

desert—He, who lived and spake, and wrought and taught, and suffered and died for man's salvation, has made the whole not merely classic but sacred ground.

Here is a climacteric of the grand and sublime—a very pinnacle for thought to fold its wings and rest, while the eye gazes over the wide circumference thus spread before it on every side. But while the Mediterranean has its limits here, the East is not limited to this field. If the mention of the East vibrates through the heart like strains of distant and concealed harmony, India is like a clarion's call to arouse our souls; and at the present time the announcement of the name only, awakes associations in connexion with it of deeper pathos and more thrilling interest than have ever vibrated on the mind in bygone times. *India*, where WELLINGTON first fleshed his maiden sword, and earned a renown which culminated on the very steps of the throne—where there is found Delhi with mosques and palaces—Benares with its pagodas—Juggernaut with its victims—where Timour displayed his conquests and Aurungzebe his magnificence—where Hyder rose, the Napoleon of the East, and Tippoo fell, its Nero. *India*, where HEBER, after being charmed with its landscapes of peerless beauty, including river and paddy plain, and coral strand, united in living verse two sentiments so characteristic of its history, when he sung

Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.

India, where the Church Universal has a commonwealth in the mural tablet which enshrines the names of a Schwartz, a Martin, a Ward, a Cary, a Marshman and others, the pioneers of the advanced army of the Church in its affair of outposts with its hydra-headed foe.

Whatever of ancient lore—written and unwritten tradition—of mythological antiquities—of prodigies of ancient architectural skill, combining fairy-like tracery with permanent