

quity of the volcano itself, none are so satisfactory as not to make us wish for some more authentic conjectures.

(To be concluded.)

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

I bought, in the bazaar at Smyrna, says Mr. Emerson, in his very excellent "Letters from the *Ægean*," a woollen girdle, whose construction amply explains the phrase so often occurring in oriental tales, of the heroes 'carrying their money in their belt.' On one end being passed once round the waist, it is fastened by a buckle; and this entire portion, being sewed double all round, contains the paras—which are extracted by means of a small opening in the front, closed with a leathern cover, and strap. This being secured the remainder of the zone is folded round the body, till the successive envelopments take up all the cloth—the end of which is then tucked in at the side, so as to secure the folds.

The word translated purses, Mat. x, 9, signifies, literally, girdles—and from their adaptation to the use pointed out by our Saviour,—"Possess not gold, nor silver, nor brass, in your purses,"—they were undoubtedly of the same fashion with that which I have described.

The hours of devotion adopted by the Mohammedans are undoubtedly borrowed from the Jews—and the three daily prayers of Daniel, (Dan vi, 10.) and the morning, noon, and evening worship of David, (Psa. iv, 17.) are still observed, though with some additions, by the Turks. The call of the muezzin, too, in the evening, accords with the later ceremonies of the Christian church—as when Peter and John went up together into the temple at the hour of prayer, being the ninth hour, (Acts iii, 1.) The ceremonies of worship are very simple—each devotee, leaving his pappouches at the door as he enters, performs a number of prostrations and genuflections, touching the matted flour with his forehead, and placing his hands behind his ears; the frequent observance of these duties is supposed to leave a mark on the brow, which is to be rigorously scrutinized by the visiting angels, Monkir, and Nakir, as soon as the body is laid in the grave, by whom the intermediate probation, till the resurrection, is to be

decided, either to be gently fanned by the airs of paradise, or after chastisement with their iron maces, to be gnawed till the hour of judgment for his sins, which, for that purpose, are to be transformed into scorpions and venomous reptiles, according to their degree of enormity.

The custom of uncovering the feet still holds good throughout every quarter of the East—and in this portion of the religious ceremonies of the Mohammedans and Hindoos, we may trace the continuance of the practice from the days of Moses—"Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground," Exod. iii, 5.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE HONEST MORAVIAN.

In the last war in Germany, a captain of cavalry was out on a foraging party. On perceiving a cottage in the midst of a solitary valley, he went up and knocked at the door. Out comes one of the Moravians, or United Brethren, with a beard silvered by age. 'Father,' says the officer, 'show me a field where I can set my troopers a foraging.'—"Presently," replied the Moravian. 'The good old man walked before, and conducted them out of the valley. After a quarter of an hour's march they found a fine field of barley. 'There is the very thing we want,' says the captain. 'Have patience for a few minutes,' replied his guide—'you shall be satisfied.' They went on, and at the distance of about a quarter of a league farther, they arrived at another field of barley. The troop immediately dismounted, cut down the grain, trussed it up, and *renounted*. The officer, upon this, says to his conductor, 'Father you have given yourself and us unnecessary trouble—the first field was much better than this.' 'Very true, sir,' replied the good old man, 'but it was not mine.'

MISPENT TIME.

Milton has the following remarks upon mispent time:—

"Hours have wings, and fly up to the Author of time, and carry news of our usage. All our prayers cannot entreat one of them either to return or slacken his pace. The mispents of every minute is a new record against us in heaven—sure if we thought thus