, "he put his hand on my ear, and instantly a coolness ran through it, and the blood stopped running from the wound, and after this I felt no more pain."

But the soldiers came forward, and bound the hands of Jesus. While they were binding him, he said to the priests and rulers

who had come with the soldiers, "Am I a thief, that ye have to come to arrest me thus, in the night-time and secretly? I have been teaching openly in the temple during these last days. Why did ye not take me then, before the whole people, if I am guilty of any crime? But the night is your hour; and your power is in darkness, not light."

Little heeding his words, and rejoiced that they had at last got him into their possession, they hurried him away to the house of Annas, by whose orders they had come. Annas directed them to take Jesus to the Palace of Kaiaphas, where the Sanhedrim had already assembled, in expectation of his arrest. They had determined that he should be tried and condemned this same night, so that the people might not know of it, and that no rescue might be attempted. It was now late, being after midnight; and by their law it was illegal to pass sentence during the night; yet they decided to have the trial at once, though it could not legally be concluded before daybreak. They sat in a hall opening out of the inner court. The seats were in a half-circle; and Jesus stood bound before them.

All of us acted as Jesus had foreseen: we had forsaken him, and fled. A great terror came over us. We escaped from the garden, and ran for a short distance up the side of the mountain, on the way to Bethany; then we stopped, feeling safe, and looked round. We saw the torches descending toward the bottom of the valley, showing us that the priests and soldiers were taking our master back to the city. Peter said, "I will follow at a distance, and see where they take him;" and John said, "I will go likewise; and we will then return to Bethany, and tell you what is done." So they followed, going toward Jerusalem; and we went, amazed and sorrowful, to Bethany.

We reached Bethany a little after midnight, and hastened to tell the terrible news to all our friends. Many women, among whom was the mother of Jesus, and Miriam of Migdol, were together, and were awake when we came. Some sense of approaching evil kept them from sleep. As soon as they heard of the arrest, they expressed their terror and grief, each according to her own manner. The mother of Jesus sat down in silence, her face in her hands, and said nothing, except a few words which showed she had lost all hope. "This is the end," said she

in a low voice; "the end of all. He was too great, too good, too pure, to live. But I would see him once again!" Then she quietly rose, and prepared to go to the city, though it was the dead of night. Miriam and the other women arose to go too; but Miriam took me apart, and said, "Thomas, he must be rescued. Bring together all our friends who love him and have courage, and follow us immediately to the city." So saying, they went out. The full moon was looking down from the mid-heavens, calm as ever, tranquil as if all the affairs of men were indifferent to her. I stood a moment, while the forms of the women disappeared under the shadows of the trees, and the sound of their steps died away into the silent night. At last I roused myself, and went toward the tents where many of our friends of Galilee were sleeping. I awakened them, and called on them to go with me to the city, and deliver the master. But then I learned the difference between a crowd of men all roused and moved by a common sympathy, and the same men when apart from each other, at a distance from the scene of action, and when their passions had grown cool. Each asked what the others would do. No one would take the lead. They said it was better to wait till morning, and then go together to the city. They thought there would be no danger in waiting; for the trial must take a long time, and a plan could be arranged to rescue him in season, if it became necessary to do so. Finding it impossible to move them, I gave up the attempt in despair, and followed to the city after the others.

I had been so long in making this effort, that the cocks in the neighboring villages crew at the second crowing when we left Bethany. The gray light of morning now began to appear. As Matthew and I passed hastily over the path which we had so often trodden with Jesus within the last few days, we remembered what he had said of his approaching death. He really knew that he was to die. But, if so, why did he say that he was to appear immediately as the Christ? All was confusion in our minds, but a great gloom and fear rested on us both. We dreaded what we might learn when we should reach the city.

As we crossed the summit of the mountain, and began to descend, the first rays of the sun rising behind us beamed on the city, and on the great pyramid of the temple, which rose in front, court above court. Above all was the Holy Place; and the sun

gleamed on the golden vines and clusters of golden grapes in front of it. Yet it was the priests of Yahveh, the priests of this sacred shrine, who were about to murder our master.

As we entered the city, two men came toward us, with wild looks. Directly we saw that they were Peter and John. Peter cried out, "Woe is me, Thomas! I have done as he foretold. I have denied him again and again, coward and liar that I am!" But John said, "Where are our friends? I fear all is lost. He hath been condemned to death by the council as an impostor and false prophet. They have taken him to Pilate to have the sentence executed. They are doing every thing as quickly as possible to prevent any rising of the people in his favor. They have surrounded the palace of the Roman governor with their soldiers and friends, so that we cannot get near it to know what is done. Our only hope now is, that the governor will refuse to confirm their sentence; or, if not, that there will be delay enough to allow our friends to come into the city, and rescue him by force from the soldiers." But I was obliged to reply that a certain panic seemed to have seized our people, and they could not be roused.

So Peter and John turned, and we went back together to the house of the governor, a stone building called Antonia, a tall fort joining the temple. It was surrounded by a great multitude of Pharisees and priests and their friends, and the guard of the temple, and they would not let us come near. And there, collected together, we found our women, and many other women who loved the master, and many friends whom they had called together, yet too few to attempt any thing. We could only wait, and see what might happen.

How tedious the hours seemed! Sometimes one of our number would go near to the crowd of priests and soldiers, and try to learn what was going on within. And the soldiers would taunt us, saying, "He is being scourged." Then they said, "They have crowned him king, and are worshipping him." But they laughed when they said it, and we knew it was some insult; for they were mocking him, and making a jest of his sufferings.

But after a while, about three hours after sunrise, we saw a movement in the crowd before the gates of the fort; and a company of Roman soldiers came forth, with Jesus and two other



men bound in the midst. They began to move to the left along the street which leads to the Western Gate. Jesus and the other two men each carried on their shoulders two heavy wooden posts, one long, and the other short. We asked each other, "What is it they are carrying?" A Roman soldier turned, and said, "The wood for their crosses." A deep groan burst from our bosoms. The mother of Jesus became pale. I glanced at Miriam. Her teeth were set close, her eyes raised to heaven, and her lips moved as though she were asking God to send a troop of angels to prevent the crime.

No such event happened. We followed the soldiers, and the priests who surrounded the soldiers, as if to make another guard. And so they passed along the street to the city wall, and went out by the valley gate. Here Jesus stumbled and fell, unable to bear the great bars of wood any farther. The centurion who commanded the troop, seeing this, ordered a man who was just entering the gate from the country to take the cross from Jesus, and carry it for him. And he did so.

Meantime many women of Jerusalem who had seen and heard the master, had come together, and stood outside the city gate. Jesus, relieved from the burden of the heavy pieces of wood, rose to his feet. Moved by sympathy, the women began to weep and sob, knowing what he was soon to suffer.

As I was afterward told, Jesus had hardly spoken since his arrest. He had said little before the Sanhedrim, or before Pilate, seeing clearly in his mind what was to be. But now, touched by these womanly tears, he spoke while the soldiers were placing the pieces of wood on the shoulders of the countryman. "Daughters of Jerusalem," said he, "weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children." Then he told them that the days were coming in which those who had mourned that they were childless would thank God that they were not mothers, and when the misery would be so great that they would call on the rocks to bury them out of sight of such dreadful woe. For he saw that his nation was dying at its roots, hardened in forms, so as to be not only without life, but to hate the living truth and the heavenly love offered to it. Such a nation was already half-dead, and was hastening toward its terrible end. There was no hope for it, no future.

The place where the Romans put to death their criminals was a little way outside the walls, on a round hill of rock called "Bald-head," or "Skull." Here they made crosses of the wood, fastening the pieces together with cords. Then there was a little silence broken by shrieks, and we knew they were nailing the two malefactors to the crosses. But, when the dreadful nails were driven into the tender flesh of the master, we heard no shrieks. The centurion afterward told one who told me, that, when they were driving the spikes into the hands of Jesus, he was praying earnestly that God would forgive them, because they were doing this cruelty in their ignorance. And this caused the centurion to wonder at such a mighty tenderness of soul: therefore he watched him, and listened to see what else he might say. During all the long hours of his tortures, he said that Jesus uttered no word of anger, no cry of complaint, but bore it all so meekly, that he, though a hard Roman soldier, was touched by it, and said, "I know not who he is; but he seems like a demigod, or a son of the gods." He said, also, that Jesus prayed, and once uttered a loud sad cry, followed by words in the language of the Jews, which they told him was from a psalm of the Jewish King David, uttered when David was also in great suffering.

But I waited at a distance till I saw the three crosses, with the men bound to them, lifted into the air; then I could bear it no longer, and turned and hastened back, going through the city. I said, "It is done, all is over. This hope, also, has ended in despair. There can be no God, or he would not have suffered such an awful calamity. Other evils may turn to good, but there is no good to come from this. The world has lost what can never be regained. I have thought of this man as capable of raising the human race out of its woes and sins. He was the only one on earth who could do it, and he has been destroyed by these hard-hearted bigots. The hope of the world has died with him."

I spoke thus to myself, hastening through the narrow streets. Men were going about their business as if no such event were taking place. As I met them, they were laughing and talking, not knowing what a desolation had come to them and to all of us. One whom I knew came up cheerfully to speak to me of some common matter; but, seeing in my face my despair, he stopped, and said, "What is the matter, Thomas? Has any thing happened?"

I muttered something of what they were doing; and he said more gravely, "Oh, yes! I heard that three criminals were to be executed this morning on Bald-head." I hastened away. I met some of our Galileans, who began to ask what I knew about it. But I left them, for my heart was too full to speak. I longed to be alone.

I crossed over Kedron, and ascended the Mount of Olives; but, instead of turning to the right to Bethany, I kept on by the road leading north to the high summit above Gibeon. I climbed to the top of this peak, and sat down. From this lofty elevation I looked to the west, over the plain of the Philistines, to where the sea stretched into a pale distance. Turning round, I saw far away the walls of Jerusalem from which I had fled. There this dreadful tragedy was still going on. It was now about noon: the sun was high up in the south. Three hours he had been suffering: how much longer he must bear it, who could tell?

As I looked, dark shadows began to fall around me: great black clouds were rolling up from the sea, and all the land of the Philistines lay in shade. The clouds rose up higher, and hid the sun. A darkness like that of night fell over the whole country. "Yes," said I, "when man is silent, nature speaks. The people of Jerusalem care nothing for what is happening. They do not care that the greatest and best of all men is dying in agony outside of the city; but the Sun is ashamed to look on this deed of Satan, and hides his face; the Earth puts on a mourning dress; the Skies weep for this greatest of all prophets." As I said this, there came a low rumbling sound; and, though the storm had not yet come, the trees began to lash their branches. Directly I felt the earth shaking under me; and some of the rocks were dislodged, and rolled down the side of the peak. Then there came another deep rumbling sound, passing away toward the sea of death. I started to my feet in terror; but in a moment all was over, and the stillness returned. Then I knew that this was what the Greeks call *seismos*, or earth-shaking; and it seemed to me that the earth and the heavens both sympathized with the sufferings of a soul mightier than they. And I remembered his words, "If these should hold their peace, the very rocks would cry out." Men through cowardice held their peace, and the rocks were already speaking.

I sat a long time on this summit. After some hours the sky became clear again; but the darkness in my soul grew deeper than

ever. "Either there is no God," I thought, "or he takes no note of human affairs. Evil, and not good, are supreme in this world. Falsehood is mighty, and truth is feeble against it. Force and cunning rule the world. The priests rule by their cunning: the Romans, by their swords." My unbelief returned, and I despaired of the triumph of good over evil.

By the depth of my present despair I saw how much I had hoped. While with Jesus, I had begun to believe again in God and immortality, and that good was real and all-powerful. Now this hope was suddenly taken away. "Nothing can ever bring it back," I said, "nothing. There never was such goodness in the world, never such wisdom as his; and this great light has been quenched. This loss can never be made good to mankind. If there were a God, he could not have allowed it.

"And, more than this, Jesus must have been deceived himself in thinking that he was to be the Christ, the King. Though so wise, he was not wise enough to know that his goodness could not conquer evil. He made a mistake in thinking that the world can be redeemed by truth and love. He had almost brought me to believe this too. If he were mistaken in this, then the rest of his teaching must be untrue; for this belief ran through it all."

I flung myself on the earth with a sob of utter misery, saying,—  
"I have lost my master! I have lost my God!"

## CHAPTER XIX.

LETTER FROM BEN TABBAI, A SADDUCEE, AT JERUSALEM, TO SULPICIUS, AN EPICUREAN, AT ROME. — THE DREAM OF PILATE'S WIFE, WRITTEN TO SABINA POPPÆA, HER SISTER, IN ROME. \*

## LETTER OF JOSEPH BEN TABBAI.

WRITTEN ON THE FEAST OF LOTS,  
THE FIFTEENTH DAY OF THE MONTH ADAR.

HEALTH and salutation. I send thee these tablets that thou mayst understand that my friendship for thee is unabated, and to entertain thee with the account of events which are taking place in our land. As a philosopher, thou wilt be interested in hearing of our struggles with the superstitions of the East, many of which find their home in this city. If I am tedious in my story, forgive me; for, being far from the great centre of interest where thou livest, my thoughts may appear to thee trivial.

At present my mind is much occupied with the history of a youth whom men call a *vates*, or prophet. Thou knowest already the violent desire which has long possessed the mind of our nation to have a king of its own, and to become an autonomy, governing itself. All the East hath long been like a boiling pot, which throws to the surface scum, and sometimes tumultuously froths over. To shake off the iron rule of Rome, and unite the East in one great monarchy, hath now for a century been the hope of our nation. They talk of this Coming King, and give him the name of *Messias*, or, in Greek, *Kristos*. Many of our sacred poets have sung of the Saturnian age which will return, — another age of gold, such as thy Maro, and our Isaiah, and the sibyls, have described. All wars will then cease, and justice return to earth. Sin shall disappear, and the glory of the gods fill the world.

But thou and I, excellent Sulpicius, taught by our great master, know that the gods do not intervene in human affairs at the present time. Once, indeed, they may have done so; and Jove (whom we call Yahveh) hath sometimes in our history done wonders for this people. But such wonders have long ago ceased. No mighty signs are now wrought, but all things go on by the laws of nature and the free will of man.

Let me now speak of this young man who hath recently appeared among us. What I first saw in his conduct deserving of attention was his open war against the Separate Ones, or Pharisees as we call them. This is a body united by strict oaths, and professing superior piety. They govern the people, and steal their hearts by many ostentatious prayers, and much austerity in their religious fasts. They stand praying in the streets, seeming to be absorbed in holy meditation. They hate us greatly because we will not accept their traditions, but insist, instead, on believing and obeying only what Moses hath commanded in his written books.

Somehow it seems to me, my Sulpicius, that religion and virtue do not go together. These Pharisees who profess so much piety, are full of covetousness, falsehood, and bitter hatred against those who do not believe like themselves, and who go not with them. Our body (who are called Sadducees by the people) believe only in good works. The law of Moses is a command to do certain actions, and not to do other actions. It tells us, that, if a man does right, he shall be full of peace, if wrong, of discontent. Moses nowhere commands men to pray; nor does he say that Yahveh (who is the only God of our nation) desires to hear prayers; nor does Moses say any thing of punishments and rewards in another world, nor of a life in Paradise or Hades. Therefore our party hold that no man is obliged to believe these things unless he chooses to do so. For these reasons the Pharisees abhor us greatly; but we have on our side the most educated and wise among the rulers, also the men of wealth, and the chief priests.

The youth of whom I speak is called Jesus, and comes from the northern part of the land, where the religion of the people is more simple than ours. He has been to our great feasts in this city, and talks to the people in the courts of the temple. He speaks neither like a prophet, in lofty language, denouncing woe on the nations, nor like the Scribes, who use oratorical phrases, and argu-

ments from the text of the Scriptures. But he talks like one of the people, and they listen with joy. His words are very plain, but full of pith and nourishment. He always says something which men can remember with advantage.

We have had many prophets in our nation, who were full of courage, but who despised prudence. Courage and prudence are opposites, and seldom united. Yet, as Plato teaches, neither is perfect without the other. Courage without prudence is not courage, but only rashness: prudence also, not joined with courage, is not prudence, but cowardice. Our prophets were bold, but imprudent: they uttered words of fiery rebuke, whether men would hear, or whether they would forbear. But Jesus teaches his disciples that they must be willing to die on the cross for their doctrine; and yet, if men in one city will not hear them, they are to leave it, and go to another. Thus, in one of his stories, he taught how a wicked steward cheated his master by a skilful contrivance, and the master commended his wisdom, showing, that, while the knavery was bad, the wisdom was good. Some of my friends found fault with this story, saying that it praised a man for his knavery. But to me it seemed, that, when he praised a dishonest prudence, it was clear that prudence alone was commended. If the steward had been honestly prudent, the hearers might have missed the point, and thought it was the honesty that was praised.

He has courage enough, this youth: he dares attack the men of the Separate Society, and tells them that they do their good works to be seen of men. We, the followers of Zadok, are of course well pleased to hear these things said of our enemies. Once he told a story of a tax-gatherer whom all men despise, as going to pray in one of the courts of the temple. He said that a Pharisee was there too; but the Pharisee went up near to the altar, and stood alone, where all could see him, thanking God that he was better than other men, because of his fasts and prayers and tithes. He said in his prayer that he was not an extortioner, like the publicans. Then he described the tax-gatherer (whom you call Publicanus) standing below in the Court of the Gentiles, and humbly confessing his sins. And Jesus declared that God heard the prayer of the tax-gatherer, and pardoned his sins because of his humility, but rejected the Pharisee because of his pride. Thus this youth unites courage and prudence in his teaching and life.

I never before knew one in whom religion and virtue were in full accord. He walks in the presence of God, but he makes no pretence to piety. Apparently he does not believe in fasts or ceremonies more than I do; and, if he prays, he does not do it in public. He shows men how to do good, and to avoid evil.

Moreover, he makes a language for himself out of all visible things. All the creatures of God, and all the doings of men, furnish him with similitudes and arguments. He is a man of genius, and utters unwritten poetry. Many of us go to hear him, attracted by his eloquence; and we wonder how an uneducated peasant can utter in his common talk aphorisms, fables, and maxims equal to those which tradition has handed down from the sages of the past. Nature is to him full of symbols: in all common things he finds some moral. The leaven which the housekeeper puts into the dough to make it rise shows him the law by which truth works unseen in human history. Seeds put into good ground, on the rocks, on the trodden road, or among thorns, represent instruction given to docile hearers, to shallow-minded hearers, to those whose minds are full of worldly cares, or pre-occupied with selfish purposes. The lilies, purple and scarlet, on the hillside, and the wild doves winging their way over the lake, speak to him of the universal providence which feeds and clothes plants and birds, and can be trusted to take care of us in our needs. He once took a little child in his arms, and said, "You must all become children before you can even see my kingdom. Only a child's eyes can see what is divine." Bread to him means strength; wine means joy. Water bubbling up in a spring tells of the soul into which love is flowing forever. Young shoots grafted into an old stock teach how each person can keep his own separate nature, and yet draw life from a common source. Wheat and tares growing together in the field show that evils are allowed to continue by the side of good till the great harvest. A shepherd looking for his one lost sheep amid the night and storm, is a sign that God will not lose his care and tenderness for us when we wander away from him. A blind man is not so blind to outer things as a prejudiced man is to the truth he dislikes. A little seed which hath wrapped in it the power of becoming a great tree is the type of the truth, which seems insignificant, but may grow up into a great institution. Thus all he sees around him suggests some spiritual meaning, and all that



happens in the street or shop is the hieroglyphic character which implies something which happens in the soul.

Then he tells stories, which I find very interesting, and also full of sagacity. Many are entertained by them, and do not see how skilfully he teaches some truth by the story. But, when you study these little tales, you are surprised at the wisdom of the story-teller. Our rabbis have long been accustomed to teach in this way, but this young man excels them all in the variety and quantity of his apologues. They seem to come to him at his bidding, whenever needed. It is like a running stream, which is never exhausted. Let me give you some examples, to show how he sees what the wise men call the oppositions of truth, which are the source of the contradictions and disputes among men. As Plato teaches in "The Banquet" that love can reconcile all opposites, and make a harmony of all contraries, so this man, who is no philosopher, by a certain love of truth is able to reconcile these seeming contradictions. This love, of which his soul is full, makes his mind so large, that he is just to all reality. Truth is like a globe, my Sulpicius, of which most men see only one side; but the strange thing to me is that this young man is so wise that he can see both sides, and yet be full of ardor.

If a ball, or globe, be supported on an axis running through the middle, the two poles of this axis are opposite to each other; but they are not hostile, but mutually necessary. Each pole helps the opposite pole to support the whole globe, and enable it to revolve. The philosopher sees that truths also are opposed, yet necessary to each other. And Plato teaches that each truth is generated by its opposite. What astonishes me in this young man is, that he omits neither pole of these axes on which the divine globe of truth revolves. If sometimes he seems to carry one doctrine to an extreme, you will find, that before long, in some other story or proverb, he will state the truth which stands opposed to it.

Thus in many of his sayings he speaks of the irreparable evil of sin; and his warnings would cause sinners to despair, did he not join with these awful descriptions of a woe to come the promise of help from that infinite Supremacy which he loves to call his Father. He once said in my hearing, that it were better to cut off one's right hand, or to pluck out one's right eye, than to com-

mit a sin which may plunge us into that hell of misery where fire forever burns within the soul, and a worm gnaws forever in the heart. Yet he encourages sinners to believe that they may taste, when they choose, the forgiveness of God. And he says sometimes that we can make God and the angels happier, and the heavens more full of joy, by repenting of our sins. He does not attempt to reconcile such contradictions by metaphysics; but while you listen you see that both are true.

You know, perhaps, that, between the Society of Separatists and ourselves, there has long been a dispute as to how men shall be just before God. We who follow Zadok say, "By doing right actions, by obeying the law which declares that whoever doth these things shall live by them." One of our prophets says, "What doth Yahveh require of thee but to do justly, and love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God?" Another declares that a great multitude of sacrifices is weariness to Yahveh, who only wishes men to "wash themselves from evil doings, ceasing to do evil, and learning to do well." Thus we have many strong scriptures for our support. But the Separatists say that "no one will do right till he first *believes* that he ought to do right, and has *faith* that God will justify him when he tries to do right: therefore," say they, "we are not justified by works, but by the belief and the trust which alone will make us work." I was desirous to know which side of this question our young prophet would take. And here, again, I discovered that he seemed to be on both sides. He has told stories about servants who were rewarded exactly in proportion to what they had done for their master, each having received the same number of *minæ* at first, and those who made the most out of the sum intrusted to them being rewarded accordingly. This was plainly justification by works. Yet he also declares, that, if one has only as much faith in God as a grain of the seed of the sinapi-tree, he can move a mountain, and make it stand in the midst of the Sea of Galilee. He declares that he cannot cure a man of his disease unless the man has faith. But the faith he demands is not the belief of any proposition; but he seems to mean by it a sort of confident persuasion that God will help us. Here lies a great danger, my Sulpicius, — the danger of that dreadful superstition which our master Epicurus opposed. It may easily lead men to think themselves favorites

of God, and that others are his enemies. But I confess there is nothing of the kind in this young man, who always declares, that, if the Jewish nation is corrupt, God will choose, instead of our people, the Greeks or the Romans, the people of Samaria or Persia, for his friends.

Several of his stories have the same moral. Nothing displeases our Separatists so much as this. Once he described the coming kingdom as a feast given by the king, to which the invited guests refused to come, being occupied in business and pleasure. The king, being angry at this neglect, sent out and invited the beggars and the poor wretches out of the streets to come in to the supper. We all understood him to mean, that, if the Jewish nation refused to become his followers and disciples, he would seek his disciples among the heathen whom we despised, and make of them the new people of God. Also in another story of a youth who ran away into a far country, and was absent from his father a long time, and was kindly received on his return home, many thought that he meant not only sinners in general, but the Gentiles who had gone away from God, and lived in idolatry, feeding on the husks of religion, such as the worship of Baal and Astarte. When the heathen come back to the one living God, he will welcome them with joy. The elder brother, in this story, evidently meant the Jews, who did not wish the heathen to be pardoned and saved.

In another story he told about a man who hired laborers to work in his vineyard, and who, just before sundown, hired some other men, and put them in the vineyard to work, and paid them the same wages received by those who had been laboring all day, to the great discontent of those who had been in the vineyard since early morning. People said he meant that the Gentile proselytes would have as high a place in his community as the children of Abraham. He does not believe in any spiritual oligarchy. All men to him are equal before God: sometimes, indeed, the last become first, and the first become last. His sagacity is shown also in this; for the fire of faith and genius often raises a man in a moment above those who have spent years in laborious discipline and patient culture. He would therefore have all gifts find their natural level in his kingdom. He once declared that it was not for him to say who should have the highest offices in

that realm; for those places belonged by right to such as God had prepared by making them fit to do the work. The power would belong to him who knew how to use it.

And again he told a story of a father who had two sons. One of these represented the Jews: the other, the Gentiles, the Publicans, Samaritans, and those whom the Jew most despises. The father tells both to work in his vineyard. The one is full of obedience, so far as words go, but does not act accordingly. The other is disobedient in profession and language, but finally does as he is told to do. "Which is the obedient son?" asked Jesus, — "the one who obeys in word, or the one who obeys in action?" And they who heard him admitted that a Gentile whose religion was false, but his life good, was better than the Jew whose religion was good, if his life were evil.

I think, however, that the story which displeased them most was about a man who had a vineyard carefully arranged with a wall and tower containing the wine-press, who, having let it to husbandmen, went away. This vineyard was the Jewish nation and religion; the wall round it being the peculiar institutions which separate the Jews from other nations. He told how the husbandmen beat and killed the servants sent to receive the fruit of the vineyard, and finally killed his son also.

Then he asked, "What will the Lord of the vineyard do to those husbandmen?" And some, who did not perceive the meaning of the story, said at once, "He will destroy them, and put others in their place." But the men of the Separate Society, who knew the meaning, cried out, "God forbid!" for they saw that he meant that the Jews who had received the law should cease to be God's people, and another nation would be selected in their place.

This not only incensed the Pharisees, but also the chief priests. And here I must explain to you, my Sulpicius, that the Pharisees, or Separatists, are hostile to the priests, and seldom unite with them: in fact, their belief and methods are wholly different. All the interests of the priests consist in making the ritual of the utmost importance; salvation, to them, comes through faithful obedience to the ceremonial law: men are saved by sacrifices. If one will keep in this routine, he is safe. If he commits a trespass, he brings his sacrifice, and becomes pure before God.

Now, the Pharisees dislike this system. With them prayer and instruction take the place of sacrifices. As the priests rule in the temple, which is for sacrifices, the Pharisees rule in the synagogue, which is for instruction. They oppose the authority of their traditions to that of the Levitical law. They encourage study and inquiry, which the priesthood fears and condemns. The Pharisees say that the wise man is superior to the prophet: they call themselves *Hassidim*, or pious.

The chief priest has been commonly appointed by the Persian, Greek, or Roman ruler; and he has the chief political power. He and his friends are therefore under the influence of the Roman governor; but the Pharisees abhor the Romans, and secretly oppose them.

As the language of our Sacred Scriptures is a dead language, we have another body of men, whose business it is to translate it into the vulgar tongue, and explain it to the people. Their translations are called *targums*. The custom is for a translator and interpreter to stand side by side where the people are assembled. The translator recites the verse aloud in the Hebrew, and gives his *targum*, or translation, then the interpreter explains the meaning of the passage. These translators and interpreters we call "scribes," and they are naturally friends of the Separate Society. They carry on a violent opposition to the chief priests and rulers, with whom they have little in common.

But it happens that this young man is feared and disliked by both parties, and this puts him in a very dangerous position. The priests dislike him because he openly asserts that true worship does not consist of sacrifices in the temple, but must be in spirit and truth. He declares, that, if the temple be destroyed, he can in three days build a better temple to God. He will do this by uniting all honest hearts in a community where men will worship God by helping each other to gain good and to do good. He seems to believe that after death men revive in three days, and become spirits; and I think he meant, that, if the Jews rejected and killed him, the nation and temple would be destroyed, but that he, rising into some higher life, would create another worship for mankind. But, while he opposes the priests and the rich rulers, he also gives fatal offence to the Separate Society. I do not see, therefore, how he can escape from their hands.

I said that he opposes the rich, and condemns those who lay up wealth. He once said that it was easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for a rich man to become a member of his society. And, indeed, it would be hard for those of us who have property to join a body of wanderers who have neither home nor means of support. However, though Jesus points out, as all philosophers have done, the danger to the character which comes from trust in riches, I must admit, that, when he treats of this question, he also shows a good deal of that balance of mind which arises from the power of seeing both sides of a question.

He told a story the other day of a rich man and a beggar. He did not describe the rich man as a bad man, but as one who by habits of luxury had grown indifferent to the sufferings of others, and did not even notice the wretched mendicant by his gate. So, when they both die, and go into the world which the popular imagination believes to be a kind of universal receptacle of departed spirits, they find themselves in two different divisions, but near enough to see each other and speak to each other. The rich man is in a sort of purgatory, or fiery discipline, suffering much pain. The beggar is at a feast reposing in one of the highest places, near to Abraham, with his head resting on Abraham's bosom. The rich man asks that the beggar may be sent to bring him a drop of water to cool his tongue. But father Abraham replies, kindly indeed, and calling the rich man his son, but explaining that those who suffer on earth need the alternation of happiness beyond; while those who have spent their time in mere enjoyment, need the discipline of pain, and that the great gulf of unalterable law prevents any modification of this method. But the young prophet added another touch which seemed to imply that the rich man was not hard-hearted, but thoughtless; for he said the rich man asked, that, since he himself could not be helped, his brothers on earth might be warned to avoid his fate. This trait, given to the character of the man of wealth, shows that our prophet has no hostility to rich men, though he thinks them exposed to peculiar temptations, as, indeed, they probably are. For example, there is our friend Seneca, the old tutor of Tiberius. How easily and beautifully he teaches self-denial! But, for all that, he lives in enormous luxury; and, if our young prophet is correct, I fear he will have to suffer somewhat in the under-world.

I was talking, the other day, with my friend Joseph Kaiaphas, who is at present the chief priest, having been appointed to that office, as you perhaps know, by the procurator Valerius Gratus. Kaiaphas is, however, hardly more than the nominal high priest, his father Annas having the real power, which by long usage has collected in his hands. I spoke to Kaiaphas about this young prophet, whom I really like, and said I hoped that they would not treat him badly. Kaiaphas answered, "I will say to you what I told the Sanhedrim the other day: 'Is it not better that one man should die than that the whole nation should perish?' If this thing goes on, we shall have men setting themselves up for kings and Messiahs, till the Romans are alarmed, and will make it a reason for taking away the little power they have left us. They only want an excuse now for putting an end to our nationality, and absorbing us into the Syrian province."—"Then you intend to put him to death, Kaiaphas?" I said. "That depends on himself," answered he. "If he does not claim to be Messiah, I have no quarrel with him: if he does, his blood be on his own head."—"Well, Kaiaphas," I returned, "I can only say that this will be the noblest victim you have ever sacrificed in your capacity of high priest."—"It is well," Kaiaphas answered: "let this one man die for the nation, and save it by his death from destruction."—"Perhaps," I answered, "there is more meaning than you know yourself in what you say. The martyrdom of such an innocent man, and of such a great soul, will probably produce a very wide impression. His death may be an influence for all mankind."

WRITTEN ON THE  
NINETEENTH DAY OF THE MONTH ABIB.

That which I feared, my Sulpicius, has come to pass. The enemies of our young prophet have proved too strong for him. He has been condemned and executed by order of our excellent procurator, Pontius Pilate, who, however, is in no respect responsible for his death. Pilate made extraordinary and almost incredible efforts to prevent the execution; but the plaus of that narrow-minded bigot, Ben-Gamlah, were too well laid. He first procured a sentence of death from the Sanhedrim on a charge of blasphemy. The two parties in the Sanhedrim—that of the

Separate Society, and that of the high priest — joined in this. Then they brought Jesus to the procurator, and submitted to him a different charge, — that of *Majestas*, for setting himself up as a king, and thus exciting a rebellion against the Roman Kaiser. Our friend Pilate knew that this title of “Messiah” was merely a religious one as claimed by Jesus, and in no manner treason to the Kaiser. But the pressure on him was too great; and, after repeated efforts to save the youth, he was obliged to yield, and order him for execution. The punishment, I believe, was crucifixion; but I am not certain.

But here we have another proof of the truth of our philosophy. What horrible evils are inflicted on the world by religion! How admirable are the expressions of your own great poet, Lucretius Caro, when describing how the priesthood led to death the innocent Iphigenia, compelling her own father to slay her at the very hour when she should have been given in marriage! He cries out, —

“Tantum Religio potuit suadere malorum.”

And now our own priesthood have dragged to death this youth, whose only fault was that he also believed in these fatal doctrines of the gods meddling in human affairs, and demanding our obedience to their laws. He believed, too, in the immortality of the soul and in a future life.

How much better it would have been, if, instead of his devoting himself to these empty subtleties of religion, he had applied his intellect to the study of natural laws! If he could only have read Epicurus and Lucretius, it might have saved him. Now he has thrown away his life, and his great powers are lost forever to mankind.

He has ceased to be. The atoms of which he was composed, which, by their fortunate combination, resulted in this fine organism, are dissolved and gone. In a few years he will be entirely forgotten, and his influence cease forever. I suppose, that, in half a century from now, no one will remember his name. If he had devoted himself to something positive, to some real knowledge, to something which would have helped his fellowmen, he might have been remembered with the great men of old. His fame might have rivalled that — I will not say of Democritus or Epicurus, for that would be extravagant — but of such men as



Hemarchus, Polystratus, the profuse Apollodorus, Orion, Demetrius the Laconian, and other great teachers of the school of Epicurus. I know you will consider me enthusiastic in saying this. It is true that this young man has left behind him no written books to justify the high opinion I have formed of him. But neither did Socrates. Nor has he founded a school with such disciples in it as Plato and Xenophon. His followers are ignorant men from Galilee, fishermen of the Galilean lake, quite unable even to report his teaching with any accuracy. I was speaking with one of them the other day, by name Simon; and it was painful to see in what a poor provincial dialect he spoke. Another was with him; whose name was, I think, Matthias, or Mattathias. Both related many incidents in their master's life which would have been interesting if told with literary skill. But such reports and records as they can make will attract no attention, nor be remembered long.

If, my Sulpicius, I have taken your time with facts unworthy your attention, you must pardon me. Nothing which occurs in these provinces can equal the interest of what passes in Rome. Reward me, therefore, for my desire to entertain you, by telling me what is said and done in the Forum and in the Palace of the Kaiser.

---

### THE DREAM OF PILATE'S WIFE.

(*Letter from PILATE'S wife, CLAUDIA PROCULA, to SABINA  
ΠΟΡΡΕΑ, her sister, in Rome.*)

I send to you, my dear sister, these tablets to inform you of late events in this city. The tabellarius has orders to put them into your own hands, and I shall seal them with my emerald ring with the doves. You will be careful not to speak to any one of what I say; for the enemies of my husband might take occasion to injure him with the Imperator, because of what has happened here.

Sister, you remember the first time we heard of the God of the Jews;—how weary we were of our lives! how tired of every

thing! We had nothing to live for. Our home near the Capitol was full of comforts and luxuries. We were not confined to it, like the Greek women: we could go and come. But what for? What had we to do? We had no children to bring up: if we had, we might have been happy.

Our religion gave us no comfort. It consisted of endless ceremonies; but there was no faith in it, and no love. The *pontifex maximus* himself believed neither in God nor the soul: so he openly said. I think, my dear sister, our woman's hearts were starving for something to love, and something to live for.

Do you remember the day when the little Jewish peddler came to the house with his curious rings and amulets, his Egyptian charms and gold chains from Persia, and bronzes from Greece? For amusement we called him in, and turned over his pack, spreading out every thing on the mosaic pavement. At last we found some little rolls of papyri, brought from Egypt, in bright red parchment wrappers, rolled on sticks with carved ivory heads. When we asked what they were, he at first hid them away in his bosom, and said, "They are nothing." But, when we insisted, he said, "Send away the slaves, and I will tell you." So, when the slaves were gone, he cautiously unrolled one of them, and said, "These are the verses of Sibylla from Erythræ, in which she foretells all that is to come, and prophesies the fate of Rome." And we begged to see them, and, having offered him a large sum, he sold the poem, having made us promise not to tell whence it came.

When he was gone, we read the verses which promised blessings to those who should adore the One Invisible God, the author of dark night and sunny day, and to those who refuse to worship idols of wood and stone. The verses declared this God to be one, alone, immense, unborn, ruler of all things, living from eternity to eternity. They who worship Him who sees all hearts shall rise into greater life in the heavens; but they who refuse shall descend into fires burning below, and into dreadful gloom and horror.

This was what the sibyl said; but she did not tell us how to find and to know this God. Then we sent the slaves out to seek diligently for the Jew, and bring him again. When he was found, we asked him concerning this invisible God, the Only One, above all things. And he produced another roll, written by a Jewish

prophet, full of hymns to the Jewish God, of whom, he said the sibyl spake. Oh, how lovely were those strains which told of this awful Power, whose word would cause the heavens to roll together, and the earth to wither, but who would tenderly guard all who trusted in him, and be to them a Friend and Helper! And thus we became worshippers of the Jewish God, whom we could adore and love, and in whom we could believe.

Therefore, when my husband was made Procurator of Judæa, I was glad to go with him there; and, having besought him much, he consented to take me; for, though the law forbade it, this law has of late fallen into disuse.

And I, who know Rome so well, with its marble palaces, sitting as a queen upon its seven hills, am yet amazed at the majesty of Jerusalem. Compared with its vast temple, all of ours are poor and mean. I have gone there, being admitted to the Court of the Women, by the favor of a wise rabbi, who said, "When a heathen desires to enter into the covenant, our part is to stretch out our hand to him, and bring him under the wings of God."

Being in this court, I one day saw a teacher speaking to the people, and asked who he was. They told me that he was a prophet from Galilee, by name Jesus. I stood near, and listened to his words, which fell soft as dew, and were full of charm, bringing peace to my soul. He seemed to enter into the secret chambers of my heart, and lifted me up, till I stood near to the majesty of God, and could call him my Father, and not fear.

I often went with my husband from our home in Cæsaræa, to the feasts in Jerusalem, hoping to see the prophet again. Whenever he came, I gladly listened to him, and grew happy as I heard his words, which filled my soul with consolation and hope. And when the great Jewish Feast of the Passover lately came, I went to Jerusalem once more.

Every day, when Pilate returned from holding his court on the Platform of Justice, I asked him if the prophet of Galilee had yet arrived. At last he told me, "He has arrived, but not as he came before. He has come attended by many friends, and I think they will not permit the rulers to do him harm; for the Court of the Seventy have decided to kill him." — "But why?" I asked. "Is he not one of their own prophets?" — "I know not why," returned my husband. "They seem to hate him. But fear noth-

ing for your prophet, my Claudia," he added with a smile; "for I have a cohort of soldiers at hand, and there shall be no disturbance at the feast. Besides, they know me too well to venture to make any riot."

When I went to Judæa, I was not altogether a believer in the Jewish religion, nor am I even now. There are many things in it which seem without reason, and many others which are said of their God, which do not agree together. Sometimes he is spoken of as cruel and jealous, as the gods of our Pantheon. But what chiefly interested me is the tone of confident belief in which these Scriptures speak of God, truth, and right. What these Jews believe, they believe; while we are only thinkers, seekers, doubters. Our philosophers are not only ignorant whether there is any God, or any future life, but they are proud of their ignorance. What kind of religion is our Roman religion, in which our *pontifex maximus*, the chief high priest, denies in private what he teaches in public? I took up in my husband's library the other day a treatise of our Cicero on "The Nature of the Gods." In the third book I read that Kotta, the chief pontiff, declares, that, as pontiff, he believes in the gods; but on grounds of reason he denies their existence. He says that there is no proof of God, nor of providence. All is doubt. No one knows any thing about it. This is the result to which our great scholar Cicero arrives, at the close of his book.

More than this, our educated men and most forward thinkers, the greatest minds we have, seem proud of their doubts, their ignorance, their uncertainty. They think it courageous to deny the beliefs of their ancestors: they say their doubts come from their love of truth: But I think that he who loves truth loves to believe and to know; for truth is not ignorance, but knowledge.

I often talk with my husband on these things: he belongs to his time, and thinks, like the others, that nothing can be certainly known. I told him I liked the Jewish writings, because they spoke of truth as something certain, not as doubtful. "Yes," said he, "but what is truth? Who knows?" This makes me sad. He told me, that, in the debate in the Senate on the punishment to be inflicted on Katalina and the other conspirators, Kaisar, who was chief pontiff, opposed putting them to death, because that would be an end to all their suffering; "for after death," said he, "there

is neither care nor joy." Nor did the rest of the Senate contradict him, nor think it of any consequence whether we live again or not.

But how different are these Jews! They not only believe, but they seem to know, that God is their friend. They compare his tenderness with that of the mother-bird, who broods over her young, and covers them with her feathers. They believe certainly that the Lord is on their side, and they cannot fear any thing that man may do to them. But this prophet whom they call Jesus goes much deeper down and higher up. He speaks as if God were certainly with him at all times, giving him all power. God is in his mind and heart, a perpetual peace and joy. He speaks so calmly and so surely of the rest of the soul which he can give us, that I long to be with him and to hear him speak again. I hope that at this Feast of the Passover I shall do so.

My dear sister, I have caused one of the followers of the prophet to write down for me the prayer he gave them. It is very short, and I repeat it every day. It seems to contain in itself every thing I wish to say. It begins, "Our Father." I scarcely dare to say this—I a Roman woman to call the God of the Jews my Father! But it gives me peace and comfort to say these words. Next it says that this Father is "in heaven," and that his name must be made and kept "holy" by us. But where is heaven? I do not know; but I think "heaven" cannot be far off, since God, who is in heaven, is so near that we can talk with him thus easily. Heaven is also, they say, full of angels, and holy spirits, and pure little children. And the prophet tells us that when we love God, and love each other, we already are not far from heaven; so that, when we die, we shall not go down, but up,—not down into the darkness of the under-world, among shades of men, but into an upper-world of sunshine and joy.

Is not this, dear sister, better than our own sad disbelief? As I once walked on the Appian Way, I looked at the tombs, and saw on one this inscription, "Reader, enjoy thy life; for after death there is no joy nor any more pleasure." And, on another, "Pilgrim, stop and listen. There is nothing beyond the grave: once dead, all is over." And, on another, "Hold all as mockery, reader: nothing is our own."

Another line of my prayer asks that the gods may rule here below, and reign on the earth, and their will be done by men here,

as the angels do it above. I say "*gods*" from custom; but this prayer is to the one only God. And then, continuing in my prayer, I ask for my bread for the day, and all necessary food: thus I feel as if it were given to me always by God himself.

And the next request in my prayer is, "that I may be forgiven my sins, as I also forgive others." In this religion, it seems it is a duty to forgive our enemies: with us, it is rather a duty to take vengeance on our enemies. Also in this the prophet differs from his own people, as well as from all mankind; for the Jews are relentless in their hatred to their enemies. If the prophet can convert them to this forgiving rule, he will perform a more wonderful miracle than when (as it is reported) he raised a dead man to life. I once heard him tell the people that to forgive their enemies was to be like God, who sends his sun and rain on good men and bad men, making no difference between them. He also said that no man could ever believe it was right for God to forgive him, while he thought he ought not to forgive another. "If you believe it right," said he, "that you should forgive others, then you will see that it is right for God to forgive you. If you think it wrong for you to forgive your enemies, you will think it wrong for God to forgive you. Then you cannot pray, in faith, to be forgiven." But this doctrine seems almost above the power of man to believe and practise.

Then, in my prayer, I ask this Father "not to lead me into temptation, but to deliver me from the Evil One." I asked the daughter of Israel who taught me this "Bread-prayer," as I call it, to explain its meaning. This young woman, who is named Miriam, and is a native of Galilee, came to see me in the procurator's palace at Cæsaræa. She had heard that Herod meant to kill the prophet, and wished me to ask my husband to protect him. But Pilate said that Herod would not venture to seize any one in that country, for he knew that Pilate would not allow it. My husband dislikes Herod, and thinks him no real friend to Rome. Thus I came to know the damsel Miriam. She has the strange beauty of the Jewish women, which has drawn aside so many of our young Roman noblemen. But this girl has seen many sorrows, and I feel great pity for her.

When, therefore, I asked Miriam the meaning of this prayer, and how it was that the great God of the world, who hangs the

stars in the skies, could lead us into temptation, and why, if he is so good, he can wish to do so, she answered that the prophet taught, that all earthly events come to us by God's will; that there are no such goddesses as fortune, or accident, or fate, or necessity. All things which befall us come by an infinite decree. Thus not even a little bird falls dead in the air, but drops into the hand of an infinite Friend. All things have a meaning and purpose: the dark events of our life also have an object, and are intended for some good. Known to God are all things which take place from the beginning of the world. He knows us better than we know ourselves, and has made each of us for some good end. Thus Miriam taught me; and, as she spoke, her arms lifted, and, her hair floating backward, she appeared like a sibyl. "God leads us," said she, "wherever we go. He leads us into evil and good; he leads us into temptation when we are proud, that we may be tested by it, and know our own weakness. Thus he makes us humble, and conscious of our sin. But when we feel our weakness, and are already humble, we may not need this test, and may pray not to be led into temptation, but to be delivered from the evil ones, the dark spirits who go about in our midst, invisible, seeking to destroy our souls." So she explained my "Bread-prayer" to me, and now I say it every day.

Since I wrote the former words of this epistle, my Sabina, many things have occurred strange and dreadful.

I have told you before of the great feasts, to which all these people come in vast multitudes. They are so many, that the city will not hold them; and great numbers dwell in camps on the neighboring hills, and come every day to the city and the temple.

My prophet (for I hold him my best teacher) came to the city on the sabbath, five days before the evening on which they eat the lambs, standing girt as for a journey. But he entered the city surrounded and guarded by great numbers of his friends, who sang hymns, and chanted, and cried aloud that he came in the name of the great Yahveh (for so they call their God), to bring peace to all the world. And, to show this, he rode on an ass, and not on a horse; since all men of peace — merchants and the like — ride on the ass, and soldiers on horses. Also many little children ran before, and cried in their tender, shrill voices, "This is the

King of Peace." But such crowds surrounded him every day in the temple, that I did not like to go there; nor did my husband wish me to go. I waited, then, for a more convenient season; but alas! it never came.

On the night before the feast, when I was asleep in our palace, I had a dream so strange, wild, and terrible, that I will repeat it to you.

I thought I was in the Roman Forum, seated near the rostra, watching a triumphal procession. Some senators near me said, "This is the three hundred and twentieth. So many victories since Rome began her grand career! but this is almost the last."

While I wondered at their words, the procession moved on. I saw the senators and magistrates walking solemnly forward, heard the wild strains of the trumpets, and saw the wagons piled high with spoils, the elephants marching two and two, covered with scarlet trappings, the models of the captured cities carried on high, and the pictures of the mountains and lakes and rivers which had been passed over by the troops. Statues and vases, costly paintings, and rich robes, were borne aloft. Then came the white bulls and oxen for sacrifice, with gilded horns, followed by the priests. Then followed the prisoners, in chains, clanking as they walked, with gloom and hatred in their faces.

Next in my dream I saw the chariot, drawn by four white horses, in which rode the emperor. As he appeared, his army marching behind him, one wild shout of triumph rose from the vast multitude. I tried to see his face, but a white veil hung before it. In a moment all seemed to change. A fearful flash of lightning fell from the sky, attended by a terrific burst of thunder. Suddenly black darkness fell on every thing. Another flash of lightning illuminated for a moment the scene. Then I saw the temples and palaces around me falling in ruins; flames bursting from the Capitol and the Palace of the Cæsars; and standing in the chariot, his arm stretched out, was the prophet of Galilee. Another flash; and in place of the Roman Forum and buildings I saw the Jewish Temple, and I was in the midst of Jerusalem. The thunder rolled, the earth shook; and a loud voice from the heavens cried, "Come and see!" And by the red fierce light I saw a pale horse, and a figure of horror seated on



him, with the word DEATH over his head, and an army of dead men followed him. Their bones rattled in their armor, and their skulls were seen under the helmets; and they moved on by thousands, until I thought the ghastly procession would never end.

Then I seemed to be outside of Rome, on the plains which stretch toward the Sabine hills; and I was walking toward the city with a multitude. From the city we heard a mournful trumpet sounding slowly, with short intervals of silence between each wailing cry. And I asked my neighbors what it meant. They answered, "Know you not that this is the day of judgment for all mankind, when the Jewish Christ is to judge the world? Those who reach the city before the trumpet ceases to sound may be saved; but those who do not arrive in season are forever lost." Thus we hastened on, while the intervals between the trumpet-sounds appeared to become longer. And as we passed on I saw the dead coming from their graves under the sod. They pushed the earth away from above them, climbed out of the ground, and came on by our sides. Still the trumpet sounded fitfully, and at last we reached the gate of the city. Once more I stood in the Forum. But now, in the midst, there rose a gigantic cross, and on it hung a figure which I knew to be the prophet. Around me stood the buildings of Rome and Jerusalem mingled together. And a mighty angel on wings came flying to the cross, and cried, "Woe to the world which has crucified its King! for the judgment of God has come upon Jerusalem and upon Rome, and they shall fall like Babylon, to perish forever." Then the prophet rose also into the air; and the cross fell on the ground, and all again was darkness.

At this moment I awoke, and was aware of one of my hand-maidens, who said that a Jewish woman waited to see me, saying that her business was urgent: so I had her called into my chamber. When she entered, I saw it was Miriam. She was pale, and her eyes swollen with tears. She said, "O Lady Claudia! the prophet has been taken prisoner, and now stands before thine husband's tribunal to be judged; and the Jews clamor for his death. Give me a message to the Ruler to warn him not to let those cruel men have their way. O lady! his life is in thine hands. He is innocent of all crime. Save him, I beseech thee!" Thus speaking, she threw herself on her knees by my couch, and

embraced my feet, and looked up with such imploring eyes, that my heart melted within me. Then I called for my tablets and stylus, and wrote some hasty words to my husband Pontius, and warned him to have nothing to do with that innocent and just man, saying what I had suffered in my dream because of him. These tablets Miriam took, and departed hastily.

Hours passed; and I sent out servants to learn how the matter stood, but none returned. At last my husband arrived, looking very sad; and I knew a misfortune had happened. "What is it, O Pontius?" said I. "Tell me all."

And Pontius went with me into the interior of the house, and, dismissing the servants, said, "I received thy message, my wife; but I could do nothing. I could not resist the rage of these madmen. I did all I could, for I knew that Jesus was a just and innocent man. Hearing that he was of Galilee, I sent him to Herod to let him decide the question. But Herod is too cunning to run any risk, and sent him back again to me. I went out, and declared to the people that I found no fault in the prophet. But they yelled aloud that he was a rebel against Kaiser, and that he made himself a king in the place of the Emperor Tiberius; and that, if I let him go, I was no friend to Kaiser. I knew well what this meant,—that I was to be ruined unless I consented to his death."

"And then you gave him up to them!" I answered bitterly.

"No, Claudia, be not unjust. Hear the whole transaction as it occurred. I will narrate it in order.

"Very early, at break of day, I was summoned to the Prætorium because an important case was waiting for judgment. Wondering what this could be, that made so early a trial necessary, I went to the seat of judgment, and found waiting before it a body of the temple guard, who were guarding a prisoner bound. I saw at once that he was a Jew, and demanded what it meant. Then stepped forward two members of the Council of Seventy, who said, 'This is a criminal, named Jesus Ben Joseph, whom we have found guilty of high crimes, and brought here to be sentenced.' But while saying this they did not enter the Hall of Judgment, but stood just outside the door. And I said, 'Come in, and give your testimony.' They answered, 'Permit us, O Procurator! to

remain in the doorway; for this is the Feast of the Passover, and, while it continues, we are forbidden to enter the house of any stranger.' Then I said, 'I will come out to you.' Leaving the judgment-seat, I went out, and asked them the crime of which he was accused. They answered insolently, 'We have tried him, and found him guilty, else we should not have brought him to thee.'—'Then sentence him,' said I, and turned away. But they called out, 'We are forbidden to put any man to death while a Roman governor is in the city.' And this was true; for, in case of an insurrection, the power of life and death could not be trusted to them. Every friend of the Romans, taken prisoner by them, might have been put to death.

"Therefore I once more took my seat on the throne of judgment, and called on them to declare the crime, saying, 'If I am to pronounce the sentence, I must also hear and examine the case.'

"For I knew their bitter prejudices; and I determined in my own mind not to allow them to kill this man, unless they could prove that he deserved it. For I remembered what thou hast told me concerning this prophet, that he was innocent, and that his doctrine was like that of our best philosophers."

And Pilate continued, "Then the committee of the Sanhedrim arrived, with Kaiaphas at its head (he is their *pontifex maximus*), and charged the prisoner with taking the title of King in Judæa, and thus being guilty of the offence of 'Majesty' against Tiberius. They were very violent and bitter in their charges. I listened until they had finished. Among other things, they accused him of forbidding to pay tribute to Kaisar. This I knew was false; for it is only two days since the centurion Publius told me of the question having been put directly to the prophet in the temple. They asked him whether it were right to pay tribute to Kaisar; and he told them that if they used Kaisar's coin, which Kaisar had had stamped, they might pay it to Kaisar. I knew, therefore, that this charge was a libel.

"But the chief accusation, and one which they repeated loudly, was that he set himself up as a king, and therefore was the enemy of Kaisar; and that he wished to make an insurrection against Kaisar. And, in proof of this, Kaiaphas took an oath by his own God. Putting his hand on the prophet's head, he said, 'As the Lord liveth, I declare, that, before the Council of Seventy, this

Jesus said he was the King whom we call the *Kristos*. And immediately we condemned him to die for this crime against the emperor, and brought him to thee to be put to death.' Then I turned to the prisoner, and said, 'According to Roman law, every man charged with crime hath a right to hear and to answer every accusation. Thou mayst therefore reply, and defend thyself.'

"But the prisoner was silent, and said nothing.

"Then I rose, and said, 'Prisoner, hast thou heard the accusation? They charge thee with a conspiracy against the Imperator. The punishment is death; nor will it be death by stoning, if thou art sentenced by my court. It will be crucifixion, — the torturing death of a slave. Therefore take thought, and defend thyself, if thou hast any thing to say.'

"But he stood before me silent, not seeming to hear my words. Indeed, Claudia, there was a wonderful look in his face, as of one communing with an unseen presence. His mind was not with us, in the court, but far off, in some ecstatic state. I determined then to examine him privately, and ordered the others to leave the hall. When all had gone out, and we were alone, I spoke to him again, and said, —

"'Tell me the truth. Art thou, or art thou not, the King for whom the Jews are looking, and whom all the East is expecting?'

"Immediately he looked at me with a calmness at which I wondered; and in a tranquil tone he asked, 'In what sense dost thou use the word 'king'? — in thine own sense, as a Roman, or with the Jewish meaning?'

"I answered, 'I know very little about the Jewish ways of thinking. This is an accusation brought by thine own nation. I bring no charge against thee. Tell me thyself what thou art, and what thou hast done.'

"Then he said, 'My kingdom is not an earthly one. It is not a kingdom like that of *Kaisar*, over the outward acts of men: I seek to rule over their souls. Thou canst see thyself that I am not seeking any earthly empire. A vast multitude of my followers would have fought to the death to prevent my being taken prisoner; but now is my kingdom not of this kind.'

"'What sort of a kingdom is it?' I asked.

"'Yes, I am a King, and I have a kingdom. For this end I was born, and for this cause I came into the world, — to bear wit-

ness to the truth. All who love the truth will sooner or later come to me and obey this truth; and I shall be their King, by being to them the truth they love, believe, and obey.'

"This, or something like it, he said; but I have long since despaired of finding any solid truth. All is changing opinion in this world, and who is sure of any thing? It seemed strange and a delusion that any one could think himself so sure of having the truth as to anticipate the day when all men should take him for teacher and master. At all events, however, this was an innocent delusion. Even the jealous Tiberius could hardly be offended with one who made himself a king in this way. So I left him standing in the hall, and went out to where the crowd of Jews were still before the judgment-seat, fiercely discussing the matter. As I went out, I heard one saying, 'If he doth not condemn him, we will complain at once to the proconsul, and, if he doth not hear us, to Kaisar at Rome.' I paid no attention to this, but at once took my place on the seat of judgment, and said, 'The case is decided: I find no fault in the man, and shall acquit him.'

"A great yell arose, and they shook their fists at me; and the deputies of the Sanhedrim, coming forward, said, 'Be very careful, O procurator! how thou dost this. He is an open rebel. During this last month he hath called on the people to rise in insurrection, stirring them up all the way from his home in Galilee to this city.'

"'Is, then, Galilee his home?' asked I.

"They answered yes; and I saw a way to escape the difficulty of my situation. Therefore I gravely answered,—

"'In that case I have no jurisdiction. The case belongs to Herod, not to myself, since he is the ruler of Galilee. I shall send him to Herod.' And I immediately sent him to Herod, in charge of a file of soldiers.

"Herod was pleased, it seems, that I recognized his jurisdiction. But he is very cunning, and did not mean to take the responsibility which I had thrown off. However, one good result followed; for he was so pleased with my civility, that he came himself to the palace to thank me, and the coolness between us has come to an end. But he brought back Jesus with him, and said, 'I really have no authority in the matter. He is accused of attacking the majesty of Kaisar, of whom thou art the representative

here, not I. This is a charge for thee to try. It is an offence, besides, committed, not in Galilee, where he always refused to be called the Kristus, but only since leaving Galilee. How, then, can I take cognizance of the offence?' So spoke Herod, and I saw that on me it rested to decide the question.

"Therefore I sent a centurion to the gate of the temple to demand the presence of the accusers; and, when they had come, I took my place again on the judgment-seat, and all the fierce mob was once more assembled. They looked like starved wolves, longing to tear in pieces their victim. But I was still determined to save him: therefore I pronounced my sentence in these words:—

"Men of the Jewish council, you have brought here this man, Jesus of Nazareth in Galilee. You have accused him of perverting the people, and teaching them to refuse to pay tribute to Kaisar. Behold, I have examined him in your presence, and it hath been proved that he taught that all things due to Kaisar must be paid to him, and that the tribute-money belongs to Kaisar because stamped with his image. As to the charge of making himself a king, I find that he calls himself king, as being a king of truth, or what we Romans call a philosopher. He hath refused to allow his servants to fight, or draw the sword. Whether he is a king in this sense, or not, is a question of words with which I have nothing to do. I have also sent him to Herod; and Herod finds nothing against him, and hath sent him back, saying that in Galilee, under his jurisdiction, he did not even claim to be a king, but refused to be called so. I cannot, therefore, execute your sentence of death upon him. As the cause of this disturbance, I will order him to be beaten with rods, and will then release him. This is my sentence. Let it be recorded.'

"When the crowd which had collected around the judgment-seat heard this, they gave a wild roar, and began to use threats. It was plain to me that they were under the control of some secret leaders. Those in front crowded up close to where my few soldiers stood: those behind waved swords in the air. It was plain that in another minute this furious multitude might rush on their victim and on me. My troops, even if all in Jerusalem were around me, were too few to resist them. Something must be instantly done, or all Jerusalem would be in an uproar.

"So I rose, and waved my hand for silence. 'Hear the rest of

the decree,' I said. 'This man hath not broken any Roman law, and he is acquitted of all crime against Rome; but your court hath sentenced him for a crime against your law. He is therefore put into my hands as a criminal to be punished. I will keep him therefore in prison until it is decided what punishment to inflict. Soldiers, take him into the court.' Thus I thought to escape any immediate decision until their rage had passed by.

"But now, before I left the judgment-seat, the people cried out that they wished for the release of some Jew under condemnation, as has been the custom of Roman governors at the Passover. 'Give us our prisoner, our Passover prisoner!' they cried, — 'our prisoner, our Paschal prisoner!'

"'Very well,' I said, 'I will do so. I will pardon the offence of Jesus, whatever it be, and release him. He shall be the prisoner pardoned and released at this Passover.'

"When I said this, I thought the matter settled. But I perceived men in the crowds, no doubt agents of the council, who diligently moved to and fro, exhorting the people. Directly they began to call out, 'No, no! Give us Bar-abbas. Pardon Bar-abbas! We choose Bar-abbas for our Passover prisoner! Set Bar-abbas free!'

"This put me again in great perplexity. At that moment thy message was brought me, and I ordered the proceedings stayed until I could read it. What a strangely beautiful girl was the Jewish damsel who brought the message! Her eyes were like lamps of light, and her whole soul was in her face. Who is this wonderful creature, my Procula?"

"Her name is Miriam," I answered. "But tell me all."

"When I went out again, the crowd was still there, and growing larger and more determined than before. Then I said, —

"I will pardon the Paschal prisoner. I will pardon either the Jewish king, or Bar-abbas. Decide for yourselves which it shall be.'

"If there were any in the crowd who wished Jesus to be pardoned, they were afraid to speak; for all shouted, as before, 'Bar-abbas! Give us Bar-abbas! Pardon Bar-abbas!'

"'What then,' said I, 'shall I do with Jesus, the Jewish king?'

"'Crucify him! crucify him!' they cried aloud.

“‘Why, what evil hath he done?’ I asked. ‘I find no cause of death in him.’ And some of them said, ‘We have a law, and by that law he ought to die, because he made himself the Son of God.’

“‘This,’ said I, ‘is a new charge. I will take him in again, and examine him on this question.’

“A strange agitation came over my mind. I understand how this man’s face should have haunted thee in thy dreams. He appears indeed like a half-god, the son of Jupiter or of Phœbus-Apollo. A subtle force goes from him; and when I hear him speak, and look in his face, I feel a certain wonder and reverence.

“Therefore, when I was once more alone with the prophet, I said to him, ‘Tell me truly whence thou comest?’ And I almost expected to hear him say, ‘From the abode of the gods.’ Yet thou knowest, my Claudia, that I am not credulous.

“He stood before me, his hands bound behind his back, a solemn strength in his eyes. But he remained silent. He hardly seemed to hear me. He was like a man of whom one asks a trifling question when his thoughts are on some difficult problem. Thus he had looked while the debate was going on of which his life was the stake. Something else than any thing which concerned his own life or death was occupying his thoughts. He hardly seemed to hear me; so that I said impatiently, —

“‘Answer my question. Dost thou not know that it depends on me to have thee set free, or to have thee crucified?’

“And then, strangely enough, our positions were reversed. He looked at me with pity, as though I were the prisoner, and he the judge. At last his lips opened, and he said, —

“‘Thou art not so much to be blamed. Thou hast not the power of settling this question. If thou truly hadst it, thou wouldest be very sinful to send to death one whom thou knowest to be innocent. But they who brought me to thee have arranged their plans too well. Thou hast no escape. The sin is theirs, not thine.’

“How strange that this man should have looked into my heart, and seen how I was struggling to escape doing what I knew to be wrong — and struggling in vain. I felt myself dragged down by these crafty and determined Jews, who had resolved to make me their tool in putting to death this man who was better than all of



them. And, Claudia, it gave me comfort that he pardoned me beforehand, for the act he foresaw that I should do. Yet I was determined to make one more effort for this noble soul. He is a noble soul, my Claudia. Thou art right in thy judgment of him.

“What I thought to do was this. I would turn the whole thing into a jest. I would make it so ridiculous, that only laughter and mirth should seem suitable; and no one would think the slightest danger to the emperor or empire would come from such a foolish joke. When we laugh at a man, we no longer fear him. Therefore I gave suitable directions to the centurion, who understood me, and acted accordingly. They stripped the prophet of his toga, and put on him an old scarlet cloak to represent the imperial purple. They wove a coronet out of a wild, climbing prickly vine which grew near by. They took a rush, and put it into his hand for a sceptre, and pretended to do obeisance to him as a king. Then I brought him out to the crowd, and said to them, ‘Behold the man! Here is the king who is to dethrone the Kaisar! ought not the Kaisar to be afraid of him?’ Then the soldiers shouted, laughed, hooted, and danced around him in mockery. And the people, too, began to laugh, and I thought that I could let him go in peace.

“But I little knew the depth of their bitterness and hatred. Some of the deputies of the Jewish Council of Seventy came to me and said, ‘We see thy plan, procurator; but it cannot be allowed. This man must die. Choose between his death and thine own. We are prepared, if thou dost let him go, instantly to send to the Kaisar a charge against thee of abetting treason against his throne. Thou knowest that we have powerful friends at Rome. Thou dost remember the shields? — how we obtained orders from the Kaisar, compelling thee to remove them. Our minds are made up, — thy life, or his.’ So saying, they turned away; and the multitude, with a roar like that of the sea, shouted, ‘Crucify him! Crucify him!’

“What could I do, Claudia? Had not the prophet himself said to me that I was powerless to resist them, and that the fault was not mine? Did not he really give himself to death when he forbade his friends to fight for him? For there were enough men of Galilee near by to have rescued him, had he only permitted it.

“I turned and looked at him. He was unconscious of the hor-

rible tumult, the insults, the deadly cries. He did not seem to feel the pain from the stripes, though the blood was yet trickling from his back down his naked limbs. He stood calm, serene, a heavenly light in his eyes. He *was* a king: we were the helpless and feeble slaves.

“I turned away in despair. I could do no more. I should sacrifice myself, but I could not rescue him. I ordered a vase of water to be brought up to me on the *bema*, and washed my hands before them, saying, ‘I am innocent: I wash my hands of it. His blood be on you.’ And they cried, ‘His blood be on us and on our children!’

## CHAPTER XX.

MIRIAM OF MIGDOL RELATES TO THOMAS THE WONDERFUL EVENTS WHICH FOLLOWED THE CRUCIFIXION. — WHAT THOMAS ALSO SAW.

THE next day was the sabbath. I spent it alone among the hills, seeming to myself to be surrounded by the ruins of all my hopes. I had lost my faith in my master, and with it my faith in all I had learned of him. I did not know, until it was gone, how much I had begun to believe. While with Jesus, I had felt overshadowed by a divine love, upheld by some blessed, divine arms. I had been filled with hopes for my nation, for the world, and for myself. I almost believed that Jesus was the Christ who was to come; and, if so, then love and truth were to come with him to reign; wickedness and war and misery would cease; and the whole world would be full of the knowledge of God, as the waters cover the sea. But he had been fatally deceived. He was not the Christ, the King, but a victim of the wickedness he had expected to conquer. The sweetest, purest, noblest life had gone down in agony to the death of a slave. Then God was not his Father. Then evil could not be overcome by good. Then the kingdom of heaven did not belong to the poor in spirit. Then the meek did not inherit the earth. No, there is no God who cares for man; and there is nothing better for a man to do than to eat and drink and die.

Why, in this condition of mind, I did not destroy myself from despair, as Judas did from remorse, I do not know.

I sometimes think that there was more faith still left in my soul than I knew myself. I had lived too long in contact with the master's divine trust, not to have it become a part of the texture of my mind. It is possible that not even this awful disappointment quite destroyed my faith. There may have yet been still in my soul a vague, deeply-hidden hope that somehow all might still be well. But all I then felt or knew was gloom and despair.

So passed the sabbath. It was no day of rest to me. So passed the next day also, the first day of the week. I can scarcely remember where I went, or what I did. I spent each night in the same place, — in an empty hut on the side of the mountain. I bought bread in the houses of those who raised olives and figs. I spoke to no one, and had no wish to meet any human being.

But on the third day a change came over me. I was weary of being alone. I was seized with a wish to see some of our company, to talk with them about this calamity, to give them my tears, and receive theirs. So I turned my steps toward Bethany, where they would probably be found. I followed the footpaths over the hills; and about the sixth hour I saw the little town below me, standing on its platform of rock, with the deep ravines beyond full of dark trees.

I descended the path toward the town, and when about halfway down I beheld a woman coming toward me. She looked up, and I saw that it was Miriam of Migdol. When she recognized me, she called out joyfully, "It is Thomas." As she spoke, her face was radiant with joy, yet with marks of past anguish upon it. My first feeling was displeasure. It seemed to me that no one ought to smile or to be glad now. At such moments thoughts flash rapidly through the mind; and I said to myself, "This is her love. Even such is the friendship of woman. The master hath not been dead three whole days, and she can already smile, and wear a glad

countenance." But, before I could express my thought, she said in a whisper, "My heart greatly rejoices in this meeting. I have many and wonderful things to tell thee. Hearken, Thomas, he hath come back. We have seen him." I stammered, "Come back? Who? What sayst thou?" Again she said, with a tone so deep, so full of emotion, that I remember its very accent and music now, "He — the master! He hath come back. He lives." — "Then," said I, confused, "was he not indeed slain by the priests? Have our eyes been deceived?" — "Yes," she replied, "he was indeed slain. We stood near him, and saw him die. Oh the horror of that hour!" And she pressed her face into her hands, as though to hide the sight of the dreadful tortures which she had watched during those long hours of anguish.

Then I feared her mind had become disturbed with grief and suffering. I tried to soothe her, and said, "Sit upon this rock, and let us speak of other things. Say nothing concerning this now, Miriam, but wait until thou art more calm." But she took her hands from her face, and a joyful smile beamed therefrom. "Be not afraid, Thomas: there is nothing to fear. I am full of joy: my heart sings within me for gladness. Even so: he died, and was buried; but he hath come back. Thou shalt see him also." I yet supposed her mind to wander, but thought it wise to speak soothing words to her, and suffer her to say what she would: therefore I asked her to sit down with me, and to relate unto me what had happened since I left them. I asked if she staid with him to the end; and, when she said she did, I thought within myself, "We ever call women weak, but they are stronger than we men in some things. I could not possibly have endured the sight of all that pain."

"Yes," she answered: "there were four of us women who staid unto the end, — his mother, and his mother's sister, Miriam the wife of Cleophas, and myself; and John was also with us. We were made to stand afar off at first, and

the soldiers suffered us not to come near for more than an hour; but after that they cared not to keep us away, no longer being afraid of any tumult among the people. So by degrees we came nearer to the place. And the heavens were all covered with black clouds, until it was as dark as it is toward evening.

“How frightful was the scene! We could not have borne it but for the sight of his heavenly face. We have seen him, Thomas, when his face shone like the sun, when it was as full of tender love as that of a mother nursing her babe; but now a still more divine look rested on the patient eyes, and on the lips which seemed to murmur words of submission. The whole face said, ‘Thy will be done.’ His soul was far away. He listened not to the brutality of the soldiers, the mockery of the Jewish rulers and scribes, nor to the angry roar of the outside crowd, lashed to madness by the priests. But it seemed to make them angrier that they could not hurt him any more. Some yelled aloud, ‘Come down from the cross, if thou art the Son of God!’ Others cried, ‘Thou wilt destroy the temple, wilt thou? Thou wilt build it up again in three days? Save thyself now, if thou canst. Come down from the cross, King of the Jews, and we will believe on thee.’ At last the Roman soldiers seemed to be displeased with this, and ordered them to be silent. There were four soldiers at each of the three crosses, to guard them, beside their centurion. They all sat on the ground, throwing dice to pass away the time.

“From time to time the two thieves who were on either side of him uttered frightful screams, but he was silent; yet we could see how great was the agony he endured. He was almost naked, his feet tied to the post by ropes, great iron spikes driven through his hands; his body hung torn and bruised; dreadful cramps ran over it. But most of the time his soul seemed to remain apart from the body. When these fearful convulsions came over him, we closed our eyes, and dared not look.”

“Spake he any thing?” I said.

Miriam answered, “He did, — a few things only, during these long hours. The centurion sat alone outside of the group of soldiers; and he spoke to me as I stood near him, asking if I was one of *his* friends. When I said, ‘Yes,’ he said, ‘I never heard such words as he uttered while we were nailing his hands to the wood. Usually, at that time, the prisoners rage and blaspheme: to that we are used. But he prayed to God, asking him to forgive us, because we knew not what we did. The prayer went to my soul,’ said the centurion. ‘I wonder not that thou lovest him. I think him to be one of the sons of God, as he has said.’”

“Dost thou remember, Miriam,” said I, “that he has often told us to bless our enemies, and pray for those who ill treat us? We thought it difficult to do this. But we see now, that, when the time came, he himself did what he had commanded us. He never asked others to do what he would not do himself.”

Miriam went on: “The centurion also told me of another strange thing that happened before they suffered us to come near to the cross. One of the robbers who was crucified by his side joined in reviling Jesus, hoping, perhaps, that he might win favor with the mob; but the other robber rebuked him for his language. He was a bold man, and must have had some good in him. Strange, that, when we all despaired, this man should have had this faith in our master! for the centurion told me that he asked the master to remember him when he came into his kingdom. And Jesus said to him that he should be with him that very day in paradise.”

“That day?” I exclaimed. “Then he expected to be in paradise that day. But thou sayest that he has not gone to paradise, but is still alive. How is that?”

Miriam replied, “Perhaps he went into paradise, and has come back again to speak to us. I will tell thee all these strange things soon. But now I will finish the account of

what the other women and I saw, and which thou didst not see.

“When the troop of soldiers had gone away, except the few guards, and when the rulers and priests had gone, satisfied that their work was done, then we could come near to the place, as I have told thee. And, as soon as we came, Jesus looked at us, and his eyes were full of love and pity. Then they rested on his mother, who, wretched woman, was gazing at him with eyes full of horror. He looked at her; and, speaking with difficulty (for his mouth was parched), he said, ‘Thy son,’ then looked at John, and said, ‘Thy mother.’ We understood the meaning of these words; and John, going to Mary, quietly took her hand in his, and looked up to Jesus.

“After that a long time went by. It seemed as though these dreadful hours would never end: six hours he had been in this anguish, and during three of those hours we had stood near to him. Sometimes it seemed that we could bear it no longer, yet we felt that it gave him some comfort to have his friends near.

“But after these long dreadful hours had passed away, so slowly—oh, so slowly!—he cried aloud, repeating the words of the psalm,—

“‘My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?’

“We saw a change come over him. God had not forsaken him: his sufferings were almost over. A deathly paleness passed over his face. He murmured, ‘I thirst;’ and one of the soldiers ran, and dipped a sponge in vinegar, and put it on a reed, and held it up to his mouth. Then he said, ‘It is finished. Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.’ His head fell forward, and he was dead. Then a great rest and calm came over us, knowing that his pain was over.

“As soon as we saw that he was dead, we said to each



other, 'How shall we obtain the body, to bury it?' We asked the centurion. He said that the bodies of malefactors were commonly left hanging on the cross, and it was not allowed to bury them, but that the Procurator Pilatus could give us permission if he chose to do so. We therefore went hastily into the city, and on our way met one of the Sanhedrim, Joseph of Arimathæa, — a good man and a just. He knowing us, and having also known Jesus, and loving him, stopped us, and asked if it was all finished; for, after Jesus had been taken to Pilate, Joseph had not heard of his condemnation. When we told him of it, he was greatly grieved, and declared how long he had opposed the deed in the council. We asked him how the body could be obtained for burial. He, knowing the Roman law and the governor, said that he would go to him at once, and ask this. He said, 'Pilate will grant me this as a favor, I believe; but the Roman law also requires him to do it. That law respects and guards the rights of interment so much, that it requires even the bodies of malefactors to be given to their friends to be buried.' We went with him, and waited outside the tower until he returned, saying that the governor had consented, and had given him a written order.

"Joseph said he knew that his friend Nicodemus (another of the council) would gladly join him in this work. And, having found him, they went together, with their servants. The guard was still there: so they showed the governor's order to the centurion; and, the soldiers helping them, they raised the cross from the earth, and laid it down; then, taking out the spikes, and untying the ropes, they wrapped the poor body in a long white cloth. But there was a gash in the side, with blood around it. We asked the centurion what this meant; and he said it was made by one of his soldiers with a spear, in order to be sure that Jesus was dead.

"Now Joseph the ruler is a rich man, and he owns a

garden not far away, with a wall around it, full of fruit-trees. In the midst of it he has built a tomb for himself, which is only just finished. Therefore he said, 'We will put him in that tomb, because it is nearly evening and the beginning of the sabbath.' Nicodemus said, 'I will put the spices I have brought, with the body, and we will return after the sabbath to finish the work.' The servants of Joseph laid the body on an open bier, and carried it carefully to the garden, and through the garden to the door of the tomb. And there they laid it down, and we women who had followed to see the place came up and looked upon him. The eyes were a little open, and his mother knelt by his side, and gently closed them, and kissed his lips. Then the long linen cloth was rolled around the body, and the other piece of linen rolled round the head. And they took the body up, and carried it into the tomb. After this we departed, a great stone having been first rolled before the opening of the tomb to keep it fast.

"And now, Thomas, I have to tell thee the most wonderful part of the events."

"We who had been most with him while he lived kept together during all of that dismal sabbath. As a sharp wound is sometimes less keenly felt at first, so the anguish of a sudden calamity is sometimes concealed, because so many thoughts and feelings are crowded into these hours, — there is so much of surprise, perplexity, events to tell and to ask about. We kept in the house, concealed that day; for we feared lest the rage of the Jews might seek to destroy the friends of Jesus also. We had our personal adventures and feelings to communicate to each other: on such slight fragments of a great wreck are men floated over the first mighty breakers of a calamity. Thy master Philo hath said that 'man in the midst of calamity is a garrulous creature.' Thus we spent that long sabbath, trying to understand how it happened, how it might have been prevented. Mary, his

mother, sat not like one in sorrow, but as transfigured by a great joy. She alone saw the sun through the clouds. When we went to her to console her, she said, ‘Why offer me consolation? Is it because he is safe? because he has no more to suffer? because he has escaped into his glory? because his enemies have done their worst? Do you pity me because he has gone up to God, into one of those mansions of which he told us? Do you not remember how he told Martha, here by my side, that his very nature is life and ascent, and that those who have his faith shall not die? Do you lament for me, that I am the mother of such a son? What, now, is all that horrible torture? It is over, and as if it had never been. My mouth is full of praise, my heart overflows with grateful joy. The only words I wish to say are, —

““Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name.  
Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.””

“We wondered to hear his mother speak thus: and some whispered that she was beside herself with grief; and that, as a thorn goes into the hand of a drunken man and he does not know it, so she, in the intoxication of her sorrow, did not now feel her pain, though she might feel it the more afterward. To me, however, she appeared to speak calmly, believing what she said; and if faith in God is not merely something to talk about, but also to use, I think, Thomas, that it ought to bear us up in hours like these.

“Peter alone said nothing, and sat on the ground, his head in his hands. Occasionally a sob would burst from his heavy heart. When we spoke to him, he said, ‘Come not near me: I am unclean. I denied him: I protested that I knew him not. He said once (I well remember it), “He who denies me before men, him shall the Son of man also deny before his Father and the holy angels.”’ He will deny

me; he cannot forgive me; he ought not to forgive me. I am a coward and a wretch.' And then he spake no more.

"We sat together thus in the inner court of the house of the good Nathanael, when one rushed in hastily, crying out, 'A strange thing has happened. Judas of Karioth is dead. He has killed himself. They say that when he saw that the master did not deliver himself by a mighty act of power, but suffered himself to be led away to judgment, like a sheep dumb before its shearers, a dreadful remorse seized on Judas, and he went back to the hall of the Sanhedrim in the temple, and cast down the money, saying that he had betrayed innocent blood. Then he went away, and hanged himself.'"

"And was this so?" I asked.

"It was. And I think it shows that his heart was not so black as we thought.

"Those who had not been present when Jesus died wished to be told all. And thus the sad day came to its end. Only one thing more was to be done: on the morrow we were to go to the tomb, and finish the sacred work of embalming his dear body with spices.

"Therefore early on the morrow, on the first day of the week, before the break of day, we went to the city. But we knew not yet whether the council might not have ordered his twelve disciples to be seized and put to death also, or whether they despised us, now that our master was dead. Therefore, as Peter and John wished to go with us to keep us from any harm on the way, and that Peter might see the place where the master died, we set out before daybreak. We avoided the city, going round it on the south, through the Valley of Hinnom, and keeping close to the western wall. There were three women, — Mary, the mother of Jesus, and Mary called also Salome, and myself. Peter and John went part of the way, and then returned, while we went forward into the garden of Joseph. As we entered the garden, we bethought ourselves of the great stone on the mouth of the

tomb, and said, 'Perhaps we shall have to go back, and bring Peter and John to help us roll the stone away.'

"When we reached the tomb, behold, the mouth was open; and the stone had been rolled away, and was lying near by. In a moment it flashed into our mind that the body had been taken away. We said, 'Who hath done this, — his friends, or his enemies?' We thought for a moment, that Joseph had come earlier than we to the grave, and was now in the tomb, washing the body before it should be wrapped up with the spices. We looked down into the tomb. All was silent, and it seemed empty. Then I said to the other women, 'Wait here, and I will run quickly, and overtake Peter and John, and bring them back.' So I ran quickly; and, after passing a little way beyond the city wall, I overtook them as they descended into the Valley of Hinnom. I said to them, 'They have taken away my master out of the tomb, and we know not where they have laid him.' And, hearing this, Peter and John turned round, and hastened back, running so fast that I was left behind. I reached the garden again, and went up to the tomb. The women whom I had left behind were not there. It appears that they had seen a vision, which told them to go and tell the disciples that Jesus had arisen. They had hastened back to Bethany, taking the shorter way through the city, so that I had not met them on my return. Before I arrived, John, who outran Peter, had stooped down and looked into the tomb, and saw the white linen, and thought that the body was still there; but, when Peter came, he went down into the tomb, and said to John, 'The body is gone. See, here is the linen head-cloth rolled up, and put away by itself. Why was it taken off the head, and then rolled up again? If they took the body, why did they leave the linen and the spices?' Then John went in also, and saw that the body was gone. And he told us afterward that there came over his mind in that moment the thought that our master had risen from the

dead. Peter said, 'It does no good to stay here : we can do no more now. Let us go home at once, lest any find us, and accuse us of having taken the body.' Then they, too, went away. But I said, 'I will follow soon ;' for I could not bear to leave the place : so I remained outside the tomb. When I thought of all the misery which had come on us, and that now we had not even the poor consolation of burying our master, I thought my heart would break, and I burst into a passion of weeping. Weeping thus, I stooped down to look again into the tomb, to be sure that the body was really gone ; and I saw dimly two white figures, as I supposed, sitting a little way apart, and I thought they were angels. And a voice said tenderly, 'Why weepest thou, woman?' I thought the voice came from the angels in the tomb, and answered, 'Because they have taken away my master, and I know not where they have laid him.' But instantly it seemed to me that the voice came from behind : so I turned round, and saw a man standing near, with no clothing except something wrapped round the body, leaving the arms and legs bare, as a laborer when he goes to his work. And the man said to me again, in the same tender voice I had supposed to come from the tomb, the same words, 'Why weepest thou, woman? Whom seekest thou?' Thinking it was the man who worked in the garden and took care of it, and that perhaps he had not known of his master's command to put the body in the tomb, I suddenly thought, 'Perhaps he has removed it ;' and I said, 'Sir, if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.' Then he said to me, 'Miriam !' and I knew in a moment who it was. It was *he*, Thomas, — *he* himself. I could not be mistaken in that voice : there never was such a voice in the world. And he called me 'Miriam,' just as he has so often called me, but oh ! with so much pity and tenderness, that I shall never forget the sound of that word. It was he himself, Thomas ; and he is alive !''

She said this with such power of belief, that I was astonished. But I could not myself believe it, and I thought over her words, and said, —

“What followed this, Miriam?”

“I answered with a cry of joy, ‘Rabboni, my master!’ I was about to throw myself at his feet, and clasp his knees, thinking he had come back to life exactly as he had been before; but he told me not to touch him, and said, ‘Touch me not. I am not yet ascended unto my Father. But go thy way, and say unto my brethren, “I ascend to my Father and to your Father, to my God and to your God.”’”

“I did not quite understand these words; but I knew he meant to tell me that he was not going up at once to God, but would be with us still a little time. And I felt that he wished me to know that the Father to whom he was ascending was also our Father and Friend. And perhaps he also meant, that, though he had not yet risen from the dead into the higher life beyond, he was on his way up to his Father and ours, and had not merely come back again to his earthly life and human body: therefore I need not cling to his hands to hold him fast, for he would not leave us, even when he had ascended to his Father. And immediately I returned with all speed, and full of joy, to Bethany; and, going into the house where we had concealed ourselves, I said to the others that I had seen the master, and that he had commanded me to come and tell his brethren that he was rising into a higher world, where we should meet him and be with him again. And they answered that the other women also, before they left the tomb, had looked into it, and had seen some one, or perhaps two persons, in shining garments, who spoke to them, and said, ‘Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here: he is risen. Go and tell his disciples, and Peter, that he will be in Galilee before you arrive, and will meet with you and talk with you there.’ And Peter, who had returned again more sad than before,

because his master's body had been taken away, rose and said, 'Yes, now I am sure he is alive, and that Miriam hath seen him. I also know that the young man who spoke to the others was no angel, but my master himself. He spoke of me by name. He sent a message specially to *me*, knowing my grief: he wished to comfort me. That was no angel, but one greater than an angel: it was *his* great forgiving and loving soul: I know him by that word, "tell Peter."' And from that hour Peter has been full of joy, knowing that his master has forgiven him."

"Then perhaps," said I, "the voice which spoke to thee first, saying, 'Why weepest thou?' was no angel, but the same voice which said the same thing afterward. And what thou and the other women thought to be white angels in the tomb was perhaps the linen raiment left lying there."

Miriam answered, "I know not certainly how that is, for I was confused in my mind; but this I do know, that *he* spoke to me, and called me by my name. I could not be mistaken in that look and that voice. But there is yet more to tell. We all saw him again last evening, and two others saw him yesterday in the afternoon; so that he was seen three times yesterday."

Then she told me of the two that went to Emmaus, and saw him on the way, and how he talked with them a great deal, and explained to them the scriptures; and how, though they did not know him during this conversation, they knew him at last when he blessed the bread. Then they saw on his face that same look of trust they had often before seen, when he communed with God as with his father. In those tones of prayer they heard again the music of devout love. "So too," said Miriam, "when he looked at me, and called me by my name, I saw the same face, I heard the same voice, I knew so well. For thus it seems, Thomas, that, in the highest moments of life, this body and the heavenly body are one and the same."



Saying this, she looked up with a rapt expression of peace in her eyes, received from communion with this heavenly spirit. I could not believe as she did; but her faith that she had talked with one already entering into the upper world seemed to me very beautiful. Wishing to know all, I spoke again.

“But thou sayest he was seen again last evening. Tell me about this, Miriam.”

“Yes. We all saw him. We had collected in the inner court of the house. The owner had closed and bolted the outside gate, fearing some attempt might be made to seize us when our friends from Galilee were in their tents and asleep. We were talking earnestly of the strange events of the day. When I first told them what I have told thee, they believed me not; but afterward, as we sat together, Peter came in, and, coming up to me, said, ‘Miriam, I believe thou sawest him: I have seen him too. But do not ask what he said. I cannot tell it to any one. I think I shall not fall again.’ While we were speaking of this, we lifted up our eyes, and, lo! he was in our midst. He looked around on us all with the look of love we knew so well, but with something even more divine in it, and in low soft tones said, ‘Peace be unto you. As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you.’ Then he softly breathed on them, and said, ‘Receive ye the Holy Spirit.’ He told them that this Spirit would give them the power of looking into human hearts, and speaking words of pardon and comfort, or words of warning and rebuke. We were not alarmed, nor did we wonder. We seemed in some heavenly dream, bathed in a sweet air of love. At first, indeed, we had been frightened, and supposed it was a spectre; but he told us not to fear, for that it was he himself. He said to us that we might put our hands on him, and touch his hands and his feet, and we should perceive that they were firm substance, and not an apparition. We did so. We touched his hands with ours,

and all our fears departed. We talked with him as we had talked while he yet lived. He was the same, and yet somehow different. We could not see how he came, or how he went: he seemed to disappear. He had a body, Thomas, and yet not altogether like the body he had before."

But I was afraid to believe. I hardly wished to believe, lest I should be disappointed again. I could not bear another disappointment. My faith seemed crushed down to the earth: it was unable to rise. All its life was gone. I could not put faith in a vision: I must see and touch the very same body I had known; I must touch the body torn by the iron spikes, and rent by the Roman spear. If I could see him alive in that body, to be certain he was the same master I had known, then, perhaps, I might be able to believe in him as the Christ of God.

Miriam said, "I have great faith, Thomas, that thou wilt believe even as we do. To us there is no longer any such thing as death. He has passed through it all, and is more alive than ever. When we appear to die, perhaps we, also, shall only go into that life where he is, — to be with him always."

Thus we talked, and at last went downward to the village below. The house where the disciples dwelt belonged to one of our friends who was faithful and brave. He feared not to have us remain with him; nor did many know that we were there. Lazarus, indeed, whom Jesus had restored to life, told us that he would protect us in his house; but we knew, that, if the temple officers meant to take us, they would look there first, and might not suspect that we were with Nathanael.

During all that week we remained together, and we told each other of what he had said at different times; some remembering one thing, and some another. And every day we talked together thus, and had great comfort in our hearts, remembering and repeating his wonderful words. Thus the

week wore away, and the sabbath. But on the first day of the week, as we sat together and spoke of these things, at once he appeared, standing in our midst. He looked around on us all, and said, "Peace be to you." My heart overflowed with joy, for I saw the face I knew so well. Then he turned to me; and a tender smile came over his lips, as he said, "Come hither, Thomas, and touch my hand, and put thy hand into my side, and be not faithless, but believing." And I did so. And, as I touched him, a mighty flood of confidence came over me. All my black despair vanished away. The world was once more God's world, — its evils and horrors transient, fugitive, its good coming back with new power. My master was my master again. He was not mistaken; he was not conquered: he was more royal than ever, more heavenly than ever. I had found my master: I had also found my God; for I saw that the goodness and truth of my master had not been suffered to go down in ruin. I once again saw the God of justice and love protecting and guiding all things. Thus, in a moment, I had found my master; and, in finding him, through him I had found his God and mine. All I could say was, —

"MY MASTER AND MY GOD."

We had no more to do in Jerusalem. Obeying his commands, we returned the next morning to Galilee. There we remained, in and near Kaphar-nahum; the eleven frequently meeting together. Whenever we thus met, we hoped that he would manifest himself to us, since he had promised to be in Galilee before we could arrive there. But a week passed by, and we had not seen him. We began to be a little discouraged again.

One evening Peter said, "I go a-fishing." He could not wait any longer doing nothing, and thought, that, until we should see our master again, we might as well go back to our work. I said, "I will go with thee;" for I also began to be

perplexed. So said the good Nathanael of Kana; so also said James and his brother John, and two others of the eleven. We went out on the lake to one of our well-known fishing-grounds, but no fish were to be found. There we lay all night, a little way out from the shore. At break of day we saw some one on the shore, but through the morning mist we could not tell who it was. He called to us, "Have you any fish, my children?" We answered, "No: we have caught nothing." Then he called to us to drop our net on the other side of the boat, and we should find some. We dropped the net down, as he told us; but, when we tried to pull it up, it was so full of fishes, that we were afraid it would break. Then John, remembering what had happened once before, said softly to us, "IT IS THE MASTER!" And Peter, as soon as he heard that, was seized with a great desire to go to the master at once; and, though we were about three hundred feet from the land,<sup>1</sup> he wrapped his loose dress around him tight to his body, and leaped into the water, and swam to the shore. When I saw this, I knew that in that private interview with the master, of which Peter would say nothing, he had been forgiven his denials and falsehoods: else he could not have hastened so quickly to meet Jesus. He felt now that he was taken back into the love of his friend. And we rowed toward the land, dragging the net through the water behind us. When we reached the shore, we saw a fire of coals, and fish and bread; but whom it came from we never knew. Some said it was created by a miracle; but some of us thought it had been provided by a friend of the master, who lived near by. We always counted the fish taken in each haul; and this time we found in the net a hundred and fifty-three, and those very large. So the master (for it was indeed he) told us to cook some of our fish on the fire, and we did so; and we all breakfasted together, Jesus handing to us the bread and the fish.

<sup>1</sup> Two hundred Jewish cubits.

After we had taken our breakfast in silence (for a certain sweet awe filled our hearts), Jesus turned to Peter, and asked him if he still thought that he loved him more than did the rest of us who were there. And in saying this he reminded him how he had declared, that, if all the rest of us denied and forsook the master, *he* would not do so. Peter answered, "Yea, Lord: thou knowest that I love thee." And Jesus said, "Then, be the shepherd of my lambs." And he spoke to Peter a second time, and asked him again, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" And Peter said, "Yea, Lord: thou knowest that I love thee." The master answered, "Be the shepherd of my sheep." Again he asked him, a third time, if he loved him; perhaps because Simon had denied him three times, and the master wished to make him feel that the sin of each denial had been wholly washed away by his penitence, of which forgiveness his love to his master was the proof. When we love, we may believe that our sins are forgiven; for unforgiven sin chills the heart. He himself had said, He who loves much has been forgiven much, but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little. Peter did not perceive this, but thought the master doubted his love, and therefore was grieved, and said, "Yea, Lord, thou knowest all things: thou knowest that I love thee." Jesus replied, "Give pasture to the sheep who are so dear to me." And thus he let Peter see that the master had not only taken him back into his affection, but would confide to him the care of his sheep and lambs once more. Then Jesus told Peter that his love would endure, and enable him to bear prisons and death for the sake of his master. He commanded us to follow him on the path where he had gone, testifying to the truth, and confessing it even to death, and so following him through death to the world in which we should again be with him.

After this, during the weeks which remained before Pentecost, we saw the master again, from time to time. He spoke

to us confidently of his coming to lead all mankind to God, and to make men of every nation and every race brethren in one family of love.

There was nothing alarming in these appearances: they filled our souls with peace. He told us of the great work he had for us to do. We were to be HIS BODY,—the eyes by which he would see the needs of the world, the mouth by which he would speak his truth to the world, the hands by which he would heal the miseries of the world, the feet by which he would walk over the world as its Friend and Saviour. This was our great work. And he would be always with us to inspire us, to cheer us, and to make us strong. Whether we saw him or not, we might be sure he was near. Our first work was to testify before men that he had risen up to a higher life; that God had made him the invisible Christ, the spiritual King, not of the Jews only, but of all men.

Thus each day our faith in him grew stronger. An invisible world, full of divine power and love, was forever near us. The outward world faded away, and grew unsubstantial: the inward world, where our master lived, was the most real of all.

We also began to know better the nature of his kingdom. The stories he had told us about it, which we had not comprehended at the time, we now came to understand. Our minds enlarged under this influence. We spent most of our time repeating to each other the sayings of the master, which one or another recollected, and in trying to find what was the meaning of each. Thus what one knew the rest also knew. I was astonished to see what a growth thus came to us. We were at school together, studying and learning something every day.

Week after week passed away in this happy intercourse. Every two or three days our master would appear among us; and each time we saw him, and spake to him, and he spake to us, our faith was made stronger. A highway stood open

before us from this life into a higher life beyond. We saw, as through open doors, into the heavenly world. We lost all fear of death: we gathered courage to meet the rulers of the nation, when the time should come, and tell them that our master was indeed the Christ; for the worst they could do to us would be to send us to him in that higher world which was not far away.

All our thoughts about the next life were transformed. We no longer believed that we were to go, after death, into a dark under-world, but hoped to pass up at once into an upper-world of light and love, to be with Jesus in some new home which he had made ready for us.

Thus these interviews with our master, followed by our conversations, gave us faith and insight. Another influence was needed to give us power, and that would come soon.

At last, as it drew near to the Day of Pentecost, the master told us to call together the disciples who believed in him, and he would manifest himself to them. So we came together on the side of a mountain near the lake, and waited in silence. It was near evening, and the setting sun filled the sky with rosy light: all at once we saw the figure of the master in our midst. He looked round slowly on the whole assembly, and a great awe and stillness came over them. Then he said, in tones so sweet and tender that they went to all our hearts, "Peace be to you all, from your Father and my Father, from your God and my God. All power is given to me in heaven and earth. Go, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. And, lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the age. Go, therefore, into all the world, and preach this good news to every creature." And, having said these words, he disappeared; and of those who were there, the most said that they were now sure that he had risen, and gone up to a higher world, and that he was

to be the King of all men, and was the Lord of life. But some doubted, and could not make up their minds to believe, thinking it too good to be true; and for these I had great pity, and did not blame them, knowing how long I myself had doubted.

The master had told us to go to Jerusalem, and there remain, and be at the Feast of Pentecost. And we went, fearing nothing. We agreed that all who were disciples of Jesus should meet on the Day of Pentecost in a certain part of the Court of the Gentiles, where was a large space with a roof above.

We arrived at Bethany a day or two before the feast. There we had the last sight of the master on earth. We saw him, and talked with him face to face. He explained to us again what we were to teach and to do: he told us that soon a great inspiration from God would come to us to give us power for our work. We were to remain in Jerusalem, and make that our home for a time, teaching the people, in the temple and elsewhere. And such great faith in him had grown up in our hearts, that we who before had feared even to go to the feasts at Jerusalem, and only felt ourselves safe in Galilee, or among Galileans, now did not dread the priests or Pharisees. In a few weeks, when we were seized as our master had been, and brought before the same council which had sentenced him to die, and ordered not to preach in his name, we refused to be silent.

After thus teaching us what to do, Jesus blessed us all, and bade us farewell, and disappeared forever from our outward eyes. Henceforth he was to be formed within us, and we were to have him hidden in our hearts.



# INDEX

OF

## PASSAGES RELATING TO THE LIFE OF JESUS AND THE JEWISH RELIGION.

---

### EVENTS.

The star seen in the east and the visit of the Persian magi, 2, 3. Description of Gennesaret, 4. Herod, ruler of Galilee, 9. Tyranny of the Romans, 9. Jewish synagogue, 11. School of the scribes, 35. The Talmud, its three parts, —Halaca, Agada, Kabbala, 45. Stories from the Talmud, 46. Temple at Jerusalem described, 51. Society of the Pharisees, 59. Practices of the Pharisees, 61. Gamaliel, 64. Book of Job, 67. Jews of Alexandria, 84. Philo, 85; his mode of teaching, 87. The Museum at Alexandria, 83. The Therapeutæ in Egypt, 97. The Essenes, 115. Appearance of Jesus in Galilee, 124; Peter and Andrew describe him, 125. Jesus comes from Nazareth, 125; is revered by John the Baptist, 127; is baptized by John, 129. John sends his disciples to Jesus, 131; he rebukes Jesus, 132; the reply of Jesus, 132. Jesus no ascetic, 138; omits the washing of hands, 147; his journeys in Galilee, 194. Alarm of Herod, 204. Judas of Karioth, 206. Jesus goes to Pania, 207. The temptation, 209–220. The confession of Peter, 222. Peter, the rock, 222. The transfiguration, 227. The disciples contend for the highest places in the kingdom, 228. Jesus takes the little child in his arms, 229. The man who cast out devils, but did not join the kehilah of Jesus, 230. The discontent of Judas, 234; he wishes Jesus to use force, 236. Herod puts John to death, 241. The Herodians, 242. The people wish to make Jesus king, 248; he allows his disciples to pluck corn on the sabbath, 249. Visit to Nazareth, 254. Anger of the Nazarenes, 255. Jesus goes to the feast of tents, 261. The woman of Samaria, 268. The woman taken in adultery, 270. Attempt to stone Jesus, 272. The Pharisees find fault that Jesus cured the blind man on the sabbath, 280. Visit of Nicodemus, 283; his conversation with Jesus, 284–286. The society of the Pharisees, its origin and character,

294-297. Organization of the Jewish kehilah, 296. Resemblance and difference between Jesus and the Essenes, 297. The rich young man who turns away sorrowful, 298. The Pharisees who warned Jesus of his danger, 300. The brethren of Jesus, 303. A village of Samaria refuses to receive Jesus, 304. Sending out of the seventy, 305. Return of the seventy, 306. The family at Bethany, 313. Martha and Mary, 314. Jesus at the feast of dedication, 316. Raising of Lazarus, 319-323. Jesus rebukes the Pharisees, 323-325; and the scribes, 325-327. Ambition of James and John, 333. Zaccheus the publican, 335. The alabaster box, 336. The triumphal entrance into Jerusalem, 339-341. The money-changers driven from the court of the Gentiles, 341. The children sing hosanna, 342. The barren fig-tree, 343. Debates in the temple, 345. The Sanhedrim questions Christ's authority, 345; his answer, 345; questioned by the Sadducees, 350; his reply, 350; by the scribe, 351; and his reply, 351. The two mites, 358. The daughter of the voice, 359. John sends his memoirs to Thomas, 365; he speaks of Christ as the word of God, 365; gives the conversation of Jesus at the two suppers, 367. Jesus washes the feet of the disciples, 368; predicts his betrayal, 369. Judas goes out, 370. How the passover was eaten, 375; the disciples sent to prepare it, 375. Judas betrays Jesus, 376. Jesus eats the passover with the disciples, 376. Institution of the Lord's Supper, 379. Jesus and his disciples go to the garden of the oil-press, 382. The agony in the garden, 382. Arrest of Jesus, 385. The disciples flee, 386. Peter's denial, 388. Jesus taken before the Sanhedrim, 386; carries his cross; 389; speaks to the women, 389; is crucified, 390. Kaiaphas and his victim, 403. Dream of Pilate's wife, 412; her message to her husband, 414. Pilate's account of the trial, 414; his desire to release Jesus, 415; his conversation with Jesus, 416; sends Jesus to Herod, 417; he is brought back, 418; Pilate finds no fault in him, 419; releases Barabbas, 419. Second conversation with Christ, 420; Christ excuses him, 420. Pilate's stratagem, 421; he is obliged to yield to the Jews, 421. After the crucifixion Thomas remains alone among the hills, 423; returns to Bethany on the third day, 424; meets Miriam, 424; she describes the scene at the crucifixion, 425-428. Joseph asks Pilate for the body, 429. Removal of the body, 429. The disciples together on the sabbath, 430. Misery of Peter, 431. Suicide of Judas, 432. The women at the grave, 433. The events which follow, 434, 435. Interviews with Jesus, 436, 437. Thomas sees Jesus, and believes, 439. The appearance at the lake, 440, 441. Last interviews with Jesus, 442-444.

#### TEACHINGS OF JESUS.

Jesus teaches love to all men, even to the Romans, 125; forbids his disciples to call him good, 125; does not teach like the rabbis, 127; does not argue, 127; says that his disciples must eat him and drink him, 128;

explains and defends John, 133, 134; gives his reasons for going with sinners, 139; calls Matthew, 143; visits Simon the Pharisee, 144; forgives the sinful woman, 145; teaches that new wine requires new bottles, and why, 149. Sermon on the Mount, 151-158; source of its authority, 159. Jesus gives new power to old sayings, 161; makes the law spiritual and universal, 163; his teaching comes from knowledge, 164; describes the true feast of the heart and soul, 182; says that he is the bread of God, 183; that miracles do not prove truth, 184; and that his only sign is that of Jonah, 184; his miracles the result of faith, 187. Who are Christ's mother and his brethren, 190. Teaching the poor, 195. Forgiveness of sin, 197. Influence on the people, 200. Comfort from his words, 201. Christ not the Son of David, but his Lord, 206, 257. Describes the nature of his kingdom, 206. Account of his temptation, 209-220. What is signified by giving to Peter the keys, 222. Foretells his coming death, 223. How Peter becomes a satan, 224. Teaches humility by the little child, 229. All who do good works are his friends, 230. How to treat a brother who has done wrong, 232. Not peace, but a sword, 238, 311. Why his disciples do not fast, 244. The law of divorce, 245. Concerning the sabbath, 249. Teaching at Nazareth, 254. Shows John the Baptist to be a true El-jah, 257. Teaches at the feast of tents, 262; that God is his Father, 263. Jesus the living water, 265. Teaches the woman of Samaria, 269; says that Abraham saw his day, 274. Conversation with Nicodemus, 284-286. Advises to invite the poor to banquets, 302. Grieves for the cities which rejected him, 304. Tells James and John that they know not what spirit they are of, 304. His directions to the seventy, 305. The hour cometh, and now is, 309. Teaches at the feast of dedication, 316-319. The kingdom of God comes not with observation, 330. How to become great in the kingdom of Christ, 333. Concerning the tribute to Kaisar, 348. Concerning Melchi-Zadek, 355. Jesus the true vine, 356. Christ lifted up, 360. Errors of scribes and Pharisees, 361. Christ invites all to come to him for rest, 361. Predicts the destruction of the temple, 362. Signs of his coming, 362; it would be inward, in the soul, 363. Dividing the evil from the good, 363. Calamities to Judæa and Jerusalem, 363. The new commandment, 370. Comforts the disciples, 371; in seeing him, they see the Father, 371. Promise of the Comforter, 372; it shall teach them all things, 372. Teachings of Jesus at the last supper, 377. Warns Peter, 378. Prayer for the disciples, 380. Speaks of being glorified, 381; and why, 381. The Lord's Prayer, 409, 410.

#### PARABLES OF JESUS.

Jesus teaches in parables, 128; the two debtors, 145; the evil spirit cast out which returns, 190; the prodigal son, 198, 399; the Pharisee and publican, 252, 395; the good Samaritan, 252; the feast from which many sought to be excused, 282; the two sons, 346, 400; the wicked husband-

men, 347; the marriage-feast, 347; the foolish virgins, 363; the leaven, 396; the sower and the seed, 396; the vine and branches, 396; the wheat and tares, 396; the lost sheep, 396; the grain of mustard-seed, 396; the pounds, 398; the talents, 398; beggars invited to the feast, 399; laborers in the vineyard, 399; the wicked husbandmen, 400; the rich man and Lazarus, 402.

#### MIRACLES OF JESUS.

Jesus cures the demoniacs, 124. The lame, blind, and lepers cured, 132. The draught of fishes, 137. Peter's wife's mother cured, 135; and other sick persons, 136. Miracle at Kana, 139. The people forbidden to speak of the miracles, 178. The loaves and fishes, 179. Walks on the water, 180. Miracles no proof of truth, 184. Conditions of miracles, 184; and their laws, 185. The demoniac boy, 185. Explanation of his miracles by the scribes, 186. Jesus wishes to share his power with his brethren, 187; does not do these works to astonish, but to help men, 187. Money in the mouth of the fish, and its explanation, 188. Rebukes the storm, 191. Raises the dead, 192. Paralytic man, 195. Heals the withered hand, 250. Cures the blind man at Jerusalem, 277. Raising of Lazarus, 319-323. Heals Malchus, 385.

# AIDS TO EDUCATION.

---

**Hand-Books of English Literature.** For the use of High Schools, for Private Students, and for General Readers. By FRANCIS H. UNDERWOOD, A.M. British Authors; Cloth, \$2.50. American Authors; Cloth, \$2.50.

**Pronouncing Hand-Book of Three Thousand Words often Mispronounced, and of Words as to which a choice of Pronunciation is allowed.** By RICHARD SOULE and LOOMIS J. CAMPBELL. Cloth, 60 cents; School Edition, 35 cents.

**Bacon's Essays.** With Annotations. By Archbishop WHATELY. Students' Edition, containing a Preface, Notes and a Glossarial Index. By F. F. HEARD. \$2.50.

**Art; its Laws and the Reasons for Them.** Collected, considered and arranged for General and Educational purposes. By SAMUEL P. LONG. \$2.00.

**Manual of Bible Selections and Responsive Exercises.** For Public and Private Schools of all grades, Sabbath and Mission, and Reform Schools, and Family Worship. By Mrs. S. B. PERRY. \$1.00.

**The Art of Projecting.** By Prof. A. E. DOLBEAR. A Manual of Experimentation in Physics, Chemistry and Natural History, with the Porte-Lumière and Magic Lantern. With numerous Illustrations. \$1.50.

**The Telephone.** By Prof. A. E. DOLBEAR. An account of the Phenomena of Electricity, Magnetism and Sound. Illustrated. 75 cents.

**Arithmetic for Young Children.** By HORACE GRANT. American Edition, edited by WILLARD SMALL. Cloth, 35 cents.

**A Manual of English Pronunciation and Spelling.** Containing Alphabetical Vocabulary of the Language. By R. SOULE and W. A. WHEELER. \$1.50.

**Works of Virgil.** Translated into English Prose, with an Essay on the English Translators of Virgil, by Prof. JOHN CONINGTON, late of Oxford University. Edited by JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. Cloth, \$2.00.

**A Selection of English Synonymes.** By Archbishop WHATELY. \$1.00.

**Latin School Series.** Selections from Latin Classic Authors. With Notes and a Vocabulary. By FRANCIS GARDNER, A. M. GAY and A. H. BUCK, Masters of the Boston Latin School.

Phœdrus, Justin, Nepos. \$1.25.

Cæsar, Curtius, Ovid. \$1.50.

**Getting to Paris.** A Book of Practical French Conversation. By FRANCIS S. WILLIAMS, A.M. \$1.50. Same in two parts; each, \$1.00.

**The Historical Student's Manual.** By ALFRED WAITES. 8vo. Cloth, 75 cents.

**Mother-Play.** By FREDERICK FROEBEL. Translated from the German by Miss JARVIS and Miss DWIGHT. With 50 full-page Illustrations, and a number of German Kindergarten songs with English words. \$2.00.

**Reminiscences of Froebel.** By Baroness MARENHOLTZ-BUELOW. Translated by Mrs. HORACE MANN. With a Biographical Sketch of Froebel.—By Miss EMILY SHIREFF. \$1.50.

**Primer of Design.** By CHARLES A. BARRY. 75 cents net; by mail, 90 cents.

**Model and Object Drawing.** By CHARLES A. BARRY. 50 cents.

\* \* \* Sold by all Booksellers and sent postpaid on receipt of price. Special Terms to Schools and Teachers.

---

LEE AND SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston.

# BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

## OVER THE OCEAN;

OR,

### SIGHTS AND SCENES IN FOREIGN LANDS.

By CURTIS GUILD, editor of "The Boston Commercial Bulletin." Crown 8vo. Cloth. \$2.50.

"This is certainly a collection of some of the most perfect pen-pictures of sights and scenes in foreign lands we have ever seen."—*Albion*.

## ABROAD AGAIN;

OR,

### FRESH FORAYS IN FOREIGN FIELDS.

Uniform with "Over the Ocean." By the same author. Crown 8vo. Cloth. \$2.50.

## AN AMERICAN GIRL ABROAD.

By Miss ADELINE TRAFTON, author of "His Inheritance," "Katherine Earle," &c. 16mo. Illustrated. \$1.50.

"The American Girl' is a bright, good, merry-hearted girl, off for a good time; and her readers are of the opinion that the journey was a decided success."—*Liberal Christian*.

## BEATEN PATHS;

OR,

### A WOMAN'S VACATION.

By ELLA W. THOMPSON. 16mo. Cloth. \$1.50.

"The author seems to have hit on just the most charming things to see, and talks of them in a charming manner."—*Tribune*.

## A THOUSAND MILES' WALK ACROSS SOUTH AMERICA,

### OVER THE PAMPAS AND THE ANDES.

By NATHANIEL H. BISHOP. 12mo. Illustrated. \$1.50.

## VOYAGE OF THE PAPER CANOE.

A Geographical Journey of Twenty-five Hundred Miles from Quebec to the Gulf of Mexico. By the same author. With numerous illustrations and maps specially prepared for this work. Crown 8vo. \$2.50.

## FOUR MONTHS IN A SNEAK-BOX.

A Boat-Voyage of Twenty-six Hundred Miles down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, and along the Gulf of Mexico. By the same author. With numerous maps and illustrations. \$2.50.

## CAMPS IN THE CARIBBEES.

Being the Adventures of a Naturalist Bird-Hunting in the West India Islands. By FRED A. OBER. Crown 8vo. With maps and illustrations. \$2.50.

*For sale by all booksellers and newsdealers, and sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.*

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers . . . . . Boston.

# Illustrated Hymns and Poems

UNIFORM VOLUMES

## HOME, SWEET HOME

By JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

"Dearest and best of the songs of the people."

4to. . . . . Illustrated. . . . . \$1.50

## NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

By SARAH FLOWER ADAMS

"A familiar hymn in a beautiful guise."—*Providence Journal*.

4to. . . . . Illustrated. . . . . \$1.50

## O WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD

By WILLIAM KNOX

"Impresses many as it impressed the lofty and melancholy spirit of Lincoln."—*Portland Press*.

4to. . . . . Illustrated. . . . . \$1.50

## ABIDE WITH ME

By HENRY FRANCIS LYTE

"An exquisite work of art."—*Nashville Advocate*.

4to. . . . . Illustrated. . . . . \$1.50

## ROCK OF AGES

By AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY

"The illustrations are full of purity, tenderness and spirituality."—*Christian Union*.

4to. . . . . Illustrated. . . . . \$1.50

## THE BREAKING WAVES DASHED HIGH

By FELICIA HEMANS

Equal to any of its predecessors.

4to. . . . . Illustrated. . . . . \$1.50

## THE VAGABONDS

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE

"This poem is exceedingly beautiful."—*Chief Justice Chase*.

4to. . . . . Illustrated. . . . . \$1.50

LEE AND SHEPARD, PUBLISHERS, BOSTON

CHARLES T. DILLINGHAM, 678 Broadway, New York.

SEP -1934 .









LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 019 971 954 3