

HOW JESUS SAVED A JEW.



MAX ISAAC REICH, LONDON.

I WAS brought up a Jew, and taught to observe the ceremonies and rites of Judaism. When coming to years of thought I fell in with some atheists, and began to devour their blasphemous assumptions. While outwardly conforming to the ritual of the synagogue worship, scepticism was eating up the vitals of my belief, and I was beginning to lose faith in God's Revelation. But He who said to Nathaniel, "When thou wast under the fig-tree I saw thee," took particular notice of me even then, and His unseen hand caused me to be brought into contact with a godly Christian man. I could see at a glance that this man had something to which I was an utter stranger. It was not so much what he said as his reality and his godly walk that impressed me. But

How Jesus Saved a Jew.

what surprised me most of all was to see a man *delighting in* the One whose Name I despised and blasphemed. I began to pray and read my Bible, became a teacher in a Sabbath school, and very devoutly followed the Jews' religion, vainly imagining that what faith in the despised Nazarene could procure for a Gentile, Judaism could surely give to a member of Jehovah's chosen race. I knew not the Scripture which thunders out in language unmistakable and clear, "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags" (Isaiah 64. 9).

One Sunday afternoon I took a walk in the streets of London. I saw a crowd surrounding three men who had been holding an open-air meeting, and were concluding by singing a hymn, the last line of which is, "WHOSOEVER will may come." That grand word "*whosoever*" stuck to me. The singing over, the three friends asked the bystanders to follow them to a meeting. Among others, I was invited by one of the preachers, but declined. Thereupon he looked me in the face and asked me, "Are you saved?" I replied, "Yes, but not in your way." He informed me of the scriptural fact that there was only one way of salvation, and quoted God's Word, "Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." I began to argue with him, but he quietly answered, "Friend, in a little while I will pray for you." Not long afterwards his prayer was answered; but how? By God showing me my real condition before Him—that I was a sinner against One who is "of purer eyes than to behold iniquity." I was stripped of my self-righteousness, leaving behind a dismal void and an accusing conscience. It was sin, making life a burden and existence a misery. "The pains of hell gat hold upon me; I found trouble and sorrow." The thought came to me with awful intensity, "Where shall I flee for refuge?" Everything I had trusted in proved insufficient to bear the weight of my soul. My friend, whose life so impressed me, used to tell me at this time of the Lord Jesus, though utterly unaware that I was anxious about my soul. I did not argue, and learned that "Salvation is of the Lord," that if I was ever to be saved it must be by the Lord Jesus, and by Him alone; and at last one Lord's-day afternoon I rested my weary soul on Jesus, who died for me on Calvary's Cross. From that moment I knew that I was saved, and that my sins were forgiven.

M. I. R.