

some degree of animation to these rocks, whose grandeur is entirely lost by being compressed within so limited a space. The superior of the Franciscans found two cypresses and three olivetrees in this place, but the cypress alone still survives. We climbed with difficulty to the top of Sinai, resting on each cliff or salient part of the rock to which some traditions have been annexed by the inventive faculty of the monks, who have communicated them to the Arabs, always ready to listen to narratives of this description. Arrived on the summit, I was surprised by the briskness of the air. The eye sought in vain to catch some prominent object amid the chaos of rocks which were tumbled round the base, and vanished in the distance in the form of raging waves. Nevertheless, I distinguished the Red Sea, the mountains of Africa, and some summits of mountains which I easily recognised by their shapes: Schommar being distinguishable by its rounded masses, Serbal by its shooting points, and Tih by its immense prolongation. I visited the ruins of the mosque and of the Christian Church, both of which rebuke, on this grand theatre of the three religions that divide the world, the indifference of mankind to the creed which they once professed with so much ardour. Descending by the ravine which separates Sinai from Mount St. Catherine, we found, amidst the numerous traces of the veneration formerly paid to all these places, the stone from which Moses caused water to spring forth by the command of God. (Exodus. xvii. 1-6. This ravine, placed out of the course usually taken by travellers and pilgrims, has necessarily escaped their examination. It deserves, however, to be visited, even at the risk of all the fatigue with which such a journey would be attended, although the traveller had no other object in view than to admire those magnificent rocks, the profound silence that reigns amongst them, and the ruins of those modest hermitages, which remind us of the ages when religious enthusiasm led pilgrims far from their native land, and a pious resignation taught them to live happily, or at least tranquilly, in the midst of this vast solitude.

THE CEDARS AND STREAMS OF LEBANON.—The Scriptures contain frequent references to the fountains, wells, and streams of Lebanon, as well as to its cedars and other trees. To those who are acquainted with the local scenery of the tract where they are found, the allusions of the prophets appear very striking. We learn from Hosea (xiv. 7) that Israel shall one day be as the "wine of Lebanon;" and its wine is still the most esteemed of any in the Levant. What could better display the folly of the man who had forsaken his God, than the reference of Jeremiah (xviii. 14) to the "cold flowing waters" from the ices of Lebanon, the bare mention of which must have brought the most delightful associations to the inhabitants of the parched plain? The Psalmist (xxix. 5) declares that "the voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars; yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon" and a more sublime spectacle can scarcely be conceived, than the thunder rolling among these enormous masses, and the lightning playing among the lofty cedars, withering their foliage, crashing the branches that had stood the storms of centuries, and with the utmost ease hurling the roots and trunks into the distant vale. But by Isaiah the mountain is compared to one vast altar, and its countless trees are the pile of wood, and the cattle upon its thousand hills the sacrifice; yet, if a volcanic eruption were to burst forth from one of its summits, and in torrents of liquid fire to kindle the whole at once, even this mighty holocaust would be insufficient to expiate one single crime, and the sinner is told, that "Lebanon is not sufficient to burn, nor the beasts thereof for a burnt-offering" (Isa. xl. 16). The trees of Lebanon are now comparatively few, and with them are gone the eagles and wild beasts, to which they afforded shelter; and it is of its former state, and not of its present degradation, that we are to think, in reading the glowing descriptions of the prophets. "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary and I will make the place of my feet glorious" (Isa. lx. 13).—Hardy's Notices of the Holy Land.

SUMMER EVENING.

Continued from page 91.

The brook, the hedge, the rose, the plants, the tower,
The dappled plain, the grove, the flowery mead,
The sombre shades, the cool sequestered bower,
Betray the paths where lovers choose to tread.
Th' expressive word—nor less expressive sigh,
The chaste embrace, fond kiss, and parting tear,
Whether in joy or doubt escaped the eye,
Impelled by love, were consecrated here.
With arms entwined, and steps of gentlest pace,
They tread the lawn—or solitary lane
Sensibly meeting in each others face
The leading source of pleasure or of pain.
'Bespeak me happy'; Albert whispers there,
The secret hope attends his prayer sincere.
Oh Emeline! may heaven thy heart prepare
To name me thine: now and for ever dear!
Th' unconscious glance, the clear expressive brow,
The more expressive windows of her soul,
And coral lips, all speak, though silent now;
Speak the pure passion that commands the whole
Heart beats to heart,—responding sigh to sigh,
Recording feelings scarcely else confessed;
The blissful moments all transported fly,
Till deepening shades recall the world to rest.
The rich perfumes arise, and spread abroad,
Collectively we taste them in the air,
Reviving fragrance, health's secure abode;
Th' expenses of our spirits to repair.
O leave the town, where sickness lurks unseen:
And taste th' ambrosial essence of the flowers.
Come, share the country clothed in living green,
Come, feast your senses, and renew their powers.
Those glowing souls, induced at last to part
Have gained the highway side, where dwells the fair;
The choice of all that's precious to each heart,
Makes parting now, a task not slight to bear,
Hard the expression of the sad farewell,
Nor comes the moment when to turn away;
Art cannot picture, eloquence not tell,
The smartful pains such retrospects convey.
At last resolved,—each gives the wistful smile
Gives the last, tender, soul attracting, word.
Young Albert's arms, attend her o'er the stile;
His heart attends where its complaint is heard.
Be constant still! And still remember me,
Adieu! Dear Emeline! For ever thine,
No power on earth shall turn my love from thee.
Adieu! Adieu! Be thou for ever mine!
He now returns:—if 'tis indeed himself
When, as he left his dearest half behind,
T'other's in her absorbed:—so quite bereft
What is he more than shadow of his kind?
Now roaming heedless of the objects near,
Lost to himself and all but Emeline;
Possess in turns with joy, with hope and fear
While love prevails, in constant flame within.
Above his head, upon the trembling spray
The Nightingale pours forth her charming song,
Give ear! To her sweet notes devotion pay,
For love doth her fall melody prolong!
That faithful bosom warmed with social fire
Expands with all the joys a bird can feel;
Whilst to the cherished object of desire
She carols forth her lays with lively zeal.
Thou pride of British songsters, charming bird!
Thou much admired, thou sweet Philomela
Melifluous strains, as aye by mortals heard
Scape from thy throat in thrilling melody.
Thy song reminds me of meandering Thames
"Though deep yet clear—though gentle yet not dull,"
Though small thou art, great praise thy sonnet claims
"Strong without rage, without o'erflowing fall."
Sweet Bird remain! And warble sleepless there:
And let the hills and vales return thy lays;
Let man resemblance to thy conduct bear
Nor think he stoops to sing his Maker's praise.

TEULON.

THE FATE OF AN ADMIRAL.—The *Naval Magazine* for July contains a French account of the battle of the Nile, wherein the following appalling scene is described:—"The admiral's ship still fought, though her masts, embraced by the flames, tottered to their fall: she yet gave to her companions in arms an example of a glorious defence: the sailors of *l'Orient* behaved in the face of fire as did the crew of *le Vengeur* in the face of the waters. When the flames took possession of the second deck they retreated to the lower deck, and continued to defend themselves with the same obstinacy; but the conflagration pursued them to this new asylum; the cannon are once more loaded, a voice announces that the fire has reached the gun-room; the moment is extreme. While some of the sailors hastened to bring up such of the wounded as there might be a hope of saving, the last broadside burst from the battery, and its defenders, rushing through the ports, leaped into the sea. The hold of *l'Orient* was then witness to an act worthy to crown this heroick catastrophe. The young Casa-Bianca, when all was over, left the scene of combat and hastened to the apartment for the wounded, where his father was; there was no hope of saving the life of this brave captain. A sailor strove in vain to tear this child from the vessel about to be blown in the air. 'No, no,' cried he, throwing himself into the arms of his father, who, weeping, would have repulsed him, 'this is my place father, let me die with you.' The sailor fled: the next moment a frightful explosion is heard; an immense column of fire is seen to rise in the air; everything seems enkindled by this dazzling light; the fleet, the sea, the shore, desert, and then relapses into obscurity and silence. Nothing is now seen but the dim flashing, which so much light leaves in the eyes, and nothing is heard but a dull tinkling, the noise of the fragments, and the splashing of the cannon as, having been thrown toward the heavens, they fell one by one into the sea. The two fleets, struck with stupor, seemed for the moment to forget the battle, and it was near a quarter of an hour after this catastrophe before it was renewed." The noble sacrifice of filial affection on the part of young Casa-Bianca, here described, has been since immortalized in the well-known lines beginning,

"The boy stood on the burning deck," etc.

BRIDGE OF THE NILE. The construction of the gigantic bridge of the Nile, so long projected, is at length about to commence, and will be completed, it is said, in less than six years. This colossal work is to be erected at the point of the Delta, five leagues below Cairo, at that part of the river where it divides into two branches. During winter and a part of spring the waters of the Nile are too low to be turned to the account of agriculture; the bridge will therefore be made to form a kind of lock, to keep the waters at all times at the necessary elevation. The husbandman will thus be spared an infinity of labour, and will only have to direct the irrigation into the canals of absorption. The preliminary works of rectifying the bed of the river, raising dykes, and digging the lateral canals, will require 24,000 labourers, besides which, the arsenal of Alexandria is to supply 340 smiths and 650 carpenters. As Egypt cannot easily furnish so great a number of arms, it is in contemplation to employ four or five regiments of infantry upon the works. The stones are to be transported by a railroad, to extend to the mountains of Mokatam, which are two leagues distant from the Nile.

"Mamma," said a child, my Sunday-school teacher tells me that this world is only a place in which God lets us live a little while, that we may prepare for a better world—but mother, I do not see any body preparing. I see you preparing to go to see the country—and aunt Eliza preparing to come here. But I don't see any one preparing to go to heaven. If everybody wants to go there, why don't they try to get ready?"

The very afflictions of our earthly pilgrimage are presages of our future glory, as shadows indicate the sun.