

Weekly Mirror

The following interesting letter was addressed to Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, of Hartford Ct.

JERUSALEM, April 31st, 1835.

Often, dear madame, have I thought of my obligation to address you from missionary ground, and still oftener have you been the subject of conversation with Mr. Smith and myself since our agreeable call at your house. A few days since, while wandering over some of the sacred places of this interesting city, we came to the fountain which furnishes the "Pool of Siloam." I said to my husband, "I will write to our friend before I leave Jerusalem," and he plucked a tiny flower from that memorable spot, that I might enclose it to you. As we ascended from the Pool itself, which stands in the "King's garden," after bathing our hands and tasting its soft and limpid water, I thought how your poetic pen would gain additional inspiration from such a spot, and I almost wished that you were with us. In that garden Solomon built a house for Pharaoh's daughter, and its location and verdure, even now, indicate its former beauty and adaptedness. Yet nought remains of the splendor of the days of Solomon and of Herod the Great. The glory is departed.

This being the verdant season, it is the most favorable period for visiting Jerusalem. Zion and Olivet, the vale of Cedron and the garden of Gethsemane, appear green and beautiful under the brilliant rays of the same glorious sun which once illuminated them; the birds, too, sing sweetly as ever, and "while marble columns, palaces, &c. have crumbled into dust, the simple flower of the field grows and multiplies forever."

I am not surprised at the tenacity with which the Jews attach themselves to their former capital, or that in the ignorance of the spiritual nature of the Messiah's kingdom, they should still cherish expectations of future glory to their nation.

If you wish to know what mankind have lost in breaking away from their allegiance to the rightful governor of the universe, come hither. And if you would then wish to realize what Christ has done for his recovery, go back to America. The most trifling comforts there, which you have been accustomed to regard as accidental, will then appear, as they really were, to have been purchased by his love. Personal cleanliness, the orderly arrangement of a house, to say nothing of matters of greater refinement and taste, would strike you as features of the kingdom of purity and love, in distinction from the kingdom of confusion and darkness which exists here. But I need not dwell on this subject for your information, neither upon the interesting locations of this vicinity, as the recitals of those who have preceded me have doubtless made you familiar with them.

Since arriving in Jerusalem we have made two excursions, each occupying about three days.—The first was to Bethlehem, Hebron, and the cave of Adullam, the second to the Jordan and the Dead Sea. We tasted of "the water of the well of Bethlehem," for which David so longed when he was in the cave of Adullam. Those very mountains and valleys re-echoed the sweet sounds of his harp, when he wandered over them with his father's sheep, and there he doubtless composed many of his choicest psalms of praise to the author of so much beautiful scenery. "In the same country," too, did angelic voices sing higher praise to him who also sent "peace on earth and good will to men." We visited, the subterranean apartments of a convent, where are shown the stable and the manger in which the infant Jesus was laid; but I would recommend to the christian who wishes to enjoy and profit by a short tarry in this region, not to waste his time and energies in resorting to the places which are marked out as the identical scenes of such and such events. The incredulity and disgust thus excited tend rather to exhaust the minds and to interfere with those simple and agreeable feelings which would naturally arise in the breast, if not to take the place of them altogether.

A cold rain prevented us from pitching our tents in the plain of Mamre which is in Hebron, though in this patriarchal mode we had spent most of our nights since leaving Beyroot. We found a comfortable shelter in the house of the Governor, who is a Turk. I was particularly interested in a call at the house of a Jewish Rabbi there, in which, it being the week following the passover, we were entertained with unleavened bread, wine from the grapes of Eschol, honey, fruit, &c.

After encamping two nights in the valley of the Jordan, and bathing in its waters, drinking at the fountain of Jericho which Elisha cured, and spending two or three hours on the barren shore of the Dead Sea, we returned to Jerusalem over the same road which our Saviour took in his last journey hither. I say the same because if there had ever been a better, or even another, this, much of which is cut out of the solid rock, would never have been made.

Next week we expect to set our faces homeward by the way of Sychar, Nazareth and Tiberias, taking with us our widowed sister Dodge and her little girl, who will become residents in our family at Beyroot for the present.

Your attached friend;
SARAH L. SMITH.

SUBLIME CONTRAST.—Whoever stands on a lofty mountain, should not merely look at the gold which the morning sun pours on the grass and flowers at his feet, but he should also sometimes look behind him into the deep valley where the shadows still rest, that he may the more sensibly feel that the sun is indeed a sun! Thus, it is also salutary for the disciples of Christ at times, from the kingdom of light to cast

forth a glance over the dark stage where men play their part in lonely gloom, without a Saviour, will see a God!—[Tholuck.

WHOLESOME ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—Begin life with the least show and the least expense possible; you may at pleasure increase both, but you cannot easily diminish them. Do not think your estate your own while any man can call upon you for money, and you cannot pay. Be in no man's debt. Resolve not to be poor: whatever you have, spend less. Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness; it destroys liberty, and makes some virtues extremely difficult.

FOR THE MIRROR.

23rd. PSALM.

My Shepherd is the Lord most High,
He dwells in heav'n above;
My various wants he will supply,
And fill me with his love.

In pastures green he makes me lie,
Where heav'nly flowers grow;
And gentle streams he leads me by,
Where living waters flow.

Should I backslide he'll not forsake,
My soul he will restore;
And lead me for his own name sake,
In paths both safe and sure.

Yea, though I walk thro' death's dark vale,
I nothing have to fear;
For God his promise will fulfil,
His staff support me there.

My Table Lord thy hand dost spread,
In spite of all my foes;
Thou dost with oil anoint my head,
My cup quite overflows.

O let thy mercies follow me,
While I on earth do move;
And may I ever live with thee,
In that bright world above.

A. Z.

Head Quarters, Halifax,
23d March, 1836.

MILITIA GENERAL ORDER.

His Excellency the Commander in Chief, has been pleased to appoint James Compton Hume, Esq. M. D. to be Surgeon of the 1st Halifax Regt. Vice Dr. Alexander Wallace, retired.

EDWARD WALLACE, A. G. M.

DIED.

On Monday morning, Isabella Ramsay, youngest daughter of Alexander Stewart, Esq. aged two years and 8 months.

Of whooping cough, after a few days illness, John Inglis, youngest son of the Hon. Enos Collins, aged 4 months.

At Dartmouth, on Thursday last, Mr. James M. Eusburg, in the 48th year of his age, leaving a wife and four children, to lament the loss of an affectionate husband and parent.