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LIKING AND DISLIKING.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Ye, who know the reason, tell me
How it is that instinct still
Prompts the heart to like—or like not—
At its own capricious will!
Tell me by what hidden magic
Our impressions first are led
Into liking—or disliking—
Oft before a word be said!

Why should smiles sometimes repel us?
Bright eyes turn our feelings cold?
What is it that comes to tell us
"All that glitters is not gold?"
Oh—no feature, plain or striking,
But a power we cannot shun,
Prompts our liking, or disliking,
Ere acquaintance hath begun!

Is it instinct—or some spirit
Which protects us, and controuls
Every impulse we inherit
By some sympathy of souls?
Is it instinct—is it nature?
Or some freak, or fault of chance,
Which our liking—or disliking—
Limits to a single glance?

Like presentiment of danger,
Though the sky no shadow flings;
Or that inner sense, still stranger,
Of unseen, unuttered things!
Is it—oh, can no one tell me,
No one show sufficient cause
Why our likings—and dislikings—
Have their own instinctive laws?

[From the Puritan Recorder.]

TWO HOURS IN A JEWISH SYNAGOGUE.

BY A LADY.

Many of the youthful readers of this paper are aware that the Jews in our country have public worship in their synagogues on their Sabbath, which is our Saturday; but perhaps few of them have ever witnessed their services. Having enjoyed this privilege not long since, would my young friends like to accompany me in a reminiscence of that deeply interesting morning?

"Privilege!" Yes, I said so, and I felt it to be such. The Jews were God's chosen people, and however degraded may be their descendants, they are still the descendants of the nobility of the earth. Prophets, priests and kings grace their genealogy, and they were the divinely appointed medium through which have flowed the loftiest thoughts, the purest and most elevated sentiments, and the most splendid imagery that ever had a resting place in the intellect of man.

Come with me as we enter the busy streets of New York. Leaving its crowded thoroughfare in the heart of the city, let us turn into another street leading to the North River.—We turn once or twice more, and discover at a little distance a building unlike others which surround it. We are not certain it is the Synagogue—let us inquire. Yes, we are right, and there are one or two passing in. We step into the porch; and here, if my young companions are of both sexes, we must separate. No woman is permitted to enter below, the galleries pertaining to them exclusively.

Here we are, in a Jewish Synagogue. The edifice looks modern, and I think has been erected within a few years. The arrangement of the seats below is peculiar, and reminds me of the old country school-house in New England where I learned my letters, and how to make them up into words. There is a broad aisle fifteen or twenty feet wide, passing up the middle of the house. On each side, and facing the aisle, are rows of seats or pews with

narrow aisles between them. In the centre is the desk or pulpit, on a square platform raised two or three feet from the floor, and surrounded with a close railing, with steps next the pews. At the upper end of the broad aisle, there is another narrow platform against the house, and folding-doors seem to hide something from our sight.

The service commences at nine, and continues till eleven. It is now past nine, yet the house is nearly empty. Very few men, and but two women are present when we enter, but others are beginning to come. The priest has commenced reading either prayers or a portion of Scripture, we cannot tell which, as the language is probably the ancient Hebrew, and we have not the ear of the learned. But the tones of his voice—how wild and unearthly! Is it singing, or chanting, or howling, or a combination of all these? There is another priest walking about or sitting near the door, as suits his fancy at the moment. Look! he is taking a pinch of snuff, and nodding and smiling to some fair Jewess in the gallery.—And the reading or howling goes on all the while, and he seems to heed it not.

As the men enter, each one takes from a box under his seat a large white scarf or mantle, with a broad purple stripe across the ends, and these ends are fringed. On the edge worn next the neck a blue ribbon form a border.—The boys have no stripes on their mantles. These mantles are put on with more or less ceremony. Some envelope the hat a moment, (all wore their hats through the entire service, even the priests in the desk,) and slowly and reverently bowing towards the East, carefully adjust them round the neck; others carelessly throw them over the shoulders, and then sit down. How important those fringes seem! They take them up, place them on the eyes, the mouth, the chin, and then pass them around their fingers in a peculiar way. Perhaps you will find an explanation of these borders and fringes in Numbers xv. 37—41. All below have books, and nearly all in the galleries; and all join the priest in reading aloud in the same stinging, unearthly tone, making our ears ache with the harsh and mournful sounds. They rise, kiss the fringes, and bow toward the East frequently. This is to remind them of that loved spot, where

"Throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,
But with dust on her forehead, and chains on her feet."

Again they are all on their feet. A little procession of priests, of whom there are several are proceeding with "slow and measured step" to the narrow platform, all singing or chanting. The folding-doors are drawn back, but a curtain remains. Does it hide their Holy of holies? Now the veil is raised, and the bowing and chanting goes on more vigorously than ever. What object of adoration is kept there? It must be that row of crimson satin bags, standing upright on a narrow table which is now exposed to view. These probably contain the books of the Old Testament, written in parchment. A priest is carefully taking one of these bags with both hands, and they are marching back with it to the desk. The bag is ornamented with gilding, and surmounted with silver bells enclosed in openwork silver cases, which add their light tinkling to the various sounds that fall on our ears. With many ceremonies the priests take the parchment from the bag, and lay it on the desk.—One of the Jews comes up to the desk—the parchment is unrolled, and a certain place is pointed out. The Jew takes the fringe of his mantle, lays it on the designated spot on the parchment, and then reverently kisses the fringe that has touched the holy words, and a portion is read. Then follows a whispered conference between a priest and the Jew. One of my companions whispers, "He is confessing his

sins;" and it does, indeed, look like it. The Jew retires to his seat, and others come up in succession, and the same ceremonies follow. While this is passing, two others in the desk are chanting and taking snuff. There is an old and very poor looking man going up—he has a long beard, a cloth cap on his head, and his mantle in patches; he is dirty, too, and his appearance excites a good deal of merriment in the galleries. Does it arise from his personal appearance, or from his character which is probably well known to them? Once I saw him on the narrow platform, bowing and kissing his fringes. Perhaps he is deranged, though he seems quite as sane as the rest of them.

The sacred book and bag are conveyed back to their resting-place with the same ceremonies that accompanied them to the desk, the whole scene reminding you of some Roman Catholic relic, safely treasured up for the adoration of the deluded votaries of the Papacy. Singing follows, and then a prayer in English almost as unintelligible as the Hebrew, from the tones in which it was uttered; but I heard a petition for the President of these United States. Many are leaving before the service closes. Perhaps 150 or 200 have been present, of whom about one fourth were women. Notice is given that a sermon will be preached the next Sabbath, from which I infer that sermons form no part of their usual service.

We watch them with deep interest as they retire. And these are the children of Abraham, my young friends, but how unlike the noble stock from which they sprung, and with whose history, as delineated on the sacred page, I trust you are familiar! How would these sordid countenances compare with the faces of that noble band who drove the polluted Canaanites from the promised land? My feeble heart longs to vent itself in tears as I contrast these unmeaning forms, this utter want of devotion, with their ancient Temple worship.

"Then rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen."

Perhaps this small assembly constitute the best part of the Jewish population in the city, yet how many among them ever send a thought beyond Chatham Street, where they "buy, and sell, and get gain!" How very few of them look as if they could say, in the language of the poet,

"Blest land of Judea! thrice hallowed of song,
When the holiest of memories, pilgrim-like, throng;
By the shade of thy palms, on the shores of thy sea,
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee."

Yet amid all their degradation, these "tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast" are kept from mingling with those with whom they dwell, fulfilling to this day the prophecy of Balaam, "Lo! the people shall dwell alone, and shall not be reckoned among the nations." And a brighter day is before them. The Holy Spirit will yet rend the veil from their eyes and their hearts, and they shall receive Him whom their fathers crucified as the true Messiah—the fulfiller of all types—the substance of all shadows. Have you ever thought, my young friends when reading the story of the Crucifixion, and that fearful imprecation meet your eye, "His blood be on us, and on our children," what a privilege it was to have pious parents, whose prayers should bring down blessings, instead of curses on your head? Long and gloomy has been the night of unbelief which their fathers invoked on these exiles from the Holy Land—they have been "earth's warning, scoff and shame" and glorious indeed will the Sun of Righteousness appear to them when he shall scatter the darkness, and arise on their unclouded vision with healing in his beams. Then will sweet incense, a purer offering than ever rose from their golden censers, flow upward from every Jewish heart, and the dying prayer of the Re-

deemer, as he hung on Calvary, be fully answered, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Science Confirming the Bible.

The Rev. Dr. Cumming said, at the late annual meeting of the London Missionary Society, another fact is that science has been lately coming to its right mind. Sometime ago, every man who had a smattering of science, discovered among its first axioms, that Genesis was a fable, and christianity a dream. Some peering fool, using a very imperfect telescope, peeped into the sky, and saw vestiges of everybody in the universe, but none of God! Another dug into the bowels of the earth, and brought up beautiful gems and sparkling ores; but upon none of the gems could any one discover the autograph of revelation—on none of the ores the beauty and glory of him who made it. Another person proved that mankind have some half a dozen—or perhaps twelve dozen—original parents, and the notion of our being descended from Adam and Eve was a perfect joke, a mere myth, the vagary of a dotting person called Moses. But what is the now? Lord Rosse, an Irish nobleman, has fact directed his "monster telescope," to the stars, and the vestiges which he saw there, which others supposed to be the vestiges of everybody, have proved to be the footprints of a present God. Another has descended into the bowels of the earth; and instead of geology being found to be in dissonance with christianity, it proved to be one of the strongest evidences of its truth. Others have penetrated into the pyramids of Egypt and mummies have come forth from their sleep of two thousand years; winged bulls and monsters such as we had never conceived, have been dug up by the enterprising Layard, from the ruins of Nineveh; scathed fragments of antiquity have come to us from Herculaneum! and all with one consent declare that God's Word is true—that the big bible has "God for its author, truth for its contents, and everlasting happiness for its blessed and glorious object."

Jerusalem.

Miss Martineau, during her visit to the East, had a view of the Holy City from the top of the mission church, and gives the following description of its appearance:

The extent and handsome appearance of Jerusalem surprised us. The population is said not to exceed 15,000; but the city covers a great extent of ground, from the courts which are enclosed by eastern houses, and the large unoccupied spaces which lie within the walls. The massive stone walls, and substantial character of the buildings, remove every appearance of sordidness, when the place is seen from a height; and the clearness of the atmosphere and the hue of the building material give a clean and cheerful air to the whole according little with the traveller's preconception of the fallen state of Jerusalem. The environs look fertile, except where the Moab mountains rise lofty and bare, but adorned with the heavenly hues belonging to the glorious climate. The minarets glittered against the clear sky; and the arches, marble platforms, and splendid variegated buildings of the mosque of Omar, crowning the heights of Moriah, were very beautiful.

THE LEARNED PROFESSIONS IN NEW-YORK.

There are 1200 lawyers in New-York city, of whom 500 only are estimated to have a paying practice. The estimate of the average income of the three professions, in the tax-list of the State of New-York, is set down as follows: lawyers \$600 a year; physicians and surgeons \$600; clergymen \$348 09. The average income of the clergymen is ascertained; the others, of course are estimated.