

# LITTLE JEWESS

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THE JEWS DRIVEN OUT OF LITHUANIA.



THE LITTLE JEWESS,  
THE RANSOMED CHILD,  
AND  
TIME TO SEEK THE LORD.



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## MATILDA, THE LITTLE JEWESS.

WE should all pity the Jews. They were God's own people. Through them salvation came to us. They have no country now. For some hundreds of years they have been scattered over the wide world. They have been ill used and persecuted in almost every land. This very year 150,000 Jews were driven out of Lithuania, by order of the Emperor of Russia, in the depth of winter, by fierce Russian soldiers. The picture is a representation of this.

But little children cannot think of so great a number as 150,000. They like better to know the history of one. Here then is the life of one dear little Jewish girl, who lived and died in another part of Europe.

In the town of S——, in Germany, this little Jewish girl lived. Her name was Matilda H——. When she was nine years old, her parents sent her to a Christian school, that she might learn different things that would be useful to her. But they were very much afraid of her learning any thing about the New Testament in the school, so they begged the teacher to give their little girl something else to do, when the other children were having Christian instruction. Matilda was a very obedient child, and she did not wish to do any thing that her parents disapproved, but she could not shut her ears to what the teacher was saying to his scholars. What she heard, deeply impressed her mind, and she longed to be taught as the other children were. When playtime came, she longed to get among them, for she hoped that they would tell her more of Jesus, but the children never spoke to her about him. Per-

haps they did not know and love him for themselves.

As little Matilda could not get what she wanted from the children, she tried to get into the company of older Christians. She felt great love and esteem for those who loved that dear Saviour of whom she had heard at school. It so happened, that in the same house in which she lived, there dwelt a Christian family, and this family had a pious servant, named Elizabeth. Matilda had not courage to speak to her, but she used to look at her very earnestly, as if she wished to speak. Elizabeth could not help thinking much of the little Jewish girl whose dark eyes so often met hers, and in tender compassion she prayed that she might be led to the Saviour. It was a whole year before they spoke to one another. Matilda was the first to speak. She was so anxious that at last she found some excuse to let Elizabeth know

what was in her heart. Elizabeth could only say a few words to her, but those few words made Matilda wish to hear more, and she went oftener and oftener to Elizabeth, and every time she said, "My dear Elizabeth, pray tell me something about the Lord Jesus." As soon as her playtime was over, she would run away from Elizabeth and return to her parents. She was more obedient and attentive to them than ever, but they saw something particular about her. They thought she had heard something at school, and they went to her teacher and again begged that she might not be allowed to hear any thing about the Christian religion. But Matilda was so anxious to be saved, and such love to her Saviour had filled her heart, that no one could hinder her any longer. If her teacher gave her a sum to reckon, that she might not listen, she made haste to finish it. When she had done, she kept her eyes on her slate,

that she might not have another sum given her, and then, while the teacher was speaking, she listened only for the beloved name of Jesus. Every morning she used his name in her prayer, for she began to feel that she could do nothing without him. Every day she went round the house, and listened at at the room-doors to hear whether the Christians were talking of Jesus. When she got a book, she only read it to seek the name of Jesus there, and if she did not find that sweet name, she wept, and would read the book no more.

Matilda's parents now began to be quite afraid that their little girl would finish by becoming a Christian. They would not allow her to go to school any more, and her father gave her lessons himself instead. What Matilda felt still more was, that she could not go to church with the other children. She had the comfort, however, of talking to her

friend Elizabeth. She often went to her, and with tears in her eyes told her that she was to go to school no more. Elizabeth advised her to pray to her Saviour to grant her desire of going to his house, and she told her of his promise, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." Matilda was very thankful to hear this, and she asked Elizabeth to pray with her. They agreed to pray together every day that week, that the Lord would incline the heart of her parents to allow her to go to church on Sunday next, and Elizabeth promised to ask this favour of her parents.

On Saturday evening, while they were at prayer, the kitchen door opened. It was Matilda's sister who had followed her softly; she called to Matilda in an angry voice, and said, "You shall go with me to our father



directly.” After dinner, Matilda came to Elizabeth again. Her eyes were red, for she had been crying very much, and she told Elizabeth that she was no longer to be allowed to come to her in the evening. Elizabeth asked her many questions, but Matilda did not like to tell her all; she did not like to tell that her father had beaten her, and forbidden her to pray. At last Elizabeth made it out, and then Matilda said, “When I told my father what I prayed for, I was beaten much more, but I have come to pray this one evening more, that I may get leave to go to church.” Elizabeth advised her to go on praying in her heart, as they had been betrayed, and her parents were so displeased; but she said that she could not pray with her any more, nor ask permission for her to go to church.

Matilda’s play-hour was over, and she went away sorrowfully for that time, but in

the evening she came again, and entreated Elizabeth to pray with her. She said, "I will only stand behind you while you pray." At last Elizabeth consented. Then Matilda begged Elizabeth to come down stairs very early next morning to request her parents to allow her to go to church. Elizabeth said she could not ask them, but Matilda would not give it up.

Next day was Sunday, and early in the morning Matilda was seated on the staircase, Elizabeth came out of her room, and told Matilda that she had made up her mind not to ask her parents. Matilda began to cry very much. She felt that it was wrong to pray, and then not to do what we could towards having our prayer granted. Elizabeth steadily refused. Matilda ventured up to her room three times, and tried to persuade her, but in vain. She turned from Matilda, and went to church alone. Matilda looked after

her with tears in her eyes, till she was out of sight, and Elizabeth could not help thinking of her all the time she was at church. She thought more about Matilda than she did about the sermon. When she returned, she found Matilda again sitting waiting for her on the stairs. She entreated Elizabeth to ask leave for her to go to church in the afternoon.

Whether Elizabeth would have given way, unless something had happened, I cannot tell, but in the afternoon her master sent her to Matilda's parents to ask for a book. Matilda was still on the watch, and when she heard this, she begged Elizabeth to ask for her at the same time. Elizabeth consented, and they went down stairs together. Matilda's mother came out of her room just at that time, and she gave Elizabeth the book directly. Matilda sat down on a footstool, and said, "Mother, that was not all: she

wants something more.” Then Elizabeth was obliged to say, that it was to ask leave for Matilda to go with her that afternoon to church. Matilda’s mother said she could not decide, but would call her father. When he came in, he stood still, looked very angrily at Elizabeth, and turned into a little side-room, without speaking a word. How anxious poor Matilda must have felt while they waited for him. It was a long time before he came back, and then he said, “Yes, Matilda may go to church.” The little girl leaped for joy, and did not know how to express her pleasure that she had not prayed in vain. She went to church with Elizabeth, and as she came back, she said, “Oh, how much Mr. D—— has told us of our dear Saviour.”

This was the last pleasure of the kind that poor Matilda had. From that day she was altogether forbidden to talk to Elizabeth, and

she was sent every day to visit some Jewish children. One day after six weeks had passed, as Elizabeth was crossing the street, Matilda caught sight of her. She sprang up to Elizabeth, and oh ! how delighted they were to meet again ! “ Dear Matilda ! ” said Elizabeth, “ it will be such joy as this, and much greater too, when we meet in heaven, near our beloved Saviour. Then all who love the Lord Jesus in this world will bid us welcome to everlasting bliss ; they will lead us to our heavenly Father’s feet, and humbly thank him for all his goodness to them and to us.” “ Oh ! ” said Matilda, “ how much I should rejoice if I were only to be seen there.” “ Then,” said Elizabeth, “ you should pray that your Saviour may soon take you to the place where he dwells.” Matilda said, “ since the time when we were separated, I have risen early every morning that I might pray in my room without being interrupted. I

cannot forget what I have heard of my dear Saviour ; how happy I shall be when I see him !”

One evening in the next week, Matilda came very softly into the kitchen, and begged Elizabeth to pray with her only once more. Elizabeth did so. A few days after, she heard that Matilda was ill. She took some flowers, and asked Matilda’s mother to allow her to take them to her. Her mother gave leave, and very pleased was Matilda when she saw Elizabeth by her bedside. Her mother went out of the room, and Elizabeth said, “ Dear Matilda, do you still think about heaven ?” “ Yes,” said Matilda, “ I am always thinking about it, and about every thing that you have told me.” “ My dear Matilda,” said Elizabeth again, “ when you are in the presence of our Saviour, do not forget me.” Matilda stretched out her little hand and wept aloud, and Elizabeth wept

with her. "No," she said at last, "no, Elizabeth, I will surely not forget you." These were her last words, and then she could no longer speak, or understand what was said to her. The mother came in, and when she saw Elizabeth's tears, she asked whether Matilda had offended her. "No," said Elizabeth, "I am weeping because Matilda is so very ill." The mother would not believe that it was so. She thought that Matilda's illness was very slight, and that she would soon get well; but when she came to the bedside, she found that Matilda could not speak any more. Four days the little girl remained in this state, and then she died. He whom she loved so much had heard her prayer and taken her to be with him: she was at rest in the arms of her Saviour.

I think that, after reading this story, I need not ask you to pity the little Jewish children, who are never allowed to see a New Testa-

ment, or to hear the name of Jesus, though they may be in a Christian land. I will only ask you to think over the pretty verses, which another friend has written for you.

Scattered by God's avenging hand,  
    Afflicted and forlorn,  
Sad wanderers from their pleasant land,  
    Do Judah's children mourn ;  
And ev'n in Christian countries, few  
Breathe thoughts of pity towards the Jew.

Yet listen, children,—do you love  
    The Bible's precious page ?  
Then let your hearts with kindness move  
    To Israel's heritage ;—  
Who traced those lines of love for you ?  
Each sacred writer was a Jew.

And then as years and ages passed,  
    And nations rose and fell,  
Though clouds and darkness oft were cast  
    O'er captive Israel,  
The oracles of God for you  
Were kept in safety by the Jew.

And when the great Redeemer came  
    For guilty man to bleed,



He did not take an angel's name ;—  
No,—born of Abraham's seed,  
Jesus, who gave his life for you,  
The gentle Saviour, was a *Jew* !

And though his own received him not,  
And turned in pride away,  
Whence is the gentile's happier lot ?  
Are *you* more just than they ?  
No—God *in pity* turned to you—  
Have you no pity for the Jew ?

Go then, and bend your knee to pray  
For Israel's ancient race ;  
Ask the dear Saviour every day  
To call them by his grace ;  
Go—for a debt of love is due  
From Christian children to the Jew !

## ONE LANGUAGE AND ONE SONG IN HEAVEN.

MULTE TERRICOLIS LINGUÆ, CŒLESTIBUS UNA.

CHILDREN redeemed in every place,  
Have heard the gospel sound ;  
Of every colour, every race  
In every realm around ;  
Some, though but few, have learned to bless  
Jesus the Sun of Righteousness.

The subject of their praise the same,  
His love their sweet delight,  
In different tongues they praise his name,  
Yet here could not unite ;  
For children cannot understand  
The language of another land.

But when in Heaven the ransomed throng  
Of different nations meet,  
One voice, one subject, and one song,  
The chorus will complete ;  
Earth's differing languages be done,  
The tongues in heaven shall all be one.

## THE RANSOMED CHILD.

THE Bechuanas of South Africa are divided into many different tribes, such as the Bahurutsi, the Batlapis, the Barolongs, and others. They are all savages, being clothed in skins, living in dirt and poverty, and almost always at war with one another.

Some fourteen or fifteen years ago, there lived among the Bahurutsi tribe, a poor man and his wife, of whom I am going to tell you a story. The wealth of the savages is in their cattle; but this poor man had no cattle, so that he was very poor indeed. How he and his wife lived I do not know. Perhaps it was by killing game, and coming in for a share of beasts that were taken in hunting. Poor as he was, however, he had two great treasures. These were two little boys, one

about eight, and the other ten years old. But he was not to have these long. One day, as the little boys were playing in a glen a little way from their home, a party of Matabele warriors came by surprise, and seized the poor boys, and carried them far away.

These Matabele were a very fierce and powerful tribe. Moselekatse was the name of their king, but he had many titles, such as the Elephant, the Lion's Paw, the King of Kings, and the King of Heaven. He was a great warrior, and his chiefs used to rush out upon the peaceful tribes around, and burn, and kill, and lay waste all that came in their way, and return home rich in cattle and slaves.

The poor father and mother heard of what had befallen their boys; but what could they do against such a man as the tyrant Moselekatse or his warriors? They knew not with whom their poor boys were to be found, or

whether they were even living ; though they thought they were not dead, as the Matabele had not killed them at the time. Day after day they mourned for their sons, and thought how they might be suffering under their cruel masters. Very dull and desolate their home seemed to be, now that they no longer heard the voices of their boys, and they felt as if they had nothing worth living for when their boys were lost. Thus one long year passed away.

Mr. Moffat, the missionary, did not live far from the Bahurutsi. He had protected the lives of two of Moselekatse's warriors, and he had a warm invitation to pay Moselekatse a visit. Mokatla, the chief of the Bahurutsi, was very much afraid of Moselekatse, and he thought he would go with Mr. Moffat, and try to make friends with him.

Mr. Moffat looked at Mokatla's people. They seemed well-fed and well-dressed, and

in good spirits, all but one poor man. He looked so poor and so unhappy, that Mr. Moffat pitied him, and tried to find out the reason. It was the father of the boys. He had taken all he had, and followed in Mokatla's train to see if he could redeem his boys. He had no money nor cattle. He had only some beads and rings such as savages like to wear. He walked two hundred miles, and reached Moselekatse's court.

When Mr. Moffat arrived, he found that Moselekatse had made great preparations to welcome him. Several days were spent in feasting, and dancing, and merry-making with his warriors and people, in honour of Mr. Moffat's visit. The father knew that this was not the time for him to speak, and he waited till the days of merry-making were over. He took no part in the fun. His heart was heavy and sad. How he longed to see his dear boys I cannot tell. I dare say he

slept very little at night, and that he thought these days the longest he had ever spent.

When the days of feasting were over, he sent in his humble petition to the king, to be allowed to buy back his two sons. He waited some time, and then the chief who had the boys came out, and seated himself near Mr. Moffat's wagon. He was Moselekatse's brother. Mr. Moffat drew near, and looked on. The poor father spread his ragged mantle on the ground, and laid on it a few strings of beads and native ornaments. The proud chief would scarcely look upon these. The father sighed, and drew from his dirty skins a small bag of borrowed beads. The chief looked on them with scorn. The father took off two copper rings from his arms, and two others from his ears, and looked anxiously at the chief; but he only frowned, and angrily shook his head. The poor man took from his neck the only ornament he had left

and added that and an old knife to what he had offered for his two sons. The haughty chief would not so much as speak to the father. He went on talking carelessly to those around him, and at last he got up to go away. Mr. Moffat came near, and begged him to have pity on the unhappy father. The chief answered with a sneer, that one of the boys had died of cold the winter before, and that what the father had offered was not worth looking at. "I want oxen," he said. "I have not even a goat," replied the father. The chief walked off, and the poor father sat with his head leaning on his hand, and his eyes fixed on the ground, and sighed heavily. He had not known till now that one of his boys was dead. Perhaps the poor little fellow had died from cruelty or neglect. His other dear son he was not allowed so much as to see. At length, with a heavy heart, he



took up his mantle to go. His last hope was gone.

He did not know that there was one eye which had been looking on him with pity all the time, and that one friend was near to help him. That friend was the missionary. As he was getting up to go, Mr. Moffat spoke to him, and said, "I will try to get back your son." Ah! how he started at the voice of kindness! He threw his mantle and beads at the feet of the missionary, and said, "Take these, my father, and pity me." Mr. Moffat told him to keep them for himself. He kissed the hand of his kind friend, and departed, saying, "I shall have slumber," or "peace of mind."

Next day, Mr. Moffat took an opportunity to speak on behalf of the poor man. Moselekatse listened to his request, and his brother agreed to sell the boy to Mr. Moffat. Mr. Moffat took the little boy in his wagon, and

was returning to the town. I wonder what the little boy talked about: whether it was about seeing his mother. They came to the foot of a hill, and Mr. Moffat saw some one rushing down the steep at such a rate as to be in danger of falling headlong. Some said, "It is the alarm of war." The wagon-driver said, "It is a woman, either running from a lion, or to save a child." Who do you think it could be? It was the mother of the little boy. How she too had come all that long and dangerous journey I do not know, but what will not a mother's love do? She could not wait till the father came back. Her heart was too anxious, and the time seemed too long. She heard from some one the news that her son was in Mr. Moffat's wagon. She went up to the top of the hill, and watched till she saw the wagon coming, and then she rushed down the steep. Mr. Moffat was afraid that she would come against the wagon, and

he sprang to the ground to stop her in time. She could not speak, but she seized his hands, and bathed them with her tears, and wept aloud for joy. Her boy drew near, and she rushed forward, and clasped him in her arms. Do you not wish that you had been in Mr. Moffat's place then?

Dear children, there was One who offered a more costly price for you. You know well whom I mean. He gave his own life to buy you back to your heavenly Father, and your home on high. Do you feel as grateful to him, as this African family did to the missionary?

## H Y M N.

LORD, wilt thou be our Guide  
Through life's uncertain way ?  
Wilt thou for every want provide,  
And cheer each cloudy day ?  
Oh now, while health and peace  
Thy gracious hand supplies,  
Incline our hearts to own thy grace  
From whence these blessings rise

Or should thy will ordain  
A life of care and woe,  
If bitter hours of grief and pain  
These youthful hearts must know ;  
Help us to lean on thee,  
Help us to bless the rod,  
And in those sorrows may we see  
A Father and a God.

And if the hand of death  
Shall early lay us low,  
And thou shalt summon back the breath  
Thy Spirit did bestow,  
Oh guide us to that land  
Where sin and pain are o'er,  
And bid us join the ransom'd band  
On Canaan's happy shore.

## TIME TO SEEK THE LORD.

ONE fine summer afternoon, a large party of little boys and girls assembled in the drawing-room of Mrs. P——, Red Lion Square, Holborn. Their mothers were members of a Maternal Association; and they had brought their children to hear an address from a good minister of the name of Smith. He took for his text, Hosea x. 12: "It is time to seek the Lord." His manner was so kind, and what he said was so interesting, that the children could not help listening to it with great attention. But there was one story he told which made the tears flow from many little eyes, and which I should like you to hear.

Mr. Smith had gone out one day, and was crossing some fields on his way back to his

home, when he met one of the teachers of his Sunday-school. "Oh! sir," she said, "I am so glad I have met you. I have been looking for you every where. There is a poor little girl very ill; and she wants to see you very much."

"How did you hear of her? and where does she live?" asked Mr. Smith.

"I was in Mrs. B.'s shop," said the teacher, "when a woman came in, and said, 'Do you know where a Mr. Smith, who preaches at White-chapel, lives? My girl is very ill; and she will not give me any peace till I find him out. She says she wants to see him directly.' I said I knew where you lived, and I would fetch you. I am very glad I have found you."

The teacher told Mr. Smith where the little girl lived; and he went to her directly. It was not very easy to find the place, for he had to turn out of the wide street into some

little streets, and then into a dirty court, and then into another dirtier and darker still. The opposite houses were very near together, and the cheerful sky could not be seen from them. When he found the house, he saw that it was not clean and pleasant, like the houses in which many of my little readers live. The panes of the windows were broken, and stuffed with rags. There were no chairs to sit upon,—only one or two old stools, and the room smelt badly. There were children crying and quarrelling, and a woman, with a loud voice, scolding and swearing at them. Mr. Smith hardly liked to go into so dirty and wicked a place ; but he was a minister of the gospel, and he knew that he ought to be ready to go wherever there was any good to be done.

The room was so dark, that when Mr. Smith first went in, he could scarcely see about him. As he looked around, however,

he spied a little bed in the corner. Indeed I ought not to call it a bed, for it was only some straw laid on an old wooden bedstead. A little girl about thirteen years of age lay upon it. She looked very ill; and she had no nice blankets and sheets about her—nothing but a piece of dirty sacking as a counterpane. When she saw Mr. Smith, she rose up on her bed, and stretched out her thin hands to him, and said, “Oh! Mr. Smith, I am so glad to see you: I have been wanting to see you so long.”

“How is this? I do not know you, my little girl,” said Mr. Smith.

“Oh! sir—but I know *you*! I heard you preach, and I wanted to see you,” she said again.

“Where did you hear me preach?” Mr. Smith asked.

“I should like to tell you, sir, if you please,” said the little girl: and she began her story. “I have been ill for a long time,” she said;



and one Sunday afternoon I felt weary and ill, and I tried every place in the room, but I could not rest; and mother said, 'Why can't you sit still? You had better go out and take a walk.' So, sir, I went out, and I walked down White-chapel, till I was very tired, and I wanted to sit down and rest. I did not like to sit down in the street. Just then I came to a church, and I thought that if I went in there, I should find a place to sit down. It was your church, and you were preaching to the Sunday-school children. The text was: 'It is time to seek the Lord.' I thought, as I listened to the sermon: 'I am very ill. I get weaker every day. Perhaps I shall die soon. It is time for *me* to seek the Lord.' So I did seek him, and I hope I have found him: and I am *so* happy. I wanted to see you, sir, to thank you, and to tell you how happy I am."

You may be sure that it gave Mr. Smith

much pleasure to hear all this. He talked to the little girl, and asked her many questions. It seemed as if she had indeed found her Saviour, and as if He had himself taught her by his word and his Spirit, for she had had no one else to teach her. She could read; and she had a little Testament and an old hymn-book; and she read these very much. Mr. Smith asked a good woman in his congregation to visit her; and she too was much pleased with her. He went again himself very soon, and talked to the little girl for some time. He took up her hymn-book, and found several of the leaves turned down. He read some, and asked her why she liked them. "Because it is just as I feel, sir," she said. They were beautiful hymns, and such as no one could feel who had not been taught to feel them by the Spirit of God.

I think Mr. Smith saw her a third time, but I am not quite sure. The next time he

went he saw the little bedstead in the corner, but the little girl was not on it. The mother was in the room, and Mr. Smith turned to her for an explanation. "Well, I will tell you about it," she said. "On Saturday I was peeling potatoes by the window, and she called, 'Mother!' I went to her, and she raised herself up in the bed, and put her arms around my neck, and said, 'Mother, I want to speak to you, and I want to kiss you. I am going to die : but I am so happy. Oh ! mother, *do* go to hear Mr. Smith preach, and ask father to go, and do let my brothers go to the Sunday-school. Oh ! mother, I am *so* happy !' She went on so till she was quite tired, and she let go my neck, and fell back on the bed. I went on peeling my potatoes ; and when I turned round, she was dead."

Mr. Smith was very sorry that he had not been there when the dear little girl died. Two or three day after, he thought that he ought

to go and see the poor wicked mother, and try to do her good. He found the house shut up, and he knocked and knocked without getting any answer. At last a woman looked out of a window in the next house, and asked what he wanted. "I want Mrs. —," he answered. "Oh!" said the woman, "you will not find her. The father has been sent to prison, and the mother and children went away in the night, and no one knows what has become of them." Then Mr. Smith felt thankful that God had taken the dear child to be with himself.

My dear little readers, this little girl had only heard one sermon, but she attended and believed. Perhaps you have heard many without feeling or minding them, or being any the better for them. Yet it is time for *you* to seek the Lord.

THE END.







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