

World of Missions

Looking Zionward.

Attention is again directed to the Jewish movement towards Palestine by the holding of the third congress of Zionists, which has just finished its sessions at Basle, Switzerland. The congress at least shows the movement for the recovery of Palestine is now well defined. Its primary object, as stated in the inaugural address of the president, Dr. Theodor Herzl, is to acquire a charter from the Turkish Government authorizing Hebrews to establish settlements in the Holy Land. It is significant that Dr. Herzl, who was received in special audience by the Emperor of Germany during the latter's recent visit to Jerusalem, has been decorated by the Sultan with the important insignia of the order of Medjidie. This would make it appear that Zionism is something more than a dream. It is said that considerable sums are coming in to the Jewish Colonial Trust at London, sent from Jews living in all parts of the world; and, according to the report of the directors the number of shareholders now exceeds one hundred thousand. In estimating the strength of this movement two facts must be kept in view:—one, that for centuries the Jews themselves have been praying incessantly for the restoration now contemplated. The opponents of Zionism are the few "reform Jews," who, with Moses Mendelssohn, hold that Judaism stands for only a religious brotherhood. Another fact is this, that Zionism is daily materializing in the settlement of Palestine by Jews. Twenty years ago there were only 14,000 of that people in Palestine; now there are at least 40,000, out of a total population of 2,000,000. These colonies are flourishing, being engaged extensively in the cultivation of the soil and in dairying. The Sultan through the Grand Vizier has declared the impossibility of parting with his sovereignty over Palestine upon any terms; still it is expected that eventually the Sultan will officially give his sanction to the efforts of the Zionists. Abdul Hamid cannot fail to understand that the building up of Palestine and surrounding country by a race so superior to the Syrians would mean the development of the dormant resources of his country, and corresponding advantage to the Ottoman Empire. And then, the Jewish colonial bank now in existence would be the very institution with which the Sultan should desire to entertain the friendliest of feeling. Meantime this Zionist movement will be well worth watching. The gathering of Jews at Palestine is certainly something of an event, even if at the present time the beginning is small. Once before, when a handful of exiles from Babylon decided to build the waste places of Judaea, the foundation was laid for the advent of the Son of Man and the world changing conquest of the Nazarene. When once more the branch that was cut off is planted in native soil and takes root, who can tell what flowers and fruit it may bear—what "new birth" may come to the world through that event? But one factor in this problem must not be lost sight of; and that is the fact that the chief opposition to the consummation still comes from the Jews themselves, especially from the American Jews, who with comparatively few exceptions disbelieve in the wisdom of the plan and have little confidence in its practicability. They are becoming remarkably successful manufacturers, and are making themselves a power in the markets of the world. What have they to gain by a begonia to Palestine? Certainly nothing for themselves. Indeed here, and elsewhere, where like conditions prevail, it becomes certain that the movement into Palestine can become only partial, and limited at that. And it is to be noted that the opposition of the most prominent of the Jews of Western Europe and America, which

manifested itself in comparative mildness when Zionism in its present phase was first projected, has increased greatly, and, as Max Nordau said in his speech, the bitterest foes of national Jewdom are the great ones among the Jews. While Dr. Theodor Herzl, the well known Jewish journalist, is the enthusiastic advocate of Zionism, and indeed the inspirer of the present movement, and while Max Nordau is its chief, at least its most vociferous, opponent, among American Jews the only prominent friends of Zionism appear to be the Gettheils—father and son, and Dr. Stephen S. Wise, rabbi of the Synagogue B'nai Jeshurun, in Madison avenue, this city. The senior Gettheil is the scholarly and influential rabbi emeritus of Temple Emanu-El, of New York; the other is professor of Semitic languages at Columbia University. The latter was a delegate to the congress. Altogether, not a handful of American-born Jews are interested in Zionism, and the majority of even the Russian and Polish immigrants seem indifferent to it. And yet something may come from it, and many thousands of Jews now unprovided for and less fortunate than others of their race may yet find remunerative labor and happy homes in that country where prophets spake and people waited upon God.

Canada's Transvaal Contingent.

God speed the Boys!
Not every one can go. These are the chosen ones
To defend this flag,—
And to demand our brother's right throughout the world;
They go for us, our duty they perform,
They do it cheerfully and will do it well.

God speed the Boys!
They were not forced to this. No conscripts in their ranks.
They prove the meaning of the flag,
The unity of the empire in every clime.
A place for heroes, there's the honor roll;
No man doubts their courage. Loyal sons of loyal sires.

God speed the Boys!
On Africa's sunny shore, with the picket of British arms
Shoulder to shoulder under the flag,
They fight for justice. This is the cause of God;
Their fathers taught them this, that free-born men were free.
It's not a war of hate, it's a conflict for the right.

God speed the Boys!
A royal task is theirs. They're our Ambassadors
To show to all our love of Queen and flag,
The temper of this nor-horn man. That patriots here
Do not die out. We give to them this task,
They'd rather die than fail—fail they never will.
—Selected.

I know He is, and what He is,
Whose one great purpose is the good
Of all. I rest my soul on His
Immortal Love and Fatherhood,
And trust Him as His children should.
—[J. G. WHITTIER.

A Hidden Bond of Union.

A missionary in Persia writes of a striking scene at his station and of his meditation as he sat before the visible evidence of the division of Christendom:
"The other day we were invited to attend a service at the French Mission in honor of President Faure. The service itself was an imposing one,

though not a pleasant one to a Protestant; but the most impressive thing was the audience. There we sat—a Roman Catholic bishop in full robes, with mitre and crozier, his brother bishop of the Chaldean rite, and attendant monks; the black-robed monks of the Russian Mission, the Anglican priests and Protestants from America, England and Germany. Besides these there were Armenian and Nestorian Christians, representing the Oriental churches, and most decorously polite Moslem government officials. Only the despised Jew was absent to make full representation of the worshippers of one God. It was a picture of the divisions of Christendom—Catholic, Greek, Protestant, Oriental and Anglican. The Protestant could not but feel that the differences were real, as the Mass was performed—in name the same as the memorial bread and wine of the simple room, in Jerusalem—and as the bishop and his clergy marched around the black-robed coffin representing the great statesman so suddenly called before the King of kings.

"Not was one reassured by looking at the representative of the Church of Russia, knowing that there, too, was a real gulf. The Anglicans have points of common faith with each of the others, but the events here, as well as in England, show that the Anglican and his work, with his anxious search for Catholicity, are less permanent than any of the others. There is no reason to doubt his sincerity, but his is a transitional form of faith. Yet in Christ, in love and in loyalty to him, there is a hidden bond of union which we may believe exists more often than we know.

"And what of the Oriental Christian who is sought for by these four types of Christianity? Is it any wonder that he is bewildered and unsettled? What of the Moslems who look on? Our Lord says, I am the Door, one Door and one Shepherd, what then are all these; and suppose the Moslem should follow Christ, who is the Way, which path should he follow? This is an old and humiliating thought, but it never came before me more forcibly than when we gathered together on the occasion of the calamity in one of the most godless of lands."

Stevenson Among the Lepers.

In the October instalment of Robert Louis Stevenson's letters now appearing in "Scribner" we have the author's description of his visit to Molokai, when he saw Father Damien and his lepers. Stevenson was strongly affected; he wrote thus to his wife:

"Presently he came up with the leper promontory—lowland, quite bare and bleak and harsh, a little town of wooden houses, two churches, a landing stair, all unlighted, sour, northerly, lying athwart the sunrise, with the great wall of the pali cutting the world out on the south. . . . I do not know how it would have been with me had the sisters not been there. My horror of the horrible is about my weakest point; but the moral loveliness at my elbow blotted all else out; and when I found that one of them was crying, poor soul, quietly under her veil, I cried a little myself; then I felt as right as a trivet, only a little crushed to be there so uselessly."

In a letter to Mr. Colvin, he gives a further impression:

"I have seen sights that cannot be told, and heard stories that cannot be repeated; yet I never admired my poor race so much, nor (strange as it may seem) loved life more than in the settlement. A horror of moral beauty broods over the place; that's like bad Victor Hugo, but it is the only way I can express the sense that lived with me all these days.

"Of old Damien, whose weakness and worse perhaps I heard fully, I think only the more. It was a European peasant; dirty, bigoted, untruthful, unwise, tricky, but superb with generosity, residual candor, and fundamental good humour; convince him he had done wrong (it might take hours of insult) and he would undo what he had done and like his corrector better. A man with all the grime and paltriness of mankind, but a saint and a hero all the more for that."

All through Ireland this year the winter has begun early.