

THE JEWS OF EUROPE.

The present position of the Jewish race is altogether anomalous. The Jews are at once the most national and the most cosmopolitan race on the earth; but they neither found a State of their own, nor do they become absorbed in the population of the countries they live in. It seems difficult to believe that this contradiction can be a permanent one. The scandalous oppression under which they long suffered forced them to be a caste apart. It was as futile for them to hope for a genuine national life of their own as it was to hope to share the national life of others. Their enfranchisement puts the alternative before them to do either the one or the other; and the one or the other they will, in the natural course of things, do. It is obvious that the race is in a state of transition; and all final or dogmatic judgments about it are as unreasonable as they are impertinent. But it needs no prophet to see that the sentiment of nationality which has attained in our days a force hitherto unknown in the world must inevitably turn the scale one way or the other. Either some sudden impulse, of which at present there are few signs, will lead the race to attempt the task, whether possible or impossible, of founding a Jewish State in the East, or else continued intercourse with the Christian world, the continued sharing of its public life, and continued intermarriages between the Jews and the Christians, will gradually lead to the absorption of the people by the other nations of the earth. No one but themselves will venture to say which would be the better alternative; but the latter certainly appears the more likely. But it is probable that they will long hover between the two paths, too full of individuality to be easily absorbed, and with too little political cohesion for any great national enterprise to be feasible. And for countries like Germany, where they are very numerous, or like Roumania, where they live among a much less energetic people, the results of this dubious position will not be without inconvenience, either to themselves or to those among whom they live. It is idle to complain of what is inevitable, and what is very largely the result of Christian misdeeds in the past.—*The Saturday Review*.

GIVING MONEY TO BEGGARS.

Persons who really know anything about the poor, never weary of entreating those whose hearts are better than their heads, not to give money to street beggars. They reiterate the statement that the beggars in the streets are not only poor, but that they are, as a rule, dissolute, worthless, utterly without moral stamina, and beyond the power of being helped so that they may rise to more respectable ways of living. Good-natured, easy-going people will say, "Oh! but I could not bear to think but the story might be true, and that by refusing some pence I might be allowing a deserving person to starve." The professional beggar knows as well as possible the thoughts that are passing through the mind of the person who is importuned, and who is considering whether peace would not be easily purchased at the cost of a few pence. The whine increases, further circumstances of misery are enumerated, the blessings are poured forth profusely when the donation is received, the unwise giver goes on his or her way, having gratified the impulse of giving, and the beggar generally resorts to the nearest public house, where he may enjoy the results of his successful imposition.

It cannot be too often reiterated that people who give money to ordinary street beggars are doing harm. Not only do they encourage the vicious, but in wasting their money they lessen their own power of doing good. In the beginning of this week an old woman was brought up at one of the London police-courts for "obtaining money under false pretences." Carrying in her arms a bundle of rags rolled up underneath her shawl, she asked passers by, "Won't you give me a copper for the sake of dear baby?" and the soft-hearted passers by responded by gifts of coppers. A policeman, rendered suspicious by experience, demanded sight of the "dear baby," and found out the imposture. The lady and gentleman who had just made a donation to the old woman must have felt thoroughly ashamed of their easy weakness when the policeman called them to turn round and see the exposure of the fraud. Until people refuse to themselves the luxury of believing in the tales of beggars, or will cease to gratify their own indulgence by giving without inquiry, such impostures will certainly happen.

It is true that now and then everyone receives a shock by hearing that some poor creature has succumbed to cold and want of food, but such sufferers are never of the class of the regular street beggars, and no money given to the latter can at all prevent the occurrence of those deaths from starvation which all lament. These can only be helped by those who work in regularly organized fashion. If the money lavished on street beggars were given to those persons whom long experience has taught the best modes of aiding the poor, much good may be done. We cannot all be our own almoners, and see personally that our money does good rather than harm; but we can all exercise judgment as to the choice of the agency through which our alms shall pass. The very worst that we could appoint is that which would give money to the importunities of the professional beggar.—*Queen*.

FOUR WONDERS.

There is a capital story told in the very pleasant memoirs of that beautiful and admirable man, Dr. Alexander Waugh; it was given to the doctor at the Hague, and the incident appears to have happened before his visit there in 1802. There was a young man of great ability, a student for the ministry. His father was an ordinary preacher at the Court of the Prince of Orange; the prince wished to hear the son, but would scarcely condescend to ask him to take the pulpit; but he ordered the father to push the son into the pulpit without much notice, at the last moment, in order that the prince might form a fair estimate of his powers. The prince also gave to the father the text; it was from the eighth chapter of the Acts, the twenty-sixth to the fortieth

verses, the story of Philip and "the eunuch of great authority under Queen Candace." The young man was confounded, but there was no escape.

The church was crowded; the audience mostly courtly and noble. After the preliminary service, he announced his text, which he said contained four wonders which he would make the four heads of his sermon, and if he should say anything to which their ears had been unaccustomed in that place, he hoped the unprepared state of his mind, and his sudden call, would plead his apology, and that they would consider the things he might speak as, according to our Lord's promise, given to him in that hour.

"Head the First; Wonder the First. A courtier reads!" Here he explored the sad neglect in the education of great men in modern times; their general ignorance, and the little attention paid by them to books in general.

"Head the Second; Wonder the second. A courtier reads the Bible!" Here he dwelt upon and deplored the melancholy want of religious sentiment and feelings in the minds of the great, and how impoverished and destitute such minds must be.

"Head the third; Wonder the third. A courtier owns himself ignorant of this subject!" And here he dwelt at length, while he exposed the conceit and presumption of ignorance in high places, which fancied itself to be in possession of real knowledge, ashamed to confess its want of information. And then came

"Head the Fourth; Wonder the fourth. A courtier applies to a minister of Christ for information, listens to his instruction, and follows his counsel!" It was said that the prince usually slept through the whole sermon, but he neither winked nor nodded once while this sermon was going on. It is also said that this young preacher was never put into that pulpit again. The "legate" was too faithful!—*Sunday at Home*.

HOME SICKNESS.

Oh! for the beautiful sunlight
That smiles on hill and lea,
And oh! for thy glorious freshness
Thou rippling western sea!
The smell of the purple heather,
The myrtle wild, and thyme,
And the balmy fragrant sweetness
Of the autumn's golden prime.

Oh! for a sight of Ben Nevis!
Methinks I see him now,
As the morning sunlight crimson
The snow-wreath on his brow.
As he shakes away the shadows,
His heart the sunshine thrills,
And he towers high and majestic
Amidst a thousand hills.

The grand old "Sgur-a-Dhonnail,"
That guards thy head Lochiel,
Whilst o'er his shoulder he casteth
An eye upon Loch Shiel.
The morning sun on Ben Nevis
May weave a fairy crown,
But on thee he showers his glory,
When at eve he goeth down.

And "Lochiel," that "streak" of silver,
Where mountains wild and steep
Seem stretching in all their grandeur,
Far down in its blue deep.
A narrow stripe in its bosom
Reflects the azure skies,
That made me think in childhood
Of streams in Paradise.

But dearer far than Ben Nevis,
And thy blue shores, Lochiel,
The touch of the hand that bringeth
Emotion's glad some thrill;
And the sight of the kindly faces
Mine eyes have yearned to see;
And the music of living voices,
That sound like psalms to me.

Oh! fair is the face of Nature,
But fair all things above
Is the soul that from her window
Beams forth the light of love.
The wealth of affection treasured,
In hearts that ne'er grow cold,
Is better than all earth's riches
Of priceless gems and gold.

—*Mary McKellar*.

THERE has been a singular trial at Madras respecting the guardianship of the sacred hair of Mohammed. This hair is enclosed in a case called the "An-aree Shareef," the possession of which carries with it a small pension. Four persons claimed it, two by succession, and two by right of a will. One was a woman, and the Judge decided that she could not hold it, because she could not fulfil the ceremonies connected with it, and so the hair goes to one of the male litigants.

In a recent convention at Danville, Vt., Rev. H. W. Jones thus tersely put the Sunday school creed of to-day: "The children in the church, adults in the Sunday school, and everybody in both." That is the creed, but, of course, there are some who think the Sunday school is the all-in-all for the children. Of such Dr. Wm. M. Taylor in his late address before the New York S. S. Association said: "I have seen churches where it was a disputed question whether the dog should wag the tail, or the tail should wag the dog." The remark was a wag-gish one, but clearly shews the folly of the Sunday school trying to be anything but an appendage to the church.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

AN Englishman writes to the London "Times" that there was not a total abstainer from strong drink among the American Episcopal bishops who attended the Pan-Anglican Congress.

THE New Testament, complete, with maps and illustrations, is now offered by a London publisher for a penny, and he says he gets his profit even at that astonishingly low price.

A TELEGRAM from Alexandria announces the departure of the King of Abyssinia from Debarra, Tabor, which is in revolt, to collect an army at Eschelga. Complete anarchy prevails in Abyssinia.

DR. HANCOCK, the eminent Irish statistician, estimates the average total value of the potato crop in Ireland at £9,250,000, and the loss sustained by the failure of last year's crop at £4,626,000.

THE demand for theological works in England is amazing. There were no fewer than 775 new works published last year dealing with the subject. Theology beats fiction; there were 607 new novels.

A CYCLONE and tidal wave at the Fiji Islands caused a serious loss of life and devastation of property and produce. A Queensland schooner was obliged to batten her hatches, and of 150 natives on board, 50 died.

Pope Leo XIII. has made himself very unpopular with the Italian clergy by his strict discipline, and by his having withdrawn from the higher clergy much of the patronage and power of nominating the vacant benefices which they have hitherto enjoyed.

FATHER CURCI, a Roman Catholic who some time since incurred the displeasure of the Vatican, and is now living in retirement in Naples, has written a preface to a new Italian translation of the New Testament, in which he deplores that the Scriptures are so little read by Italian Catholics.

AT the fortnightly meeting of the Axminster Board of Guardians, the Rev. R. Marton, late curate of Membury, Devon, applied for an order to enter the work-house as a pauper. He had been curate for thirty years, had never been offered a living, and had now nothing to depend on. The Guardians thought it a very hard case, and, as there was no alternative, granted the order.

THE Royal Geographical Society have received a telegram from Mr. Cheinside, at Mozambique, stating that Mr. Thomson and his party, who have been sent out by the Society, reached Bumba, at the south end of Lake Tanganyika, on the 25th of October. The distance from Lake Nyasa is two hundred and fifty miles. The country, says the telegram, is level, and the natives are friendly.

THE Empress of the French has intimated to the Union Steam Ship Company her intention to embark in their R.M.S. "German," in March next, for conveyance to Natal, en route to Zululand, for the purpose of visiting the spot where her son, the Prince Imperial, lost his life. The "German" will leave England with the Cape of Good Hope mails on the 26th of March, and arrangements will be made to ensure her reaching Natal in time to allow the Empress to arrive at her destination by the 1st of June, the anniversary of her son's death.

THERE is a church in New York the services of which have been conducted in French for more than two hundred and fifty years. Most of the endowments it has received have been made upon condition that this would be continued, and the people, whether anglicised or not, who remained as its members, still retained this distinctive part of their nationality. Some of the best citizens of the metropolis have been reared in it, it being at the same time so modest or obscure, that its existence has hardly been known outside the city. It has remained true to a restricted Biblical psalmody, its hymnal being composed of metrical versions of the Psalms and the Canticles, as formerly used by the Huguenots.

THE inspectors of factories in Prussia are working hard to put down infant labour. At Berlin thirty-three factories have ceased employing children, and in the others there are only nine under fourteen years of age. The same has been the case in nearly all the provinces, notably in the district of Frankfort-on-the-Oder, where, in the 330 cloth factories, employing 14,000 hands, there are now only 1,500 minors, this being a diminution of 23 per cent. since 1876; while in the districts of Cologne, Coblenz and Treves, the total number of children employed has fallen from 5,334 to 4,237, and of these all but sixty-one are over fourteen years of age. The inspectors take great care, also, that proper sanitary arrangements are made, and that the masters do all they can to protect their workmen from accident.

THE "Standard's" Berlin correspondent says that lately the Czar hardly ever left the Winter Palace. When he did he was surrounded by a cloud of mounted officers who concealed the carriage and protected the inmate with their bodies. The Palace was accessible only by diplomatists, dignitaries, and officers of the household. At chapel, detectives occupied seats that were formerly reserved for distinguished visitors. Detectives infested the kitchen. Every dish was tasted by persons of rank specially selected for the purpose. The Emperor does not even venture to open his letters, documents steeped in poison having repeatedly been sent to him. Yet with all these elaborate precautions, it occurred to nobody to search for the announced, advertised, and placarded mine in the basement. The Emperor and Duchess of Edinburgh were seated in an apartment next to the dining room when they heard the report of the explosion. The lights were extinguished and a gas pipe burst. The Princess, the officers, and the valets went blindly through the dark, and then poured promiscuously through the door of the Royal apartments. The Sovereign was found groping his way out of the fatal quarter. All who saw that sight, the picture of Alexander II. leading his daughter away from the mine of dynamite, say it was one that could never be forgotten.