

a philosophy which never has been, and never will be set aside; and a collection of poetry which has been revered and admired above all others, by the greatest and best of men in all ages. The eloquence of Isaiah, rapt in the rushing visions of future glory; the genius of Ezekiel, flashing its impetuous fervor as if with condensed lightning gleams; the lofty imaginations of Jeremiah, now melting by its plaintive tenderness, now starting by its stern yet life-like truthful portraiture; the sweet melodies of David, in which he poured out his heart, as well in the bitterness of sorrow, as the importunity of prayer or in the ecstasy of praise; the wise and expansive legislation of Moses; the enlightened and ardent philosophy of Paul, sublimely comprehensive, yet beautifully practical; and, above all, the Gospel portrait of Jesus, so perfectly unique, so calm yet so sensitive, so majestic yet so simple, so Divine yet so full of human sympathy;—these have thrown around the Jewish name an interest which cannot be exhausted and cannot die, until poetry and eloquence lose their charms, philosophy its authority, freedom its fascination, and religion its divinity.

In all parts of the earth, this extraordinary people think and feel as one man on the great issue of their restoration. The utmost east and the utmost west, the north and the south, congregations large and small, those who have frequent intercourse with their brethren and those who have not, entertain alike the same hope. Dr. Wolff heard it from their own lips in the remotest country of Asia; and Buchanan, wherever he went among them in India, found memorials of their expulsion from India, and of their belief of a return thither.—Tho' they have seen the temple twice and the city six times destroyed, their confidence is not abated, nor their strength gone. Without a king, a prophet, or a priest, for eighteen hundred years, this faith has sustained them through insult, poverty, torture, and death. And now, in the nineteenth century, amid the triumphs of light and intellect full-orbed, both among Jews and Christians, we hear a harmonious assent to the prayer that concludes every Hebrew festival: "*The year that approaches, O bring us to Jerusalem!*" And wherever there is an Israelite, his heart beats high at the mention of the city of David, and morning and evening he turns toward it and breathes his prayers so redolent with hopes of a coming redemption.

And the signs of the times are equally significant. At this moment there are six synagogues, and ten thousand Jews in Jerusalem, and thirty thousand more in other places within the Holy Land. At this day the Rothschilds of Europe virtually possess Palestine; the foundations of the New Temple are dug; twenty millions of dollars have gone from the United States alone for its erection; and architects are on the spot designing the plan for the new residence of the Shekinah of Israel. These things speak more eloquently than a thousand tongues. They tell a tale at which we cannot but marvel. And they add a plausibility to the position which we have assumed, which amounts almost to the force of demonstration.

And as we already see the first fruits of the restoration of Israel, so we also begin to see the putting forth of the figtree with regard to