

The Christian Visitor.

THE OFFICE OF THE
CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
Corner of Prince William and Church Streets
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
REV. I. E. BILL,
Editor and Proprietor.
Address all Communications and Business
Letters to the Editor, Box 194, St. John, N. B.

"Hold fast the form of sound words."—2d Timothy, i. 13.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1865.

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The Christian Visitor
Is emphatically a Newspaper for the Family
It furnishes its readers with the latest intelligence,
RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
Published every THURSDAY, by
BARNES & CO.,
AT THEIR OFFICE,
Corner of Prince William and Church Streets,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
TERMS:—Cash in Advance.
One Copy, for one year, \$2 00
Fifty Copies to one Address, \$1 50
Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
affords an excellent medium for advertising.

CARRIAGE SPRINGS,
MADE TO ORDER!!

C. G. BERRYMAN
takes this method of informing his customers through-
out the Province that he is now prepared
to furnish them with

Elliptic & Side Springs,
OF ANY SIZE OR STYLE,
Wholesale and Retail, at Short Notice!!!

These Springs are made under his own superintendence
by superior workmen, stamped with his own name, and
made of best quality English Spring Steel, so that pur-
chasers may rely upon getting a good article.

In addition to the above, he has on hand about
100 SETS SUPERIOR ENGLISH SPRINGS,
which will be sold at a low figure for Cash.
He would also call the attention of Carriage Makers
to his Stock of

Carriage Builders' Hardware,
WHICH IS THE BEST IN THE CITY, comprising—

Long and Short **BED AXLES**, 1 to 3 inch;
Carriage **BANDS**, in Japan, Brass, and Silver, with open,
closed, and screw Fronts;
American pattern **SHOCK BOLTS**, 1 1/2 to 2 inch;
Sleigh-Shoe and Tire **BOLTS**, all sizes;
Wagon Pipes and Cart Boxes; Round and Steeple-head
RIVETS; Hickory and Oak **SPOKES**, 1 1/2 to 2 inch;
Elastic **HUBS**; Bent **RIMS**, 1 1/2 to 2 inch; Bent **SHOCKS**;
Saw-Teeth; Bent **SHOCKS**; Bent **SHOCKS**;
Bent **SHOCKS**; Bent **SHOCKS**;
Oil Top-Leather, Patent Dasher Leather, &c., &c.

A Complete Assortment of Small Trimmings,
Such as—Tinting Buttons and Nails; Lining Nails; Past-
ing and Sewing Lace, Silver and Japanese Knobs, Whip
Sockets, Apron Hooks and Rings, Footman Holders, Coach
Door Handles and Locks, &c.

A Complete Assortment of Malleable Castings,
ALSO,
OIL CLOTH, GRASS MATS, TIRE BENDERS,
Coach-makers **VICES**, assorted sizes;
TOOLS, OF BEST STAMPS.

These Goods have been laid in to advantage, and can be
sold at unusually low prices.
BARLOW'S CORNER, No. 5 KING STREET
C. G. BERRYMAN.
St. John, Oct. 20, 1864.

THE PHENIX FIRE OFFICE, LONDON
ESTABLISHED IN 1782.
CAPITAL, £5,000,000
Insurance effected at the lowest rates.

J. W. WELDON,
Agent for New Brunswick.
Office—70 1/2, Prince William Street.
St. John, N. B., 12th Feb., 1865.—wv1

GEORGE THOMAS,
Commission Merchant and Ship Broker,
Water Street, St. John, N. B.
Central Fire Insurance Company Agent at St. John.
Dec. 4.

COMMERCIAL SCHOOL,
Charlotte Street, a few doors South St. John Hotel
SAMUEL D. MILLER, Principal.
This Establishment has been removed to Charlotte
Street, a few doors South of the John Hotel. The
School at present consists of Male and Female Depart-
ments, and comprises Classes in almost every department
of a thorough Classical, Mathematical, and Commercial
Education.
The Furniture and Apparatus are all of the most im-
proved modern style; the school Rooms and premises are in-
ferior to none in the City; the system is Classical and
Explanatory. Call and see. Aug. 4.

MRS. HUNT'S
School for Young Ladies.
The Course of Education in this Seminary comprises all
the branches necessary for a thorough and accom-
plished Education. In the several departments the most
competent Teachers are employed.
Board and instruction in English and French, \$200 per
annum.
Daily Pupils, under ten years, \$6 per term.
Over ten years, \$8 per term.
Extra Branches, Drawing, Painting, and Music, usual
prices. Payment, in all cases, in advance. Dec. 4.

CITY OF GLASGOW
LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF GLASGOW.
Incorporated by Act of Parliament.
Governor: The Right Honorable the Earl of Glasgow.
Subscribed Capital, £500,000
Accumulated Fund, £500,000
Annual Revenue, £100,000
WALTER BUCHANAN, of St. Andrew, Esq., M.P., Chairman.
W. F. BIRKENHEAD, Esq., Manager and Actuary.
Half Premium System, without debt or interest.
Endowment Assurances.
Partnership Assurances.
Short Term Assurances.

The City of Glasgow Life Assurance Company was
established in 1805, by special Act of Parliament, since
which it has been conducted with much success for 25 years,
and is attributable not only to the perfect security which
it affords for the due fulfilment of every contract, but like-
wise to the Company's extensive and influential connections
and to the liberality of its dealings.
The Premiums are equitably graduated. The Profits are
distributed with a due regard to the claims of all classes of
Policy-holders.
The last declaration of Bonus was made 20th January,
1864, which is the close of the Company's financial year,
and as a bonus at the rate of one and a half per cent. on the
sums assured was declared for that year. In place of
the surplus being annually divided, the profits will in fu-
ture be accumulated and allocated quarterly. Pol-
icies participate from the date of their issue, but the In-
surance does not terminate until the policy has been in ex-
istence. Rates of Assurance and all other information may
be learned from the Agent, **WILLIAM MACRAE,**
July 18.—wv1y Custom House Building.

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, 92
Lombard Street, London, and Royal Insurance Build-
ing, Liverpool.
Chairman of the London Board—SAMUEL BAKER, Esq.
Chairman in Liverpool—CHARLES TURNER, Esq.
The Royal Insurance Company is one of the largest
Offices in the Kingdom.
At the Annual Meeting held in August 1859, the following
highly satisfactory results were shown:—
Showing an actual increase in the business of 22 per cent. per
annum on the sum assured, and averaged 50 per cent. per
annum on the sum insured, in three years.
The recent returns of duty made by Government for this
latter year (1858) again show the "Royal" as more than
maintaining the ratio of the increase as stated in former years.
Only one among the London insurance offices exhibits an
advance to the extent of one-half the increase of the Com-
pany, while all the others respectively fall short of the
ratio of its advance.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.
The amount of new Life Premiums received this year is
by far the largest received in any similar period since the
commencement of the business, and most far exceed the
average of amount received by the most successful offices
in the Kingdom. The number of policies issued in the year
was 526, the sum assured £2,757,756 8s. and the premium
£122,554 4s. 4d. These figures show a very rapid extension
of the business during the last ten years. Thus—
Years. No. of Policies. Sum Assured. New Premiums.
1848. 100. £25,744 12. £1,324 10
1849. 100. 24,000 11. 1,267 4 7
1850. 422. 131,504 10 8. 5,223 5 0
1851. 408. 161,245 13 8. 4,974 10 0
1852. 708. 297,000 11 8. 8,550 3 11
1853. 822. 397,752 8 8. 12,334 3 4

The remarkable increase in the business of the last four
years is mainly consequent upon the large bonus declared
in 1855, which amounted to no less than 22 per cent. per
annum on the sum assured, and averaged 50 per cent. upon
the premiums paid.

FRANCIS M. DOVE, Manager and Actuary.
All descriptions of property taken at fire rates, and Fire
Losses paid promptly on reasonable proof of loss—without
reference to the Head Establishment.
FRANCIS M. DOVE, Agent for New Brunswick
Princess Street.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

O friends! with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of men I bear.

I trace your lines of argument;
Your logic linked and strong,
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds;
Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground
Ye tread with boldness shod;
I dare not fix with mote and bound
The love and power of God.

Ye praise His justice; even such
His pitying love I deem;
Ye seek a king; I fain would touch
The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbreeds
A world of pain and loss;
I hear our Lord's beatitudes
And pray upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach, within
Myself, alas, I know;
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,
Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,
I veil my eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groans and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin:

Yet in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed star my spirit clings:
I know that God is good!

Not mine to look when cherubim
And seraphs may not see,
But nothing can be good in him
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above;
I know not of His hate—I know
His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess from blessings known,
Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,
And whispering suties I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed he will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronted balms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

O brothers! if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me, that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee!

From the Christian World.

SIR SAMUEL MORTON PETO, BART., M. P.

Not being "up" in genealogies, nor profound
in pedigrees, we are not able to gratify the
curiosity of the reader concerning the progenitors of
Sir Morton Peto; we cannot tell, therefore, whether
Celtic or Saxon, Danish or Norman blood
chiefly circulates through his veins. We know
that a Peto appears on the abiding pages of our
great dramatist, but, probably Sir Morton is not
forward to claim affinity with that "minion of
the moon," though he was the companion of a
Prince, and that Prince "the great hero of Agincourt."
Dr. Johnson says concerning personal
beauty, what we may assert concerning noble an-
cestry, that "only those affect to despise it who do
not happen to possess it," but we also believe,
with the Poet Laureate, that

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And noble deeds than Norman blood."

William, the Conqueror, must have been, in
some sort, a great man, or his shadow would not
have stretched through eight centuries of English
history; but we prefer George Stephenson to the
Norman Duke; we think that "the Battle of the
Battles" was less expensive to England than the
battle of Hastings, and we are prone to believe
that the "navies" of Sir Morton Peto are quite
as notable and praiseworthy pioneers of civiliza-
tion as the "Taillebois" and "Front-de-Boufs,"
who seized and sliced up the broad, fair lands of
the Saxons, under the leadership of the "Bastard
of Falaise." A great politician, who often boasts
that blood far better than Norman flows in his
veins, has told us, from his place in Parliament,
that the nineteenth century is "the age of en-
gineers," and among these there can be little doubt
that he occupies a prominent place, a brief sketch
of whom we are glad to present to our readers
this week.

Sir Morton was born at Woking, in the pre-
scent county of Surrey, in the year 1809, and
therefore, is one year the junior of his esteemed
pastor, the Rev. W. Brock. As it is our duty and
desire to intrude as little as may be upon the
domestic and strictly private affairs of Sir Mor-
ton, we will briefly say that he was married, in
1831, to a lady who bore the now widely-known
name of Mrs. Peto, and that she and her

by name, was born in 1840, and that he contrac-
ted a second marriage with the daughter of Henry
Kelsall, Esquire, of Rochdale, in the year 1843.
The Crimean War, waged ten years ago, has
now passed into the quiet realm of history, and
to most of the youthful readers of this journal is
almost as distant and dim a matter as the "Pen-
insular War" is to their parents; but the writer
of this article, who is not youthful, has not for-
gotten how the heart of all England was pierced
with sorrow as "Our Special Correspondent" of
the Times told of the hardships which our brave
soldiers endured from the lack, not only of the
comforts, but even the necessities of life. Much
of this distress was occasioned by the extreme
badness of the road which led from the port of
Balacava to the British camp before Sebastopol;
it being far more difficult to get the army stores
from Balacava to the camp, than from London
to the Crimea. To remedy this great evil, Mr.
Peto generously undertook to construct a rail-
way upon this wretched road, without any pecu-
niary profit to himself. He did what he desig-
ned; at the end of the war the line, with its
various branches, was thirty-seven miles in length,
and had ten locomotives upon it. In all proba-
bility, those ten steam-engines prevented the
siege of Sebastopol from rivalling that of Troy
in length. They went, whistled, and won; and
the projector of the successful scheme was very
properly allowed to put "Bart." after his name—
one of the social honors which men cannot help
prizing, and which, as they cost those who confer
them not very much, are well termed by Burke,
"the cheap defence of nations."

But Sir Morton is much more than a mere bar-
onet. He is, for example, a very skillful civil
engineer. As such he has constructed more rail-
ways, employed more labour, and circulated more
cash, than any man alive. Among other great
engineering projects carried into effect are the
following—"The Lyons and Mediterranean
Railway, the Western Railway of France, the
Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, including the
tubular bridge, two miles long, over the St. Law-
rence, and which was opened by the Prince of
Wales in 1859; the Danish system of railways,
500 miles in length, railways in Australia, at a
cost of more than a million sterling; the Em-
press Elizabeth line, Austria, and many others."

A lady of our acquaintance once said to her mis-
trix, "Do you pray for Sir Morton Peto?" And
truly a man engaged in such enterprises as those
just mentioned, and who has "seldom less than
30,000 men in his employ" needs many prayers,
that his piety may remain uninjured, that "in-
tegrity and uprightness" may preserve him amidst
such manifold and mighty responsibilities. And
to these are the onerous duties of an active mem-
ber of the House of Commons. If Sir Morton
were merely a silent member of the "House,"
only robbing himself of a nightly three hours'
sleep for six months of the year, he would pay a
good high price for the honour of putting "M. P."
after his name; but when one calls to mind some
of the mental and physical fatigue endured by
him as an active member of the Senate, and
one of its not infrequent speakers, we are amazed
at the amount of work he is able to do. The
sweat of the brain; and, when we are tempt-
ed to envy the fame and influence of our great
men, let us not forget that they earn whatever
they have, and that many of them often feel as
poor as Mozart, who said, "Oh, that I were a
tailor, and could have a Sunday's holiday!"

In politics Sir Morton is, we suppose, "a Whig
and something more." Years ago it used to be
said, "If a member of Parliament wish to vote
properly, let him always vote in opposition to
Sir Robert Peel; and if all the members
would go into the same gallery with Sir Morton
Peto, they would seldom go far wrong. Upon
one great matter many Dissenters do not see
"eye to eye" with the worthy Baronet. "He is
opposed to all further State endowments of reli-
gion, but would not vote for the separation of
Church and State," so that he does not belong
to that strange society of "political Dissenters,"
which, with an income of not more than a few
thousands a year, seems like a spectre in the
pathway of Parliament, frightening many of its
members almost as much as some of the peers of
the "British Solomon" were perturbed, when the
lantern of Guy Fawkes was seen in proximity to
barrels of detonating powder. But the most
timid of Conservatives need not fear Mr. Mill,
and like-minded men. Whatever the English
Parliament neglects, it certainly attends to the
advice of the town clerk of Ephesus, "Do not-
thing rashly;" so that long before the conscript
fathers have agreed to remove the geo-cart of State
support and control, the eldest daughter of the
British Zion will be quite able and willing to
walk alone. It was feared by some that one of
the effects of the Reform Bill would be the in-
troduction of a number of almost penniless ad-
venturers into the House of Commons, who
might either try to create political confusion,
in order to enrich themselves by the spoliation of
the wealthy, or would sell their votes to the high-
est bidder, and make the Parliament as venal as
in the days of Walpole, who is reported to have
said that "every member of the Senate had his
price." These gloomy predictions have not been
fulfilled; the House of Commons was never so
rich as at this time; men like Sir Morton Peto
and Sir Frank Crossley are too wealthy, and find
their time far too valuable for them to become
either the hirelings of the Premier, or the tribu-
nals of the people; indeed, there is scarcely
any position even in the Cabinet which they
could afford to take, for their income probably
exceeds the official stipends of all the Cabinet
Ministers put together.

It is, doubtless, known to most of our readers
that Sir Morton is a Dissenter and a Baptist, but
far enough from being a bigot either in his Non-
conformist or denominational views. We know
a Baptist church which has, or till lately had, the
gift of a church living at its disposal, so that Sir
Morton Peto has a precedent within his own de-
nominational fold for possessing, as he does, the patron-
age of two or three rectories or vicarages, and
doubtless, he will use his church patronage quite
as conscientiously as the late Lord Eldon him-
self, that famous champion of the English Church,
who scarcely attended its services fifty times
in as many years, and who, when asked how he
could be so lax a worshipper in the Church
which he so well defended, replied, "I am like a
battress, I support the Church from the outside."
Sir Morton is not content to support his Church
in that strange style; being intimately identified
with all its operations, and labouring through-
out to promote the spiritual welfare of men
both at home and abroad. The flourishing church
and congregation worshipping in Bloomsbury
Chapel, under the able ministry of the Rev. Wm.
Brock, owes a debt of gratitude to the excellent
baronet for his great pecuniary liberality in the
erection of their noble place of worship, in the
sustenance of their numerous educational and
evangelical societies, and for discharging among
them in so exemplary a manner the duties of one
of the elders and deacons of their church. Nei-

ther must we leave unmentioned the great spiri-
tual success which has attended the efforts of Sir
Morton to establish a Christian church in Reg-
ent's Park, now under the pastoral care of that
talented minister, the Rev. W. Landels, and
whose labours have, through the Divine blessing,
accomplished a large amount of good. We may
also add that Sir Morton has been instrumental
in the erection of at least another place of wor-
ship in London, now occupied by the Rev. J. A.
Spurgeon, brother of the pastor of the Metro-
politan Tabernacle. We are happy also to record
the fact that Sir Morton is the treasurer of the
Baptist Missionary Society, which has the honor
of being the oldest, we believe, of the great mo-
dern institutions for the conversion of the heath-
en, and which, through its income is comparati-
vely small, has accomplished an amount of
spiritual good not easy to estimate. We are sure
that Sir Morton reckons it an honour to take an
active part in the management of a society which
has numbered Andrew Fuller among its secreta-
ries, and such men as Carey, Marshman, and
Knobb, among its missionaries.

Of course such a man as Sir Morton would not
be backward to obey the Apostolic injunction to be
"given to hospitality," and all know that the
hearts of many of Christ's ministers have been
refreshed by the domestic kindness they have re-
ceived at his hands; that multitudes of good
men have received most kind and timely help
from his liberal purse; and those pleasant, profit-
able meetings of ministers at his mansion will
not soon be forgotten, which were held for prayer
and converse upon the things "concerning the
kingdom of God."

We have now occupied the space allotted to this
brief sketch; it has been to us a labour of
love to speak of one who, with the love of Christ
in his heart, has, "through evil report and good
report," identified himself with those in spiri-
tual communion and effort, who are not accus-
tomed to receive over many smiles from statesmen
and millionaires. May the Divine blessing continue
to rest richly upon him and all dear to him, that,
while they are privileged to partake of very many
temporal blessings, their hopes may be firmly
fixed upon that world whose honor will never be
dimmed by death, and whose happiness will
never be diminished by sorrow and by sin!

THE JEWS OF PALESTINE.

The Jews of Palestine number about twelve
thousand. With the exception of a few families
in Joppa, Acre, and Haifa, and one or two other
towns, they reside in their four "holy cities,"—
Jerusalem, Hebron, Tiberias, and Safed. They
are all foreigners. Some of the families, it is
true, have been resident in one or other of the
holy cities for several generations; but they have
no interest in the country; they have no voice
in its government; they possess no real prop-
erty, and they can possess none—they are simply
tolerated, permitted to live and nothing more.
With a very few exceptions they are poor, and
supported mainly by the charity of their breth-
ren.

Why did you leave your far distant home
To come to this land of ruin and oppression?
I once said to a Polish Jew whom I met wandering
among the tombs on the side of Olivet. He was
an old man, frail, careworn, and manifestly in
the deepest poverty; and yet there was an indescri-
bable something—an air, a refinement, in manner
and appearance, showing that he had seen better
days.

"Why did I leave my home? you ask. That,"
(pointing up to Jerusalem,) "that is my home,
it is the only home of the Israelite. And why
should I not come home to die? Why should I
not come from far to lay my bones in holy ground,
beneath the shadow of the House of God, in this
sacred valley?"

"God is everywhere," I replied, "the souls
and bodies of his people are in his keeping in all
parts of the world."
"True! But 'the Lord loveth the gates of
Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob.' This
is Zion. Here shall I dwell, and here shall I be
buried in the place that the God of my father
loves."

"But Zion is now in the hands of the infidel.
The site of the False Prophet, as you see up
there, occupies the site of your Temple. You
are not even permitted to approach that place
where your fathers worshipped a present God.
All around you there is desolation. These are
marks of God's anger. Why then do you sup-
pose that he still loves this place, and why do you
come to it?"

"I see it," he cried, "I see it. Our sins have
brought all this upon the land. For sin my fa-
thers were driven out, and the infidel was per-
mitted to triumph. When we repent, however,
the God of Abraham will bring us back, and drive
out the infidel."

"Then why not repent now?" I said, "why
not inquire into the nature of your national sins,
that you may really repent and turn from them?
Would you not be better employed in instructing
the ignorant, warning the careless, repressing the
wicked among your brethren, than wasting time
here in vain outbursts of sorrow?"

"Holy father Abraham," he muttered in a
language he thought I did not understand, "give
me patience to bear with this Nazarene." Then,
after a brief pause, he said: "Am I not laboring
for my brethren here? Is not it to pray for the
deliverance of my nation I have come to the Holy
City? Yes, here—in poverty and wretched-
ness I weep and pray for them."

He paused. He clasped his trembling hands,
and turning his eyes with a look of intense affec-
tion towards the summit of Moriah, he burst into
a passionate exclamation, forgetful apparently
of all around him:

"God of my fathers, Abraham, Isaac and Ja-
cob, thou knowest how I pray for my people!
Thou knowest how in dust and ashes I mourn
over their sins! Thou knowest how with tears I
bathe these dishonored stones of thy Temple—
pleading daily for the outcast! How long! How
long! Turn us, O God of our salvation, and cause
thine anger towards us to cease!"

I pitied, and yet I admired that old man. There
was so much earnestness in his look, so much
of deep thoughtfulness in voice and language,
so much too of noble self-denying patriotism in
act and sentiment, that I thought him one of
the finest examples of religious zeal and enthusiasm
I had ever seen. True, it was ignorant zeal, and
misguided enthusiasm; but it showed what a
blessing to the Church and to the world the Jew
might become if enlightened by gospel truth,
and inspired by divine grace. It seemed like a
living illustration of the depth of meaning em-
bodied in the words of the great apostle: "If the
casting away of them be the reconciling of the
world, what shall the receiving be but life from
the dead?" (Rom. xi. 15.)

He stood long, wrapped in deep thought. I did
not disturb him; but when he turned to go away,
I said,—
"You seem to love your brethren almost
as much as you love the Holy City."

"God is my witness," he replied with emotion,
"that my heart is full of their sins and their sor-
rows."
"I love Israel too, and I pray daily and ear-
nestly for their welfare."

"You!" he exclaimed, turning upon me a
searching glance, and giving as I imagined, to his
deep voice somewhat of a scornful tone, "You
are a Christian. Christians have been the ene-
mies of my people for eighteen centuries. They
have reviled, oppressed and robbed us. They
have refused us the common rights of men.
They have hunted us like wild beasts. Christians
do not love—they hate us!"

"You are entirely mistaken, my dear sir," I
replied, with gentle earnestness, "All Christians
are not alike. The Protestant Christians of Eng-
land are different from the Christians of Spain,
Italy or Russia. They desire to promote your
welfare and shield you from wrong; and their
efforts have been more than once successful in this
very country."

"I state the truth—the solemn, bitter truth,"
he continued with some asperity; "all Christians
are the same at heart. In Spain they robbed us
and drove us from the kingdom; in Rome they
shut us up in the filthy, pestiferous Ghetto; in
England you love our moneys and bow to our fi-
nancial influence, while you revile our faith, and
make our very name a term of contempt."

In vain I tried to reason with him. They will
not be persuaded. Some of the leading Jews in
England and Germany have more enlightened
views; but they are infidels in heart and practice.
The thoroughly conscientious Jew holds that re-
ligion is national. To profess the faith is to be-
long to the nation. The two are inseparable—
they are identical. Impressed themselves with
this belief, they judge of Christianity accord-
ingly. They look upon all Christians as holding
the same fundamental principles, though slightly
differing in form; and hence they believe that
all are animated by the same bitter hostility to
the Jews, though policy may for a time prevent
some from exhibiting it.—Prof. Porter.

DEATH BETTER THAN LIFE.

I went to call unexpectedly upon a friend one
pleasant afternoon. She was at home, and I
entered; but as I crossed the threshold a most un-
pleasant sound, between a laugh and a groan,
greeted my ears, and I saw a hasty expression of
acute anguish contract my friend's features. It
was gone in a moment; but the passing shadow
had given me the opportunity to read her heart,
and I read of a wearing grief, long concealed, and
therefore the more wearisome and wasting. It
was not long before, in seeking tenderly to comfort
the troubled heart, I learned the cause of that
anxious and pained look. Her only son, now
grown to man's estate, was a hopeless idiot. As
a child, the defect had been unnoticed, and it
was not until the fond parents began to expect
the development of the mind, that anything
seemed lacking; and then, year by year, the truth
dawned upon them, each passing year bringing a
fresh effort, till hope yielded to despair. Her
sought to conceal their grief and its cause from
all. They could not send him away, for long
solicitude had begotten a love so deep and tender
it could not brook a separation. So he lived in
a retired portion of the house, and was not seen by
any from without. But their hearts were sore
within them; for a living grief is a wound that
will not heal, and nothing but death, that so often
brings anguish, will ever bring them peace.
When these vacant eyes are closed, and that
grating voice is hushed forever, then the weary
will be at rest.

Some time after this visit, my duty led me to
a house of mourning. The angel of death had
entered a happy home, and torn away the bright-
est, and fairest, and youngest of the little ones,
a darling girl. The loved form had been laid in
the churchyard, and already the white little stone
was placed at the head of a short green mound,
and children's hands had planted violets and
mignonette around the grave. Almost every
pleasant afternoon they strayed over to the
church yard, and sitting there talked with a
serious mingling of childish lightness and solemn-
ity of their little sister in heaven; and the
parents coming now and then, would find them
and learn a lesson of cheerfulness and resigna-
tion to a heavenly Father's will, from their
children's looks and words, as they sat around
their sister's grave. So, when I entered the
house, I found that the ministers of consolation
had come before me, and that childish prattle
had taught the lessons of affliction better than I
could have done to the bereaved hearts. Then
said I, in my heart, as I walked home thought-
fully pondering and contrasting: "Truly, God's
ways are not our ways; yet better is a buried
sorrow than our living grief."—N. Y. Observer.

UNCLE JERRY.

BY JOHN TODD, D. D.

There are some men who seem by general con-
sent "elected" to be "Uncle" to a whole neigh-
borhood. Why it is that they receive this title,
is what I do not know. Perhaps because they are
too old for a younger title, and not gentle
enough and loving enough to be called "Father."
Be it as it may, old Jeremiah Slow was known
by the title of "Uncle Jerry," as long as I can
remember. He had many traits of character pec-
uliar to himself, as every man has; but I am to
confine myself to his moral character.

Now, you must know that "Uncle Jerry"
lived in a corner of the town, full four and a half
miles from the centre and from the house of wor-
ship. For sixty years he had lived in the same
house, slept