

the God of Abraham. When he was dying in the triumph of faith, and after the sense of being had fled, he said, "Is there any Universalist in the house? I want to leave my testimony with them, and to warn them, for the last time, to abandon that dangerous doctrine; and to fly to the Lord Jesus Christ for refuge!"—*Pastor's Journal.*

THE TRAVELLER.

REMINISCENCE OF PALESTINE.

It was on a beautiful evening in April last, through God's mercy, that we approached the portals of Jerusalem. The first view of the holy city from the heights of the Convent of Mar Elias, was truly imposing; and so familiar did it appear to my senses, that it was with difficulty that I could realize this to be my first pilgrimage. The sun was fast receding in the distant horizon, which cast a shadow over the Mount of Olives, while the stately dome of the Mosque of Omar rose in splendor, to break the regularity of the quiet city.

With grateful hearts to that Almighty Power who had sustained and preserved us through the many dangers and perils of the dreary desert of Arabia, we approached the city; and after passing over the brook Kedron, and winding round the base of Mount Zion, we entered by the Jaffa, or Pilgrim's Gate. Admittance was refused us by the Turkish authorities, on the ground that we were recently from Egypt, where the plague usually prevails at this season, and consequently were subject to a quarantine of ten days.

Through the kindness of the British Consul and our missionary, the Rev. Mr. Whiting, who exerted themselves in our behalf, we were allowed to enter the gates. Here our difficulties did not cease; all the converts, Latin, Greek, and Armenian, refused us admission within their walls. We wandered through the dark and dirty lanes of the holy city, as strangers and travellers without a home or place to lay our weary heads. We soon found a small house, occupied by two interesting Turkish women, who volunteered to give up their abode for a small remuneration, which we gladly accepted; and after unloading the camels, and disposing of ourselves & luggage, the preparation for dinner was deemed of the first importance.

After a frugal though satisfactory repast upon the provisions remaining, I attempted to make arrangements for the still more pressing calls of sleep. Having placed my bedding upon my trunk and two water casks filled with water, which we had brought from Petra, I soon became insensible to everything about me, and only woke to realize that I was really in Jerusalem. On endeavoring to go out of the house we found that our gates and doors were guarded by Moslem soldiers, whose very appearance seemed to betray a secret satisfaction in thus holding "Christians dogs" in bondage. We consequently passed off our first day in prison at Jerusalem. The dreary desert, with all its monotony, was then sweet to our recollection; for there we breathed the air free, and did not venture to molest us. Evening arrived, and with it the cheering and grateful news of our liberation, which was obtained with some difficulty, through the exertions of our much esteemed and valued friends, the British Consul, Mr. Johns, and the Rev. Mr. Whiting.

On obtaining patric, the first object of my visit was to our kind friend Mr. Whiting, an able and worthy laborer of the American Board of Foreign Missions. Mr. W. I found at home, with his wife and two very interesting young Armenian girls, who, with six others, were domesticated in Mrs. Whiting's family, and to whom she devoted the principal part of her time. It was delightful to hear the young children speaking our own language, and learning to praise God in spirit and in truth. Mr. Whiting has been thirteen years in that part of God's vineyard, labouring in the cause of Him who has expressly enjoined upon us to "Go and preach his Gospel to all nations; labor and faint not." Service is performed by Mr. W. every Sabbath, to a small congregation of Armenians and Greeks. To my great astonishment, I fortunately met with an old classmate in Sherman, a colleague of Mr. Whiting, with whom I passed some most agreeable and interesting hours, visiting scenes

of interest, the like I never expect to see again on earth. Mrs. S. a very intelligent and worthy lady, with her estimable husband, have since returned to their native land.

With Mr. Sherman as our cicerone, we visited the most important and interesting localities, both within and without the walls of the city. A part of the old Roman wall, connecting Mount Zion with Mount Moriah, extending across what is vulgarly called "Cheesmongers' Valley," still remains an interesting relic of antiquity. It is near the corner of the mosque at this spot, where to this day the Jews are seen weeping. Retracing our steps, we passed over Mount Zion by the Armenian Convent, with its beautiful garden, to the ancient Castle of Agrippa, taken by Titus, in which are seen remains of the old Roman wall which, according to Josephus, was spared by Titus, having admired the solidity of its construction.

The interior of the city is dark, with narrow and gloomy lanes, and bazars ill supplied, the principal trade being with the pilgrims who flock here in crowds before Easter, to perform their devotions at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

While at Jerusalem we visited the new Protestant Episcopal Bishop, the Rev. Dr. Alexander, a Prussian by birth, and a converted Jew, many years resident in England, a professor in the University of London. His family, six in number, bear the strong marks of Jewish extraction. We passed a very pleasant evening in the bishop's family, and the following Sunday attended divine service in a temporary chapel upon Mount Zion, near which they have commenced building a beautiful gothic church. The prayers were read by the Rev. Mr. Nicolayson, one of the Bishop's honorary chaplains, a Dane by birth, and for many years a resident of Jerusalem; the bishop administered the communion, assisted by his domestic chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Williams; a solemn and blessed privilege, to commemorate the dying love of our Saviour at Jerusalem. The Rev. Mr. Ewald, also an honorary chaplain, preached a very appropriate and beautiful discourse from 1 Cor. i. 30, "But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption."

To be continued.

ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA.

CONCLUDED.

The volcano was spouting out fire and red hot stones to a prodigious height (fully twice as great as that of the cone, which is 1100 feet high), in a huge column, apparently of the size of a martello tower, at the mouth of the crater, and distending, as it rose, to an enormous bulk, till at its utmost height it burst into myriads of fiery fragments, these or the left being particularly conspicuous, because there was no lava there, and the red hot stones contrasted with the dark side of the mountain. As they fell they cast a bright glow on the snow, and each particular fiery fragment lighted up its own portion of the snowy surface, while a column of illuminated steam arose whenever the hissing balls of fire sank upon the ground.

From the crater slowly ascended a huge volume of smoke, black at the bottom, but whiter as it rose, which seemed to be lighted up as with thousands of torches from within the volcano, till from beneath the rush of fire dissipated every thing but its own bright flood, and burst into the air, with myriads of molten stones, at which the guides pointed, exclaiming, "behold the mouth of hell."

Below the crater (about a hundred yards beneath the summit of the cone) we could see (when the flame was not burning so fiercely) another body of smoke or steam, not so great as that at the top, but nearly as white as the snow itself. From the base of this column really rushed the lava; a part only of the stream of which we could then see (about half a mile long) looking like a chain of fire stretching down the mountain in a tolerable straight line. The higher we climbed the longer line we saw of lava; and after another hour and a half's ascent we reached a plain of seeming sand (being, in fact, pulverized scoria) of about a mile square in extent, and studded with genista or broom, the only plant that grows at this height which was above that of the Casadel Boaco. Here the guides required us to stop, as it would be highly dangerous to proceed farther during the night, because

the next thing to cross was a wild tract of ground thickly strewn with blocks of sciarra viva (live lava) which means not, like our live coal, burning lava, but moving blocks, that at a touch would topple over and crush one. Between these rocking stones were also deep fissures like the crevices in the glaciers of the Alps.

We were, however, well content to halt in the position we had now attained, as we enjoyed a complete view of the crater, and of the whole stream of lava from its source to the lowest depth it had yet reached. The crater thus seen resembled an enormous bowl brimming over with molten metal, such as one sees in the Carron foundries, which streamed down in cascades of living fire, and as it struck against some stupendous rock upon the mountain side, separated into various currents, twisting and winding into rivulets of fire, snakelike, along the surface of the mountain; so tortuous in its course that where the stream of lava was full ten miles long, no part of it had yet reached above two miles from its source in the volcano.

Along with the volume of flame incessantly vomited forth by the crater, we now heard at every burst a booming sound like the roaring of the sea against an iron-bound coast, gradually swelling louder and louder, as if beginning far down in the bowels of the earth, and bellowing more fearfully as it approached the outlet, whence it issued ever and anon with fresh explosions like terrific peals of thunder.

In the prodigious blaze of light we could not for some time perceive that the lava did not, as we had at first supposed, brim over the lip of the cup, but burst a passage through the side of the cone, some 300 feet below the top, when it gushed forth in an impetuous flood, and presently flowed in bubbling runnels of liquid fire, that ran along the ground, at first in narrow streams, sometimes as fine as chains of forked lightning linked together, flashing and darting along the snow, but these, as they descended, fell into one another and united in one wide meandering lava flood.

Another current swept down the hill-side with a stater march, the flood of fire occasionally overflowing its banks, and flinging a golden glare upon the surrounding snow, till at a distance of about two miles from its source it struck against a tall rock overhanging a heeling precipice, many hundred feet deep, and splitting itself on the rock into two divided torrents, like the falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, it leaped in twin cascades of fiery flood sheer down into the gulph of desolation that yawned below. Occasionally we could see huge rocks spouted out from this fall of fire, and shot away in separate masses into the ravine, thundering along the blocks of old lava in the Val del Bove, into which this fresh stream poured, and stretching like strings of burning heads along the distant snow.

When the first excitement which this awful sight, "horribly beautiful," produced, had partially subsided, we began to feel the pinching cold insufferable. Our feet were stony, as if all circulation had departed, and on dismounting from our mules it was with great difficulty that we could stand. Indeed, no wonder, for we were within a few hundred feet of the line of perpetual snow, and the wind, though happily very moderate, cut through us like a razor, bringing water to our eyes, and freezing our ears and noses. But any temporary suffering, any toil would have been amply repaid by the splendor and magnificence of the majestic sight upon which we were gazing.

We laughed at all our petty discomfort—our numbed feet, iced noses, and sore bones—sore from riding without saddles over the long tract of rolling stones and slippery scoria, which we had just surmounted, stumbling through them by the faint glimmer of the moon and the glare of the distant crater—to say nothing of the previous thirty-eight hours' incessant posting from Palermo to Catania, a distance of a hundred and sixty something miles, and crossing a multitude of simare in a hired carriage of the country—one of the springs of which carriage broke by the way.

It is pleasant to know that the eruption has not ceased, and is not likely to cease, much damage, by reason of the desolate soil over which the lava has this time directed its course. It is not expected to last much longer.

Men will wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it; any thing but—live for it.