

DIVINE FELLOWSHIP.

My tempted brother, remember One who was in all points like you. Alone He was in His wilderness with the devil; alone upon the mountain; alone in the garden; alone on the cross. He knows what it is to have the inner life of trust in the unseen Father stormed by hosts of suspicions and misgivings; to have the steadfastness of one's obedience tested by the dread of mortal anguish and the lures of fleshly ease. Blessed be God, He was not left quite alone even in the solitude of His temptations; and the same Divine succour which He enjoyed He is able to extend to you. Who would not bear the loneliness that he might taste such fellowship? It is when no man stands by us that our Joseph discovers Himself to His brethren; and the presence of Jehovah is a secret place.

Dr. Dyles.

THE BURIED TALENT.

SOME years ago a man appeared at the counter of a bank in Connecticut, presenting one thousand dollars in bank-notes, for which he received the specie. He had received those notes more than twenty years before, and had kept them safe through all that time; but they were as useless for those twenty years as so much brown paper. If they had been deposited in a savings-bank, on interest, they would probably have amounted to more than three times as much as their owner received for them when he presented them.

We think such a man must have been very foolish. He had preserved his money, it is true, but he had lost the use of it. And this was just what the wicked and slothful servant did. Too idle to trade and do business in the absence of his master, instead of seeking out some bank where he might place it to be taken care of, that it might increase, he went and digged in the earth and hid his lord's money. When the reckoning-day came, he returned undiminished the trust that was committed to him. But he was called a "wicked and slothful servant," and that which he had failed to improve was taken away from him for ever.

So it may be with many others. God gives us faculties and opportunities for improvement; but our talents are to be used and multiplied; we are to make the most of ourselves, and of our abilities and our opportunities for advancing the work of God in this world. Ere long we must give an account of our stewardship, and must meet the Judge, who will give to every man according to his works.

Where is your talent? In use? in the bank? or in the napkin? Is it growing larger, or is it lying useless?

Arouse, oh slothful one! the Master comes to reckon with His servants; happy are they who then shall hear Him say, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"



THE JEWS IN POLAND.

WITH the single exception of Holland there is no country in the world in which the Jews are so numerous as in Poland. The Jews of the Netherlands, however, are, as a class, altogether distinct from their brethren of Poland. In Holland they are not only tolerated, but enjoy all the civil and political rights enjoyed by the Dutch nation. The wealthy Christian population indeed are not fond of Jewish associations, and avoid carefully that mixed society into which the respectable Jews are admitted. The Jews of the Netherlands have had a hard struggle even in the tolerant country in which they now prosper; but they have risen through all their difficulties, not only to wealth, but to eminence in art, in science, in politics, and in commerce.

The Jews of Poland are, however, a race distinct—to them the letter of the law of Moses is a living letter, binding on their consciences, and regulating their doings. In other countries the Jews love to dwell where men do most resort, and seem to have little sympathy for rural life or rustic occupations. In Poland, however, they live where they can; often in the by-ways, in remote hamlets, in districts seldom visited by a stranger, in hovels built by their own hands on barren wastes, from which they strive to force nature to yield them scanty sustenance.

In the villages, in which, of course, there is no synagogue, the Jews assemble for the worship of Jehovah in a private house; but at least ten men must be present, or the ceremonies cannot take place. They select for their reader him who has the best voice; the others make the responses, and repeat the prayers offered up by the reader. In these public ceremonies of their religion women are not allowed to participate. They stand in a distant corner of the apartment to witness the ceremonies from which they are excluded.

On the Sabbath morning, while yet fasting, the Polish Jew engages in his religious duties, as prescribed by the law and by tradition. He puts on his vestment of worship, made of white woollen cloth, edged with dark blue, and, unless he is very poor, embroidered with silver. Thus clad in his holy vestments, he turns to the rising sun, and greets it with a few Hebrew words. He then commences his prescribed religious duties, reading his Hebrew prayers mechanically, as monks read their paternosters, even amid the conversation of the different members of his family. This conversation does not seem to interrupt him; he goes on and on for about half an hour, and even stops now and then to express his view of the matter which forms the subject of his family's remarks.

When the sun rises in the heavens, the travelling Jew—and in Poland all Jews travel—enters the hovel