

# THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,

## AND NEW BRUNSWICK BAPTIST.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, DECEMBER 18, 1862.

### THE PRESENT CONDITION AND ASPIRATIONS OF THE JEWS.

The *Bristol Times* reports a lecture delivered at the St. Paul Church Missionary Auxiliary Meeting by "The Rev. C. E. Oakley, rector of Wickwar. His subject was the Missionary openings amongst the Bent-Abraham, both Ishmaelites and Jews," and the lecture included the following rapid but picturesque glance of the present condition, social and mental, of the Jews, especially on the Continent and in Africa. He was able to speak with some amount of certainty about both, because within the last four years he had been thrown, in Europe and Africa, among many persons of both these great classes. First as to the Jews, his own conviction and that of those who watched them carefully in Africa and Europe, was that they are fast approaching to a great national change. Wherever of late he had met, the Jew—whether living in Scandinavia, in continental Europe, in England, or on the edge of the great North African seashore, or in the desert of the South—he had always this great feature to mark and distinguish him from the Jew of the past—that he was looking with his face toward Jerusalem, and expecting speedily to return there. Nor was this all. God was bringing the Jew in every part of the world, in a marvellous manner, from the degradation of ages to the very highest positions in society. Take for example the country of revolutions, where the Jew, naturally a man of peace, would be expected to be crushed and trampled down. But in what rank was the Jew found in France? The greatest of their tragedians was *Racine*; the greatest financier, *M. Fould*, was a Jew; *Cremieux*, the prince of advocates, was a Jew; the greatest of Napoleon's marshals was *Soult*, a Jew. Who were guiding the press of France in some of the greatest French papers? They are known to be Hebrews. Who were holding the strings of the monetary power? They were the Rothschilds and other rich Jews. Take, again, that other country without unity except in name. What was the great class in Germany which to-day is making the deepest impression on the mind of the people? They are Jews. Take the Universities of Berlin, Leipzig, how many of the Professors are Jews? Take the three greatest names now influencing the religious opinion of that country, *Stahl*, *Neander*, and *Cappadose*, they are all Jewish names. He spoke with contempt on the way in which the Jew in England had gratified the miserable ambition of sitting in the House of Commons. He was amazed surprised that we, as a great nation, should give him a place there than that the Jew—the descendant of Abraham—should seek to take his seat with the members of the House of Commons. In Africa, the Jew, less brought into contact with European civilization—he had almost said less contaminated with European opinions—was emphatically at this present time rising to greatness. When France gained, in 1830, a new dominion for Europe over the great Libyan land—when, little by little, as men thought, by a strange providence, freedom, national existence, the rights of nations, became trampled down beneath the army of France—when at last there was no other power but that of France dominant on this side of the Atlas, from the frontier of Morocco to where the sea washes the shore of Tunis—what was, after all, the class which benefited by that occupation? That class was the Jew, and from that time they had begun to be great as they are in Europe. A Jew said to the speaker in Algiers in 1859, "I have lived here from a boy, and known many revolutions in the native Governments. I have watched the French Governments under the various conditions of a constitutional monarchy, a republic, and an Empire. I have seen only one stable thing in Africa all this time, and that has been the character of my people. There has been only one fixed ruling idea, perpetually waxing in greatness and increasing in power, the idea pervading our race, that we are soon to become a great nation, and so return to our own land." He (Mr. Oakley) asked him if he carried that out in acts, by assisting with his wealth to send his countrymen back. He replied that many Jews along that seaboard were regularly forming themselves into a community for this very purpose. They were sending their poor brethren to Jerusalem, and laying out their money there before going themselves. He would add a single fact which he told on the authority of a dignitary of the church, from whom he heard it. One of the great Jewish financiers of Europe recently had an interview with the French Emperor. After talking for some time of great monetary speculations, the financier was about to depart, when the Emperor stopped him and said abruptly, "Well, Jew, and when is your nation going back to Palestine?" The Jew, with the quickness of his race, answered, "When your Majesty is prepared to lead them there." The Emperor asked "Is your race prepared to receive me as their Messiah?" To that the Jew gave no answer, but it was a conversation pregnant with much thought. No man who watches the Jew carefully could doubt that he is reading the prophecy of old in a different way from what he had read it for 1800 years. That high pale forehead, that flashing eye, that bushy beard, that curious eternal countenance, which meets the traveller in the pyramids of Egypt, in the tabernacles of Nineveh, the tombs of Babylon, this type of the Jewish mind, these features of the Jewish race, are kindling to a new national life. They are taking to read their own book—the book they have too long neglected—the story of the prophets, which has comforted many of their best men and always been a lifeline to keep the worst from commingling with the world; and they

are reading with curious comments such passages as this, "Lo, the winter is past, and the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear in the earth; the time of the singing of the birds is come." "Arise, saith Jehovah, arise my people and come away." These words he heard at a Synagogue at Algiers before the passover in 1859. He afterwards read them with one of the ablest and most learned Jews of North Africa; and the interpretation and connexion of the words was first suggested to the mind of the Christian hearer by the Jew, who taught him the meaning of the prophecy.

### THE GOSPEL IN MADAGASCAR.

We have already alluded to the intention of the Directors of the London Missionary Society to issue a fresh appeal for £10,000 to meet the urgent claims of the renewed Madagascar Mission. The appeal is based on the interesting details communicated by the Rev. William Ellis, in a letter dated Antananarivo, August 23. Mr. Ellis, after stating that the severe and cruel persecutions to which the Christians were subjected under the reign of the late sovereign destroyed many, imprisoned and tortured others, and drove the rest into exile or concealment, proceeds to depict the gratifying revolution which has taken place under the new monarch, Radama II. He estimates the number of avowed Christians at about 7,000, but they are exercising an increasing influence, and making a deep and salutary impression on the whole community. More than once strangers have been heard to say, "The only real life seems to be among the Christians; they certainly are in earnest."

Next to their own beloved Sovereign, the English seem to be the objects of their joyful and admiring attachment. The long and severe persecution which they have endured has impoverished them greatly, and I have, occasionally had, to relieve actual want; but they decline the educational and religious aid of the Catholic priests, of which there are a number here, and look to us for assistance to supplant their own efforts, with the confidence and hope which the past inspires. The well appointed Mission, and the ample supply of books now on the way, is received by them as an evidence that they will not look to England in vain.

Their most pressing want at the present moment is places of worship. I did not expect such large congregations, and I had, therefore, been led to expect, but, hoping that the increase of their numbers would render churches necessary, and believing that the Christians of Madagascar would ever cherish the memory of those who from among them had joined "the noble army of martyrs," I sent to the King in January last to ask him to reserve the places on which, during the last twenty-six years, the martyrs had suffered, as sites for memorial churches, which should not only be consecrated to the worship and service of that blessed God and Saviour for love of whom they had died, but should serve also to perpetuate through future times the memory of their constancy and faith. The proposal pleased the King and the nobles, and greatly encouraged the Christians. Orders were immediately given that the piece of land should be reserved for that special purpose, and shall be given to us whenever we require it. I have repeatedly visited the places, in company with those who have witnessed the martyr's death, or the near relatives of those who suffered. The Bishop of Mauritius accompanied me to these spots while he was here, and was forcibly struck with their remarkable appropriateness to the purpose for which it is proposed they should be occupied, providing admirably for the accommodation of the inhabitants of the principal portions of the city.

Ambohipotsy (White village so called from the color of the rocky ground), the place where the first martyrs suffered, comprises the remains of an old fortification, and is situated on the southern extremity of the crest of the hill on which Antananarivo stands. The foot of a cross, on which the Christians, as well as ordinary malefactors were crucified, remains; and the transverse piece of wood, to which their hands were nailed, lies on the ground at a little distance; the executioner's spear, bones, blanched by the sun and rain, still lie scattered. The King is building a house not far from the place; other dwellings are rising in that quarter; and but for my early application, the site of the church would have been already occupied. The King informed me, the last time I spoke with him on the subject, that he would assist in building the church there, and he spoke in a manner from which I inferred that he would attend it himself.

Arapimarina (the place of hurling down or casting away), the granite precipice 150 feet high, down which eighteen were thrown in the second great persecution, is the second spot. It is situated on the western side of the hill, near the centre of the city, almost a mile from Ambohipotsy; not far from the palace and the residence of many of the natives. The ground here is occupied, but the King has taken measures for its being vacated whenever we require it, our paying the price of the existing buildings, &c.

The next place, Faravohitra, (the last village), is a spot on the crest of the hill, near its northern extremity, in the midst of a dense population, including a large number of Christians, and near an ancient burial place, covered with rude and massive memorials of the departed. On this spot, in the sight of the whole city, the four nobles were burnt alive, and the bodies of eighteen thrown from the rock were also consumed. When I visited the place in company with the Bishop of Mauritius, we stood and gazed on the prisons in the distance, in which the sufferers had

been confined, on the place where their sentences were read over to them, and where, as they sat together on the ground, bound with chains and encircled by soldiers, they sang their hymn of praise to Christ. We passed up the road along which, surrounded by an excited crowd, they raised their voices in prayer that God would remember them. We stood by the side of the spot—the place itself we felt to be holy ground—on which, when fastened to the stake, they sang—

"There is a blessed land,  
Making most happy  
Never (thence) shall rest depart,  
Nor cause of sorrow come."

Our companions, most of whom had been spectators on that eventful day, and one the brother of a martyr pointed out where the soldiers and the heathen stood around and cried, "Where is Jehovah now?" To which, from the midst of the flames the martyrs answered, "Jehovah is here; He is taking us to a better place." Our companions also showed us the part of the road, a little distant, on which the relatives and associates of the Christians stood, waving their last adieus to their rejoicing friends, who smiled, and lifted up as far as they could, their scorched hands, or burning fragments of dress, to return the salutation. In perfect accordance with this account is the spirit and feeling manifested by survivors when recounting their sufferings. I have sometimes sat as if enchained to the lips of the venerable widow or sister of a martyr, as she has recounted with simple pathos the suffering she has endured; and have been overcome with wonder and admiration at the marvellous power of "the love of Christ shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost given unto them." The Christians especially rejoice in the proposal to raise, as a perpetual memorial of these events, a church consecrated to the worship of the martyrs' God and Saviour.

Ambohipotsy, the next place on which the Christians propose to raise a temple for the service of God, is situated midway between the last two. It has been the scene of much hope and disappointment, suffering and joy. Here the first Christian Church was formed and the Communion celebrated, in May, 1831, when the natives of Madagascar first united with the Missionaries in commemorating the dying love of Christ. After the persecution broke out in 1836, this house of prayer was turned into a prison, in which mingled with wretched criminals, the Christians were confined. This chapel was a prison when I was here, in 1856. King Radama restored it to its original use, and a most attentive congregation of about eight hundred people occupy it every Lord's-day. The people here almost as strong an attachment to this scene of their distress and sorrow, as the spots on which their companions actually died. The site is admirable; being in the midst of a large population, on a sort of rocky terrace, with building materials at hand. Here, also, it is proposed to raise a church.

At Fiaduna, the spot where, during the last persecution, in 1857, twenty-one were stoned to death, it is also proposed to erect a small village church, as a sort of appendage to Ambohipotsy, from which it is not far distant. Three at least of these buildings should be of stone, if all cannot be of that material; they should not be ornamented or showy, but plain, solid, lasting fabrics, corresponding in their style and character with the purpose for which they are raised, and capable of containing 800 or 1000 persons each. So far as I can judge, the cost of these buildings will not be less than £10,000.

### THE NAME.

"And he called his name Jesus."—Matt. i. 25.  
"What is there in a name?" is often asked, where it might as easily be answered—for in the world the power of a name is frequently tremendous; the value set upon a name is sometimes capable of very costly proof; the influence or the dread of names is a power in continual operation, with sometimes a wholesome, oftener a dangerous efficacy.

There may be, and often has been comprehended in a name all that we love or fear, or desire, or pursue, or live for, or would die for if we might. It is told of our English Queen Mary, of no tender-hearted memory, that she was used to say, when she died the name of "Calais" would be found written on her heart. On many a heart, on many a conscience, and on many a brain, names are thus written, though they be not found, visible as the daylight; burnt in with a sunbeam; indelible as the iron-graven rock, so long as life and sense remain—and who knows how much longer? where love and grief, unkindness, injury, terror, and remorse, need nothing for all, but the memory of a single word.

What is there in a name? There is one word in Holy Scripture, which, if we understood its meaning fully, in itself contains the Gospel; and I have sometimes thought that after we have known its meaning, in all its power, and all its preciousness, if every other vestige of the Bible could be withdrawn, and verbally forgotten, faith would have enough to live on in this one word—Jesus. How beautifully has it sometimes sounded in my ear, uttered by childhood, ignorance, or imbecility, compared with the cold eloquence of some oratorical discourse, where the unctious of the Gospel was not. "I cannot pray now," said an aged Christian once to me, while passing through a season of great spiritual darkness and depression, on the bed of sickness, "I can only just say, 'Jesus!'" She knew it was enough, and so did I; we may all know times when we can say no more, and feel no more, and they will not be our worst times. Let us meditate a little, then, upon this Name.

Our gracious Master has many others, and all of

deepest moment to ourselves, of which faith eagerly lays hold in its abundant need, and we feel how merciful the multiplication of them is, to meet our different necessities at different times; the Prophet of our ignorance—the Priest of our insufficiency—the King of our defencelessness—the Immanuel of our earthiness—the Redeemer of our ruined state—we might go through all the names by which we designate the Son of God, and find there is not one that we should like to spare.

If we still feel we love the name of Jesus best, I think it is because it is his human name—and so brings him nearest our love's embrace. In the manhood of Christ we love his deity, no doubt; but there is a doubt if we could love his deity apart from his humanity; perhaps in Immanuel is the only exhibition of deity, a fallen, outcast creature could have been taught to love. His name was not Jesus till he came on earth. Prophets called him Messiah—Herod enquired for Christ—only the inspired father and devoted mother, knew the holy babe of Bethlehem's name was Jesus. Throughout his life on earth we scarcely ever find him called by any other; it was indeed his manhood's only name, as viewed from his deity apart; and none but the few to whom his Father in heaven revealed it, learned at that time the other appellations so familiar to us now. It was his name of obloquy and reproach: "One Jesus, whom his disciples say," &c. It was his name of hatred and persecution: "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest." It was his name of suffering and death: "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews." It was his name of pity, of mercy, of tenderness, and endurance; of sympathy with every sorrow and suffering around him, and patient forgiveness of every injury he received. It was Jesus wept—Jesus was grieved—Jesus had compassion, went about doing good, healed all that came to him of whatsoever diseases they had. It is not Jesus, "this same Jesus" in his risen manhood, as it was taken up to heaven, that every loving and believing heart now throbs to see again, when he shall come in like manner as they saw him go, and the cloud received him out of their sight? We are sure it is the name of triumph and of glory, of exaltation above every name, under which the Son of God and Son of Man shall hereafter reign over all things. "That at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, and things on earth, and things under the earth."

But there is another reason for our preference perhaps the more important in effect—it is the meaning of the Name: "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." The sentence comprises all we want in time and for eternity. Sin is misery, death, destruction; holiness is happiness, life, and immortality. It is not merely said He shall save us from the consequences of our sins—from the punishment of our sins—from all the guilt and forfeiture of sin: much as that might seem, it would avail us little. It is not merely meant that he will not deal with us according to our sins, or reward us according to our iniquities; and will heap benefits and blessings on us, as he does, all guilty as we are, which he has merited, not we; and he, not we, has paid for it. It does not comprehend redemption only, so far as that might mean the buying off of every claim upon us, of forfeiture, of bondage, or of debt; giving us, as it were, to ourselves again to be our own, and live in freedom as we list. If all this had been, or could have been alone, it would not do: sin would remain, and though destruction followed not, it would not signify; sin itself is misery enough; let it only alone, to the unalleviated torment of itself. But to be saved from our sins, in its utmost sense; released from all that sin is, as well as does, and has done, and can ever do against us—Oh! we know we should be happy anywhere! For what is a state of holiness but a state of likeness to God, of participation in his perfectness, his loveliness, his peace, his blessedness. Every corrupt affection gone, within us and around us, we feel we should be happy even now: without taking measure of those added or increased delights, prepared for the gratification of every righteous affection in the world to come. "He is to us righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." This is the comprehensiveness of that sufficient name: "Jesus," for he shall save his people from their sins.

Are there cold hearts that give it no response, hear it without emotion, and speak it without love? have heard and spoken it twenty times to-day, without a single thought, or care, or feeling? We know there are: they do so every Sabbath day, if they be present in the house of God, however they omit it all the week besides. How can it be so? There are several reasons—men do not feel their sins; or do not wish to part with them; or do not believe that Jesus is the Saviour; at least, not the only one. This unconscience, unwillingness, or unbelief, admits of degrees, and so does their indifference. Some bow when they hear it—who do not love the sound: I suppose they feel reverence, but reverence is not love. Some think it is bad taste to use that name—the strangest thought of all—so loved! so precious! talk of God, if you please, but do not mention Jesus. Some love it, of course; mean it, of course; trust in it, of course—they do not say so, or feel so, or teach so—but it is implied, of course. Oh! that shivering, cold, of course—how it strikes to the heart's core, of those that love the Name of Jesus! Possibly, some listen to it with a timid awe. No, no—I do not think they can. It is the only name of deity that has no terror in it.

To them that believe it is precious indeed; and perhaps there is no surer gauge by which to measure our own faith, or the faith of others, as far as we can know it. Blessed are they whose lips grow tremulous with feeling as it passes, on whose ears it reverberates its own sweet song of peace, in whose hearts the repetition of it never fails to awaken the eager throbs of anticipating joy.

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