

FUTURE OF THE JEWS.

In George Eliot's *Daniel Deronda*, Book VI., in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for August, Mordecai, the Hebrew enthusiast, thus expresses his conception of the character and destiny of his race:

"Where else is there a nation of whom it may be as truly said that their religion and law and moral life mingled as the stream of blood in the heart and made one growth—where else a people who kept and enlarged their spiritual store at the very time when they were hunted with a hatred as fierce as the forest fires that chase the wild beast from his covert? There is a fable of the Roman that, swimming to save his life, he held the roll of his writings between his teeth and saved them from the waters. But how much more than that is true of our race? They struggled to keep their places among the nations like heroes—yes, when the hand was hacked off, they clung with the teeth; but when the plow and the harrow had passed over the last visible signs of their national covenant, and the fruitfulness of their land was stifled with the blood of the sowers and planters, they said, 'The spirit is alive, let us make it a lasting habitation—lasting because movable—so that it may be carried from generation to generation, and our sons unborn may be rich in the things that have been, and possess a hope built on an unchangeable foundation.' They said it and they wrought it, though often breathing with scant life, as in a coffin, or as lying wounded amidst a heap of slain. Hooted and scared like the unowned dog, the Hebrew made himself envied for his wealth and wisdom, and was bled of them to fill the bath of Gentile luxury; he absorbed knowledge, he diffused it; his dispersed race was a new Phœnicia working in the mines of Greece and carrying their products to the world. The native spirit of our tradition was not to stand still, but to use records as a seed, and draw out the compressed virtues of law and prophecy; and while the Gentiles, who had said, 'What is yours is ours, and no longer yours,' was reading the letter of our law as a dark inscription, or was turning its parchments into shoe soles for an army rabid with lust and cruelty, our Masters were still enlarging and illuminating with fresh-fed interpretation. But the dispersion was wide, the yoke of oppression was a spiked torture as well as a load; the exile was forced afar from brutish people, where the consciousness of his race was no clearer to him than the light of the sun to our fathers in the Roman persecution, who had their hiding-place in a cave, and knew not that it was day save by the dimmer burning of their candles. What wonder that multitudes of our people are ignorant, narrow, superstitious? What wonder? * * * The night is unto them, that they have no vision; in their darkness they are unable to divine; the sun is gone down over the prophets, and the day is dark above them; their observances are as nameless relics. But which among the chief of the Gentile nations has not an ignorant multitude? They scorn our people's ignorant observance; but the most accursed ignorance is that which has no observance—sunk to the cunning greed of the fox, to which all law is more than a trap or the cry of the worrying hound. There is a degradation deep down below the memory that has withered into superstition. In the multitudes of the ignorant on three continents who observe our rites and make the confession of the divine Unity, the soul of Judaism is not dead. Revive the organic centre: let the unity of Israel which has made the growth and form of its religion be an outward reality. Looking toward a land and a polity, our dispersed people in all the ends of the earth may share the dignity of a national

life which has a voice among the people of the East and the West—which will plant the wisdom and skill of our race so that it may be, as of old, a medium of transmission and undertaking. Let that come to pass, and the living warmth will spread to the weak extremities of Israel, and superstition will vanish, not in the lawlessness of the renegade, but in the illumination of great facts which widen feeling, and make all knowledge alive as the young offspring of beloved memories.

* * * Our national life was a growing light. Let the central fire be kindled again, and the light will reach afar. The degraded and scorned of our race will learn to think of their sacred land not as a place for saintly beggary to await death in loathsome idleness, but as a republic where the Jewish spirit manifests itself in a new order founded on the old; purified and enriched by the experience our greatest sons have gathered from the life of the ages. How long is it?—only two centuries since a vessel carried over the ocean the beginning of the great North American nation. The people grew like meeting waters: they were various in habit and sect. There came a time, a century ago, when they needed a polity, and there were heroes of peace among them. What had they to form a polity with but memories of Europe, corrected by the vision of a better? Let our wise and wealthy show themselves heroes. They have the memories of the East and the West, and they have the full vision of a better. A new Persia with a purified religion magnified itself in art and wisdom. So with a new Judea, poised between East and West—a covenant of reconciliation. Will any say the prophetic vision of your race has been hopelessly mixed with folly and bigotry; the angel of progress has no message for Judaism—it is a half-buried city for the paid workers to lay open—the waters are rushing by it as a forsaken field? I say that the strongest principle of growth lies in human choice. The sons of Judah have to choose that God may again choose them. The 'Messianic time is the time when Israel shall will the planting of the national ensign.'

THE PYRAMID OF GHIZEH.

We find in a recent number of the *New York Tribune* a communication from Prof. H. L. Smith, of Hobart College, with reference to the supposed discovery, by M. Chabas, a distinguished French scholar, of the date of the Pyramid of Mycerinus. This is the small pyramid at Ghizeh, known as the third pyramid, and its construction is attributed to King Mycerinus, on the strength of the inscription upon a mummy case, which was found in it. The syllables of the inscription would seem to have been shaken together, and when they came out, they were supposed to correspond with a title which an eminent Greek astronomer gave to Mycerinus; it is hence concluded that the pyramid was built by the fourth king of the fourth Memphite dynasty. The proof that Mycerinus ever built the pyramid does not strike us as overwhelming. It seems that M. Chabas has discovered an old astronomical table in this pyramid where the mummy case was found. And we believe that the fragments of a human being have been discovered in one of the sepulchral chambers of this same pyramid, supposed by some to be portions of King Mycerinus himself, but thought by others to be only the remains of a common Arab, because the right knee joint showed a case of ankylosis. We never knew before that the kings of Egypt were exempt from having stiff knee joints. But M. Chabas thinks that he has found out from his old astronomical table

that the ninth year of Mycerinus falls between the years 3,000 and 3,010 B.C. There is an exactness about this date which is refreshing in the field of Egyptian chronology. According to the received systems of Bible chronology, Mycerinus must have built this pyramid soon after the Flood, and as there are pyramids that are claimed to be older than the pyramids at Ghizeh, they must have been built before the Flood. Manifestly there must be a mistake somewhere. The *Tribune* suspects that the report is slightly inaccurate in one respect, and Prof. Smith writes that he is very far from believing the accuracy or authenticity of such a discovery. He says that even supposing M. Chabas be right in the facts from which he draws his inference, it can be as readily inferred from his facts that the date was somewhere between 1763 and 1766 B.C., as that it was between 3007 and 3010 B.C. And further, that the particular star that M. Chabas has to deal with in his calculations is a very uncertain star. It would seem that a good deal of the reasoning about the pyramids is of a piece with the argument that a mummy with a stiff knee joint could not have been a king of Egypt. Prof. Smith writes still further, that the fact can scarcely be disputed that if we reject the astronomical date, say 2170 B.C., obtained for the date of the Great Pyramid, upon the principal laid down by Sir John Herschell, Egyptian chronology is utterly at sea, and dates for the epochs of the earlier dynasties may be assumed, according to each individual theory or fancy.—*Standard of the Cross*.

THE DISCIPLINE OF SICKNESS.

Severe illness is a great teacher. It comes unbidden and unwelcome. Its stay is often prolonged, as if it were not an unsolicited visitor. At first we feel impatient, and submit with a very bad grace to the enforced confinement; we think that business cannot be neglected; that people must be seen; that not one of the numerous things can go on well without us. But this original impression soon wears away. We perceive that the great machinery of the world moves steadily on without our help, and even without so much as noting our absence. Our anxiety about many matters steadily diminishes, until, after a while, we wonder at the intensity of the interest which we once felt in subjects which we have come to regard as of very little importance. We grow philosophical. The days seem longer, because we have attained a calm, patient, reflective mood; but they also have become pleasanter. Pain, if we suffer it, we have become accustomed to; and maybe we feel a new veneration for science on account of the relief which medical knowledge has afforded us. If the morning lowers, we confine our thoughts within doors, where all is cheerful. It is the sunshine which, on a bright afternoon, streams into the windows of the still sick chamber, which awakens the greatest flood of reflections. We go back to our childhood and school-days. We think of those whom, perchance, we have not thought of for years before. But how fresh and distinct is our remembrance of them now! When we proceed to reflect what has become of them, and where they are now, our thoughts wander over many lands, but they rest mostly upon the churchyards. It is to those that one after another—it seems, as we summon them in memory, as if it were nearly all—of our youthful companions are gone. And yet it seems but yesterday that we were playmates together. We become sensible that, in reality, human life is indeed but a mere span.