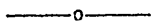


their assistance. They recover now. When I have seen them I will write to you again.

July 24.—Yesterday came one of the Jewish inquirers and told me that about 40 Jews have joined to bring him into prison, or to beat him when he visits my house on Saturday. He had several times (once in the street, when the Roman Catholics had a procession) given witness of the Truth, and does so among the Jews; therefore they dislike him, and curse him.

We have much speaking here about what occurred in the Lebanon, Damascus, and lately in Constantinople, and there were some vague rumours of like things being attempted here. The Greeks have for some time past had in the "Ecclesial" bells, and the Turks could not without gnashing of teeth hear the continual jingle of the bells. They tried to do something with the assistance of the soldiers; but the military Pasha told them to keep quiet, or he would direct the cannons against their houses.



THE APPROACHING TRI-CENTENARY.

Our readers are aware that the Church of Scotland, both at home and in the colonies, intends to celebrate the three-hundredth Anniversary of the Reformation from Popery on the 20th day of December next. There is perhaps no epoch in our history more worthy, not only of being held in everlasting remembrance, but of being celebrated as a day of days—when divine truth burst forth and emancipated itself from Popish thralldom, when Scotland was restored from darkness to light, and put her foot upon the first step which led her to so distinguished a place among the nations. We are, for the most part, the children of that country; we are the adherents of that Church, which through a thousand dangers, has brought down her banner as pure, and proud, and independent, as when it was first unfurled. It has been brought down, and now it costs us little to guard it. Freedom of thought and action has been conquered for us. We sit in ease and safety under our own vine, our very name an ample protection for us all. We have an open Bible and a preached Gospel, and the days when our forefathers had to worship on hills and in glens, with arms in their hands, and frequently to seek shelter in the caves of the earth, have passed away, it is to be hoped, for ever. But is there not something in our hearts which tells us that we should raise a cry of holy, grateful joy,

in memory of our national and mental emancipation. There are names to be remembered, there are deeds and sacrifices to be recounted and rejoiced in, with feelings which no distance of time can efface or weaken. What though we are far away from the scene which witnessed those mighty works, we are still their active and living participants; we enjoy their effects, and we share in the glory of their history. We have but to look at other countries, where error triumphed, or no Knox fought for and wrested liberty from the grasp of a tyrant, to understand the full value of the boon we enjoy, and the gratitude we owe to our immortal deliverers.

It is well that our people should be sensible of what has been done for them, and of the magnitude of the blessings we possess in an open Bible and an unfettered mind. We feel nor hear not the clank of the mental chains which forbade our ancestors to assert the dignity of man, and use the attributes which God had given them. Let us rejoice with a grateful and pious joy in our happier lot, and render the due measure of honor to those noble and intrepid spirits who have won for us so great an inheritance. By doing so, we may gather some portion of their earnestness and will, and enshrine our principles in our own and their children's bosoms. The very ease we now enjoy has in it the germs of danger. We are apt to be engrossed with mean and perishing and sordid aims, and we require to have our hearts drawn away to the contemplation of the greatness, the unselfishness, the sufferings and the triumphs of the illustrious dead. It is well occasionally to bring ourselves into comparison with them, that we may understand their greatness and our own littleness.

The Reformation! What is there in the very word! Liberty has been stricken down and put in chains, and kept in noisome darkness, and some great man has stood forth and struck down the tyrant, and burst open the dungeon and let out the captive to the light of Heaven amidst the shouts of thousands, and a grateful people cherish his name in their hearts, and speak it to their children, and make it a sacred and household word. Such feelings do honor to our common natures, and bring us nearer to that great Being whose image we wear.

How then shall we in this part of the world