

trines too pure for his times. He strove to reproduce the heroic age of Yā-ou and Shun among a contented and law-abiding people, which he was not fated to see. Yet his system, with all its incompleteness, has for 2,400 years gone far towards giving to a great and populous empire good and fixed principles, and a marvellous educational system suited to its felt wants; while his teachings and writings have nurtured, or at least set forth all that is pure and noble in public and domestic life, and in language suited to the highest as well as the meanest intellects.

(To be continued.)

CONVERTING THE JEWS.

GIVEN an amount of intelligence no higher than can manifest itself in a species of crude cunning, or a state of honest but hopeless ignorance; given, further, a smattering of religious phrases belonging to the lower forms of evangelical Christianity—whether conviction is behind or not matters little—and there is no career under the sun that holds out so much promise to such an individual as that of a missionary. The foreign mission-field is an almost inexhaustible sphere of operations; and even the home mission-field, although necessarily circumscribed, holds out many promising openings to men of enterprise not overburdened with conscience. So long as these latter are of a generally benevolent character, aiming at reducing some of the misery that centuries of Christianity have bequeathed to us, we may, if we are charitable and gullible, put them down to mistaken benevolence. It is when we turn to purely propagandist missions that the nature of the imposture becomes clear; and of this class of missions there is none more open to criticism and censure than “The London Society for Promoting Christianity Amongst the Jews,” or, as it has been called, “The Society for Turning Bad Jews into Worse Christians.”

One surprising feature I have noticed about missions to Jews is the proportionately large number of retired army officers that support them. The London Society has no less than three out of five vice-presidents belonging to this class. A man goes to India, serves a few years in the army, returns home with a ruined liver and the effects of a sunstroke, and at once develops a passionate desire to convert the lost sheep of Israel. I remember one retired Major-General who was in the habit of attending some of my provincial meetings, and who would give me no rest until I accepted an invitation to take tea with him. After repeated refusals, I went. Woe is me! For two mortal hours I suffered a martyrdom while my goodnatured but cranky host lectured to me on the glories of Israel and its ultimate salvation in Jesus. I never before realized so thoroughly the force of Heine's remark, that “Judaism is not a religion—it is a misfortune.”

I have just finished the report of “The London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews” for 1898-9, and I find the account of the last year's work quite in