

house, park, porter's lodge, livery servants, and, in purple and fine linen, fares sumptuously every day; who, nevertheless, feels these things avail him nothing so long as there sits at his gate the humbling Mordecai of being "an upstart," and not a member of an old family." He desires, therefore, above all things, to be connected, even by an almost invisible thread, with some such authentic piece of antiquity. He would willingly give a large sum for a drop of ancient blood, and bitterly feels that money cannot purchase it.

The "real old family," again, is proud of its heraldry. It boasts of its long ancestry. "Our family came over with William the Conqueror!" is generally the boast, and extreme limit, of their alleged origin; and even that is very mythical, albeit the "family pictures" of large, stupid-looking gentlemen with wigs; ladies in stiff brocade; or one or two daubs representing knights in armour, which are exhibited in the hall or dining-room. For, as old Sir Thomas Browne says, "Gravestones tell truth scarce forty years; generations pass while some trees stand; and old families last not three oaks!"

The Jews are an exception! Moses, the old clothesman, has an ancestry which puts the purest and most ancient stock of the House of Peers to shame. Where was "the blood of all the Howards," or of the Plantagenets, when the ancestors of "*old Clo*," were defying Pharaoh or combating Sennacherib?

I was forcibly reminded of this on one occasion when standing beside a learned Jew in the Royal Museum in Berlin, and looking at the fine antique statue of Julius Cæsar at the end of the room. I happened to remark to my friend, "Is it not strange to look at the intellectual features of that 'hooked-nosed fellow of Rome,' as Falstaff calls him, and to think of his triumphant march northward, and his conquest of Britain, when our ancestors were roving barbarians, painting themselves with ochre, and exhibiting all the brutality and coarseness of New Zealand savages?" "Our ancestors!" exclaimed my Jewish friend, looking at me with disdain. "Pray speak of your own, who, I have no doubt, were sufficiently savage. But as for mine, they were singing the psalms of David, and worshipping God as members of his true Church on earth, centuries before Julius Cæsar was born!" I bowed my head, and felt that both I and the antique statue were of yesterday, when compared to the old blood which flowed in the veins, and flushed in the face, of my eloquent friend!

Beautifully has Dr. Harris said of the Jews: "As the modern traveller surveys the remains of the arch of Titus at Rome, he feels bewildered in endeavouring to realize the distant date of its erection; and yet it commemorates only the last of a long series of Jewish dispersions. You read of the fragments of antiquity dug up from the ruins of Babylon, and your mind is carried still farther back by

the Roman arch; but the Jew possibly formed that Babylonian trick, and imprinted on it those arrow-headed characters. The pyramids of Egypt take your imagination still farther back; the Jew not improbably helped to build the oldest of the royal tombs at Thebes, and mark the national physiognomies painted on the walls, you recognise that of the Jew, unaltered to the present day. Time was young when the Lord said to Abraham, 'I will make of thee a great nation!'"

A strong faith has never ceased to exist among the great rabbis of the Jews, and in the coming of a day when the once noble, but now fallen race, shall have their own again, and be no longer despised and trodden down by Gentile upstarts. What an undying hope in the restoration of a kingdom in Israel, is expressed—what indomitable pride and ambition, which the sorrows of eighteen centuries have not crushed, is confessed—in the commentary of an old Jew, upon the promise made by God to Abraham: "I will make thy seed as the dust of the earth!" "Yes," he says, "as the dust of the earth, which for a time all men tread under foot; but which, nevertheless, in the end, covers all men overhead!"—Good Words.

Of Past Sufferings.

BY ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

It seems at first sight very obvious, that to grieve for past suffering (so far as past), is to torment one's-self most absurdly. And, indeed, I don't think men are very apt to do so in respect of their own; but it is very often done in the case of the sufferings of one's friends. Past evils, indeed, do very often afford a reasonable ground of affliction; but then it is from their liability to recur, or to lead to some other evil. A past fit of the gout may be regarded as a present evil, since it indicates a gouty constitution. But it is remarkable that there are no past evils whatever that people are so apt to grieve about as those which are the most utterly past, viz., the sufferings of the deceased. One of the most anxious inquiries respecting a departed friend is, "whether he died easily;" nothing is so consolatory to the survivors as to learn that he suffered little; and if he died in great agony, it excites their sympathy more than the case of one who is living in agony. And yet all this is pure imagination, and all our affliction in such a case is the result of confusion of thought. To be sure I wish to die easily, because I wish to live easily, of which that is a part; but if there be any amount of suffering from disease reserved for me, I care not whether it takes place in the disease of which I die, or in any other. Of the two, indeed, perhaps the former would be rather preferable; because in the other case, I might be annoyed by the memory of that particular suffering whose recurrence I might fear. And