

# The Parliamentary Magazine

Devoted to Religion, Literature, Science, Education, Temperance, Agriculture, and General Intelligence.

Volume VII. No. 2.

HALIFAX, N. S., THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1855.

Whole No. 287.

## The Servant of Christ.

Jesus, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow Thee;  
Destitute, despised, forsaken,  
Thou from hence my all shalt be—  
Perish every fond ambition,  
All I've sought and hoped, and known,  
Yet how rich is my condition,  
God and heaven are still my own!

Let the world despise and leave me,  
They have left my SAVIOUR too;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me,  
Thou art not like man untrue;  
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,  
Grown of wisdom, love and might,  
I see my friends and friends may shun me,  
Show Thy face, and all is bright!

Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!  
Come disaster, shame, and pain!  
In Thy service pain is pleasure,  
With Thy favour, loss is gain.  
I have said, Thee, Alpha, Father,  
I have said, my heart on Thee;  
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,  
All must work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me,  
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;  
With trials hard my soul may press me,  
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.  
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While Thy love is left to me;  
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unalloyed with Thee!

Take, my soul, thy full salvation,  
Rise o'er fear and fond desire;  
Joy to find in every station,  
Something still to do or bear;  
Think what SPIRIT dwells within thee,  
What a FATHER'S smile is thine,  
What thy SAVIOUR did to win thee—  
Child of heaven, should'st thou repine?

Heave thou on from grace to glory,  
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer;  
Heaven's eternal day before thee;  
God's own hand shall guide thee there.  
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,  
Ere thou change to glad fruition,  
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.  
—L.V.T.

## The War in the East.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—In the *Parliamentary Magazine* for July 27, 1854, an article was published entitled "The War in the East," bearing the signature of "Chatham." Although some time has passed since then, and more will elapse before this can appear in print, still I beg leave to offer a few remarks on that subject, in connection with the above mentioned article.

1.—THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS IS THE ORIGINATOR OF THIS WAR.  
A little more than a year and a half ago he sent Prince Menschikoff to Constantinople, to make various demands of the Sultan, among which was one calling upon him to put all the Greeks of this Empire (with whose religious liberty the Turkish Government never interferes) under special protection; besides some foolish suggestions concerning the Holy Places; and, finally, to demand by a number of significant hints about the strength of Sebastopol, the Russian Army, &c. Now, what Nicholas wanted was to create a Russian Protectorate over the 10,000,000 Greek subjects of the Sultan. It is easily understood that such a state of things would give Russia an immense ascendancy over the internal affairs of Turkey, tending to deprive the latter, at once, of all the independence she possesses. In that case Russia would have a right to be forever interfering with the doings of the Sublime Porte, and the Greeks would be but a tool in his hands to accomplish his ambitious designs. What if the Emperor of France were to assume a protectorate over the Catholics of America; thus arrogating to himself the right of calling in question all the doings of the American Government in which any Catholic interest were concerned? Would the People of America suffer such a state of things? Or what if the Sultan took upon himself the right of protecting, in the same manner, the millions of Mohammedans in Russia.

When the Turks, backed by England and France, deprecated this interference, Nicholas' significant hints became realities; and, without even a declaration of war, he occupied the Principality of a "Material Guarantee." This act alone would, according to all international law, have sufficed to bring down upon him the vengeance of all Europe. Turkey was thus forced to act on the defensive against her will. That the Sultan would have made peace for any other reason than the fear of the Russian army is a supposition not worth a moment's consideration. He was clearly seen that Nicholas began this war by his unreasonable demands upon Turkey, and by entering, without declaration of war, the lands of his neighbor with armed forces.

Before proceeding, allow me to quote from "Chatham." He says, "Who or what has called this mighty force into action? We believe, the progress of Civilization and Christianity; not the Emperor Nicholas, nor Sultan Abdul-Medjid, nor yet Lord Aberdeen, nor Louis Napoleon, as brought this sudden change of affairs upon the East." Here is certainly an astounding and incomprehensible assertion. We are to believe that none of the monarchs and governments engaged in this war are to blame for its origin! The broad shoulders of Civilization and Christianity must bear the whole blame! What is meant by the sentence if it is indeed difficult to explain.

II.—TURKEY IS IN THE RIGHT.  
She declared war reluctantly, and only after diplomacy had been exhausted in fruitless attempts to conciliate the Northern Bear. She even preferred to make concessions rather than go to war. But when she was forced to arms she came nobly up to the contest, and proved to the civilized world that she was not yet an "old iron sick craft," although much influenced by England and France. "Chatham" prefers a charge against Turkey in these words:—

"For five hundred years the cruel Turk, breathing out the spirit of his false prophet, has beaten, robbed, butchered and murdered the helpless Christian upon the ground where Christianity had its earliest triumphs—the Sinai of the Gospel." All this is very true; but I beg leave to ask, Are we judging fairly when we bring up the former wickedness of a nation to prove that it is in the wrong now? The question is not, Are the Turks a wicked people? but, Are the Turks right in defending themselves against Russian aggression? "Chatham" says again, "Turkey is not liberal," &c. To this I answer, Everything is comparative. If Turkey is not as liberal as America, yet she is incomparably more so than Russia. Freedom has a home upon her soil which it has not in Russia. English and American Missionaries have found a safe home in Turkey; and that, by means of any English compulsion, as Chatham represents. Into Russia they cannot even enter without a special permission from St. Petersburg, and then not to labor or to preach, but only for private purposes. England has indeed compelled the Turks to receive the missionaries as a distinct community, and to save them from the persecution of the Armenian and Greek Churches, to which latter Nicholas belongs, and through which he would have delighted (had he been made its protector) to oppress the Protestants to the utmost of his power. In proof of this will I mention a couple of facts. A gentleman, of high standing in Russia, wrote not long ago to a friend abroad, that he was fully persuaded that this war was partly, if not wholly occasioned by the Emperor's desire to stop the progress of Protestantism in Turkey. Another gentleman of the same rank, who was in the Russian Embassy in Constantinople once, confessed to an American Missionary, that the Embassy kept themselves accurately informed of all the operations of the American Mission in Turkey, and reported them to the Emperor Nicholas. As regards the protection of Turkey afforded to the Hungarians, it is but fair to say, that in that case she acted a most noble and disinterested part. That England forced her to this measure is not true. She did it of her own free will, and spent much time and much money upon the Hungarians, besides running imminent danger from the displeasure of Russia.

III.—ENGLAND AND FRANCE ARE IN THE RIGHT.  
"Chatham" says—England looked calmly on while the Austrians and Russians devoured Poland, and violated the treaty of 1816. She folded her arms and sealed her lips while Christian (Protestant) Hungary was bleeding and expiring under the lash of the same tyrants. Why now awake and gird on the harness of war, and ally herself with the Turk—the Moslem, with whom she has no sympathy?—Why else, than she covets the "Golden Horn" which Nicholas aims to secure? It would seem then, that if England did not do her duty (7) in the case of Turkey, she is not to do it in the case of Hungary. Because she did wrong then, (as he supposes) she must do so now! And because she does her duty, and upholds the weaker against the stronger, the right against the wrong, she is to be branded covetous? This is certainly unfair. England and France hesitated and diplomated long before resolving upon hostilities. They gave the Czar time enough to think ten times before he leaped; but he is blind, or mad, or both, and has staked his all upon a game in which the odds are fearfully against him. One other thing is noticeable in this sentence, viz.—That it does not well consist with one of the writer's former statements. He had said before, that Nicholas had not called this mighty force into action; while now we are told that he aims to secure the "Golden Horn." Is this, then, nothing? Or is it a contradiction? What if he aims to secure the "Golden Horn"? When it becomes right for the United States to appropriate to themselves, by force of arms, the mouth of the St. Lawrence, then will Nicholas be justified in securing this "gate to his house," as "Chatham" wrongly calls it. England and France have undoubtedly interested motives in upholding Turkey; but what if they have? Is this any reason why they should be blamed for upholding the cause of right and truth? Am I to be called supremely selfish, because by saving my neighbors field from being burnt, I am also protecting my own? Surely not.

IV.—THIS WAR IS NOT A WAR BETWEEN THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS.  
This is the last point I wish to touch upon. The idea that this war is one between Christianity and Mohammedanism, seems to be rather prevalent in America. But no such thing is true. Religion has nothing to do in this war in the sense that is meant. This war is one of right and wrong. Russia is wrong in first making unreasonable and oppressive demands of Turkey; and then in occupying her lands with soldiers; and furthermore, in refusing to come to terms when all Europe is offering her peace on condition of evacuating the Principality. England, France, and Turkey, are right in the withholding the proud and selfish demands of Russia, (which, moreover, they had good reason to believe were only intended as a preparation for something more unreasonable still) in expelling her armies from the Turkish dominions; and in determining to humble her so that Europe may have peace for a while longer. And then I ask, What do those men, who pretend that this is a war between the Crescent and the Cross, and who mean that the Russian Cross is an emblem of true religion; or of anything better than the Mohammedan Crescent? If Turkey were to pass into Russian hands, it would be better for her? Let such be told that the moment Russia gains possession of Turkey, she will eject all Protestant Missionaries and spread the darkness of her Greek Cross, of wood, or silver, or gold, over all the land. If any doubt this let them take a look at Russia, and see the gross darkness in which that Christian land is enveloped; let them go to Finland, and the Baltic provinces of the poor Protestants have been maltreated and oppressed; how the Russian priests have deceived the peasantry with fair promises, and then have proved to the civilized world that she was not yet an "old iron sick craft," although much influenced by England and France. "Chatham" prefers a charge against Turkey in these words:—

them look even at the acknowledged Protestant communities in South Russia, and behold them groaning under the yoke of a Consistory, established by the Emperor, which forbids them to hold private prayer meetings, and to escape which German colonists have actually emigrated to Turkey. I close with "Confession of Faith," which, according to a gentleman formerly connected with the Russian Embassy here, is found in the mouths of many Russian peasants in that benighted land. "When you ask them," he said, "How many Gods are there?" they answer, "Five." Who are these? "The Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost, St. Mary and St. Nicholas." Is this the Cross which "Chatham" wishes may prevail in this conflict? VERITAS.

## The Great Mistake.

How few really credit the sentiment, that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth." It is difficult to be persuaded that an object so eagerly sought by all, as wealth, is not the source of great enjoyment. The poor are apt to look with envy on the possessions of the rich, and to feel discontent with their own humbler condition. At times they even murmur against Providence, as partial in the distribution of its favors. They fancy their rich neighbor is wholly exempt from the evils which oppress them—that he knows nothing of care, sickness and toil. But they are deceived by appearances. "The distance lends enchantment to the scene." Riches do not exempt from any of these evils. Could we be admitted behind the golden screen, and obtain a view of the private circumstances, the private views and feelings of those who envy, they might be thought deserving of our pity. The rich have not the very same cares and anxieties with the poor, they have others equally unfavorable to the true enjoyment of life, and generally more difficult to remove, as "pride is a harder master than necessity." The wants of the imagination, "the pride of life," which are apt to absorb the cares of the rich, are absolutely unlimited; whereas the wants of the poor, relating chiefly to the demands of nature, are few and simple, and easily satisfied. Freed from the necessity of labor, which is thought a favoring circumstance in the condition of the rich, is not a blessing. Men must labor, whether rich or poor; it is the price of enjoyment. Possessed of the wealth of Croesus, one would be miserable without some regular useful employment. Labor is necessary, and when not excessive, is always a blessing. In this arrangement is necessarily displayed the divine beneficence. God endowed man with active faculties, that he might employ them, not waste their energies in idleness; and he has thus secured for him a favoring circumstance in the form of nature. One of the facts, men generally labor, mentally or physically, to the close of life, no matter what their pecuniary condition. What advantage, then, in this respect, have the rich over the poor?

Again, health is altogether a relative term. One man may be richer with twenty thousand a year, than another whose imaginary wants are much greater, with half a million. The latter may suffer all the evils of real poverty, though expending annually a thousand times as much as would be required to satisfy the wants of nature. One of the richest men we have ever known is a small farmer, possessed of some forty acres only, which, with persevering and frugal industry, suffices to meet the moderate wants of himself and family. This man, known to a writer many years as an humble Christian, declared to me, "I do not desire for more of this world's goods—that not his wants, but his wishes, in this respect were fully satisfied. What could enlarged possessions add to the happiness of such a man? They could bring to him only additional cares.

Who, that has mingled extensively with the rich and the poor, has not so often found true contentment, domestic and social felicity, among the latter as the former? We will here relate an incident. A few days since, passing along the streets of our city, we called at a humble dwelling to inquire after the welfare of a poor family, who were formerly under our pastoral care. The mother only with the children were at home, the father being at his daily toil, in one of our large warehouses, where he is employed as a hand at very moderate wages. During our former acquaintance with the family, he, though poor, was not a proscriber of religion. His wife, a very pious woman, had manifested much anxiety for him on this account, and made him the subject of many prayers. These prayers, since our last visit, had been heard and answered. The Lord had visited him in mercy, and he had become a member of the church, and an exemplary member of its society. He had erected a domestic altar for prayer and praise, and was endeavoring to rear his children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. They were sent to the Sabbath school and religiously instructed at home. These happy changes, as might be expected, were the theme of conversation. The good sister related to us with glistering eye, and voice trembling with emotion. "And now," she said, "though we are poor and live in a small house, we are contented and happy." We left the house, reflecting on the little true happiness depends on outward circumstances. How few wives or husbands, in the palaces of wealth and distinction, could say with this poor woman, "We are contented and happy!" Which, then, are the proper objects of envy? Which enjoy the most of this world?

It is a great mistake to imagine that wealth is in a great degree essential to true happiness. The same may be said of other circumstances, which create invisible distinctions among men, as great talents, learning and honors. These, when providentially possessed, may, like riches, increase usefulness, as they may ways do individual responsibility, but have no necessary connection with the enjoyment of life. With all these advantages, individuals and families are often very miserable. Lord Byron, who possessed them all in a high degree, declared that all the happy days he had experienced in his life would not number over a dozen! How many more of the gifted sons of genius, if they would, could reveal a similar experience. Voltaire, having pursued the phantom of worldly bliss till convulsed with the folly of the pursuit, finally quitted with

Providence, and wished he had never been born! Yet in the face of such testimony, and of universal experience, multitudes still eagerly pursue the phantom, as if certain of success. But when will they learn wisdom, when cease to pursue shadows, vainly grasping at ideal forms having no existence but in their disordered imaginations? When will they learn that happiness is an inward, not an outward state—a state of mind, not of body—that he who made man, fearfully and wonderfully wrought, appointed and unchangeably fixed the laws of his being, in obedience to which alone happiness may be found? Is it possible one can be so foolish as soberly to imagine he can secure happiness by violating these laws? As soon might the rose attain its sweetness and beauty without sunshine and shower, the balmy atmosphere and its distilling dew. The true Christian is happy; the man who in all things is governed by that wisdom, the beginning of which is the fear of the Lord.—It matters little to him if he be poor or rich, low or high, in the estimation of the world, knowing that in the faithful discharge of duty no earthly power can deprive him of the peace and sublimest enjoyments. He does not despise worldly honors, wealth, honours and enjoys them with a grateful heart; but does not, like many wicked men, abuse them, thus turning into fountains of bitterness the sweet waters of life. If adversity come, he rejoices also in tribulation, knowing that tribulation worketh experience, and experience hope. "Yes, hope!"—the day star of immortality—"the death of death"—the cordial of despair!—imparting to pain, sorrow, dissolving mortality, not only the anticipation, but "the power of an endless life."—*Phl. Ch. Ad.*

## Singular Death.

James Faber, a native of Piedry, an excellent man, and deservedly of great repute as a most faithful and excellent minister of the gospel, was among the first restorers of religion and learning in France after the Reformation, who, in the persecution of that time, fled for security to the Queen of Navarre, then Albert, a lady, who entertained a very high esteem for him. On a certain day the Queen informed him that she proposed to dine at his house; he invited some learned men to be present on that occasion, knowing that the Queen took great delight in their conversation. At several times he had succeeded, and several times went bitterly; at which the queen complained, and inquired the cause why he was so sorrowful, whence came to make others glad, who am as wretched as the earth beneath? "And what is that wickedness," she said, "which you have committed who are known for your youth to have lived so holy?" He answered, "I am now an hundred years old, and remember not that I have committed what would burden my conscience or make me afraid to leave the world, except sinning, for which I am assured pardon is possible."

"And as she pressed him to tell it, though he could scarcely speak for abundance of tears, he said, 'How can I stand before the throne of God, since after having taught in purity and sincerity the holy doctrines of the Son of God to others, many of whom have suffered a thousand torments, and died for the faith, I have not preserved my life, and though I have lived long enough, and should not have feared death, but rather have desired it, yet withdrew, and thus in a cowardly manner transgressed the command of my God.' The queen, who was most eloquent, reasoned with him, and endeavored to comfort him by the example of other holy servants of God; and the ministers present used further argument, till he became more cheerful. He then said, 'There remains nothing but that I go hence to God. I must call for me.' After that he fixed his eyes on the queen, and said, 'May I leave my books to your preacher Gerard, my clothes, and what other things I have, I leave to the poor.'"

The queen, smiling, asked, "And what then, Mr. Faber, shall I have?" He replied, "The care, madame, to distribute these to the poor." She answered, "It is well. I solemnly profess this legacy is more acceptable to me than if the king, my brother, had named me." Afterwards he was more joyful, but said he had need of a little rest and withdrew; retiring to a bed, where, as they judged, he lay asleep; and he did indeed fall asleep in the Lord, without the least sign of previous indisposition. Such was the end of this industrially holy person. The Queen of Navarre related these circumstances to the Elector Frederic the Second, of Palatine, when he was ill at Paris on his return from Spain. It was related by Hubertus Thomas, one of Frederic's Counsellors, who was present when the queen told it, from whom the famous Rivet wrote it, and sent it to his brother. After his death it was printed in the French language, and afterwards translated into English.

## Not time Enough.

Not time enough! So the gilt edges of the Bible remain unturned, and it leaves its own profile of dust on the table. Not time enough to study its teachings. But there is time enough for other things. Time enough to coil around the soul the web of wealth, which, when completed, forms its shroud! Time enough to simmer away afternoon after afternoon in the maudlin sympathy of romantic sentimentalism, till the heart, in its voluptuous impotence, becomes incapable of real love to God or man. Time enough to pursue lust till the chase is turned, and lust pursues you. Time enough to lay plot upon plot, and scheme upon scheme, for the gratification of ambition or vanity! Time enough to be sick, though then, when the heart is troubled, and the body faint, and the head sluggish, there is indeed not time enough to repent! Time enough to die!—*Episcopal Record.*

## Time.

BY MRS. A. C. JUDSON.  
Time is flying, flying, flying,  
Oh! how swiftly by;  
Like a water fall that's rushing,  
Or a fountain ever gushing—  
Hourly, daily, weekly, yearly,  
Rapid as the lightning nearly,  
Do the moments fly.

Catch the seconds as they're passing,  
Wait not for the hours;  
Prize them as a golden treasure—  
Use them not in trifling pleasure—  
Seconds, minutes—prizing, holding,  
As you would those buds unfolding  
Into choicest flowers.

Act for some important purpose,  
Not with words seal;  
See—humanity is bleeding,  
Aid—thy fellow-man is needing,  
Hundreds, thousands, millions—hear them  
Breathing out their woes—go cheer them,  
Seek their wounds to heal.

Soon another year, all freighted  
With the deeds of man,  
Will be borne to God the Giver,  
And recalled by mortal never!  
O be wakeful, watchful, ready,  
Heart and hand to bless the needy—  
Thus fill out thy span.

## Lines.

"We are passing away," like the dashing wave,  
The flowers it's created he so high,  
Like the flitters that gaily deck our path,  
We bloom to-day—to-morrow die.

"We are passing away"—then let us improve  
Each golden moment, as it speeds  
On lightning wing, and bid it bear  
Tidings of noble, holy deeds.

## The Winter of the Heart.

Let it not come upon you. Live so that good angels may protect you from this terrible evil—the winter of the heart. Let no chilling influence freeze up the foundations of sympathy and happiness in its depths; no cold burden settle over its withered hopes, like snow on the faded flowers; no rude gusts of discontent may and shriek through its desolate chambers. Your life-path may lead you amid trials, which for a time seem utterly to impede your progress, and shut out the very light of heaven from your anxious gaze. Prudence may take the place of ease and plenty; your luxurious home may be exchanged for a single lowly room—the soft couch for the straw pallet—the rich viands for the coarse food of the poor. Summer friends may forsake you, and the un pitying world pass you with scarcely a look or word of compassion. You may be forced to toil wearily, steadily on, to earn a livelihood; you may encounter fraud and the base avarice which would extort the last farthing, till you well nigh turn in disgust from your fellow beings. Death may sever the dear ties that bind you to earth, and leave you in fearful darkness. The noble many body, who have been changed for your declining years, may be taken from you, while your spirit clings to him with a wild tenderness, which even the shadow of the tomb cannot wholly subdue.

But amid all these sorrows, do not come to the conclusion that nobody was ever so deeply afflicted as you are, and that the deepest anticipation of "better days" is the unknown future. Do not lose your faith in human excellence, because your confidence has sometimes been betrayed; nor believe that friendship is sweetening and refining all the comforts of human society, and conversation among the best. That humility, gentleness and kind affection whereof good breeding always assumes the outward form, Christianity establishes in the heart, as a permanent principle and indispensable obligation. That generous love of human kind which prompts the Christian to watch for the good of others and embraces every opportunity of promoting not only their welfare but their virtue, taking care never to offend, and avoiding even the appearance of evil—would not the most noble and heroic of good behavior? Must not the affecting view that true religion exhibits, of all mankind bearing to one another the relation of brethren, impart keenness and activity to those tender sympathies of good breeding, so remarkable expressive. Christianity commands not the suppression only but the extinction of every indelicate thought, arrogant emotion, and malevolent purpose; would conversation stand in need of any further refinement, were this law as punctually fulfilled as it is earnestly recommended? What is more efficacious than habitual good behaviour in rendering the intercourse of society agreeable, and in keeping at a distance all intemperate passion, and all harshness of sentiment or language?

## Religion and Good Manners.

The meek and benevolent spirit of our religion has had a powerful influence in sweetening and refining all the comforts of human society, and conversation among the best. That humility, gentleness and kind affection whereof good breeding always assumes the outward form, Christianity establishes in the heart, as a permanent principle and indispensable obligation. That generous love of human kind which prompts the Christian to watch for the good of others and embraces every opportunity of promoting not only their welfare but their virtue, taking care never to offend, and avoiding even the appearance of evil—would not the most noble and heroic of good behavior? Must not the affecting view that true religion exhibits, of all mankind bearing to one another the relation of brethren, impart keenness and activity to those tender sympathies of good breeding, so remarkable expressive. Christianity commands not the suppression only but the extinction of every indelicate thought, arrogant emotion, and malevolent purpose; would conversation stand in need of any further refinement, were this law as punctually fulfilled as it is earnestly recommended? What is more efficacious than habitual good behaviour in rendering the intercourse of society agreeable, and in keeping at a distance all intemperate passion, and all harshness of sentiment or language?

In a word, true Christianity alone and at once transforms a barbarian into a man; a brutal, selfish and melancholy savage into a kind, generous, and a cheerful associate.—*Dr. Zeanah.*

## Pray for the Jews.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.—Psalm cxxxvi. 6.  
This portion from the sweet Psalmist of Israel was forcibly brought to my mind after a short interview with a Christian son of Abraham, who said, "My wife went with me to such a church, we attended the prayer meetings, we were very much pleased, and enjoyed the meetings well—and that minister prayed for Israel. I have been at many meetings in this city, and I never before heard a minister pray for us. After meeting I went up to shake hands with him—When I was in Edinburgh the minister I heard prayed for Israel, and I do not think there were more than seven or eight Jewish families in this city. When I shook hands with him, I said, 'You remembered Israel; O yes,' he replied, 'I do that from duty, and for a blessing upon myself.' 'They shall prosper that love thee.'"

Wherever he is, the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob is his God; and whenever that God is appealed to in a public way, he claims an interest—isolated as he is among strangers and countries—his own kindred to Abraham, and to God by him, he ever remains. It touches even the infidel Jew to be prayed for. We concede to them their alienation from the favour of God for their sins and iniquities, but are un mindful of the declared time of God's mercy to them. We would, indeed, continue the sorrowful measure, heaped into their bosom, not looking for the time of visitation from on high.

One says the time has not yet come for God to visit the Jews with salvation. How do you know that? Listen to statistics; it has been proved that within the last twenty-five years a large number of Jews have been converted, and among them some of the most learned in the world. With all the exertion and expenditure for the heathen, and the small and contracted labour for the Jew, the Jewish people yield the largest increase of converts yearly. Who can read the beautiful and touching memorial of "Laeta Ada," and not be encouraged to pray, for help comes out of Zion? Some one's prayers are answered for you, her, for it was by the leadings of the Holy Spirit she was drawn to the New Testament, and by the same Spirit she found her Messiah where he is revealed.

Christian, can you read of the determined earnestness of the little Jewish child, Matilda, in the September number of the Jewish Chronicle, and withhold prayer?—can you see that dear child rejoicing and sleeping in Jesus, and not pray for some other living, seeking, Hebrew Matilda? That eminently useful man of God (elder Marks) who, from youth, has labored for the salvation of souls in life, health and weariness, who has had such a shining halo of glory about his declining days, having his eternity of bliss commenced before he left the body, and whose dying testimony to the divinity of the religion he possessed, was the descendant of Solomon Marks, a Jew.

There is also encouragement to pray for the heathen in the renovation of the world; for when they come to the knowledge that Christ is their promised Messiah, they have an understanding of the Old Testament use in the service of God that is not always common among the Gentiles; they have a home feeling in the writings of prophets, priests, kings and apostles—a deep and thorough association with holy truth. The Bible is their familiar book; they have the foundation for a greater depth of spirituality. Of Laeta Ada it was said she had a peculiar manner of reading Scripture, something different from common reading. The languages of the earth are in their possession; every clime is their native air—Russian winters they can bear, Italian skies enjoy, and endure the burning Zone. Endurance is theirs. When the world is weak is sanctified by the grace of Christ, it yields to no common discouragement, but clings to the star of Jacob.

Many of them turn away, and of late we have heard that in large numbers they leave the Talmud, and trust alone in the Law and the Prophets. Is not this a fitting sign of their hearts to the everlasting hills? and will not this prove their guiding star to the babe of Bethlehem? Then let us meet them with prayer, that the Holy Spirit may shine upon their darkness, and the veil be taken from their minds. It is said that devout Jews at midnight to pray, and bewail their low condition as a nation, suffering the punishment of their sins—and no Messiah. In the sweet consciousness of Christ in us we lie down to rest, or awake at midnight with his presence, and peacefully compose ourselves to sleep, no anxious or troubled thoughts to disturb, and we feel that He gives his beloved sleep, then let us take a wakeful hour to make supplication for our Jewish brethren. There is so much in their temporal condition, scattered as they are among the heathen and Pagan nations, to draw out our sympathies and prayers, look upon them in their dark, dirty, dingy, close places of large cities, called the "Jewish Quarters"—subject to insult, contempt, cruelty and wrong, despised and spit upon—edicts upon them against their enjoyment of the common privileges of humanity.

A Rabbi in Helbron told Steven, the traveller that for thirty years he had lived with the sword suspended over his head; and that grateful people stood at their humble gates to give the parting salutation to Mr. Stevens on his leaving them, because he engaged to do a favour for their [Rabbi] prize his anniversary, and for eight hours maintained the unequal contest, some of the other nations and people are prayed for and talked about, the Jew is unnamed, entirely forgotten. Dr. Duff lamented that he fell into the same neglect while with us. It is ungrateful to do so; they have been God's revelations to the children of men, and if we prize the Bible we should remember with gratitude the descendants of prophets, priests and kings, those who are of the same humanity with our Lord Jesus, their Emmanuel.

We cannot excuse ourselves by saying they are a small portion of the people of the earth, for it may be said of them now, as well as at any other period of their history, they are innumerable as the sands of the sea, or the stars of heaven, for their exact number is not known. Other tribes of people melt away, their names and places of abode are forgotten. Not so the Israelites; their land is a beacon land, held up to the nations which a tear will not hardy unbidden when

of all nations, in all its peculiarities of truthfulness and desolation; a home for no one but its own once rightful possessors. The Jews have multiplied under oppression, suffering and degradation. They are a standing miracle amid the nations of the earth. And it is so according to God's truth, for there is a large portion of unfulfilled prophecy that relates exclusively to Israel; and while we remember that he who touches them even in their scattered and feeble state, touches the apple of God's eye, we may surely be encouraged to pray for them. While we specially pray for God's ancient people, the descendants of Abraham, we have precious assurances from God himself to animate our faith. We may pray in general upon the basis of promise for the kindred and tribes of the world, but when we particularize the Jew we plead for a chosen people, whom, as their God, God declares his relation to them, as his name forever, and his memorial to all generations. A minister at a family altar, leaving himself, as was his custom, to the dedication of the Holy Spirit, was drawn out greatly in prayer for the Jews—the presence of God in answer upon all present, that the mother was overwhelmed, and the children even fell as if some strange thing had happened. He who led in prayer knew no accounting for this descent of the Spirit by any previous exercise. This was again repeated to him while uttering similar petitions for the Jew of Abraham.

## Lord Derby's Panegyric on the Allied Forces.

The noble Lord's speech at the opening of Parliament, contains the following eloquent and well-observed tribute of praise to the army in the Crimea:—  
"Private and public accounts concur in showing us that two nations, which for many years have been accustomed to regard one another with feelings of enmity, have not only laid aside altogether those feelings of enmity, but, side by side, are rivals in glory and valour in all our social and official enjoyments and privileges, as we may learn from the Thanksgiving sermons of their rabbis. They love the American people, and the influence is on our side to do them spiritual good."  
In their schools they have, in some cases, received the whole Bible from our colonists.  
"But thou Israel art my servant, Jacob whom I have chosen, the seed of Abraham my friend."—*Chris. Adv. & Jour.*