

ing or even against any of the gods of his country, you have gone beyond the utmost limits of his comprehension, and he will declare that he knows not what you say!

To be concluded next week.

Correspondence.

HYMNS FOR THE TIMES.

THE CHURCH IN TIME OF WAR.

PRAY FOR THE PEACE OF JERUSALEM.—Psalm cxxii. 6

O SAVIOUR, from thy throne on high
Look down to earth with pitying eyes;
Put up the sword, for field and flood
Are crimsoned o'er with human blood.

The widow's wail, the orphan's prayer,
The childless mother's wild despair;
And peaceful homes in ruin laid,
Proclaim the havoc war has made.

The triumph come, its baleful tread
Is o'er the warrior's gory bed,
Midst pained cries and dying throes
Of victor-friends and vanquish'd foes

Once more command the storm to cease,
And let the earth repose in peace;
Once more the wrath of man restrain,
Or turn it to Thy praise again.*

O let Thy Church "Arise and shine,"
To fill the world with love divine.
Extend the truth from shore to shore,
And war shall vex the earth no more.

* Psalm lxxvi. 10.

W. B.

FOR THE CHURCH TIMES.

HALIFAX, June 24th, 1854.

SIR,—As an Alumnus of King's College, I have been watching with more than ordinary interest the result of those efforts which have been made lately on its behalf. So far the attempt to create a permanent endowment appears to have been successful,—the appeal for aid having been heartily responded to in most of the places visited. This, one may learn from the published list of subscribers, and from the letters of the Agent, written from various parts of the Province, to the Secretary of the Associated Alumni. In common with many others, I have been exceedingly gratified to see the names of so many of my fellow Churchmen enrolled as contributors to an Institution so intimately connected with our branch of the Church of Christ, and I am still anxiously looking forward to reading in the "Church Times" the names of every individual in the country who has subscribed, together with the sum given by each. By this means we shall become acquainted, to a certain extent, with our brethren throughout the Diocese, and know with whom we are linked together in the common cause,—of promoting sound education, advancing the glory of God and the welfare of our country.

There is, however, another point to which, I humbly think, that we Alumni should turn our attention, and that is, attendance upon the annual Meeting at Windsor in the month of June—the close of the Academical year. I perceive that we are invited to be present, and for one I shall endeavour to avail myself of the opportunity of both seeing and hearing what is done. The progress of the pecuniary affairs may be gathered from the newspaper, but the advancement of the students, the state of education, the whole management of the Institution, can only be learned from personal observation. In addition to this, the exercises of the present year is invested with more, far more, than ordinary interest and importance. We have been urgently solicited to give according to our ability, not only for the purpose of upholding but of improving the Collegiate establishment: we have readily answered the appeal, many among us making a sacrifice to do so. Let us, then, be present to give our countenance and our counsel to those gentlemen whom we have chosen to guide and control the Institution—let us show that we have an equal interest with them in its prosperity and advancement, and that we are willing to bear with them a share of the responsibility. As they invite us cordially, so let us cordially accept their invitation, and render all the aid in our power, and, in the eloquent and touching language of an appeal made to us last winter,—"when you and I have passed away, and our time of usefulness shall have ceased, then may those growing up around us be enabled in pride and gratification to look upon the College at Windsor as the living monument of those who rescued her when the gloom of neglect overshadowed her, and desolation, ruin and destruction threatened her very existence."

The time for this gathering together of the friends of the College is opportunely chosen: the verdure of spring has not lost its virgin freshness; the trees of the forest have put on their fullest and richest foliage, while the morning dawns so early upon the hills, and evening lingers so long around the meadows and upon the valleys, so one, as it were, is eager to gaze on earth regenerated from her winter sleep, the other, as if unwilling to leave the scene of nature's loveliness, that we are called on every side to rejoice in the works of God.

Many, Sir, I trust, will be found bending their steps to Windsor, and if they have no inclination to take up their abode in the Village, or cannot incur the expense of a hotel, they may be able to arrange with some hospitable farmer in the neighbourhood, should they fortunately be acquainted with one.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
ALUNUS VINDSORIENSIS.

ENCLOSED is an extract from a Letter, received some time ago, from New York. It contains an account of a visit to a Jewish Synagogue, and may perhaps interest the readers of the Church Times.

E. P.

On Saturday Mrs. P.— and I went to the Synagogue. It would be impossible for me to tell you how much I was impressed and affected by the service. We were late, and had already commenced when we went in. A large congregation, the men down stairs, all with their hats on, and wearing long white scarfs, the women in the gallery. At a long table in the middle of the room was a man chanting in a very powerful voice, I suppose Psalms and portions of Scripture, (my knowledge of Hebrew I found not quite sufficient to enable me to follow.) The chant was not monotonous, but rising some times into almost a shriek, and now and then all the men joined in some of the canticles. It is a very singular sounding language. After several men had read in this manner, a boy came, and the voice in which he sang was exquisitely sweet. At a certain time in the service the doors of the sanctuary were rolled back, showing within the books of the law. After this followed a hymn, sung by all the men standing. Some of the voices were very fine, and the effect of so many men's voices, some hundreds, was very striking. One thing I observed, that none of the women seemed to take any part in the service; there was no attention to what was going on, nothing like an act of worship, as we join in a Christian church. Some had books in their hands, but none seemed to follow the service: there was not the least appearance of devotion among them. They chatted carelessly with their neighbours, except that once during the reading, they rose at the same time with the men, and stood for about two minutes, and again they stood during the song of praise. One only of the prayers was in English:—a prayer that the King of Kings and Lord of Lords would bless the President and all our rulers. "In their day and in ours, may Judah be saved and Israel dwell safely,—and may the Redeemer come to Zion." To me this petition was inexpressibly affecting.

Then came a sermon, a most admirable sermon, from Dr. Raphael, a learned Jew, whose arrival in this country you may have seen noticed lately. He took his text from Malachi (from the Scripture which had been read to us, as he said—I wonder if any of the hearers understood it) concerning the priest's office. This office since the days of their dispersion had descended to the Rabbins. One part of his duty was to expound the Scriptures, and the portion which he proceeded to unfold to them was the transaction between Esau and Jacob. When Esau sold his birthright, Jacob took no unfair advantage of his brother—he gave up to him a present good for a future ideal blessing. For that it was no temporal advantage was very reasonably argued. It was not the power and precedence of an elder son. Long after, Jacob meets Esau with the address, "My Lord Esau", and calls himself "thy servant, thy bondman"—while Esau's utmost condescension is "my brother" (my younger brother, but still) "my brother." Jacob brings presents to Esau—always in the East offered from the inferior to the superior, and in the burial of their father Esau takes the precedence.

In quoting Scripture he gave us always the Hebrew, then the translation. Sometimes a variation from ours, as he made Esau say, "Behold I constantly confront death,"—he makes a different idea—not as we understand, that Esau was dying of starvation and therefore resigned his pretensions as eldest son—but he was a sceptic—death might come at any time and there was the end—what was the use of Abraham's blessing.

With Jacob's conduct, the preacher went on—he had less to do—not many followed him in resigning present enjoyment for future spiritual blessings. All like Esau preferred the mere of pottage—and all most remember there was "but one blessing", if they took this world's good, if they took the morsel of pottage they could not also inherit the promises. He exhorted his hearers to remember, they were a peculiar people, a nation of priests—with affecting allusions to the time when the visible presence of their God dwelt among them. All other ancient nations had passed away, they still remained, a memorial of God's justice in their dispersion, of his power in their preservation. Their duty was to be resigned to his will.

Very striking was it to hear the quotations of Scripture so familiar to us, the appeals to history for the truth of their religion, which we believe as firmly as they—the worship of the one God, without the mention of the Name by which only we approach Him. He entreated them to cling to their religion, though

they saw other systems so much more powerful. It was the only allusion to Christianity. And the great problem Christianity must be to them,—to devout and reflecting Jew like Raphael.

When he entreated them to strain up their eyes in their faith, he urged them to keep the Sabbath. This was the only point of the law he dwelt upon.

News Department.

From Papers by R. M. S. Niagara May 21

THE treaty of last April between the two Great Powers is now published. It is a formal league, offensive and defensive, binding both to protect the territories of each, and to take the field should Russia fail to incorporate the principalities or to "quit" the Balkan. It is remarkable that Prussia has not been induced to go so far, but such engagements are of little value, the two powers have each changed the bearings, their northern drifting in one direction, the southern in another. An inflammatory proclamation put forth by the Prince of Montenegro would justify a seizure of his dominions, were it not the little blood which it would cost, while the Serb Government has sent to the Divan a vehement protest against the suggested occupation by Austria, fearing, out of hatred to her, to throw itself into the arms of Russia, which has at least the merit of being farther off. It is well perhaps, under these circumstances, that the fortification of Kalafat has been *cul-de-sac* of Lesser Wallachia.—Guardian.

THE TREATY BETWEEN AUSTRIA AND PRUSSIA is not so encouraging to the Western Powers as they have been hoped for. The secret portion of the treaty—which is not published of course—would allowable Europe to see in how far the two German Governments may be relied upon. At present, there are many words; but, as Jerome Cardan used to say, "Deeds are masculine; words feminine; and he noater."—Ch. St. Gaz.

The news from the Black Sea is of a very colorful character. On Friday week a telegraphic despatch brought the news of the Tiger, "a screw steamer, thirty-two guns," having run aground near Odessa the 12th inst., and after some firing, having been obliged to surrender. As the Tiger was known as a paddle-wheel steamer of only sixteen guns, we thought that the story must be a fabrication, but it has been placed beyond doubt by later intelligence. We are still left very much in the dark as to what really was. The Wanderer, on the authority of letters from Lemberg, of the 17th and 18th, explains.

The Tiger, with sixteen guns and 250 men on board, stranded in the vicinity of Cortazzi (a few miles from Odessa), and was immediately fired upon by a battery erected at this point, and by several gunboats. On the following day two English men of war were on the spot, and at once opened fire upon the straggler. The second letter speaks of seven English officers having demanded the restoration of the ship and her imprisoned crew, which being refused, they proceeded to bombard the town of Odessa. Whether the letter was posted the firing had already lasted some time and still continued.

The following is the account given by the Journal of Odessa, but as we know what monstrous fabrications have been published there about former transactions we can place little reliance on its statement.

On the 12th of May the Tiger, of 1275 tons burden and mounting sixteen guns, which stranded at Cortazzi from Odessa, was forced to surrender before the Vesuvius and Niger could come to her assistance. Her captain (Giffard) lost one leg, a midshipman and five men were wounded. Two hundred and twenty six persons were taken. The Russians had twelve officers wounded, and two soldiers killed. As the vessel could not be removed, she was set on fire, and on the same day. Some of her guns were taken as trophies to Odessa.

The Tiger was a steam-frigate of 1220 tons, and of horse power. It was launched at Chatham in 1850 and its crew is understood to have amounted to 250 men.

On the 18th, the Amphion frigate and the Corcoran corvette, which had left Memel, on the 13th, returned there with a retinue of eight Russian prizes—Alexander, of Libau; Louise Amalie, Polka, Locat, Johann Carl, of Riga; Lironia and Actin, of Pleskau; and Nicolai, of Wihday. The Amphion and the Corcoran had made their appearance before Libau, but put in with nine gun-boats, and had summoned the authorities to surrender all the vessels in the harbor under pain of the town being bombarded, giving them just three hours for reflection. The garrison, which consisted of 400 dragoons were given to understand