

are not required to give up their privileged residence in holy cases land has been obtained at hand, so that they are still on the spot whenever the need for uprisings from the Lake of the Mosab takes place. West of Jerusalem a tract of land has been obtained; and there the people are to show what they can do, under the express protection of the Porte. The deputation declare their impression to be, that the poor brethren are as willing as able to work. If so, the present crisis will be the opening of a new period in Hebrew history.

"When the deputation opened their Girls' School on the very first day 144 attended, and 490 were registered. In this school the industrial aim is kept in view; and the pupils are taught domestic management, dress-making, and embroidery. Several bales of 'salico' have been sent out since the return of the deputation, to afford work for the schools, and clothing for the necessitous. All these details wear a very modern appearance; but the most striking to liberal readers is one which is positively startling. Sir Moses intends to send out materials for the erection of a windmill, with the view to supersede the expensive method used at Jerusalem for grinding corn. Farewell, then, the mill where two women may be grinding—the mill which abides in the Eastern traveller's memory as the most characteristic centre of a group that his day's journey presented him. For two women grinding at the mill there will now be seen the noisy miller. Well the Arabs will preserve the *qahura*, in the Levant breeze serve ever so well for the Jew's windmill. If the old usages carry away with them into desuetude the old burdens, the mortgages of synagogues, burial-grounds, and houses, Sir Moses might well be welcome in Palestine, whatever novelties he might carry in his train. It is pleasant to see something of the ancient character of speech preserved, as when we find the trustees saying that whatever they have hitherto done 'is but the rolling away of the stone from the well's mouth.' Others, they hope, will lead and to draw the reviving waters from the depths. It really seems as though the war undertaken for the defence of the Turk was to open a new career for the Jew."

## POCAHONTAS IN LONDON.

As soon as Capt. Smith heard of her being established, he hastened to welcome her, taking with him a party of his friends. It is undoubtedly true, though not stated in Smith's account of the interview, that he met her with the ceremonious deference and reserve appropriate to the character in which she appeared, and to the sphere in which she was then moving, but in strong contrast to the frank and easy cordiality which had marked their interviews in the wilderness. This she instantly perceived. It keenly wounded her sensitive nature. Her heart had bounded toward the man whom she had ever regarded with childlike reverence and trust. But formality in him she had not dreamed of. It was chilling, cutting, stunning; for she had lost none of the simplicity, nor of the affectionateness, none of the sensitiveness, which had marked her elastic childhood. The open warmth of the rough soldier had always gladdened her; the Englishness of the precise visitor smote upon her heart. She could not comprehend it. She returned it by a passionate and silent salutation, turned directly about and covered her face with her hands. From this grieved and worldless humour she would not be dissuaded, so that Rolfe and the visitors left her, much to the mortification of Smith. After two or three hours they returned, when she began to talk.

"I see you are other than you used to be. I was but a little girl, yet I did save your life and the lives of your people whenever I could. Though I did not know God then, he moved my heart to love you and your people, and to take care of you. Then you used to smile, and put your hand on my head, and look in my eyes, and say, 'God bless you, my child.' But now, where there are no Powhattans to hurt you, you look no smile, you say no word to God, you make one stiff stoop over, and say, 'Lady Rebecca!' and a snarl of contempt could be seen upon her quivering lip as she protracted her new name. 'I see you have forgotten Pocahontas. You came to see the Lady Rebecca. She was here then,'—alluding to her own coolness and silence,—'but she is gone now. This is Pocahontas, Captain Smith,—your child.'"

**THE SATURDAY HALF-HOLIDAY.**—ITS BEARING ON SUNDAY REST.—Mr. John Robert Taylor, law-stationer, in a letter in the *Daily News*, says:—"In my own business of a law-stationer, there are, in term time and in the busy portion of the year, upwards of five hundred law writers employed on Sundays, through

the want of a Saturday half-holiday. If solicitors closed their offices at two o'clock on Saturdays, the work required to be done for the law and equity courts by the following Monday morning would reach the law-stationer by one or two o'clock, or earlier, on Saturday, and could be divided in the trade, and executed the same afternoon, and thus prevent the necessity of desecrating the Sabbath. It has often occurred to me that when the judges of the realm visit St. Paul's Cathedral, accompanied by the Lord Mayor and civic authorities on the first Sunday in every term they can scarcely be aware of the large amount of Sabbath desecration committed by one of the branches of the legal tree. Every day's experience proves that the human mind is taxed beyond its power of endurance, resulting in insanity and a vast train of evils. Only a week ago I attended an inquest on the body of a Chancery barrister, who died suddenly of a diseased heart, and it turned out in evidence that he had been worked very hard in a very important cause, and was at times much excited, which no doubt accelerated his death. As foreman of the jury, I commented upon the prevalence of this disease, and stated my impression that in these competitive times a man did as much work in ten years as he formerly did in his whole term of life. The worthy coroner, Mr. Wakely, replied that the disease of heart was slightly on the increase, especially among members of the legal profession, and that he had had scores upon scores of similar cases. I then urged the necessity of the above movement, when Mr. Wakely replied that he considered it ought to be a whole holiday on Saturday."

**NEVER INSULT A STRANGER.**—Not many years ago one of the gorgeous places of the Hudson river was moving proudly up the rolling current, freighted with human beings of every class from New York. Women decked in all the artificial charms of fashion, languidly reclining upon easy cushions, men sitting here and there upon the upper deck, admiring the unfolding beauties of adjacent hills, and rocky cliffs; others nervously passing to and fro with a business cast of countenance, watching the movements of the boat, and the hour hands of their 'patent' watches, wondering when genius will invent vessels to ride upon the lightning, and beat the telegraph. The sharp ringing music of the dinner bell brought all to their feet, with smiles beaming from countenances before as dull as an inland lake; and such was the impetuous haste to reach dinner-table, that corns were trod upon without apologies, ribs bruised without any demand for explanation, and all were quietly seated a round the inviting board doing justice to the viands spread before them. Among the number of these participating in the meal, was a coloured youth, whose intrusion was soon noticed by his fellow-passengers, and the captain was forthwith invited to notify the dark skin to leave the table. This notice was given. The young man rose immediately and withdrew. The young man was the son of the then King of the Sandwich Islands, and is now himself the reigning monarch. Uncle Sam is yearning for those beautiful islands, needs them for a great Pacific depot where whalers and merchants can deposit their cargoes and refit for other voyages, and the golden prize was already within his grasp, when the death of King Camehameha III. put an end to such wishful dreams of acquisition, by placing his son Kamehameha, IV.,—the insulted coloured youth of the Hudson upon the vacant throne. His hatred of Americans was then kindled burns deep, and will never be extinguished. So long as he lives and reigns, these splendid dominions will be beyond our reach or pass into the possession of another power. Little did the American passengers think, when they turned up their aristocratic noses at the coloured youth, that they were creating an obstacle to our acquisition of the Sandwich Islands. But so it proved, and this should instruct us that a needless insult should never be offered to the humblest individual, for the time may come, when those same individuals will be placed in positions to do us much harm.—*Am. Paper*

**MEANNESS EXTRAORDINARY.**—Some years ago, while Captain Ward was sailing a craft on the upper lakes, a man fell overboard, in the evening. The fact was immediately discovered, and the captain promptly threw a number of loose articles into the lake for the drowning man to seize upon. Among these happened to be a bunch of shingles, from a lot which the impelled gentleman was having transported on the boat. When the vessel was turned about, it was found that this bunch had floated within reach of the man, and that he had sustained himself upon it. He was taken on board, and without expressing any gratitude for his deliverance, he told the captain, with

considerable agitation, that he should expect pay for his shingles that had been thrown overboard! Captain Ward replied that he was sorry—that if he had known the shingles were his he would not have done it. This is a true story, and when any body can beat it he shall have our hat, and, if he desires it, a written acknowledgment of our unqualified belief in the doctrine of total depravity.—*Del. Trib.*

Our neighbour, William Willison, had a remarkable faculty for not telling the truth. Indeed, he became so much addicted to saying the thing that was just the other way from true, that he lived and died with the reputation of being the most notorious liar in our town. But his mourning family caused a decent tombstone to be set up to his memory, with this epitaph thereon:

"Weep not for me, my friends so dear,  
I am not dead, but sleeping here."

This remarkable assertion seemed so like to those that William W. was apt to make while he was living, that one of his neighbours inscribed with his pencil the following lines beneath the above, and a friend copies them for us:

"Released from sorrow and from sighing,  
Here rests the body of poor Will.  
Who, while he lived, was always lying,  
And in his grave is lying still!"

**AN ARTLESS ARGUMENT.**—Naimbanna, a black prince, arrived in England from the neighborhood of Sierra Leone. The gentleman to whom care he was entrusted took great pains to convince him that the Bible is the Word of God, and he received it as such with great reverence and simplicity. When he was asked what it was that satisfied him on this subject, he replied:

"When I found all good men minding the Bible, and calling it the Word of God, and all bad men disregarding it, I then was sure that the Bible must be what good men call the Word of God."

**TURKEY.**—(From a Correspondent.)—Constantinople, May 15.—On Whit-Sunday last the Anglican Church at Ortakoi, a village on the banks of the Bosphorus, was opened for Divine service. Great exertions had been made to prepare this little chapel for the appointed day, and although it was found impossible to finish all the details of the building, yet it was in a sufficiently forward state to receive a congregation. A strong interest has attached itself to this undertaking. It is the first Anglican Church in European Turkey, that at Bucharest not being taken into consideration, as it is held jointly by Anglican and Lutheran congregations. The spirit with which the matter has been pushed has gone far to rouse the Pera folks to do something for themselves, and, besides the projected memorial church there, a project has been set on foot to rebuild the Embassy Chapel upon a large scale.

At 7.30 on Whit-Sunday, the bell tolled the congregation into church for the first time. The prayers for the day were said by Mr. Stothert, the Chaplain of H. M. S. *Queen*, who for some months past, has been gathering a parish together there. The lessons were read by Mr. Curtis, the Chaplain from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and by Mr. Whitmarsh, the Chaplain of the *Agamemnon*.

At ten o'clock the second service commenced; the clergy present, the churchwardens, heads of families, and friends, walking in procession to the church. As the procession entered the church, the choir commenced the *Te Deum*, which was beautifully sung by the ladies and gentlemen who form the choir of the new "parish," assisted by a portion of the choir of the *Queen*. Mr. Phillips, one of the churchwardens, officiated as organist, and Mr. Pritchard, the band master of the *Queen*, was conductor. After the *Te Deum* was sung, the Litany was said by Mr. Whitmarsh.

At the Holy Communion, Mr. Stothert, and Mr. Hamilton, the senior Chaplain of the Sentari garrison, were the officiating Ministers.

An excellent sermon was preached by Mr. Curtis, the first Missionary to Constantinople from the Propagation Society, and was attentively listened to by a large congregation. The text was from Eph. iv. 8—12.

The evening service began at six o'clock; and although it was only intended for the usual congregation, who wished to meet together after the excitement of the day, still a number of strangers were present. Mr. Whitmarsh said the prayers, and Mr. Stothert preached from Rom. iii. 11—12. The collection amounted to £7 at the door, and other sums were promised. It is now the intention to attempt to raise sufficient funds to build a Minister's house and a large room for a school or lecture-room. The congregation are naturally anxious to obtain a Minister who may settle among them, their present Minister having another post to fill, and being only at their disposal when his other duties are over. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel will give temporary help, and it is hoped to raise a Church Fund sufficiently large to sustain a Clergyman. All are most anxious to have matters placed upon a settled footing. A number of rules and regulations for their guidance have been suggested and adopted; the chief of which are—

I. A declaration of adherence to the doctrines and formularies of the Anglican church.

II. A recognition of all other Protestant Episcopal Churches, as in full communion with them.

III. A declaration of their accepting the Bishop of Gibraltar as their Diocesan.

IV. All who sign these declarations form a vestry. The vestry elect churchwardens and vestry-clerk, and see the regulations are carried out.—*London Guardian*.