

disliked vanity in dress, so conspicuous often in a metropolitan congregation—and one day speaking of the inconsistency of this with the Christian character, “he looked archly and said, ‘I am like old John Bunyan, thankful to say, that I have only one man in my country congregation, who wears a *pigtail*!’” On being asked by some one, whether Surrey Chapel could not be converted into an Episcopal one, he answered, “No, I cannot do that—when Surrey Chapel was erected, it was upon the broad ground of the Gospel. I received money from good people of all denominations, on my personal assurance that it should be so applied.” Rising from his chair, and deepening the tones of his voice, he continued, “I pledged myself that Surrey Chapel pulpit should be open to approved and good ministers of the gospel of all denominations. I have always acted on this plan, and I cannot, with a good conscience, do otherwise.”

The time, however, had now come, when Mr. Hill was to be removed from this vale of

tears. His wife, who had been his faithful counsellor and friend, and borne with him both the shade and the sunshine of his course, during a period of fifty-seven years, now died—the infirmities of years increased upon him, and in preaching from his pulpit on Sabbath, he sat upon a chair, provided by the ladies of his congregation. He preached his last sermon on Sabbath, the 31st of March, 1838, from 1 Cor. ii, 7, 8, “But we speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom which God ordained before the world unto our glory, which none of the princes of this world knew; for had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of Glory.” During his illness his mind at times wandered, but when the cloud removed, he expressed faith in Christ as his only Saviour. He often repeated these lines,

And when I'm to die,
Receive me I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.

He died on the 11th of April, of the year just mentioned—a good man, and full of years.

JOURNAL OF MR. RIGGS, ON A TOUR IN SYRIA.

We are indebted for this article to the September number of the Boston Missionary Herald. It consists of extracts from the journal of Mr. Riggs, an American missionary, whose field of labor is at Smyrna. He proceeded from thence to Syria and the Holy Land, in company with certain friends who had come from the United States on their way to that country. It may be proper to mention that Mr. Riggs did not visit Syria on missionary work, but for the restoration of his health.—This will serve to explain why his journal is of such a general character. We agree with a remark made by Mr. R., as to the suspicious character of the traditions told by monks regarding the minute localities of ancient events. It is enough we think to visit the land, and to behold the mountains, valleys, streams and lakes, together with the sites of cities and villages, frequented by ancient kings and prophets, and above all by Christ and his apostles in publishing to men the tidings of salvation. To a

rightly constituted mind, these are enough to call forth peculiarly deep and delightful emotions—but to attempt greater minuteness is to impose upon the credulous. But we shall allow the writer to speak for himself.

Voyage from Smyrna to Jaffa—Remarks on Jaffa.

Left Smyrna, October 10th, 1839, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Beadle, and embarked about sunset on board the *Seri Pervas*, Austrian steamer, bound for Beyroot. Sailed about ten p. m., 11th. The weather was remarkably fine, and the sea smooth. At sunrise we were off Scio and had a fine view of this beautiful but unhappy island. Without anchoring, we landed passengers and glided on our southerly course. About noon we were opposite Samos; and in two hours more, opposite Patmos, an island which brought to our minds associations of the deepest interest; but we did not pass sufficiently near to get a good view of it. At Cos, we cast anchor and remained three hours; as it was evening we could not obtain a view of the country of Hypocrates.—