

saved, for there shall come out of Sion the Deliverer, who shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob."

Of all devotees the Arab is the most diligent and ostentatious. He appears to pray without ceasing, in his own way—walking, smoking, scolding, he may be seen counting his beads. An intelligent boy told me, that as he counts them he says, "Come," "come." What the burden of that request may be, I am not able to say, but uttered by Jew and Christian, as it often is, in every land, we know its import—"The Spirit and the Bride say, come," "Come Lord Jesus, come quickly."

I spent a few hours with the American colonists at Jaffa, who professedly waited for the coming of the Lord. One hundred of them, weary of poverty, and of hope deferred, have returned to their native land, but the few that have remained have abated not a jot of heart or hope. Wives have given up their husbands and children, and have endured want, while willing to work for bread, and, with poverty staring in upon them they are still resolved to wait for the second advent of Christ. The few men who have remained, are now employed in the service of the Sultan, as mail coachmen and ostlers. It will gratify you to hear that a coach runs regularly between Jaffa and Jerusalem; and as Yankees drive our mail coaches in the colonies, so they have introduced their superior system in this country, and are likely to teach the Turks to improve their ways.

An English colony has seemingly engrafted itself on the remnant of the American. The pioneer, to all appearances, is a sober-minded, respectable old gentleman, with, perhaps, a few peculiar crotchets touching the interpretation of prophecy. While the Americans, calling themselves Hebrew Christians, look for the coming of the Lord he expects the arrival of British settlers to reclaim the soil, and repair the ruins of Palestine. The prophetic foundation upon which he builds, is the promise to Abraham that his seed should become "many nations." In the Anglo-Saxon alone, that promise has been fulfilled, which is clear to him, he declares, as noontide. And it may be presumed that he is the pioneer of a party; for he is erecting a large house for the reception of his countrymen, whom he hopes to welcome at an early date. In the neighborhood of Bethlehem, I visited a thrifty little Hebrew settlement, the gardens of which shew what may be made of the country. The cry of the settlers is 'come,' and such, too, is the request of the cowed sentinels who keep watch, day and night, in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Arabs, Jews, and Christians—he they Franks or natives, free or bond, Maronites, Greeks, Armenians, or Anglo-Saxons, and

however much they may differ from one another—unite in the common cry, "Come, come quickly."

And, when we look upon this land, and observe how Mahomet has triumphed in the domain of Christ—when we behold the birth-place of our Lord and of our religion in the possession of bigots, tyrant, and fanatics,—when we see the land polluted by a religious plague, repulsive as that of frogs or lice—when we think of this garden of the Lord a waste, this land of blessing blighted by a baneful imposition—this land of promise no longer in possession of its heaven-born inheritors—when we consider all this, we feel inclined to unite with the great multitude who cry, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

"Haste, then, and wheel away a shattered world, Ye slow revolving seasons! We would see A sight to which our eyes are strangers yet: A world that does not hate and dread His laws, And suffer for its crime; would learn how fair The creature is that God pronounces good. How pleasant, in itself what pleases him.

—*Irish Presbyterian Record.*

VOYAGE TO OLD CALABAR.

The Rev. Dr. Alexander Robb has favoured us with notes of his voyage, which we gladly lay before our readers:—

8th December, 1868.

We arrived here on the 25th of November; and I am happy that Mr. Lawson, who was ill of fever at that time, is now better.

SIERRA LEONE.

Sabbath, the 8th November, we spent happily at Sierra Leone with friends of the Church of England Missionary Society. We worshipped in Kiskey Road church, of which the Rev. Mr. Hamilton is the pastor, along with some 300 sable fellow-worshippers.

On sitting down, I was supplied with books by Rose Macaulay, one of the good fruits of the Lord's work at Old Calabar. Brought here as a little slave girl, she became nurse to Dr. Hewan's eldest child; attended the child to Scotland when it was sent home sick; was redeemed from slavery by kind and generous friends in Dalkeith; left Old Calabar, her own mistress, and is now employed by Miss Sass, who has charge of a school for coast-born girls at Free Town, Sierra Leone, in connection with the Church of England Missionary Society. We were all kindly entertained by these Christian friends, who are worthy of our sincere and warm Christian affection and confidence. Under different forms and expressions, we recognize the savour of the one evangelical faith and piety.