The Colonial Herald.

THE BISHOP OF JERUSALEM.

(From the Christian Lady's Magazine.)

As the public may not be generally acquainted with the circumstances which led to the formation of the Bishopric of Jerusalem, we hope the following particulars may not be uninteresting.

A Christian King, Frederick, of Prussia, who had shortly before, on coming to the Throne, publicly devoted himself and people to the service of the Most High God, grieved at the broken and diminished state of the Church of Christ throughout the world, conceived a plan for combining and consolidating Christian Churches in one bond of union and effective co-operation. Too well read in Scripture to expect that any spot save Jerusalem could in these latter days be approved of by the Lord for such a purpose, he at once makes his proposition to England, not saying if you will guarantee me such aid I will contribute to the needful fund, but beginning by setting apart a princely donation to the work.—England, by God's mercy, receives the proposition well—woe to her, had she done otherwise. It is well known how wonderfully events combined to facilitate the movements, yet how noiseless it was, how like a deep ocean wave it rolled quietly along, not ruffling the surface nor emitting a sound as it obeyed the mighty impulse of a hand unseen.—The Prussian King had placed most prominently forward the condition of the Jews, and made their spiritual well-being a primary concern; acting upon this, the noble Englishmen who were moved of God to put their hands to the work looked about them, and they found in Professor Alexander one suited to the high and holy office, a Jew by birth, who had by the instrumentality of the Rev. B. Golding been led to the fold of Christ: a pupil in the Hebrew language, he became his master's teacher, and exhibited to him, Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write, and after much anxious labour, he had stood beside him at the baptismal font. He could recall the day when with hat on his head and arms extended, and with the veil upon his heart, the Jewish Reader of the Synagogue delivered portions of the law to his equally blinded people,—he could also retrace the exceedingly difficult and painful steps of his early Christian course; for no common trials were his,—he could, with all these reminiscences vividly on his mind, look on the Bishop of Jerusalem, and bless the Lord with joy unspeakable for the stupendous results of his early believing labours.

It was on the Lord's day, Sunday, the Seventh of November, 1841, that we repaired to the ancient Palace of Lambeth, to witness the consecration of a Bishop in the true Church of Christ, an event of no very unfrequent occurrence, yet such an event that the world had not seen for seventeen centuries, inasmuch as the Chief Pastor to be solemnly appointed was a Jew, and the Church of God over which the Holy Ghost made him overseer was at Jerusalem; yes, before our eves was the Lord about to turn again the captivity of Zion, to raise from the dust the Virgin Daughter of Jerusalem, and to betroth once more to himself in righteousness his repentant Judah, to lift up a Standard for the calling together again of the scattered Tribes of Israel.—We were very early: we paced the chequered floor of the elegant unadorned Chapel, so soon to be the scene of a glorious deed, and our hearts bounded when we espied, folded in its linen covering, the royal mandate by which authority was given to appoint a Bishop over Jerusalem. Then in a waiting room we watched the arrival of the rejoicing few who were to share with us the privilege, and deep and heartfelt was the joy with which friends who had joined in prayer and encouraged one another to labour, and against hope believed in hope, that God would ere long arise and have mercy on Zion, now clasped hands that trembled with emotion, and looked the thankful gratulations which they had scarcely voice to utter. There was Mr. Grimshawe, who, a few months before, was cheering the hearts of an immense concourse of friends of Israel at Liverpool, by the recital of his recent tour in the Holy Land, and the hope held out by Mehemet Ali that he would facilitate the return of the Jews, and then we knew that in some way the Lord would bring them under the teaching of the Gospel, and gather them into his fold. But not for a blood-stained Pagan tyrant was the glory reserved of ever opening a way for their return.—No—England, favoured England, was chosen for the work, led on to it by the most Christian King that ever shed lustre on the Crown he wore. Prussia and England take the lead—Prussia first; "For," saith the Lord, "them that honor me, I will honor," and never, perhaps, was the Lord so singularly honoured by the public, unreserved devotion of a Royal servant to his name and cause as at the inauguration of Frederick. We were summoned to the Chapel; the service proceeded as far as the end of the morning prayers; and then it was a beautiful sight to see the truly venerable Archbishop advancing to the eastern end, where he sat enthroned within the veils of the communion table, while his two Chaplains stood near, and around were seated the Bishops of London, Rochester, and New Zealand. After the Nicene Creed, the great business of the day and age commenced. In one of the stalls, undistinguished, save by the simple clerical gown and bands that he wore, sat a clergyman, whose calm countenance indicated a mind at peace, free from the agitation of self-seeking anxiety, the flush of pride, or the flurry of ambition. None but his personal friends would have recognised in him the object of every heart's emotion, but for the intense feelings that wrought in the sweet countenance of the young Missionary Bishop of New Zealand, when, selecting an Epistle rarely read at a consecration on account of its length, he gave, with unspeakable effect, Paul's address to the Ephesian Church, Acts, xx. 17—35; and when reading that touching appeal of the Apostle, "I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel; yea, ye yourselves know that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me," he fixed such a gaze of affectionate testimony on the dear brother to whom the words were so remarkably applicable, that no one could avoid following the direction of his eye. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. M'Caul, from Isaiah liii. 7; the discourse was masterly,—first answering the puerile or malignant objections raised against this work of God, then setting forth boldly and broadly the sure promises of the Lord—the coming glory of Israel. This done, two officers of the chapel led into the vestry the honoured servant of Jehovah, and a movement was perceptible in the whole congregation; not a change of place or of position scarcely; but an evident thrill of joyous, yet awe-struck, expectation. There were men there who had hazarded their lives among foreign and strange people, in Africa, in Arabia, all over the globe, seeking out the lost sheep of Israel, over whom God was now appointing a shepherd. There was the representative of the beloved King of Prussia, he to whom the mighty plan of his royal friend was unreservedly committed, and who, with the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost, and knowing thathe could do all things through Christ who strengthened him, had, in four months' time, achieved this magnificent work. Beside him was one whom the King of Kings delighteth to honor, a representative of the Aristocracy of England, one who had declined the highest honours that could be put on a subject, rather than incur the possibility of fettering himself in his unwearied movements of benevolence, or compromising, even by implicaton, that cause to which he had wholly given himself, "To deliver the needy when he crieth: the poor also, and him that had no helper." There they stood together, the Chevalier Bunsen and Lord Ashely: to the Lord was known what they had achieved, for his sake: and from the Lord they received the fulness of that hour of joy; and now from the vestry came the Pastor of Israel, habited in a coarse, scanty surplice—such at least it appeared in contrast to the full robes of the Bishops. He was conducted outside the railing opposite the Archbishop, at whose desire the Judge of the Ecclesiastical Court read aloud the Queen's mandate; and by it, the Reverend Michael Solomon Alexander was appointed Bishop in the Anglican Church, over Syria, Chaldea, Egypt, and Abbyssinia, a diocese that embraces every foot of ground guaranteed of God to Abraham. This being read, and the oath taken which binds Israel evermore in aliance with us against all Foreign Powers, the Litany and other prayers were fervently repeated by the Archbishop, the prescribed questions asked and answered; the elect Bishop once more retired.—There was a deep silence, and some of us even trembled lest any interuption might occur to stay the act which seemed too great to realise. Satan, who had, with unexampled energy, striven to prevent, might, in some way, have permision yet to retard it, for the further trial of our faith. But the time to favour Zion, yea, the set time, was full come, and in a few moments our souls were gladdend by the re-appearance of our elder brother, richly robed in the habiliments of his office; preceded by the silver crosier, and conducted to the same place where he had knelt before, and where he again kneeled, while the Achbishop, visibly trembling with deep emotion, led the fine invocation, "Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire," and a prayer that was certainly breathed from his inmost soul, and to which a universal "Amen" responded through the building; he then advanced to the railing and laid his hands on the head of his Hebrew Brother:—the Bishop of London on his right; Rochester and New Zealand on the left,—all with their hands pressedon the head of the Jew.—Blessed be the name of the Lord! the reproach of his people is taken away:—the word Jew is no longer a scoff and a taunt, as it was once, among all nations and people;—high indeed is its honour *now*. A Jew is Chief Ruler of the Church of Christ in Jerusalem, and Jerusalem is the City of our God—the Metropolis of the World! There was much in the spectacle, apart from the individual characters of those who joined to form it: for never was a more striking expression of love and devotion beheld than that which beamed on the faces of the Gentile Prelates, as by the Imposition of hands and the prayer of their hearts they restored to the representative of the House of Jacob the honours reft from them for seventeen centuries. One of the most beautiful things in our Church Services is the address on delivering a Bible to a Bishop; it was exquisitely spoken by the aged Primate, and when he came to the words, "Bring again the Outcasts," hegave an emphasis to them, which spoke to every heat, pausing as if overcome by the magnitude of the meaning he evidently attached to them. From first to last, the sun had shone with most steady brilliancy; not for one moment had its bright ray been withdrawn: well migh the light of the sun be clear, when the Lord was binding up the heart of his dear people: yea, he who weptover Jerusalem, refusing to be gathered, and who was compelled, in his just wrath, to smite her, surely he rejoiced in the breaking forth of his purposes of mercy to Zion; and, before the month of November closed, we were called upon to witness the departure of Jerusalem's returning exiles, over whom the British flag waved gallantly, waved proudly, amid the rigging of a noble English Frigate—a Queen's ship—one of the legitimate walls of old England; and the deck beneath was paced by Jews,—the first fruits of Zion's coming harvest—the vanguard of Israel's advancing army,—and as we received the parting blessing of Israel's Chief Pastor, and looked upon the happy groups that crowded her deck, and saw the flag of England flowing, glancing, in its bright red light above them, our hearts revelled in thecertainty of God's coming blessing to our own land, and every doubt was absorbed in that one conviction, "The ships of Tarshish first." The Archbishops of York and Canterbury are trustees of the Endowment Fund for Jerusalem, and we hope that a willing mind may be given to our beloved Hebrew Bishop and that he will take possession of his unspeakably important office suitably provided for; for, rely upon it, the calls upon his hospitality will be immensely great, and, for the honour of the Church that is privileged to send him out, let him be enabled to meet them. Let those who can spare a pound, give that pound,—those who can only afford a shilling, give that shilling; for *rely* upon it, that God—the God of Abraham—will be no more man's debtor;—with rich interest he will repay the loan advanced for this glorious purpose, and we must also remember that it is written, concerning Israel, "The nation and the kingdom that will not serve thee, shall perish," and we may hope the inference is, that the nation that does serve her shall not utterly perish.

JERUSALEM, January 27.—*Arrival of the Protestant Bishop in Palestine.*—The entry of the Bishop of Palestine into the City of David was marked by as favourable circumstances as could possibly have been anticipated by the most sanguine friends of Protestant missions in the East.

On the morning of the 20th instant, our little community was much excited by the arrival of a messenger from Jaffa, with the intelligence that the British Consul-General and Bishop Alexander had arrived off that port in a steam-frigate, and might be expected in Jerusalem on the following day.—Mr. Nicolayson, a highly respectable and talented Holstein Danish gentleman, who is now a clergyman of the Church of England, and the head of the missions for promoting Christianity among the Jews at Jerusalem, immediately started to meet them. The rencontre took place at Ramleh, the Ramah of Scripture, (still a considerable town), where the Bishop, the Consul-General, and a numerous suite, halted to pass the night. The Bishop took up his quarters at the house of the American Consul, the wealthiest Christian in the place, and the Consul-General, with several officers of the Devastation steam-frigate, alighted at the Armenian Convent.

On the following day they made their entry into our ancient capital, in a procession which will be remembered by those who saw it to the latest day of their lives. When within five miles of the gates, they were joined by the few British and American residents on horseback, headed by Mr. Proconsul Johns, who is architect of the intended church, as well as *locum tenens* of Mr. Young. On approaching the town, the cavalcade, which already consisting of fifty or sixty persons, was swollen by the junction of the Bey, second in command of the troops, who, accompanied by a guard of honour, and the Janissaries of the Pasha, had been sent out to compliment Col Rose, on his arrival, while all the loungers of Jerusalem turned out for the occasion. Not the least interesting object in the throng was Mrs. Alexander, the fair partner of the right rev. prelate. Being *enceinte*, it had been considered by the physician of the mission unadvisable for her to attempt the journey on horseback. Accordingly, a large taterwan or Oriental litter was constructed, which, supported before and behind by stout mules, conveyed Mrs. Alexander and the younger portion of her family over the rocky and precipitous tracks which led from Jaffa to Jerusalem.

The throng passed on, and the scene which ensued at the Bethlehem-gate, by which it entered the town, baffles all description; on the one side were the gray massive battlements and picturesque towers of Jerusalem —no mean specimen of the solidity with which Sultan Suleyman fortified the conquests of his predecessor, Selim; and on the other was the vale that leads to Bethlehem, now rugged and now undulated, with all its light and shade softened in the approaching twilight; while the dark and singularly even and unpeaked line of the mountains of Moab, beyond the Dead Sea, walled in the prospect. The wildly-accoutred and unearthly-looking Bedouin irregulars, who had been playing the djeered, and gamboling round the procession at the full speed of their desert horses, contented themselves with firing off their muskets, being now hemmed in by the motley throng of citizens and fellaheen—Mussulmans in their furred pelisses and well-folded turbans, down to the filthy old Polish Jew, in the last stage of wilful hydrophobia.

After acknowledging the presentation of arms at the Bethlehem gate, the party moved on towards the house of Mr. Nicolayson, and just as the new comers turned their heads to admire the Titan-like masonry of the tower of Hippicus, which dates from the days of Herod the Tetrarch, the guns thundered forth the salute for the eve of the Courban Bairam. Thus, by an odd chance, the Protestant Bishop made his public entry into one of the four holy cities of Islam (the others are Mecca, Medina, and Damascus,) on the occasion of one of the greatest festivals in the Mahommedan religion. Colonel Rose descended at the Spanish convent of Terra Santo. Dr. Alexander took up his quarters temporarily with Mr. Nicolayson, his own residence, which is upon the Pool of Hezekiah, being as yet unfurnished.

On the 22d, Colonel Rose, Dr. Alexander, and a large party, inspected the intended site of the new church. It will be built upon the most elevated part of the City; the body of the church will be Gothic, and the towers in the style of Mosque minarets, which accords admirably both with the church itself and with the other public edifices of the city, for Gothic and Saracenic are the two twin daughters of the Byzantine style. The bishop's residence will be Elizabethan. The stone necessary for the edifices will be procured from the Mount of Olives.

In the afternoon of the same day, Colonel Rose presented Dr. Alexander to Tahir Pasha, who, as I have understood, received him with great politeness. Of course, it would be an illusion to suppose that this reception proceeded from any sympathy with the objects of the mission on the part of the Turkish authorities.

On the 23d, the bishop preached his introductory sermon, choosing for his text Isaiah, chapter 60, and verse 15:—"Whereas thou (alluding to Jerusalem and the Jews) hast been forsaken and hated, so that no man went through thee, I will make thee an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations." The tendency of the right rev. prelate's discourse was to show that, although Jerusalem had endured, and might still endure, much suffering in the fulfilment of inspired prophecy, nevertheless brighter days were at hand.

In conclusion, we sincerely and heartily wish the fullest success to attend the worthy individuals who compose this mission. It cannot be disguised that these individuals have a severe ordeal of groundless calumny, intrigue, jealousy, and opposition to go through. Even a few days before their arrival cock and bull stories had been circulated about the decline of English influence; they were, however, silenced on perceiving that Col. Rose paid his state visit to the pasha on the 26th; he was received with honours paid only to persons of the highest rank, a guard of 100 grenadiers having presented arms when he left the palace.

The mission is sure of the firm support of the British Government and the British ambassador at the Porte. As regards Syria, the Consul-General has lent all the force of his official authority, personal influence, and popularity, to set the undertaking afloat, while the mild and benevolent character of the bishop, and the sound practical sense and valuable local experience of his coadjutor, Mr. Nicolayson, are sure guarantees that caution, charity, and reconciliation, preside at all their efforts.

FLIRTING.—It is too frequently the practice of young ladies, by way teazing their lovers, for fun, as they term it, to laugh and flirt with other men. How many have parted from circumstances like this?—Many who were attached to each other, who could, in all probability would, have made each other happy: and for the gratification of an idle and reprehensible whim many a female has lost her position in the heart of him she really loved. There is a species of amusement in which boys in the country indulge; they insert a pin through a cockchafer, to which they have given the name of a spinner, and watch its frantic and agonized gyrations with the most exquisite enjoyment; they call it fun, but let the ladies answer whether, if that cockchafer could live after it had been subjected to such torment, and had thoughts and perceptions such as we have, it would regard with eyes of admiration, or a heart disposed to affection, those who have so tormented it; or whether, having suffered from their fun, it could ever place dependence on the inflictors, however kindly they might subsequently act; they have inflicted the pain once: what security is there that they will not again? And so do men feel towards women who have passed the barb through their heart, and found pleasure, at least *fun*, in perceiving the agony edured during the exercise of their pleasantry. Did ever any woman find a man who loved her enough to be jealous, repose the same confidence in her which he had previous to her attempts to create doubts in him? Let woman understand that if it be worth while to have a man's affections, there is no fun on earth worth while to shake his entire faith in her.

COLOUR OF THE AIR.—When we look at the sky on a clear day, it appears like a light blue arch set over our head, and seen through the (supposed) invisible substance called air. But this is not the case; there is no blue dome above us, and when the sky is viewed from any elevated region of the earth, as the top of a high mountain or in a balloon, and where we should expect that this supposed blue vault would be more distinct, and manifest its blue tint more decidedly, it appears not more blue, but dark or black. In proportion as the spectator rises above the surface of the earth, *and has less air above him, and that very rare*, the blue tint gradually disappears; and if he could attain a height at which there is *no air*, the sky would be perfectly black, there would be total darkness all around, except in the direction in which the sun's rays fall upon him. This leads to the inference, that *the air itself is of a blue colour.* But how does it happen that we see this blue colour of the air only when we look at the sky, or at a distant mountain or forest? Why is the blue colour not seen in the air surrounding us, when we look towards a house or wall not so far removed from us, or even in the air in a room, or in the air contained in what we call an empty glass vessel? A very simple experiment will explain the reason of this apparent anomaly. If we take any large glass vessel which contains a liquid of a deep colour, and have several glass tubes of different diameters, from an inch to a 10th or 20th of an inch, and fill these tubes with liquid out of the large vessel; though we have the same liquid in all, and hence, in all, the matter which causes the colour, it will be seen that the tint will become gradually more faint in proportion as the diameter of the tube is less, until, in the smallest, the liquid is clear and colourless like water. The intensity of the colour is just in proportion to the mass at which the spectator looks, and a very small quantity of that which, in large quantities, has a strong colour, does not present any colour at all, and thus, though the great body of air, which is opposed to us, when we look at a clear sky or any distant object, transmits a sufficient quantity of blue rays to produce an impression of that colour on the eye, the small quantity in a glass, in a room, or even within the compass of a few miles, cannot convey enough of blue rays to produce the colour which the air manifests in a large body.—*Chambers.*

INFLUENCE OF COLD ON LONGEVITY.—Cold climate appears to be favourable to longevity. In Norway, of 6,927 who were buried in 1761, 53 had lived to the age of 100; and in Russia, out of 626,272 who died in 1801, 218 were of this age, and 220 above it, of whom four are said to have been above 130 years old. In the diocese of Aggherus, in Norway, there existed, in the year 1763, 150 couples who had lived together upwards of 80 years. Excessive cold, however, is prejudicial to long life: in Iceland and Siberia, men attain, at the utmost, to the ages only of 60 or 70. Temperate climates are, however, most conducive to health and long life. There the human frame is most complete, the body more vigorous, the mind best formed, the passions best regulated, the man in every respect reaches, when well governed, the highest amount of perfection. The districts of Arcadia, Ætolia, and other parts of Greece, were celebrated for longevity. More old men are to be found in mountains and elevated situations than in plains and low countries.

THE BISON.—A singular and affecting trait is recorded of the bison when young. Whenever a cow bison falls by the hand of a hunter, and happens to have a calf, the helpless creature, instead of attempting to escape, stays by its fallen dam, with many expressions of strong affection. The mother being secured, the hunter makes no attempt on the calf, because this is unnecessary, but proceeds to cut up the carcass; and then, laying it on his horse, he returns home, *followed* by the young one, which thus instinctively accompanies the remains of its parent.—A hunter once rode into the town of Cincinnati, between the Miames, followed in this manner by three calves, all of which had just lost their dams.

THE PHYSICIAN'S CANE.—It was formerly the practice among Physicians to use a cane with a hollow head—the top of which was of gold, pierced with holes, like a pepper box. This top contained a small quantity of aromatic powder, or of snuff, and on entering a house or room where a disease, supposed to be infectious, prevailed, the Doctor would strike his cane on the floor, to agitate the powder, and then apply it to his nose. Hence all the old prints of physicians represent them with canes at their noses.

SUNDAY TRAVELLING.—*Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway.*—At the half-yearly meeting of the shareholders of this Railway, held lately, the shareholders constituted themselves into a special meeting for the consideration of the question of running trains on the Sunday, when the following division took place:—

	SHARES.	VOTERS.
For Sunday trains - -	7,589	1,219
Against ditto - - - -	3,476	648
Majority for Sunday-trains	4,113	571

Bowditch, the celebrated mathematician, studied the principles of this abtruse science in early life, on shipboard, and ever after, in hours snatched from the cares and anxiety of a busy life.

THE TOUCH OF THE BLIND.—Keen susceptibility of touch is the great boon of the Almighty to the blind; the most astonishing instance, perhaps, on record, is that of the celebrated Miss Margaret M'Avoy, of Liverpool, who could, by passing her fingers over stained glass, name the colours of the various parts; she could also read the title of a book by the same means, name the colour of any person's dress, tell the hours and minutes through a watch-glass, and, however mysterious it may appear, it is most indisputably true, she ascertained objects at a distance, by simply stretching out the fingers on the window in the direction of such objects. Many other instances might be given of the extraordinary power of touch possessed by the blind; *but we shall* only mention John Gambasius, of Voltera, a sculptor, who, having felt all over a marble statue of Cosmo de Medicis, made one of clay, so like it as to astonish everybody who saw it. De Piles states, he saw in Italy a blind man, full of genius and intelligence, who modelled in wax a statue of Minerva, discovering the forms and proportions by the touch. William Kennedy, of Wishorn, in the county of Durham, although deprived of sight, made bagpipes, and afterwards clocks, and musical and other watches, by instrument solely of his own manufacture; he could also tell the colour of ivory, ebony, and all the varieties of wood, by the touch.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.—A woman from the neighbourhood of Granville, went into an apothecary's shop the other day with two prescriptions, one for her husband and the other for her cow. She inquired what was the price of them; and the apothecary replied, that it was so much for the man, and so much for the beast. The woman finding that she had not enough money, reflected for a moment, and said, "Give me, at all events, the medicine for the cow, I can send for my husband's to-morrow!"

STRIKING DEATH.—Towards the middle of the sixteenth century, a man is stated to have been killed by a famous clock in the square of St. Mark, at Venice; for repairing the clock, he stooped his head in such a place, and in such a nick of time, that the quarter-boy struck it with a hammer, and knocked him over the battlements.—*Sibylyn's Diary.*

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