

to the earth. In about an hour we came to Soutchava, a pleasant village, situated on the wooded banks of a stream of the same name. While waiting here to get arrangements made about our passports, we had time to get into conversation with several Jews, of whom there are two hundred families here. The question of one of them, when we took leave, was full of meaning;—it was Friday morning, and he asked us “how far we intended to travel that day?” He wished to ascertain whether we would encroach on the Jewish Sabbath, which begins at sunset, and thus he would be certain whether or not we were really Christians.—For they are so unaccustomed to meet with kindness, or even hear kind words, from those who are here called Christians, that they suspected we were Jews. After leaving this place, our road ran nearly parallel to the eastern extremity of the Carpathian hills. There was not much to interest in the scenery, but other objects of interest frequently occurred. At every toll bar, (which is here known by a long beam stretched over the road, and heaved up for carriages by a weight at the extremity), we found a Jew “sitting at the receipt of custom.” We afterwards found that on their Sabbaths they employ a Gentile servant to act for them. Indeed, in regard to the external observance of the Sabbath, they are most strict, bearing witness thereby against the iniquity of Popish lands, where no Sabbath-rest is known. As we proceeded, we met at all points vehicles belonging to the Jews, generally carts or waggons, for conveying their merchandise. At this season, too, we were able to mark every Jewish house we passed, for this week was the time of the Feast of Tabernacles, and in consequence, every house had a booth erected by its wall, made of the boughs of willows or other trees. We had learned to mark even villages wherein Jews resided, as they never fail to put up at the entrance a naboth or string, stretching from house to house across the street. The intention of this is to form a wall for the village; for, by a Talmudical fiction, the place is considered a walled town when this string is thus put up; and being walled, it is allowed them to carry burdens, such as their prayer books, &c., to any point within the range. They ground this idea on Jeremiah xvii. 21, where the Lord forbids any burden to be carried through the gates of the city. When we had an opportunity of entering their houses, we found that the Mezuzah, on the door posts—the preventive against Satan entering the house—was never wanting; and in many we found suspended, in a frame, on the wall that lay toward the east, a small tablet, with the word *Metrah*, ‘The East,’ inscribed on it in large characters. This is meant to direct them to the quarter where Jerusalem lies:—They pray with their faces toward Jerusalem, (Dan. vi. 10). Such incidents as these coming under our observation from time to time, gave great interest to our journey; for the country is full

of Jews. At mid-day, we rested the horses at Scret, a considerable village, with three hundred families of Jews. In speaking of Isaiah liii. to some who entered freely into conversation, one remarked that there was a suffering Messiah in every age in one country or other. He explained himself further by telling us of a rabbi who has been very famous for some time past, in Russia, to whom thousands went on pilgrimage to ask his prayers,—and as this rabbi is now imprisoned by the Emperor, it must be the case that he is suffering for the sins of Israel, for he has no sin of his own. The same idea was fully expressed to us by the mother of the Jewish family with whom we spent a night on the borders of Moldavia, so that it is prevalent among them, and this is but one specimen of the innumerable, strange, and incoherent ideas that seem to be suggested by Satan, in order to answer difficulties. The same evening we reached Czernowitz, the capital of Buckowine, situated on high ground, and looking down on a beautiful plain through which the river Pruth takes its course. Here we saw crosses in the streets, and images of the Virgin, and of saints, to an extent we had not before witnessed; and we soon found that this was but the entrance into a “land of graven images.” The whole country is full of such, not the towns only, but the highways and quiet villages. What can a Jew, in such a land, suppose the doctrine of Christ to be? The blood of thousands in Israel lies upon the Church of Rome. In a synagogue here, when the service was over, one Jew, of a very devout appearance, having heard that we had been at Jerusalem, pressed forward to ask, “how high was the part of the wall of the temple that remains?” and then, “if we had seen Macpelah, where Abraham and Sarah were buried?” I asked another, “Do you expect to return to your own land?” “Yes; we look for Messiah every day, and when he comes we shall return.”

“Christians in Scotland and England believe that Messiah will come, and many are expecting this every day.” “Yes, but, they expect Messiah, son of Joseph, not Messiah, son of David.” “There is but one true Messiah, the same who became a sacrifice for our sins, and is now exalted to give repentance to Israel.”—“We do not need sacrifice now, for Hosea xiv. 2, says, ‘Take with you words.’” After saying to him that the words were to accompany the sacrifice, and referring to the cock and hen which the Jews offer annually the night previous to the day of atonement he said, “we do not kill these as a sacrifice; we have no sacrifice since Jerusalem was destroyed.” This is the constant declaration of the Jews. They reject even the semblance of sacrifice, fulfilling Hosea iii. 4. “The children of Israel shall abide many days without a king, and without a prince, and without a sacrifice.” After leaving Czernowitz, our road lay through a tame country till we began to descend a pass which opens out suddenly upon the very brink of the