



A JEW OF MOROCCO.

itself afterwards in the ecclesiastical history of England.

In the second year of Archbishop Kemp's primacy, on October 13th, 1453, an heir to the throne was born to Queen Margaret. He was baptized by the name of Edward when he was a day old, and became the hope of his mother and of the Lancastrian party, though they must have feared already the clouds that were to gather round the little prince, as his childish years advanced.

When the royal child was a few days over five months old, Archbishop Kemp, on the 24th of March, 1454, died suddenly, grieved at heart over the terrible struggle that he saw was inevitable between the rival houses of Lancaster and York. He was buried at Canterbury.

The bishops of the Anglican communion in the empire who died in 1894 are: Atlay (Hereford), Lord A. C. Hervey (Bath and Wells), Blomfield (Colchester), Bowlby (Coventry), Harper (late of Christchurch, N.Z.), Hill (Equatorial Africa), Linton (Riverina, N.S.W.), Pelham (late of Norwich), Reichel (Meath), Sillitoe (New Westminster), Smythies (Zanzibar), Trollope (Nottingham).

THE JEWS.*

IT seems strange that an event—none the less sure for being future—fraught with such momentous consequences to the Universal Church of Christ as the conversion of the Jews should meet with so little attention and excite so little interest—an event, in the bringing about of which “the Lord's remembrancers” (Isa. lxii. 6) are invited to co-operate.

By perhaps a large majority anything in reference to the Jewish race—they can scarcely be called a nation—is met with cold indifference; and yet it would be hard, indeed impossible, to find any people who from first to last can boast of such a wonderful and interesting history—a people whose origin borders on the supernatural; whose growth and progress are marked by signs and wonders, culminating in

the mystery of the Incarnation of the Son of God; whose decadence may be dated from their rejection and crucifixion of the Messiah, and their self-imposed curse, “His blood be on us and on our children,” a legacy handed down from generation to generation for 1,800 years, and still in force upon the Jews to this day. How can such a history, “full of thrilling fascination and fruitful in instruction,” be devoid of interest, or the people themselves be met with aught but sympathy?

Lost branches of the one-loved Vine,
Now withered, spent, and sere,
See Israel's sons like glowing brands
Toss'd wildly o'er a thousand lands
For twice a thousand year.
O, say, in all the bleak expanse,
Is there a spot to win your glance
So bright, so dark as this?
A hopeless faith, a homeless race,
Yet seeking the most holy place,
And owning the true bliss.

Gentiles, with fixed yet awful eye,
Turn ye this page of history.

Dean Millman, in his “History of the Jews,” says, regarding them: “To the mere specula-

*Abridged from an article signed A.T.C., and recently published in *The Church Guardian* (Montreal).