

# The Church.

"Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the Old Paths, where is the good way, and walk therein and ye shall find rest for your souls."—JEREMIAH, vi. 16.

TORONTO, CANADA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1849.

[WHOLE NUMBER, DCXLIX.]

VOLUME XIII., No. 20.]

## Poetry.

JOHN THE BAPTIST.

When Christ the Lord would come on earth,  
His messenger before Him went;  
The greatest born of mortal birth,  
And charged with words of deep intent.  
The least of all that here attend  
Hath honour greater than he;  
He was the Bridegroom's joyful friend,  
His body and His spouse are we.  
A higher race, the sons of light,  
He the last star of parting night,  
And we the children of the morn.  
And as he boldly spoke Thy word,  
And joy'd to hear the Bridegroom's voice,  
Thus may Thy pastors teach, O Lord,  
And thus Thy hearing Church rejoice!

## WEEKLY CALENDAR.

Date.	1st Lesson.	2d Lesson.
Dec. 16.	Isaiah 55.	Acts 16.
" 17.	" 56.	1 Peter 4.
" 18.	" 57.	Acts 17.
" 19.	" 58.	1 Peter 5.
" 20.	" 59.	Acts 18.
" 21.	" 60.	Acts 19.
" 22.	" 61.	2 Peter 2.
" 23.	" 62.	Acts 20.
" 24.	" 63.	Acts 21.
" 25.	" 64.	1 John 2.
" 26.	" 65.	1 John 3.
" 27.	" 66.	Acts 22.
" 28.	" 67.	1 John 4.
" 29.	" 68.	Acts 23.
" 30.	" 69.	1 John 5.
" 31.	" 70.	Acts 24.

DECEMBER 16TH, 1849.—THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

In the Collects of the two preceding Sundays in Advent, the grace of God has been implored: firstly, for the general purpose of enabling us to "cast off the works of darkness, and to put upon us the armour of light;" secondly for the particular purpose of deriving means, instructions, and encouragements to do this, from a diligent and profitable perusal of the Scriptures. In the Collect for the Third Sunday in Advent, we are directed to pray for that grace upon his ministers, that they may be fitted for the discharge of the sacred office which they are invested, and powerfully assisted in the accomplishment of the great purpose for which they are appointed. In that prayer you have been reminded, that at his first coming, which you are shortly to commemorate, our Lord Jesus Christ did send his messenger, John the Baptist, to prepare his way before him: and you pray him to grant, that the ministers and stewards of his mysteries may likewise so prepare and make ready thy way, by turning the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just; that at thy second coming to judge the world, we may be found an acceptable people in thy sight; who live and reignest with the Father and the Holy Spirit, ever One God, world without end.—Amen.

The Epistle—1 Cor. iv. 1.—It can hardly be necessary that we should state, much less labour to show, how St. Paul, in this Epistle, enforces, almost in the selfsame words, and altogether in matter, the subjects which the Collect brings before us. He declares as we have done, the claims and character of God's ministers—he informs us who is to be their judge.—He advises his converts to leave judgment to the Lord, and to reverence and assist those who are stewards of his mysteries, and messengers to prepare his ways.—We beg you reader to meditate upon these words, and then to pray, in the expressive language of the Collect for those who we hope will be found, not only St. Paul's "lawfully called" successors, but worthily treading in his steps—the bishops and clergy of our established church.

The Gospel—Matt. xi. 2.—As we have said, each of the Gospels has some reference or allusion to the question, whether be the person whose Advent or coming many people expected, from the declarations of the prophets? John, at that time in prison, sent disciples to ask him—"Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?" The reply of Jesus was an appeal to miracles which he performed before their eyes, and he desired them to report to John what they had seen and heard. When these things were told John, his question was answered—Jesus must be the person that should come; they need not look for another.—Our Lord, also, applies to John, the prophecy which had foretold him in the character in which he is alluded to in the Collect. "This is he of whom it is written—Behold I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee."

(From "A Companion to the services of the Church of England.")  
The Lessons for the day are fitted to awaken us from the sleep of sin and sloth, that we may lead a life of holiness. We hear of the conquest of Christ over the great enemy and his proud Babylon, the city of confusion: which is a figure of the wicked world. We hear of the raising up of the church in its stead; the kingdom of peace and righteousness, and the final conquest of sin and death by the resurrection of the dead. We may plainly trace, in the words of the prophet, the dust raised from the grave, and the happy souls called out of their intermediate chambers of rest and joy to enter their gloriously raised bodies. Our Lord Himself said afterwards, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live" (John xi.). And here, by the prophet, He says, "Thy dead men shall live; together with my dead body (the first-fruits of the resurrection) shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust; for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead" (Isaiah xxxi. 19). In that shall cast out the dead" (Isaiah xxxi. 19). In that great day of terror and triumph, when the Lord shall descend from the right hand of the father, surrounded with innumerable angels, and seated on His throne of judgment, He shall absolve the righteous, who in that day shall find the mercy for which they hoped and prayed; and condemn the wicked, who would not, by forsaking sin, accept of mercy while it was to be found, and now must fall under the stroke of eternal judgment.

The Psalmist says, in agreement with the song of this Evening's Lesson, "My song shall be of mercy and judgment: unto Thee, O Lord, will I sing" (Ps. c.). And every one who reflects on the unchangeable course of mercy and judgment, and resolves to fly from the throne of judgment to the seat of mercy, will add with the Psalmist, "O, let me have understanding the way of godliness!"—that way which has God for its beginning, and God for its end, in endless bliss.

## Our Monthly Review.

[Having been disappointed in obtaining the works which we purposed criticising this month, we present our readers with an interesting review from the London Times.]

Visits to the Monasteries in the Levant, by the Hon. Robert Curzon, jun. John Murray, Albemarle-street. 1849.

This work is a most welcome addition to the stock of "Travels in the East," and chiefly because it differs essentially from any which have ever before fallen under our notice, whether the subject matter or the mode of handling it be considered. Mr. Curzon would have been quite right in apologizing to the public for his offspring as an "unwarrantable intrusion," if it had belonged to the ordinary class of such books, which he not inaptly characterizes as "little volumes about palm trees, and camels, and reflections on the Pyramids." Of such productions the world has had

ing ready the way" of the Lord, and in "turning the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just."— Instead of prying into our defects, do that which affords the best prospect of remedying them. Increase your attention; hear what we preach; compare it with the Scriptures; and if we say the truth, then follow our faith; profit by our admonitions; practise our counsels.

"Finally, my brethren," (I here take up the words of St. Paul.) "Finally, my brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified."  
"If it be asked, why you should pray for us, when we have the promise that Christ will be with us to the end of the world; the reasons are strong; I shall set them before you in a few words.

"Pray for us" first, and especially, because you are directed to do so in Scripture. St. Paul, himself, implored the prayers of his fellow Christians to implore God's blessing on his ministry.  
"Pray for us," because prayer is one of the means through which God has ordained that all his bounties should be sought, and is a proper acknowledgment of our dependence, and that he is the Author of "every good and perfect gift."  
Lastly, "Pray for us," because sincere and earnest prayer will naturally dispose you to a sincere and earnest co-operation with us in our important work.— He, who sincerely prays for God's grace upon his ministers, will not be anxious to scan their faults and their weaknesses; he will have in view other and higher objects; he will be intent upon the attainment of the momentous purposes for which the ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God, were appointed: he will regard with respect and affection, the messengers that Jesus has sent before him to "prepare his way." He will remember the awful account, which both the minister and the congregation must one day give; and he will, with all his heart, aim at assisting him in the discharge of his office; and will feelingly join him in the important petitions, which the Church has this day set before us.

"O Lord Jesus Christ, who at thy first coming didst send thy messenger to prepare thy way before thee; grant that the ministers and stewards of thy mysteries may likewise so prepare and make ready thy way, by turning the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just; that at thy second coming to judge the world, we may be found an acceptable people in thy sight; who live and reignest with the Father and the Holy Spirit, ever One God, world without end.—Amen."

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quite enough. What was very interesting from the pen of Belzoni fades into dreadful twaddle when treated of by Harriet Martineau, despite her peculiar talents. We wish for no more "wondering why the Pyramids were built," nor do we care to ascertain the exact proportions of the great toe of Rameses. Such investigations partake too much of the humdrum school. The volume now before us is of a totally distinct species, and possesses metal most attractive in our eyes. It treats of thoroughly-out-of-the-way and almost untrodden spots and scenes, and in detailing the adventures which befell him in his rambles in the east in quest of ancient manuscripts, the author has contrasted to present to the reader, some eight and twenty chapters of most agreeable writing, replete with information on most interesting points. For this we are indebted to a dull evening in "an old country-house," wherein were stored away the "ponderous volumes" which the author in his various peregrinations among the monasteries of the Levant and elsewhere had contrived to possess himself of not by dint of "begging, borrowing, or stealing," as is the custom with some book collectors, but by process of honest patient bargaining with *Aghas* and monks, who, though for the most part tolerably awake to the value of their manuscripts, were in most instances utterly incompetent to decipher a page of their contents, using the gaudy volumes as footstools, or carelessly throwing them aside in dusty cupboards. Taking these treasures from the bookcase in which they had been deposited, says Mr. Curzon,

"I turned over their very vellum leaves, and admired the antiquity of one, and the gold and azure which gleamed upon the pages of another. The sight of these books brought before my mind many scenes and recollections of the countries from which they came, and I said to myself, I know what I will do: I will write down some account of the most curious of these manuscripts, and the places in which they were found, as well as some of the adventures which I encountered in the pursuit of my venerable game."

The result of this determination is this delectable book, a bright and lively emanation from a happy and a cheerful mind—the unpretending yet highly interesting and amusing "jotting down" of an educated traveller while roaming through those lands cumbered to all as the cradle of a pure faith or the early abode of the arts and poetry. Oh, that all our days, whether in town or country, would lead to such satisfactory results! It is too much, however, to expect that every man who is doomed to undergo the penalty of a dull day within the next six weeks in England should either possess the materials for making a pleasant book or the ability to mould them to such a purpose. We must be content with the goods the gods provide us, and rely on Mr. Curzon for another peep into his bookcase, for we shrewdly suspect that he has abundant materials for a second volume, while the present fully attests his ability. We may, indeed, say, with perfect justice, that there is an easy, gentlemanlike style about him—a fund of humour combined with correct judgment in the heart of storytelling, which renders him a most acceptable companion even to those who may be indifferent to the value set upon ancient MSS. and early editions of the fathers. To the sympathy of those, however, who are cunning in such lore, and can estimate the worth of an Evangelistarium, or a Coptic psalter of the 4th century, and can glow over the brilliant hues of an illuminated missal, the labours of Mr. Curzon in the good cause will appeal with most irresistible force. He has been pursuing his way from him into an Arab ambuscade while journeying from the Holy City to St. Sabba through the valley of Jerusalem. The spirit with which this incident is told is great, and may be taken as a good sample of our author's style. Its length, however, precludes the possibility of extraction; not so his account of another adventure which he encountered on his return, and this, as possessing interest to the naturalist and classical scholar, we cannot refrain from transferring to our columns.

"We made a somewhat singular discovery when travelling among the mountains to the east of the Dead Sea, where the ruins of Ammon, Jerash, Ajloun well repay the labour and fatigue encountered in visiting them. It was a remarkable hot and sultry day; we were scrambling up the mountain through a thick jungle of bushes and low trees, when I saw before me a fine plum-tree, loaded with fresh blowing plums. I eried out to my fellow traveller, 'Now, then, who will arrive first at the plum-tree? and as he caught a glimpse of so refreshing an object, we both pressed our horses into a gallop to see which would get the first plum from the branches. We both arrived at the same moment, and, each snatching at a fine ripe plum, put it at once into our mouths, when, on biting it, instead of the cool, delicious, juicy fruit which we expected, our mouths were filled with a dry bitter dust, and we sat under the trees upon our horses spluttering and hasting, and doing all we could to be relieved of the nauseous taste of this strange fruit. We then perceived, and to my great delight, that we had discovered the famous apple of the Dead Sea, the existence of which has been doubted and canvassed since the days of Strabo and Pliny, who first described it. Many travellers have given descriptions of other vegetable productions which bear some analogy to the one described by Pliny; but up to this time no one had met with the thing itself, either upon the spot mentioned by the ancient authors or elsewhere. I brought several of them to England. They are a kind of a gall nut. I found others afterwards upon the plains of Troy, but there can be no doubt whatever that this is the apple of Sodom to which Strabo and Pliny referred. Some of those which I brought to England were given to the Linnean Society, who published an engraving of them and a description of their vegetable peculiarities in their *Transactions*; but, as they omitted to explain the peculiar interest attached to them in consequence of their having been sought for unsuccessfully for above 1,500 years, they excited little attention; though, as the evidence of the truth of what has so long been considered as a vulgar fable, they are fairly to be classed among the most curious productions which have been brought from the Holy Land."

It is not a little remarkable that it fell to Mr. Curzon's lot to furnish proof of the veracity of another and a far more suspicious history than either Pliny or Strabo. The "Father of History," as Herodotus has been justly termed, has obtained, as all know who are conversant with his writings, the unenviable distinction of being a great fabulist. By some, indeed, he had been roundly styled the father of anything else but history. It cannot be denied that much of his narrative borders on the incredible, and nowhere so much as where he enters upon observations of the habits of animals and birds. Among these so-called fables is the story of the zizac, a bird flying to the Nile, on the banks of which river it delights to play the part of dry nurse to the crocodile, ever guarding that monster with the most watchful anxiety as he takes his siesta, and arousing him from his slumbers on the approach of danger. This trait in natural history has frequently been doubted; and, as any corroborative of so time-honoured a traveller as Herodotus must be possessed of great interest, we subjoin Mr. Curzon's evidence on his behalf also:—

"I had always a strong predilection for crocodile shooting, and had destroyed several of these dragons of the waters. On one occasion I saw, a long way off, a large one twelve or fifteen feet long, lying asleep under a perpendicular bank about ten feet high, on the margin of the river. I stopped the boat at some distance, and noting the place as well as I could, I took a circuit inland, and came down cautiously to the top of the bank, whence, with a heavy rifle, I made sure of my ugly game. I had already cut off his head in imagination, and was considering whether it should be stuffed with his mouth open or shut. I peeped over the bank. There he was, within ten feet of the sight of the rifle. I was on the point of firing at his eye, when I observed that he was attended by a bird called a zizac. It is of the plover species, of a grayish colour, and as large as a small pigeon. The bird was walking up and down close to the crocodile's nose. I suppose I moved, for suddenly it saw me, and instead of flying away, as any respectable bird would have done, he jumped up about a foot from the ground, screamed 'Zizac! zizac!' with all the powers of his voice, and dashed himself against the crocodile's face two or three times. The great beast started up, and, immediately spying his danger, made a jump up into the air, and, dashing into the water with a splash which covered me with mud, he dived into the river and disappeared. The zizac, with my increased admiration, proud, apparently, of having saved his friend, remained walking up and down, uttering his cry, as I thought, with an exulting voice, and standing every now and then on the tips of his toes in a coxcoiled manner which made me justly angry with his impudence. After having waited in vain for some time to see whether the crocodile would come out again, I got up from the bank where I was lying, threw a clod of earth at the zizac, and came back to the boat, feeling some consolation for the loss of my game in having witnessed a circumstance, the truth of which has been disputed by several writers on natural history."

There, however, are but the episodes in this work. Its real interest lies in the graphic descriptions of the author's visits to the various monasteries which lie scattered over the plains of Egypt and Abyssinia, and to those which are either perched on the almost inaccessible crags on the Thessaly or abound among the sweet defiles of Mount Athos, now better known from the very abundance of these foundations, as the Monte Sancto. Through each and all of these districts it is, indeed, pleasant to pick our way with one so alive to the beauties of nature, so sensible of the narrow boundary which separates the sublime from the ridiculous, so constantly on the point of turning his own egotism into subjects of merriment, as is Mr. Curzon. Whether we dwell with him on the dreadful catastrophe in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where hundreds of pilgrims were trodden to death in their eager anxiety to witness the miracle of the Holy Fire, or smile with him at the avian patriarchs' inconsistency of the Greek and the Armenian patriarchs in deferring the miracle till the arrival of Ibrahim Anseba, who had graciously intimated his intention of honouring the "lighting of the holy fire" with his presence, we are struck with the force of his pathos and the pungency of his satire. The Mahometan prince for whose convenience this Christian miracle was thus delayed is represented by the author to have been "an enlightened man for a Turk." This, to be sure, may not be saying much, unless his father be taken as the average sample of the class, but we should also remember that the prince was a native of the East, and are to be ascribed more to the system of eastern warfare than to the savage disposition of their commander." In this apology there is no doubt much truth, and the volume now before us abounds in instances which amply testify the small value set upon human life by eastern rulers and their subjects. This is often evinced by the summary manner of administering justice, and we have before us a specimen of the performances of Mohamed Bey, a defender or accountant, who has been sent by the Sultan to Mehmet Ali on the doubtful errand of demanding the imperial revenue from that great subject. This defender, who we are informed, in our author's quiet way, "died rather suddenly" disagrees with the great men of Turkey, who was honoured with the hand of a daughter of the Pasha in marriage, and dwelt in Cairo, where he was a great man, surrounded by kawasess, a species of military servant, allotted by the Government to those whom it delights to honour. Against one of these officials a poor woman one day lodged a complaint to the effect that he had drunk her milk and paid her nothing for it, which she estimated at five paras, a para being the 40th part of 23d. How does this dignitary decide this complaint when called upon to sit as our local justice? We shall see:—

"The sensitive justice of the defender was roused by this complaint. He asked the woman if she should know the person who had stolen her milk, were she to see him again? The woman said she should, upon which the whole household was drawn out before her, and looking round she fixed upon a man as the thief. 'Very well,' said the defender. 'I hope you are sure of your man, and that you have not made a false accusation before me. He shall be ripped open, and if the milk is found in his stomach, you shall receive your five paras; but if there is no milk found, you shall be ripped up in turn for accusing one of my household unjustly.' The unfortunate kawas was cut open on the spot; some milk was found in him, and the woman received her five paras."

The mode of administering justice is characteristic not so much of the individual, but of the customs and habits of the east, and where subjects can be found to submit to peril their lives in a civil suit for five paras, it is not unlikely that each man has in his turn his own way of righting himself, and that what would be stigmatized by us as most dreadful atrocities are looked upon even by the victims as everyday occurrences. Indeed, we suspect that there is absolute verity in the following summary of the character of Ibrahim Pasha, and in the conclusion to which Mr. Curzon has arrived when subjecting him to the ordeal of comparison with others who ought to practise what they preach.

"He was as brave as a lion; his habits and ideas were rough and coarse; he had but little refinement in his composition; but, although I have often seen him abused for his cruelty in European newspapers, I never heard any well-authenticated anecdote of his cruelty, and do not believe that he was by any means a savage disposition, nor that his troops rivalled in any way the horrors committed in Algeria by the civilized and fraternizing French. He was a bold, determined soldier. He had that reverence and respect for his father which is so much to be admired in the patriarchal customs of the east; and it is not every one who has lived for years in the enjoyment of absolute power uncontrolled by the admonitions of a Christian's conscience that could get out of a scrape so well, or leave a better name upon the page of history, than that of Ibrahim Pasha."

Journeying from the Holy Land, Mr. Curzon seems to have taken himself to Corfu, whence one fine day he set out on a pilgrimage to the monasteries of St. Barlaam and Meteora, the road lying through Paramathia, supposed to be the site of Dodona, though

upon very insufficient data, we believe, to Yanion, where was preparing an expedition to crush a sort of guerilla revolution then taken in hand by some Albanian chief. Having obtained a letter of introduction from the Vizier to the chief personage at Mezzovo, soliciting an escort to protect him from the robbers, Mr. Curzon, singularly enough, falls in with the captain of the robbers in the market-place of that town, and delivering to him his letter, obtains of him by way of joke the very thing he was in quest of. Armed with this passport, the party approach Mount Pindus, where Mr. Curzon, though he found his way among the defiles by the help of a robber escort, yet seems to have lost his classical lore, for he speaks of Pindus as

"A mountain famous for having had Mount Ossa put on the top of it by some of the giants when they were fighting against Jupiter. As that respected deity got the better of the giants, I presume he put Ossa back again, for which I felt very much obliged to him, as Pindus seemed quite high enough and steep enough without any addition."

With one, usually so correct we are surprised to find such a mistake, even though it may have been committed for the sake of the concluding passage. What says the poet who took upon himself to describe the operations of the "respected deity," when undoing the labours of the giants?

"Tum pater omnipotens misso perfrigit Olympum  
" Fulmine, et excussit subitæ Pelion Ossa."

Having vindicated Pindus from any participation in this mythological emule, which, like some more modern affairs, seems to have rested on very insecure foundations, we gladly shake hands again with his detractor, and jog on with him down the course of the Peneus to Meteora, where the abode "of the monastic brotherhood upon rock aerial" is thus fitly described:—

"The scenery of Meteora is of a very singular kind. The end of a range of rocky hills seems to have been broken off by some earthquake or washed away by the Deluge, leaving only a series of 20 or 30 tall, thin, smooth, needle-like rocks, many hundred feet in height; some like gigantic tusks, some shaped like sugar loaves, and some like vast stalagmites. These rocks surround a beautiful grassy plain, on three sides of which there grow groups of detached trees, like those in an English park. Some of the rocks shoot up quite clean and perpendicularly from the smooth green grass; some are in clusters, some stand alone like obelisks."

On the tops of these rocks there now remain seven monasteries, out of more than three that number. Arrived at the base of that rock crowned by the monastery of St. Barlaam, a gun was fired off, a substitute for "knocking at the door in more civilized places." This summons was presently answered by "some one in the sky," whose voice came down to the travellers like the cry of a bird, and, after much parleying and denials as to the admission of his robber escort, the author and his servants made good their footing within the sacred walls in the following fashion, after he had attached a letter of introduction to a thin cord."

This being no doubt a "satisfactory reference." After some delay a much larger rope was seen descending, with a hook at the end, to which a strong net was attached. On its reaching the rock on which we stood, the net was spread open; my two servants sat down upon it, and the four corners being attached to the hook, a signal was made, and they began slowly to descend, the rope being pulled round like a old and mended, and the height from the ground to the door above was, we afterwards learned, 37 fathoms, or 522 feet. When they reached the top, I saw two stout monks reach their arms out of the door and pull in the two servants by main force, as there was no contrivance like a turning crane for bringing them nearer to the landing-place. The whole process appeared so dangerous, that I determined to go up by climbing a series of ladders, which were suspended by large wooden pegs on the face of the precipice, and which reached the top of the rock in another direction, round a corner to the right. The lowest ladder was approached by a pathway leading to a rickety wooden platform which overhung a deep gorge. From this platform the ladders hung perpendicularly upon the bare rock, and I climbed up their very soon; but coming to one, the lower end of which had swung away from the top of the one below, I had some difficulty in stretching across from the one to the other; and here unluckily I looked down, and found that I had turned a sort of angle in the precipice, and that I was not over the rocky platform where I had left the horses, but that the precipice went sheer down to so tremendous a depth, that my head turned when I surveyed the distant valley over which I was hanging in the air like a fly on a wall. The monks in the monastery saw me hesitate, and called out to me to take courage and hold on, and, making an effort, I overcame my dizziness, and clambered up to a small iron door, through which I crept into a court of the monastery, where I was welcomed by the monks and the two servants who had been hauling up by the rope."

Here, notwithstanding a most hospitable reception by the Agoumenos, which was responded to by divers fraternizing slaps on the back and a liberal display of rosoglio, a liquor without which Mr. Curzon never attempts a book bargain with a Greek monk, the treasures of the library remained intact, though, says he, there was "one Bulgarian M. S. which I could not read, and therefore was, of course, particularly anxious to purchase." The books, however, in St. Barlaam were there looked upon as sacred relics, and they were "preserved with a certain feeling of awe for their antiquity and incomprehensibility." At the monastery of Meteora the author met with a still greater disappointment, for, having concluded "a deal" with the Agoumenos for a large quota M. S. of the Gospels on vellum, "one of the most beautiful of its kind, and ornamented with miniatures, like the *Codex Ebraharicus* in the Bodleian," and "another volume of the Gospels bound in a kind of silver flange," which "most doubtless have been the pocket volume of some Royal personage," a quarrel ensued between the Agoumenos and the monks at large touching the distribution of the purchase-money, just as the author was about to step into the net.

"The Agoumenos wanted to keep it all for himself or at least for the expenses of the monastery, but the villian of a librarian swore he would have half. The Agoumenos said he should not have a farthing, but, as the librarian did not give way, he offered him a part of the spoil; however, he did not offer him enough, and out of spite and revenge, or as he protested, out of uprightness of principle, he told all the monks that the Agoumenos had pocketed the money which he had received for their property, for that they all had the right to an equal share in these books, and in all the other things belonging to the community. The monks even the most dumb-headed, were not slow in taking this view of the subject, and all broke out into their motus assertion of their rights, every man of them speaking at once. The price I had given was so large that every one of them would have received several pieces of gold each. But no, they said, it was not that for the principles of justice that they contended. They did not want the money, no more did the libra-

rian, but they would not suffer their rules to be outraged or their rights to be trampled under foot. In the monasteries of St. Basil, all the members of the society had equal rights—they ate in common, they prayed in common, everything was bought and sold for the benefit of the community at large. Tears fell from the eyes of some of the particularly virtuous monks; other stamped upon the ground, and showed a thoroughly rebellious spirit. As for me, I kept aloof, waiting to see what might be the result. The Agoumenos, who was evidently a man of superior abilities, calmly endeavoured to explain. He told the unruly brethren exactly what the sum was for which he had sold the books, and said that the money was not for his own private use, but to be laid out for the benefit of all, in the same way as the ordinary revenues of the monastery, which, he added, would soon prove insufficient if so large a portion of them continued to be divided among the individual members. He told them that the monastery was poor and wanted some, and that this large sum would be most useful for certain necessary expenses. But, although he used many unanswerable arguments, the old brute of a librarian had completely awakened the spirit of discord, and the ignorant monks were ready to be led into rebellion by any one and for any reason, or none. At last the contest waxed so warm that the sale of the two manuscripts was almost lost sight of, and every one began to quarrel with his neighbour, the entire community being split into various little angry groups, chattering, gesticulating, and wagging their long beards. After a while the Agoumenos, calling my interpreter, said that as the monks would not agree to let him keep the money in the usual way for the use of the monastery, he could have nothing to do with it, and to my great sorrow I was therefore obliged to receive it back, and to give up two beautiful manuscripts, which I had already looked upon as the chief ornaments of my library in England. The monks all looked sadly downcast at this unexpected termination of their noble defence of their principles, and my only consolation was to perceive that they were quite as much vexed as I was. In fact, we felt that we had gained a loss all round, and the old librarian after walking up and down once or twice, with his hands behind his back, in gloomy silence retreated to a hole where he lived, near the library, and I saw no more of him."

Who will not weep with the disappointed bookworm at being thus treated? "I sat down on a stone," says he, "and for the last time turned over the gilded leaves and admired the ancient and splendid illuminations of the larger MS., the monks standing round me as I looked at the blue cyprus trees and green and gold paeonies and intricate arabesques so characteristic of the best times of Byzantine art." As a last resource, a negotiation was entered into to obtain the leave of the Bishop of Tricala for the sale of these volumes, and, this done, the author had applied to the monks of Meteora, who, as might be expected, let him down very badly, being "all talking and scolding together" in the windlass chamber, instead of attending to the comfort of his descent, which was accomplished amid the firing of guns by his friends below, without the slightest attention to the direction of the barrels or bullets. These guns, on learning his disappointment, offered their services to sack the monastery and to recover his MSS., but, prudently declining their zealous request, though not without evident reluctance, our author commenced his retreat to Mezzovo and Paramathia, where his trip into Epirus terminates with a memorable account of the reception given by him to the clothes which had been well-nigh swallowed up by the swollen torrents of Pindus—in revenge, no doubt, for the unwarrantable liberty taken with that respectable

Having obtained a firman to the "Holy Community of Monte Sauto," from Gregorius, Patriarch, Archbishop of Sautio, Metropolitan of Constantinople, &c., &c., who, notwithstanding these titles, was in complete ignorance of the existence of such a pillar of the church as the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Curzon, in 1837, took his departure from the golden Horn for Mount Athos, concerning the classical history of which spot also, he commits an error in attributing to Lysippus the well-known design of converting the promontory into a statue of Alexander. That King was certainly partial to Lysippus as a sculptor, and would not allow any other to make a statue of him. Mr. Curzon may, therefore, not unaturally have thought that no one but Lysippus could have made such a prodigious tender; but he merits, if any it had, either of that or truth, ought to be given to Diocretes, the architect of Alexandria, whose scheme comprehended, as we are told, the erection of a city in one hand, and the excavation of a reservoir in the other—a very natural suggestion for an architect, but a most improbable one for a statuary and sculptor. The monarch rejected the scheme as too chimerical even for his vanity; and so we still have Nature unadorned in Mount Athos and the promontory of Acatros, which yet grow over Lemnos as they did when first they rose from the bosom of the Deluge.

Passing by this second slip in "proper names," let us accompany our author in his visits to the monasteries here situated, which certainly constitute to our mind the most interesting portion of his book. There is a halo of sanctity about the Holy Mountain which it is impossible not to be influenced by as we pursue the investigations of Mr. Curzon. With the exception of the Holy Land, there are few localities to be compared to this promontory. We cannot forget that near this spot the inspired Apostle of the Gentiles first met with earnest faith in Bora, and that the Gospel was for the most part acceptable to the inhabitants of Thessalonica, both of which places may be traced in the modern Pera and Salonica. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the whole promontory of Athos, measuring about 150 miles round, and only connected with the world by that narrow neck of land across which Xerxes caused his famous canal to be cut, should have been selected by the fathers of the Greek church as a fit and proper place for the practice of self-denial and that seclusion from the world which, however mistaken, according to the notions of the 19th century, were, at all events, originally conceived in *maison Dieu* laudem, and are, as such, entitled to our respect when conducted with due sincerity and zeal. The name and writings of the venerable St. Chrysostom are still cherished in this sacred mountain, to which retired some of the Byzantine Emperors, who founded and dwelt in the very walls, which now attest their piety and munificence. Founded on the rigid rules of St. Basil, these monasteries and the extensive domains attached to them are all unconscious of the presence of the softer sex; and to such an extent is this ascetic spirit carried by their holy inhabitants, that not only women, but also the females of all animals, are prohibited articles of import. The only female which Mr. Curzon met with was a pet cat belonging to the Turkish Aga, who entreated his silence on the subject, and apologized for the intrusion of Tabby by saying that she and her kitten reminded him of his wife and children, whom he had left behind at Stamboul. From this circumstance, and the presence of innumerable vermin in the dormitories of the monasteries, we may not unaturally conclude that the rule

of the sacred mountain is not rigidly enforced among the brute creation; but it is an unobscured fact that the step and form of woman are never seen within its hallowed bounds. The monks till their own lands, taking it in their turn to reside within the walls of their respective establishments, which are always placed on most favoured spots; and we shall presently have occasion to introduce to the reader a veritable curiosity—a *lucus à lucra*—a man who, though upwards of thirty years of age, had never yet seen a woman, and except from the very unexpressed features of the paintings of the Virgin Mary, had no idea what sort of being man's helpmate could be. Before doing this, however, we must borrow the description of a painting of the "Last Judgment," without which, or one nearly identical to it, no religious establishment could exist on the holy mountain.

"In these pictures, which are often of immense size, the artists evidently took much more pains to represent the uncouthness of the devils than the beauty of the angels, who, in all these ancient frescoes, are a very hard-favoured set. The chief devil is very big; he is the hero of the scene, and is always marvellously hideous, with a great mouth and long teeth, with which he is usually gnawing two or three sinners, who, to judge from the expression of his face, must be very numerous articles of food. He stands up to his middle in a red pool which is intended for fire, and wherein numerous little sinners are disporting themselves like fish in all sorts of attitudes, but without looking at all alarmed or unhappy. On one side of the picture an angel is weighing a few in a pair of scales, and others are capering about in company with some smaller devils, who evidently lead a merry life of it. The souls of the blessed are seated in a row on a long hard bench, very high up in the picture; these are all old men with white beards; some are covered with hair, others richly clothed, and anchors and prizes being the only persons elevated to the bench. They have good stout glories round their heads, which in rich churches are gilt, and in the poorer ones are painted yellow, and look like large straw hats. These personages are severe and grim of countenance, and look by no means comfortable or at home; they each hold a large book, and give you the idea that, except for the honour of the thing, they would be much happier in company with the wicked little sinners and merry imps in the crimson lake below."

Besides this painting, there is in the same monastery a small one ascribed to St. Luke, and two others of our Saviour and the Blessed Virgin, which, "except the faces, are entirely covered with plates of silver gilt," while the frames, and the pictures too, are "richly ornamented with a kind of coarse golden filagree, set with large turquoises, agates, and carnelians." These curious productions of early art were presented to the monastery by the Emperor Andronicus Paleologus, whose portrait, with that of his Empress, is represented on the silver frame. These monasteries, which were highly favoured by the monarchs of the Western Empire, abound in such valuable relics of art, chiefly derived from their royal founders. That of Iveron, which accommodates 100 monks, was founded by Theophania, the wife of the Emperor Romanus, in the 10th century; while Vatopedi, the largest and wealthiest of them all, owes its origin to Constantine the Great, and its restoration to Theodosius the Great. This convent in 1837 reckoned 300 monks, many holding office under the Agoumenos, whose establishment resembled the court of a petty sovereign.

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Let it be distinctly kept in view that the infernal treaty with Tripoli was the act of the United States as a nation. It was the consolidated voice of the Republic; which virtually declared respecting the Redeemer: WE WILL NOT HAVE THIS MAN TO REIGN OVER US! Small wonder that the poor Jew Noah should have rejoiced in his blindness over this additional slight to the despised and rejected Son of David!

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Churchmen of Britain, can any of you be so far bewitched by the Devil's golden sorceries, as deliberately to contemplate an amalgamation with this POLITICAL ANTI-CHRIST? Soberly reflect from whence you will fall, if you should unhappily accomplish such a catastrophe!

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Has the service of Jesus become distasteful to you? Are you longing to be re-baptised in the name of this world's mercantile God? Are you prepared to desert the banner under which you swore manfully to fight, by joining a Government who, to secure some contemptible political advantage, hide the Cross in the presence of the Crescent, and who, to win favour with the disciples of the false prophet of Medina, deny their connection with the God-man of Nazareth?

If you can bring yourselves to answer these solemn questions in the affirmative, continue to uplift the selfish cry of "Annexation!"—but not otherwise!

Our brethren, the Churchmen of the United States, will not, we trust, misconceive the spirit which dictates these remarks. As a branch of Christ's visible fold, they are no more responsible for the political sin which we have been denouncing, than Saint Paul was answerable for the dark idolatries of heathen Rome, where he preached the truth, and administered the sacraments, of the gospel of his blessed Master. Like that inspired Bishop they render willing and scriptural obedience to "the powers that be"—an obedience not contingent upon the constitution or conduct of those authorities. And right certain are we, that were the Church, in republican America, circumstanced as her Anglican sister is in this Province, her trumpet would give a sound unequivocal as our own;—and that she would contend, even as we are now contending, for a national recognition of the Kingdom of Immanuel.

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**FAMILY PRAYER.**  
The Family Prayers we have given, have been honoured with the comments of the *Christian Guardian*, but in a manner and spirit we are sorry to see the editor adopt, especially on such a subject. He has asserted that they make a sinner appear the altar of prayer "with the language of complaint exclusively upon his lips, without one solitary reference to his guilt, one request for the aid of the spirit, one allusion to the Saviour." In order to prove this he has printed certain varied portions of the Prayers, introduced on Monday and Tuesday, without any reference whatever to the portions used every day, or to the variable portions for other days.

Let our readers only look through the whole form, and they will find—we are sorry to say it—every clause of the above assertion directly and positively untrue. He will search in vain, for the language of complaint, and he will find that we have distinctly provided every one of the particulars which the *Guardian* asserts we have omitted.

**SUNDAY CHURCH SERVICES IN THE CITY.**

CHURCHES.	CLERGY.	Matins.	Evng. Sermon.
St. James's	[Rev. H. J. Grassie, M. A. Rect.]	11 o'clock	3 o'clock
St. Paul's	[Rev. J. G. D. McKenzie, B. A. Incum.]	11 o'clock	4 o'clock
Trinity	[Rev. R. Mitchell, A. B. Incumbent.]	11 o'clock	4 o'clock
St. George's	[Rev. Stephen Leitch, LL.D., Incumbent.]	11 o'clock	4 o'clock
Holy Trinity	[Rev. H. Scadding, M. A. Incum.]	11 o'clock	4 o'clock
	[W. Stennett, M. A., Assis. Min.]	11 o'clock	4 o'clock

The Morning Service is for the combined congregations of St. James's Church and the Church of the Holy Trinity. The congregation of St. James's Church meet at the Church of the Holy Trinity. In this Church the seats are all free and unappropriated. The Holy Communion is administered on the first Sunday in every month at St. James's and St. Paul's; third Sunday, Trinity Church, King Street; and last Sunday, St. George's Church.

**THE CHURCH.**

TORONTO, DECEMBER 13, 1849.

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Please notice the change in the address of this Office, No. 7, King Street West, Toronto.

**A NATION WITHOUT GOD.**

In a recent number of *Noah's Weekly Messenger*, (edited it may be mentioned, by a Jew,) we met with a remarkable illustration of the thoroughly infidel character of the American Republic.

It appears that during the last war between that country and Great Britain, an American privateer had succeeded in capturing two English merchantmen, and carried them into the Port of Tunis to dispose of them and their cargoes.

This proceeding was protested against by the sufferers on the ground of its being illegal, and an appeal having been made to the laws of the country, the Consuls of both nations appeared before the Bey when the following scene took place.—We quote the words of the Jewish writer who evidently glories in his theme.

"What does all this mean, Consul—two British prizes entering our port, and for what purpose?"  
"Certainly not, your highness!"  
"What against our treaty with England?"  
"Certainly not, if there is such a prohibition in the treaty."

The British Consul a most excellent man, unrolled the parchment, to which a seal of wax was appended nearly as large as one of our Western cheques, and commenced reading as follows:

"It is further stipulated and agreed upon, that no European power at war with England shall be permitted to fit out privateers or other armed vessels to cruise against the commerce of Great Britain from, or bring prizes into, the Tunisian ports."

"Well, sir," said the Bey, "what have you to say to that? It is not full and conclusive?"  
"Certainly not; but it does not apply to us. We are not an European power."

"That, sir," said the British consul, "is a mere evasion of the spirit of this section of our treaty. It was intended to apply and do apply to all Christian powers."

"Very probably, sir, but we are not a Christian power." The whole court looked amazed. The Bey said himself, "It is hardly understood, but no distinction shall arise between the two powers on any political matter."

The wondering, and doubtless disgusted Bey, gave judgment in favour of the "nation that have not God," and the ships and their cargoes were forthwith sold to the highest bidder.

Christian subjects of a Christian monarch, who recklessly clamour for Annexation, we implore you seriously to mark and digest the foregoing terrible case of national profligacy.

You there beheld the people with whom you would seek to be united, disclaiming in cold blood the authority of their Heavenly King, even as they had previously rejected that of their legitimate earthly Sovereign. Like the Mammoth-adoring Dutch, of Japan, you view them practically spitting upon the emblem of human redemption;—and solemnly declaring (if the word solemnly can at all be applied to a proceeding which might be characteristic of the cabinet of Hell) that the UNITED STATES IS IN NO MANNER A CHRISTIAN GOVERNMENT!

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