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Sermon by Rev. J. E. Reid,
PREACHED IN THE FREE BAPTIST CHURCH,
FREDERICTON, YORK COUNTY.

And they came unto him, bringing one sick of the palsy, which was borne of four.—Mark ii, 3.

Capernaum, the scene of our text, is a city celebrated in Gospel history, being the place where Jesus is supposed to have spent some portion of his early years, and where he usually resided during the time of his ministry. It stood on the sea-coast of Galilee, on the borders of Zebulun and Naphthali, and consequently towards the upper part of it. As it was a convenient port from Galilee to any place on the other side of the sea, this might be our Lord's inducement to make it the place of his most constant residence. After a probationary life, spent in part here, a life whose mysteries we may not fathom, the divine moulding of mind and body, Christ comes forth from his seclusion, and from hillside, from platforms of synagogues, and from the shores of the Galilean lake, his voice is heard, calling men to God. We may suppose the Saviour from his first preaching tour, and has entered into a house, in all probability Peter's. "And it was noised that he was in the house."

Jesus had come to them, to tell of wonderful things and to do wonderful miracles. "It was noised that Jesus had come," without aid of newspaper, or cry of new-boy, electric wire or telephone. "It was noised that Jesus had come." How was this? The people were looking for some great teacher. There had been, amid the darkness of the universal night, bright and glowing stars; and then it came that those who looked out longingly and earnestly saw the dim streaks of light that rimmed the eastern horizon, and that promised by its ever-glowing clearness a coming day. "It was noised that Jesus had come." "The people which sat in darkness saw a great light, and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up." Men went to their fellow men with joy glistering in their eyes, and said "Jesus, of whom the prophets wrote has come." The whole country was aroused; they had heard of his wondrous fame, but now were to hear him for themselves. You can well imagine the excitement his presence in Capernaum caused. Husband tells the wife, father the son, mother the daughter, brother the sister, friend his friend—"Jesus has come." From a hundred houses the crowd hastens forth; storekeepers leave their stores, families their homes, servants their labor. From palace and cottages, from mans of business and quiet homes, the intellectual and the uneducated, the good and the bad, the pharisee and the publican, the despised and the outcast—all conditions of human life make their way to Peter's house. To-day we can scarcely understand this. We have become familiar, too familiar, with Christ's wonderful life, and speak with little thought of the marvellous results of his ministry. But think for a moment of the effect upon the minds of the people of his day, as they heard of their sick and infirm and dying restored, in a moment, to full health; simply by the calm word of this strange teacher. Never a failure; never one poor sufferer sent back in disappointment and sorrow! Who can this be, from whose word all ills and sorrows fly away, like the night mist before the rising sun. Who is he? Why, Jesus! Angels sang the story of his birth, for "He became flesh and dwelt amongst us." "And it was noised abroad that he was in the house." Now, in imagination, I hear the tramp of the multitudes going to a certain house, a house in which music had long ceased, and from which joy had fled—because of a long, long illness. I hear a young man say, "What is the matter, mother? What is the meaning of this tramping through?" "Jesus! Jesus has come! You remember Jesus, who used to work in the carpenter's shop? Jesus, the good boy, the peace-maker, the very soul of honor and goodness. This same Jesus has come back and claims to have power to heal both body and soul." Now I see nearing the house, in the very midst of the surging crowd, four young friends of this young man. They all tell of instances of wonderful healing of which they have heard. When just opposite the house of mourning, one says, "Let us go in for a moment and see our friend." See! they enter the house; they tell him of Jesus. One burning thought takes possession of the lad's mind—can he be healed? Can he? Yes! say the four friends. He can. We have heard of his giving sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, strength to the maimed, life to the dead! "Take me, O take me! I can't walk of myself; take me along." Love prods them; and they take him along. See, they go out and get four poles, and make a litter of them; and taking their paralyzed friend on his bed of sheepskin, they bear him forth. See them as they proceed on their errand of love. Some scoff, others say, "Whose funeral is that?" The young men did not care: they were

earnest men, men dead in earnest, and must succeed. Here we may notice, that the great difference among men of all sorts, is energy of character or the want of it. Energy will make any man a conqueror. The want of it will cause failure. Dead-beats are all men without force. It takes nerve, vim, perseverance, patient continuance in well-doing, to win the highest prizes. The young man who undertakes anything without pluck and force will not earn salt to his porridge. All that is worth doing requires push, stamina, vigor, courage, resolution, will, determination—in one word energy. The young men could not get near the house, so great was the throng. Did that deter them? We shall see presently.

As Jesus casts his eye over that throng He begins to preach the word to them. His voice, clear and calm, thrills through all that congregation to the utmost verge of the crowd. A great light burns in his clear, calm eye, and an intense realization of the words he speaks light up his face. As the hundreds listen, words simple, tender, graphic, sublime, ring along the air. How can I pronounce the word with which his sermon opened? I can imagine somewhat of the pathos and tenderness with which it fell from his hallowed lips; but it becomes cold and rough as it falls from our tongue. It is a word rather to be looked at than re-uttered. It is a picture, a fountain, a sun, a gospel unutterable. "Blessed!" "Blessed are the poor in spirit! Blessed are they that mourn. Blessed are the meek. Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness. Blessed are the merciful. Blessed are the pure in heart. Blessed are the peace makers. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake." Thus Christ spoke, as one whose words were the very words of God. To the spell-bound audience there was a strangeness about his teaching, a profound simplicity, a spiritual, a moral grandeur entirely new. But where are the four young men with their palsied friend? Seeing the crowd, have they turned away in despair? Not they! With a low, earnest, "Give way! give way!" they reach the door. Here the press is so great that, for a while, they are obliged to wait. That you may better imagine the scene, call to mind an eastern house—a suite of rooms built around a covered area or open square, with a flat roof, made of boughs, matting and earth, overlooking over with a compost which dried in the sun; and a stairway leading from the front entrance or porch, directly to the roof. Pressing on through the open door the crowd fills the area to its utmost; in the centre of the throng stands Christ, proclaiming to them the gospel. At the entrance stood the young man, with his palsied friend. What will they do? It is impossible to find a way through the crowd. Look! With holy ingenuity one of the young men thought of the roof; with strong hands he tears away boughs, matting, earth, compost. A man in the crowd calls out, "What are you after there?" Somebody tells the owner, and even Peter angrily asks, "Why are you tearing the roof off my house?" A brief reply is the only answer. "We are taking a man to Jesus; we'll pay the bills." In a trice the litter and its occupant is in the presence of the Saviour. Christ saw a soul as well as a body. This man's soul needed help. At once comprehending this mute appeal, for not a word was spoken, Jesus said, with an assurance that brought peace, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee." "What! what! rank heresy! open, undisguised blasphemy!" matter the long-robed and richly turbaned Pharisees and stately doctors of the law, who have pushed their way in amongst the publicans and sinners, doubtless to make their observations and report. "Who can forgive sins but God alone?" To which Christ responds by commanding the sick man to "rise, take up his bed and walk." With gladness in his heart and praise upon his lips, the young man went down to his house healed in body and soul. Practical lessons.

I. It is ours to bear our loved ones to Christ. In your homes there are palsied hearts. All around us, despite our preaching theologies and patent medicines, there are palsied souls; souls wadded in religious stupidity. It is yours; your highest duty, next to your own salvation, to bring such to Christ. The Church of to-day is a lazy Church; yea, we are all guilty in this matter. Friends—pray, work! Uprouse ye all to some task for the Master. Be ye all on some errand for Christ. So, when He comes, he shall find stains of travel on your feet, and furrows of prayer wrestling on your brow; then will He call you forth, a worker, to his reward, and not a drone to his doan.

II. Bear all to Christ on the litter of faith. In the fifth verse of this chapter we read, "When Jesus saw their faith he said unto the sick of the palsy, son, thy sins be forgiven thee." A modern writer, Dr. Parker, suggests that we amend the text. "Let us form ourselves into a committee for the purpose of suggesting paraphrases and amendments." I will be the mouth-piece. And Jesus seeing their—

sectarianism. That would fill up a line better than faith; it is a longer word, it has more syllables in it, it fills the mouth better—shall we put it in? And Jesus seeing their—denominationalism. There is a word that would almost make a line by itself. I fancy we cannot amend the text. We can take out the little word better—shall we put it in the longer words I have named. These would not be amendments, they would be spoiliations; they would be blasphemies. Let the word "faith" stand. Come, friends, and bring souls to Christ, with a faith strong, a faith real, a faith that can remove mountains, and that will acknowledge no impossibilities whatsoever.

III. Bear the palsied to Christ on the litter of prayer. I hope to see all my children in heaven by and by. I trust more to secret prayer, as far as I am concerned in their salvation, than to anything else. Friends—pray, pray! Anywhere beneath the night heavens, with the star clusters glistening above you, you can find a place to kneel and a God to hear. Pray—your prayers shall not fail, but pray or never. Seeed time and harvest may be reversed, and summer and winter forget their place, but God cannot cease to hear prayer. And while He giveth hearts to pray, He will still give gracious answers to our petitions. The case before us seemed hopeless, yet they prevailed; so shall you.

IV. Bear them on the litter of a good life. Lastly, bring them and lay them at the feet of Christ. Not to the Church, not to the minister, nor to dogmas and rites, but to Christ. Remember, dear friends, the Saviour's complaint concerning Capernaum. Capernaum was highly honored, "exalted to heaven," but because it made no use of heaven's signal favor, it drew from the lips of the living Christ the severe denunciation that is brought down to hell. This sentence of destruction has been fully realized; and the ancient city is today an utter desolation. Friends, what of your privileges? Yours is the brightest of the ages. The sun which shines upon you has gathered, as into a focus, all the scattered rays of former dispensations, and clustered them in its own meridian. Yours are days after which prophets yearned and kings longed. To you, during these meetings, the truth has been brought home by many teachers, and enforced by a great variety of illustration and appeal. We have continually presented unto you Jesus—Jesus. No horrible pictures of hell; no words full of terror and fire, have you heard; we have preached unto you the gospel of love. Friends, the Jesus, the same loving, tender, sympathizing, compassionate Jesus, who healed the poor paralytic of Capernaum, is here to heal you all. Jesus! His voice is music, his word is love. Come! Be not afraid. The law of Moses has no power to condemn; the fire of Elijah has no power to burn; the voice of God has no terror to alarm. The touch of Jesus, the word of Jesus—this is your life, your peace, your hope, your heaven! To you, let Jesus be all in all.

Jesus only! Jesus all!

Jesus now!

Jesus only! Jesus only! all my ransom paid. Lifts my burden, as he saith, Rise, be not afraid.

Jesus only! Jesus only! When in sin I laid, Jesus touched me, Jesus bade me, Rise, be not afraid!

Jesus only! Jesus ever! When death doth He will touch me, He will bid me "Rise, be not afraid!"

PERSONAL AND OTHER NEWS.

That romantic liar, the ordinary thermometer, is responsible for a deal of the hard weather just now being reported. Did you ever look at a row of twenty-five-cent thermometers hung outside a store door? They differ in their registry of the temperature as widely as testify in the police court.—*Boston Herald.*

The imitation guns now produced in Paris by chemical means so nearly resemble the genuine article that even connoisseurs cannot readily distinguish them without the use of scales or files.

The probabilities are that a grand military review will be held in Kingston on the 24th of May next. The Governor-General's Foot Guards and Princess Louise's Dragoon Guards of Ottawa will be invited to participate. Col. Kirkpatrick, member for Frontenac county, will probably bring the matter before the House at the approaching session.

John Kelly, the "Boss" or Sachem of Tammany Hall, New York, is reported dangerously ill. The anti-Kelly element in Tammany Hall organized last night, with delegates from each assembly district in the city. An earnest movement for the deposition of Kelly is to be inaugurated. This is probably what is making John sick.

The Minister of the Spanish Colonies has instructed the Cuban authorities to abolish corporal punishment of negroes.

THE REV. JOHN M. BROOKE.
MEMORIAL SERMON PREACHED LAST EVENING BY REV. MR. MOWATT IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

The memorial service of the late Rev. John M. Brooke, Senior Pastor of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, was held Sunday evening in that church, and although the weather was inclement there, was a large congregation. The service opened with the singing of the xv. psalm, "The Living know that they must die," after which the pastor, Rev. A. J. Mowatt, read appropriate passages from the Scriptures, from the xii chapter of Daniel and the xx. chapter of Acts, commencing at the 17th verse. After prayer by the pastor, the most feeling reference was made to the dead pastor and friend, the v. psalm, "My race is run; my warfare o'er," was sung by the choir.

The Rev. Mr. Mowatt chose for the text of his sermon the words, "The memory of the just is pleasant" from the vii. chapter of Proverbs. After describing the last hours and illness of the late pastor, the Rev. gentleman said that his death was so sweet and holy. "Thus closed the life of their late pastor, and it was their duty to let all that had been done to them come back through the years to bless their lives. There are memories that it is well for man there are oblivion and forgiveness; and there are memories that would be a wrong and a calamity to let die, they are so sweet, and fragrant to them the more we want. Such a memory as one of these is the life of Dr. Brooke, for the memory of that just is pleasant, and in discussing of that, this evening he would give one thing prominence—that he was one of the just. He was a man of pure, culture and refinement; a scholar and a gentleman able to take his place anywhere in the best society; and all about him was so gentle and kind that drew you to him and won your confidence; you could become intimate with him, but never too intimate, for he seemed to inspire one with feelings of awe and reverence for him. This, at least, was the kind of feeling he (the speaker) always had for him. The preacher spoke of his early, melodious voice and unaffected simplicity of address; and his hearty two-handed grasp of greeting, which he never forgot. His piety, however, was the best thing about him; it was this which made everything else about him shine. His life was pure and transparent—even the tongue of slander had nothing to do with him. He never made any display of his piety; it was natural to him and beautiful in him. We honor him for his worth, but his piety was his glory: "the memory of the just is pleasant."

The Rev. Dr. Brooke was all of 50 years in the ministry. He was first with Dr. Wren in Barrowtown in 1832, and was later with Dr. Kerr in a mission, and later received his appointment from the Mission Board to a station in British North America. The Rev. Dr. Brooke was married on the 23rd day of July, 1839, and he has a family of five children. He was a devoted husband, and he devoted himself away from his wife and came to New Richmond, Gaspé County, Quebec, where he ministered for some time, and where his memory is still fragrant. As he was master of the French language he endeavored himself to the French Canadians in his district. In the spring of 1840 Mr. Brooke and her mother came to New Richmond, and it was a happy home; his pastoral duties were pleasant, his congregation united, and they had recently put up a new church. Late in 1842 or early in 1843 he came to Fredericton.

As a preacher he was sound, logical, doctrinal and Scriptural. His manner in the pulpit was pleasing; his teaching pure, and the whole service impressive. In his ministry it was his lot to do good, to lead his flock "beside still waters"; his ministry was like unto the fountains of a gentle stream and not the roaring of a mountain torrent. After speaking of Dr. Brooke's excellence and the good he had done in such ministrations as brought him in close communion with his congregation, the rev. gentleman said that he had, by his ministry, marked his impress on the history of St. Paul's Church, and on the history of this city, and had left his "foot-prints on the sands of time," which will serve as guides and incentives for many yet to come.

The rev. gentleman then referred to the deceased's work outside of the church as pastor, as a citizen and at home in the manse, and oh! what blessed memories cling around this last phase of his life. None could excel him in his work as a pastor among his flock, for it was as such, and not as a preacher, that he became eminent. As a citizen he was prominent in every good work, and while casting his influence over all, never forgot that he was a minister. He was not a politician and although he never expressed himself he may have had his own views on the public questions of the day; but he rather held himself as a citizen of another and a greater City. For some years he offered prayer in the Council Chamber of the Legislature, and there is no doubt but that his offerings did much for the welfare of the people of this country; and in educational matters he always took a deep interest. And then his life at the manse. What blessed memories we have of his geniality and kindness of disposition! He received you so pleasantly and took leave of you so affectionately! No one could visit the manse for any length of time and come away without being much the better; and he had no doubt that there were many now in this Province—say, in the United States, or even in England—who carried with them pleasant memories of the manse of St. Paul's Church, Fredericton. It was well for the people—well for the other homes in this city—that

there was such a home as the manse in their midst.

But all this is sadly changed now. The shadow of death is there; and disease is there. The sunshine is gone, and nothing lingers but the light of pleasant memories of him who has gone before. The Rev. gentleman expounded a beautiful gospel hymn he had taken down from Mrs. Brooke's words, which had been taught her by Dr. Brooke before he died, to lighten her hours of darkness, and as a light she had found it since he has departed.

He has gone from us, said the Rev. gentleman in conclusion, but he still speaks. Through his memory, his life and his labors he still speaks to us, and tells us to live wisely and well and to be pure and faithful; and we cannot remember him better, or honor him more than by crystallizing the beautiful lines of his life into the deeds and actions of our own.

The closing of the v. psalm, "How bright their glories spirits shine after which the pastor pronounced the benediction and the congregation dispersed.

SUNDAY SERVICES.
FREDERICTON.

CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL.—The Bishop of Fredericton, Metropolitan of Canada, Rt. Rev. J. Medley, D. D.; Bishop Coadjutor, Rt. Rev. H. T. Kingston, D. D.; sub-dean, Rev. Finlay Alexander. Services on Sunday—Celebration of the Holy Communion, 8 a.m.; Morning service, 11 a.m.; Evening service, 6:30 p.m.

CHRIST CHURCH (St. Ann's).—Rev. G. O. Roberts, rector. Morning service at 11 a.m., with the celebration of the Holy Communion at 11 a.m.; evening service 3:45 p.m. The sermon at both services will be by the Rev. Mr. Montgomery. Sabbath school at 2:15 p.m., at the Madras School Room. (The rector is in Chatham and will return on Tuesday next.)

ST. DUNSTON'S CHURCH.—Rev. J. C. McDevitt, Parish Priest; Rev. C. Freillias, Curate. Sunday services—Low Mass at 9 a.m.; High Mass, at 11 a.m.; Vespers, at 3 p.m.; Sabbath school at 2 p.m. The Ladies Branch of the St. Vincent de Paul Society meets in St. Dunstan's Hall immediately after Vespers. The male branch of the Society at 6:30 in the same place. Masses will be said every day during the week at 7:30 a.m., 8:30 p.m., and 9:30 p.m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. E. Evans, Pastor; Rev. L. W. Wadman, Assistant. Sabbath school anniversary. Morning service at 11 a.m.; sermon by the Rev. Mr. Wadman to the children; evening service at 6:30; sermon to parents and teachers by the pastor. Sabbath School at 2:15 p.m., when speeches will be delivered and reports read. The pastor conducts a Bible Class at 2 p.m. During the week there will be prayer meetings on Monday and Friday evenings at 7:30.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. A. J. Mowatt, Pastor. Morning service at 11; Evening service at 6:30; sermon by the pastor at both services. Subjects: For the morning, "God's family;" for the evening, "The witch of Endor." Sabbath school at 2:30 p.m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. The Ladies' Sewing Circle meets in the vestry at 2:30 p.m. on Wednesday.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. F. D. Crawley, pastor. Morning service at 11 a.m., evening service at 6:30. Rev. Mr. Barker (Congregationalist), of Shelburne, will preach at both services. The Rev. Mr. Crawley will be at Shelburne on Sunday. Sabbath school at 2:15 p.m. Week night social services on Monday and Friday evenings at 7:30. Prayer meeting every Sabbath morning at 9:30.

FREE BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. McLeod, Pastor. Prayer meeting at 9:30. Morning service at 11 a.m. Evening service by the pastor. Sabbath school at 2 p.m. Prayer and social meeting Monday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings of next week 7:30, and a conference on Friday evening at the same hour.

MARYVILLE.
METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. W. W. Brewer, pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 6:30 p.m.

LINCOLN.
The Rev. Mr. Wadman will preach in the Methodist church at 3 p.m.

The estimated cost of the new London, England, Law Courts is £900,000, exclusive of special fittings. This will bear a favorable comparison with the expenditure upon the Palais de Justice, at Brussels, the erection of which cost the sum of £1,666,666.

The Quebec *Chronicle* takes up the warning note sounded by the *Herald*, and advises its readers against hastily abandoning their homes for the North-West.

There is a scandal in the Philadelphia bar. "Some of the lawyers have lapsed into the careless and disrespectful habit of addressing the Court while wearing their overcoats."

The man that says that woman has never invented anything should listen for a few minutes at the key hole of the sewing society.

There is an old proverb which runs: "Never count four unless you have them in your way." This needs no explanation.

Chicago's most beautiful blonde turns out to be a burlesque. We have long suspected it.

The Congregationalists are about to establish two schools for young ladies at Madrid.

THE FUTURE OF EGYPT.

Recent cable despatches indicate quite plainly that the French and English governments have found it necessary to come to some decisive action respecting their relations with Egypt. When the military uprising, headed by Oursi Bey, occurred, neither of the protecting powers was in a position to act vigorously and with definite purpose. The government of the Khedive, instead of that of his ministry, might have been overthrown, and the European officeholders who are guarding the interests of the English and French possessors of Egyptian bonds, might have been driven out of the country, if Oursi Bey had at the time possessed the hold on the people he is now credited with. The military, for it was nothing else, was not appreciably curbed by the representatives of France and England, and would not have been if it had been carried to a greater length. The French are naturally distrustful of England in anything relating to Egypt, believing that, in certain contingencies, that power would not hesitate to seize the country as a pretext for defending her Indian possessions. On the other hand, in September last, when the disturbance occurred, the English people were hostile to the French, and their newspapers were bitterly opposed not merely to a French occupation of Egypt, but to a joint occupation by English and French soldiers, arguing that, if the latter could get a foothold in the valley of the Nile, they would pursue the same aggressive policy that they had inaugurated at Tunis. Here, then, was a protectorate which failed completely of its object, for in consequence of mutual disagreements, the joint protectors were able to guarantee nothing.

It is impossible that this condition of affairs could be long continued. Since he headed the revolt, Oursi Bey has been constantly gaining in popular strength. The Khedive has affected to ignore him; but in the minds of the soldiers and the people he is a man who cannot be winked out of sight. In result of his action he has shown himself to be superior to the Khedive, and the Egyptian nationalists, who bitterly resent the control of the government by Christian powers, and the subservency of the Khedive to the representatives of the European bondholders, look upon Oursi as a great popular leader, who may be able to free the country from heretofore and foreign domination. It is said, with much plausibility, that Oursi has attempted to model his course on the record of Garibaldi, and aspires to be for the Egyptian people what that patriot was for the Italians—their leader and liberator. As we have said, since September his popularity has been steadily increasing, and, in the absence of foreign interference, he could now turn out to be, in the eyes of the people, as much as easily as he procured the dismissal of an objectionable prime minister four months ago. While these conditions exist the future of Egypt is by no means assuring. Oursi Bey may be a patriot of a high type, but he has shown himself to have a contempt for legal methods, and, having once succeeded in overthrowing them, he is likely at any time to make a second attempt. Should Egypt be thrown into anarchy by his wholly irresponsible military leader, there is no knowing what the effect would be on eastern Europe, and it was that such a contingency might be guarded against that Prince Pismarski took the initiative in suggesting the advisability of a joint European protectorate over Egypt.

This suggestion seems to have brought the English Government to a realizing sense of its position. The Egyptian question was one which must be met. Another outbreak in Cairo, while the two protecting governments were separated by jealousies, would lead to interference from other quarters. From the first the French have expressed a willingness to maintain order in Egypt by military force, if it were necessary so to do, and, while there may be no intention of sending an allied army to Egypt, the presumption is that arrangements have been made which will enable the French and English Governments to act speedily and harmoniously should any movement of a questionable character be made at Cairo. No doubt the knowledge that the two governments have settled their differences will have a sobering effect upon Oursi Bey. At the time he overthrew the Riaz ministry, he told the Khedive that he was prepared to fight all Europe, and could summon to his aid 1,000,000 men; but, in assertions of this kind, due allowance has to be made for oriental exaggeration. The trouble that is likely to arise is the inability of Oursi Bey to quell the whirlwind of national and religious feeling he has been arousing. He may realize that the occasion has now passed when successful action would be possible; but it is not unreasonable to believe that the natives themselves have not had their minds possessed by this conviction. The remark made by the *London Times* on Thursday last, that the premature landing of foreign troops would, in the present condition of Egypt, be the beginning of a disturbance, indicates the extremely critical condition of Egyptian affairs.