

the Palace for the pleasure of saluting her, as she passes out to ride. She rides in a low open bouché, so that she seems immediately among the people, as she drives through the multitudes. I could not witness such a constant demonstration of feeling by the people, without the conviction that the loyalty of England is a deep and mighty principle, and may be surely calculated upon, by a sovereign who, like Victoria, has personal claims to affection and respect. This same interest extends to her children. I found one day an immense concourse in the Park with their faces all directed to one corner of the Palace, and beaming with continual smiles. I could not imagine the reason, as I met them. They seemed to be looking up in the air. But as I turned round to see the object, I could discern nothing. When I got in among them and looked with them, I found it was the Prince of Wales that was attracting their eager attention, as his nurse held him up at a window before them. Lovely, blooming boy! I participated in the pleasure of looking upon him. But I thought with sadness of the scenes of trial, and danger, and difficulty, through which he may be called to pass, should he live to ascend the throne, and I raised my heart in prayer for a blessing from God upon him, as the tears gathered in my eye from the train of thought which a sight of him had brought to my mind. There was one verse of a new national ode which was sung at the dinner of which I have spoken above, that I think is perfectly characteristic of the mind of the nation in reference to this babe, whom Mr. Bickersteth called, at the Jews' meeting, "our dear little Prince of Wales."

God bless thee, Queen of England!
A thousand tongues with joy
Repeat the prayer for Britain's heir;
God bless thee, royal Boy!
A loving people greet thee.
With loyal hearts we own
Our thanks, that heaven a Prince hath given
To grace the British throne.

I was extremely interested in the accounts which I heard from the most authentic sources of the character and influence of the Queen and Prince Albert in their domestic relations. The habit of daily reading the Holy Scriptures together, as the first employment of the morning—the early hours of their family, and her great attention and devotion to the duties of her high station, together with the selection of godly and faithful ministers for their domestic chaplain, were facts which much gratified me. The Queen herself oversees the payment of her trades-people, and at nine o'clock they have in their turn an appointed time of access to her. She has kept personal minutes in German and English of the acts and business of her privy council, as I was informed by the most respectable authority, from the commencement of her reign; and she has certainly risen every year in the estimation of her people, in reputation for true greatness of character and more than common talents.—You cannot fail to perceive the influence of this reputation everywhere in England. No one speaks slightly of the Queen. She stands among the nation which she governs with the influence of mind and character most rapidly increasing and enlarging. She is still very young. But every thing about her indicates that she will not be found inferior to the Queens who have ruled before her. England's most prosperous days have been in the reigns of her Protestant Queens, in two of which the land has been delivered from the yoke and "the detestable enormities of the Bishop of Rome." And I cannot but think, that if Victoria's life shall be preserved, it will be as an instrument of peculiar blessings to her nation. As I thought of the influence of England, in maintaining the dominion of Protestant truth, in giving the Gospel to the heathen world, and the apparent dependence of her power upon the life of the Queen, and reflected upon the vast and incalculable evils which must result to mankind from the anarchy and overthrow of the power of England, which would be more than likely to arise under a long regency at the present time, I could not but settle down in the feeling, that the most important life on earth, for the general interests of man, was that of this young woman. It has struck me as an amazing providence of God, and I have often implored the shield of His protection to be around her as I marked the dangers to which, even from a few infatuated rebels against lawful authority, she might be exposed. Next to the fear of God

in any land, is honour to the constituted authority of Government, the element of happiness and peace. And there was no feeling in my heart but joy and respect, as I found enthusiastic loyalty to the Queen ruling and prevailing among the people of England. Indeed my whole observation and reflection upon the arrangement of English society have convinced me that there are very fundamental principles of character secured and cultivated by it from the throne down to the most inferior person. Every individual between these two extremes has constantly called into exercise and action the two most blessed principles of conduct, of reverence to some one in a superior station, and of condescension and tenderness to some other in an inferior. These two principles are continually combining to produce an universal and remarkable gentleness of manners, and respectful courtesy in the common intercourse of life, the moral influence of which, a man must be a very superficial observer not to notice and admire. You will not find, I think, a cringing officiousness in an inferior, in any condition, as the rule of your observations, and still less, I think, a supercilious contempt in a superior. But you will always meet with a dignity and kindness which can afford to display itself, and is purely active, because it is without fear of encroachment upon the proper rights of its own station. This was my experience in England, without a single exception, in any one of the relations of life. It is the manifest and natural result of such a state of society, and the arrangement of permanent distinctions in the ranks and orders of society. It is but the ample development of the spirit of loyalty to constituted authority, and fidelity in the exercise of that authority by those who possess it. Of this spirit of loyalty, Mr. Woodward says, in his essays on the Millennium, "I can explain it in no other way than this: that it pleased God to infuse this passion into the human mind, as a secret intimation, that a Prince is to ascend the throne of universal empire, in whose reign this devoted loyalty will no longer be a blind and a headlong instinct, but will identify our high allegiance to God, and fulfil the first and great commandment of loving Him with all our heart, and mind, and soul, and strength." More than once I gave utterance to sentiments like these in public addresses, and urged upon brethren and friends the great duty of prayer for the Queen, and of teaching the habit to all the youth and little children of the country. She needs to be shielded by universal prayer, and it is a high Christian obligation upon all who are her subjects to unite in the habitual offering. In these remarks I give just the state of my continued feeling in this connexion. And as an American citizen, I feel myself in a condition to accord without fear the praise of its manifest excellences to the British Constitution and system of society, having no temptation to join in that coarse and radical cry which can imagine no liberty but in the overturn of order, and no demonstration of the love of liberty but in the unnecessary abuse of constituted authorities and dignities, and an affected contempt of superior stations and the rights which belong to them. S. H. T.

THE TRAVELLER.

An extract of "Letters from the East," by J. Carne, Esq.

BETHEHEM.

We rode yesterday, accompanied by Antonio, the young Catholic guide, to Bethlehem, a distance of about six miles. The way led over a barren plain, for some distance, till we arrived at the monastery of St. Elias. Bethlehem soon came in view, on the brow of a rocky hill, whose sides and feet are partially covered with olive-trees. On the right, about a mile from the village, is shown the tomb of Rachel; it has all the appearance of one of those tombs erected often to the memory of a Turkish santon.

After dining very frugally at the Franciscan convent, it being Lent, we visited the church built by the Empress Helena: it is large, and supported by several rows of marble pillars, but has a very naked appearance. Leaving this church, and descending thirteen stone steps, you are in the place that was formerly the stable where the Redeemer was born. There is no violation of consistency in this, as the stables in the East are now often formed in the same way, beneath the surface. Its present appearance is

that of a grotto, as it is hewn out of the rock, the sides of which, however, are concealed by silk curtains; the roof is as Nature made it, and the floor paved with fine marble. A rich altar, where the lamps are ever burning, is erected over the place where Christ was born, and the very spot is marked by a large silver star. Directly opposite to this is another altar, to signify the place where the Virgin Mary and her child received the homage of the Magi; and over it is a painting descriptive of the event.

The second visit we paid to Bethlehem was a few days afterwards; and the monks being either absorbed in sleep, or in their devotions, as we could get no entrance to the convent, we found our way again to the grotto alone, and remained there without any intrusion. It is of small size, and not lofty; the glory, formed of marble and jasper, around the silver star, has a Latin inscription. "In this spot Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." A narrow passage leads to the study of St. Jerome; and not far off is shown his tomb, near to which are the tombs of St. Paula and another pious lady. Ascending again, you enter the churches of the Greek and Armenian orders, but there is nothing particular in either.

About a mile down the valley, towards the wilderness, is the field where the shepherds kept watch by night, when the angels announced the birth of our Lord. Two fine and venerable trees stand in the centre, and the earth around was thickly covered with flowers. It is so sweet and romantic a spot, and so well suited to be the scene of that high event, that it would be painful to admit a doubt of its identity. At Bethlehem are sold the beautiful shells of mother of pearl, brought from the shores of the Red Sea: the surface is covered with various designs of the Last Supper and the Crucifixion, by the inhabitants of the village; and they are purchased by the pilgrims. Small crosses also, cut out of the shells, are carved in the same way. The village contains about seven hundred inhabitants, who appear to live very meanly.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

A SKETCH.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. B. STOWE.

IT WAS a splendid room. Rich curtains swept down to the floor in graceful folds, half excluding the light, and shedding it in soft hues over the fine old paintings on the walls, and over the broad mirrors that reflect all that taste can accomplish by the hand of wealth. Books, the rarest and most costly, were around, in every form of gorgeous binding and gilding, and among them, glittering in ornament, lay a magnificent Bible—a Bible, too beautiful in its appearance, too showy, too ornamental, ever to have been meant to be read—a Bible which every visitor should take up and exclaim, "what a beautiful edition! what superb bindings!" and then lay it down again.

And the master of the house was lounging on a sofa, looking over a late review, for he was a man of leisure, taste, and reading—but then, as to reading the Bible!—that forms, we suppose, no part of the pretensions of a man of letters. The Bible—certainly he considered a very respectable book—a fine specimen of ancient literature, an admirable book of moral precepts—but then, as to its divine origin he had not exactly made up his mind—some parts appeared strange and inconsistent to his reason—others were very revolting to his taste—true, he had never studied it very attentively, yet such was his general impression about it—but on the whole, he thought it well enough to keep an elegant copy of it on his drawing-room table.

So much for one picture, now for another:—Come with us into this little dark alley, and up a flight of ruinous stairs. It is a bitter night, and the wind and snow might drive through the crevices of the poor room, were it not that careful hands have stopped them with paper or cloth. But for all this little carefulness, the room is bitter cold—cold even with those few decaying brands on the hearth, which that sorrowful woman is trying to kindle with her breath. Do you see that pale little thin girl, with large bright eyes; who is crouching so near her mother—hark! how she coughs—now listen:

"Mary, my dear child," says the mother, "do keep that shawl close about you—you are cold, I know;" and the woman shivers as she speaks.

"No, mother, not very," replies the child, again relapsing into that hollow, ominous cough. "I wish you wouldn't make me always wear your shawl when it is cold, mother."

"Dear child, you need it most—how you cough to-night," replies the mother—"it really don't seem right for me to send you up this long street, now your shoes have grown so poor; I must go myself after this."