

TO THY KNEES, O ZION.

Rev. M. R. Harvey.

Go to thy knees, O Zion!  
 For perilous times are here;  
 Go to thy closet, crying  
 To God alone, in prayer.  
 For some the "Old Land Marks" are leav-  
 ing,  
 To travel the modern way.  
 Deceived are they, and deceiving;  
 I beg thee, O Zion, "Pray!"

Go to thy knees, O Zion!  
 Thy God will meet thee there,  
 Go! though Satan be trying  
 To hinder and keep thee from prayer;  
 For those whom the devil has taken  
 And started on the road to despair,  
 Have first their closets forsaken,  
 And left off their secret prayer.

Go to thy knees, O Zion!  
 Thou needest reviving, so much,  
 And on thee the lost are relying,  
 Responsible art thou for such.  
 'Tis only through thee, O Zion,  
 The sinner can find the Lord;  
 Then how canst thou hear his crying,  
 And not pray off to thy God?

'Tis woe unto them, O Zion,  
 Who are now at ease in thee;  
 While millions of souls are dying,  
 Cants thou contented be?  
 When thou in thy tears travailest  
 Then children will be given;  
 Thy God, who true prayer heareth,  
 Will answer thee from heaven.

Of all thy plans, O Zion,  
 Which thou couldst henceforth make,  
 Or all thy desperate trying  
 Would be a sad mistake  
 If thou shouldst leave off praying,  
 For praying must be done;  
 Until ye stop delaying,  
 Revivals will not come.

Awake, awake, O Zion!  
 Arise, put on thy strength;  
 Go to thy closets crying,  
 And tarry there, ye saints;  
 Then God will truly answer,  
 Revival fires will fall,  
 Some day we will see and praise Him,  
 "And crown him Lord of all."

JOE, THE JEW.

"Come on and serf God and den if He don't gif satisfaction go back and serf de devil again. You won't be nodding out. You can't loose."

The speaker, a little Russian Jew with iron-gray mustache, gold teeth, sparse hair, wrinkles in his forehead, steel-rimmed spectacles down over his nose and a most cheerful smile, is "Joe the Jew."

"I've seen de time when I dodn't half de money to buy de steam off a frankfurter," says Joe. Now, he conducts a fine laundry business among Broadway clients. But at night he is on the East Side, helping down-and-outs. "I make my money on Broadway and spend it in de Bowery," he explains.

During the twenty-seven years since he was converted, he has won over eleven thousand others, a good return on the original investment.

Joe has unshaken faith. One night he affirmed that he believed every word inside the Bible. A German heckler said, "I suppose you think you know all there is in that Bible."

"No," replied Joe, "I am no student. I haf not studied it as I should like."

"And still you believe every word of it!"

"Yes, I belief efery word of it."

"Well," said the heckler, "I'm a German and I'm proud of it. If you do not know what's inside of the Bible, and yet you believe every word of it, you're the biggest fool I ever saw," looking about for approval.

"Just von moment," said Joe. "You are a German?"

"Yes."

"Dhen you like frankfurters and sauerkraut?"

The German grunted.

"Vell, now listen, my dear German fren'. Answer me dis question. Haf you never studied de inside of a frankfurter, and still you eat dem—my dear fren'—dot's all I vant to say vit you!"

Joe gives even hecklers a cahnce. He gets his audience to talk. His own remarks and songs are brief, and induces the men to conduct their own meeting. Having often been sick at heart when some uptown minister visiting a mission put every "bum" to sleep with his discourse, Joe wrote a few epigrams for visiting preachers. Here are some of them:

"Plenty of vind is a blessing to a vind-mill, but a calamity to a Gospel meeding."

"De fool hath said in his own heart, 'Lo, I am de anointed high-flyer in oratory.' De people said, von to anoder, 'Behold, a balloon filled vit hot air.'"

"Many are willing to stand for Jesus but mighty few are villing to sit down again."

"Vell, an anarchistic parade chased me into Christianity. It was dwenty-seven years ago dot Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman hold a meeding on Union Square. They rail very much against de Government. It sound very good to me, for it was nodding but bad luck I haf since I came from R-R-Russia. I was dissatisfied. I give great sympathy vile I listen.

"Dren de police come—dhey break up de meeding—clubbing eferybody—dhey arrest de two speakers. I run for sweet life. I keep o n down de Bowery tinkin always I hear somebody behindt. Then, just when I tink it safe, somebody grab my arm and I says to myself, 'Now for a nighd in de cooler!' But it wasn'd a policeman. He say, 'Come in! I hear music—tought it was a place for amusements and say I haf no money. He says, 'You don't need money,' and take me in. It was a mission meeding.

"Dot fas my first contract from Christianity. Fro m being born a Jew, eferything mit me revolted against Christ and Christianity.

"But I vent again and again. I struggle nod to go, but some power draw me there time and time once more.

"Den I had a pardnership in booze vit an Irishman. I got a job in a pie factory and in de spare time I take my friendt around to de differenut saloons and treat him. It was de ideal combination. De Jew furnish de money and de Irishman furnish de thirst. Efery night when we got full of booze and frankfurters he would "carry de banner" (walk aimlessly up and down the Bokery) but I would go to de mission.

Four times I break up de meeding. I voud argue vit de speaker. Always I tried to fight off de influence by protesting. De last time dey took me by de collar—"You get out and don't you come in again." I vent out and saw de sign over de door, 'God bless you, come again.' So next night I came again!

"I used to sit here half dozing. A man got up and said, 'What shall it profit a man—' When I heard dot I voke up. You can't expect de Jew to sleep when re hears uf profit! De leader of de meeding dot nighd was a lady and she stood on de platform and said: 'Salvation for the drunkard—for the thief—salvation for the drug fiend—salvation for evrybody.

"Den she looked at me and she said, 'Salvation for the Jew!'

"I vent forward and gave my heart to God. I made a covenant to serf Him if He voud make a man out of me. God kept His part of de bargain, and I'll try to keep my part.

"I cleaned up, bought a boiled shirt and collar—moved away from de Bowery to a room of \$1.25 a week—vent dish-washing in a restaurant—saved up \$40 and vent in business for myself—lost my money and got married!

"On my wedding day, my wife didn't have 50 cents and I hadn't either. Vo got married on faith. Somebody gave six teaspoons and an old stove.

"It vas March and pretty cold. Ve had three rooms and a store—and von stove to heat rem all. In de morning I would make fire in de store—in de evening ven ve vanted to retire, I would carry de red-hot stove, pipes and all, back into de bedroom—in de morning into de living room—den into de store again!

"De Hebrews vouldn't patronize, because my wife was a Gentile. But in days I vent around vit a bag on my back soliziting laundry, and at night I vorked.

"Today I have a steam plant of my own—de Joseph Justice Laundry—a good business on Broadway and I'm prosberous, and people call me up on de phone and say, 'Joe, come here,' and 'Joe, come there'—I don't need to look for work—it come to me.

"Salvation paid. I bring Him misery, He give me joy. I bring poverty, He give prosberity. I bring selfishness. He give de joy of doing something for de oder fellow. Dot is a good bargain—salvation is a paying business. De proof of its being good is dot a Hebrew has stuck to it for dwenty-seven years."—Selected.

HOW IT STARTED.

The Salvation Army had its origin in the town of Whitby, in the rough coal mining district of Yorkshire, where General Booth, at that time Rev. William Booth, was doing humble mission work. England was then in arms, expecting to jump into the Russo-Turkish war. It occurred to Booth that he might attract a crowd by issuing a declaration of war himself, so he prepared one forthwith, sprinkling it plentifully with hallelujahs and posted 2,000 copies of it about the town. The device tickled the British sense of humor, there was "redhot, rousing meeting," to quote General Booth, "the penitents fell down in heaps," and the Salvation Army sprang into full life.—Selected.

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