

town and neighbourhood where the ordination is held, but the more earnest of the middle class lately are led to closer thought and inquiry on the several points raised by the Ordination Service. We are convinced that if the distinctive doctrines of the Church are ever to be received and cherished by this large and important class, it will be by their having the facts which embody the doctrines brought palpably before their eyes.

The foundation stone of the Rev. Dr. Wolff's new church at Isle Brewers, was recently laid by the Hon. Henry Walpole.

General Sir John Michel had given a suitable piece of ground of about half an acre, about a quarter of a mile distant from the present church of Isle Brewers. The ceremony of laying the foundation-stone was attended principally by the clergy of the neighbouring parishes, and commenced by a service in the schoolroom, where Dr. Wolff's fast friend, the Archbishop of Taunton, delivered an interesting address. At its close, Dr. Wolff in a few words expressed his thanks to the visitors present for their kind attention, and the Hon. Henry Walpole then laid the stone in the customary form and manner. The new church will be in the decorated style, with chancel and nave and will seat 150 persons. It will be built of flint stone, with Ham-hill stone dressings, and, with its octagonal tower, will be a most picturesque object. £1,000 out of the £1,400 which the building is to cost, has been collected. The old church is to be immediately pulled down. Sir John Pakington, who was to have performed the ceremony, was unfortunately prevented by illness. Archdeacon Denison, alluding to the origin of the Rev. Dr. Wolff, the incumbent, by whose efforts the funds for the new church had been chiefly raised, said:—He would remind those who were the inhabitants and neighbours of that place of the many things which combined to make that a day full of tender recollections, upon what might be called the private grounds of the case. They stood there in the parish of one not of their own nation—of one born among God's ancient people, brought in God's own good time, now nearly half a century ago, to the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ—one who, after a life of many vicissitudes and very great endurance, had found his refuge in the bosom of the reformed Catholic and Apostolic Church of England—Catholic and Apostolic because Reformed—Reformed because Catholic and Apostolic. Here he had come among them; and what was it that he—with one whom God had been pleased to take from them—had been enabled, by God's mercy, to do for the people of that place? Fifteen years ago, he found that parish with an old decaying church, with no parsonage-house, with no school, and he had built for them a residence for a minister, exactly what an English clergyman's residence ought to be—sufficient, yet not more than sufficient; he had built a school for training up the children of that place in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; and now, by God's mercy, he was still amongst them, though he had lost one who was his right hand in the work, to lay the first stone of a new church, which, by God's blessing, should remain many centuries to be a testimony to the people of the district of the honour and glory of Almighty God, of His blessed Son, and the Eternal Spirit."

EXCURSION IN PALESTINE AND SOUTHERN SYRIA.

(Continued from our last.)

Tuesday, May 2nd.—Roused betimes by the creaking of the Persian water-wheel in the yard—a simple contrivance, by which all the gardens of Jaffa are irrigated twice or thrice in the day—I rose and enjoyed the delicious freshness of the morning, and the view over the orange-gardens, which, more than a hundred in number, envelope

the town on three sides for many a furlong, and extend quite up to the wall. The modern representative of that very ancient city, so familiar to the students of Holy Scripture, from its connexion with the history of Solomon the king, and Jonah the prophet, not quite unknown to classical mythology as the scene of the story of Perseus and Andromeda, is situated on a narrow swell of land, extending along the shore, and rising to a considerable elevation above the sea, towards which it falls so rapidly on the west, that the houses appear to hang one over the other on the shelving rock. From my point of view it looked exceedingly lovely, with its white towers strongly illuminated by the eastern sun, standing out sharp against the deep azure of the western sky, while the blue Mediterranean formed the horizon both on the north and south, and the whole picture was set in a fringe of the most luxuriant foliage. Here, however, as in all eastern cities, the illusion is dispelled immediately on entering the gates, when the eyes, and ears, and nose are assailed by sights, and sounds, and smells that do violence to all the senses at once. Its objects of interest are soon told. Outside the town, in a garden, a questionable tomb of Dorceas. Within, a picturesque fountain near the east gate; the ruined castle, infamous in the history of Napoleon (where he gave orders for the sick and wounded to be poisoned when he resolved to abandon them on his retreat from Acre,) and the ruin on the seashore, below the Latin convent, which a worthless modern tradition requires the credulous pilgrim to believe was once the house of Simon the tanner. However, we will not quarrel with the story, as it enables us the better to realize the fact that this was indeed the place where that great vision, so momentous in its consequences to the Christian Church, the very introductory passage in the history of missions to the heathen, was revealed to the apostle St. Peter, and from hence that he was summoned by that godly soldier of Cornelius's household to open the door of faith to the Gentiles. We shall presently follow his footsteps when we have first saluted our friends for the last time, and taken a long farewell of the garden-house in which I had passed so many happy hours during my former visits.

Leaving Jaffa at one P.M., we proceeded across the plain in a direction north-east to Kul' at Ras-el-Ain, a distance of ten miles, which occupied us just four hours. This is, as its name implies, a castle, situated at the fountain head of the Jaffa river, now called Nahr el-Aujeh; erected, no doubt, for the purpose of guarding the great caravan road which runs through the whole length of this plain, from Mount Carmel to Gaza. A village named Mejdal, which was pointed out on our right, under the mountains, informed us that another tower had been built at no great distance, probably to secure the communication with the interior. The castle, which is situated on a low artificial mound, and flanked with circular towers, was formerly very extensive, but is now a complete ruin. Although we could discover no inscription of any kind, it was not difficult to assign it a date and a founder. It probably owed its origin to the renowned Saladin, and was one of a line of defensive works prepared by him against the Franks of the third crusade, which enabled him to contest every inch of coast with our lion-hearted king. Proceeding still northward, we passed through Khirbet el-Medineh, "the ruins of the city," in an hour from the castle, and in another hour through Jiljilieh, unquestionably an ancient Gilgal, but hardly the same as that which belonged to the petty king of Dor, in the days of Joshua; since Tantura is too far to the north.

Jiljilieh has a peculiar character, as its mosque and other buildings have a better and more substantial appearance than those of other villa-

ges. It was probably in former ages an important caravan station one day north of Ramleh. We found Kuphr Sabn only twenty minutes distant from Jiljilieh, and reached it in the dusk, at 6.45, where we found our tents pitched and dinner prepared. Here we had the satisfaction of believing that St. Paul and his escort had halted on their way to Caesarea.

CHINESE WORSHIP.

But what does China worship? We shall not, on the present occasion, look into the temples, but into domestic life and family worship. It is new-year's eve. The members of the family are in their best attire. The principal room is tastefully lighted up, and looking unusually clean and tidy. In the centre stands a table, at other times used for ordinary purposes, on this occasion converted into a ceremonial one. At the top of it is set a high chair, over the back of which are thrown three distinct scrolls, with uncouth paintings to represent Shingto, the chief deity. Before these daubs are set three ten-cups and three cups of wines, offerings being usually placed before their idols in triplets. Further on are set twelve wine-cups, to signify the twelve months of the year. The rest of the table is spread with joints, vegetables, incense, candles, wine, sugar, new-year cakes, ornamental candles, and the full offerings, i. e. offerings denoting happiness, and consisting of three sorts, fish, pork, and fowl. At the foot of the table, and on the floor, a red cushion is laid, upon which the worshippers are to kneel. The head of the family repeatedly kneeling, bows his head to the earth, continuing for some time in a kneeling posture, both his eyes cast to the ground, and his lips moving in prayer. Then come the sons, making like observations. Outside, at the firing of heavy crackers, painted scrolls, or a heap of silver paper are burnt; while on the roof of the house a cup of wine, mixed with fulho offerings, is emptied out, in gratitude to the demi-god Shiuung, who taught, it is supposed, mankind to cook their food, instead of eating it raw. The god of the kitchen also receives due attention. Then follows the worship of ancestors of the male branch only, their respective portraits being served with a bowl of rice, a cup of wine, and a pair of chopsticks. The conclusion of the ceremonies is a hearty supper, in which the whole family engages.

The worship of the dead is the chief superstition of China, and is observed chiefly in the month of April, when family groups set out to visit the family tombs. Neglected ghosts, it is thought, will haunt the houses of forgetful relatives. They must therefore be cared for, and provided with such things as it is thought they need—food and other comforts; gold and silver paper shaped as copper money dollars and sycee bars; these, set on fire, pass through the smoke into the invisible world, where they become real money. Besides these, clothes, sedans, furniture made of pasteboard, are transferred to cloud land for the use of the dead. The living relatives, having fulfilled the pious duty, hope to live the longer, and enjoy the more richly the good things of this life. What need is there not here of Gospel light to illuminate the thick darkness, and instead of those dim and useless fables, give them the great realities of life and immortality as made known in Christ?—*Spirit of Missions.*

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED TO NOV. 1.

E. G., Lyndhurst, in full; J. G., Harlem, in full; Rev. J. D., Newboro', vol. 6; Rev. W. F., Reslin, to end of vol. 7; Rev. Dr. McN., Darlington, to No. 18, vol. 7; Rev. D. F., Melbourne, balance of vol. 6; and to No. 20, vol. 7.