

treasure, that, on hearing of any person or family coming to reside in the parish, her first enquiry was, "Have they a Bible?" and if not, they were immediately supplied from her store.

She was a regular and devout attendant on public worship; and few professing Christians received greater profit from the ministry of the word. At this we need not wonder; for she came from her closet to the house of God, and heard the word of life in the spirit of prayer.

Her exertions in the cause of charity were limited only by her means. The fatherless, the widow, the lame, the afflicted, the poor, the ignorant, and those about to bring forth children in sorrow, were all of them the pensioners of her bounty and the objects of her care; yet so silent and unostentatious were her movements, and so careful was she to conceal her labour of love from public gaze, that in many cases it was only made known by its beneficial results: notwithstanding her delicate state of health, often would she disappear from the bosom of her family for hours together, for the purpose of finding out and feeding the hungry, instructing the ignorant, and administering to the comfort of the sick and dying. In this honourable career of practical benevolence, she was not urged on by the transient impulse of a heartless sympathy, but by that principle of charity, the elements of which are, love to God and man. Her personal piety and diffusive charity in a very eminent degree came up to the standard fixed by an inspired Apostle: "Pure and undefiled religion before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and keep himself unspotted from the world." Strong as these statements may appear, they involve no sacrifice of truth. She is now beyond the reach of censure or applause; her record is on high; her work is with the Lord, and her judgment with her God. In what estimation she was held by the sons and daughters of affliction and want, their deep sorrow will best explain.

On the 12th of July she became the happy mother of a lovely child, and through the kind Providence of God, all the fearful anticipations of her family and friends as to the result were removed; nor had she, it would seem, any presentiment of so near and sudden a removal from this vale of tears.

On August 16th, it is thought she took a slight cold. She passed a sleepless night, and evidently in much pain. In the morning the young child was brought to her. She took it in her arms; and after earnestly and most affectionately imploring blessings for it from God, she expressed herself as unspeakably happy in the love of God, and said, "I have been enabled to pray for every one of my enemies, without one distracting thought; and from my heart I forgive them all, and hope to meet them in heaven." Throughout the Sabbath, her mind was preserved in a calm, serene, thankful state. The next night (the one preceding the morning on which she died) she was restless, and suffered much pain, but was frequently heard to say, "There is a *needs be* for every pain." "My Father will not lay on me more than I can bear. Father, thy will be done." In the morning she became suddenly worse, and had great difficulty in breathing.

Her husband was hastily sent for into the room; but she only breathed a few times, and then, without one struggle, she exchanged mortality for eternal life. She died on the morning of the 18th of August, aged thirty-six.—*Wesleyan Magazine*.

#### HISTORICAL.

##### A VISIT TO JERUSALEM. By an American.

A BRIGHT and beautiful morning on the 15th of August, 183—, found us at anchor off the ancient Joppa, the celebrated Port of the holy city; here the merchants of Judea obtained their rich cargoes from the coasts and isles of the Mediterranean, and Solomon received from Tyre, the timber for the Temple, that great sanctuary of the living God. Within this narrow bay, Noah erected the ark of gopher wood, and embarked upon the roaring deluge—that world of mighty waters; and Jonah, when directed to the holy city of Ninevah, fleeing from the presence of the Lord, sought for refuge in the harbour of Joppa, on board a ship bound to Tarshish, on which voyage he was delivered to the whale. This city, considered one of the most ancient in the universe, contains a population of fifteen thousand; a recent earthquake, we understand, has almost entirely destroyed it. Built up of narrow streets, with dingy gray stone hovels, choked with filth, and swarming with vermin, it presented little, apart from its biblical recollections, to interest the traveller; but our reflections, as pilgrims to Palestine, dwelt not upon the sculptured column, or marble portico of the present day: our anxiety was to behold the actual scene of an Almighty's glory, the harsh yet hallowed sites of a world's redemption. The city with its once splendid fortunes has also changed its name, and is at present, by both Turk and Christian, styled Jaffa. Within the bay, upon whose placid waters, our pilgrim sails were furled, there also floated an Egyptian ship of the line and two frigates; their sides and stern were richly carved and gilded, while the red colors, with the crescent of Mahomet, waved proudly in the breeze from their lofty peaks.

On the fifteenth, the Turkish Admiral, surrounded by his oriental suite, visited our vessels in all the pomp and pageantry of the luxurious east; the starred banner of a new world waved over a chieftain of the Koran, and the thunder of the—'s artillery rolled far over the hills and plains of Palestine; the national anthem swelled in lofty sound along the holy sea, while the denizen of America did honor to a lord of Egypt.

On the evening of the same day, the family of the Commodore, with a large party of officers, including individuals of each grade, left the ship on a pilgrimage to the eternal city. After considerable difficulty, created in a great measure through the imbecility of the American agent at Jaffa, (an ignorant Frenchman, since removed,) we were at length enabled to proceed, mounted on a motley collection of Arabian steeds, Syrian ponies, asses, mules and camels. While the cavalcade were arranging some necessary preliminaries, I paid a visit to the convent wherein the infected and dying soldiers of the French army were personally attended by their victorious chief. It was the only object within the dark and wretched Jaffa then worthy of any notice.—In the wide plain beyond the gate the wild flowers grow over the sad slaughter house of the Syrian troops—Napoleon's summary punishment for a violated promise. We rode over this stern scene of military execution, on whose blood-stained sods the murderous cannon mowed down crowds of unresisting victims, while the merciless bayonet completed the fell work of destruction. What had the world won by this terrible and bloody butchery?—another blot on the long dark catalogue of human guilt. While

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