

## MOSLEM DEVOTION.

"Our attention was this day drawn to a Mohammedan, who was saying his prayers on the deck! Spreading beneath him his *segulth*, or prayer carpet, he put his hands on his knees, and, turning his face towards Mecca, he knelt down and three times kissed the deck. He then engaged in prayer for a few minutes, and went through the same form again. This he did for more than half-an-hour, during which he kept his eyes open. It had perhaps been better that they had been shut; for, while thus engaged, a dog continued to gambol about him, which more than once, and highly enraged, he drove away with blows and curses, and returned to his prayers again."

## WADY MOKATTEB, OR WRITTEN VALLEY.

"Here we pitched our tents for the night, and here we saw those famous inscriptions which have given the wady its name, and which have created so deep an interest not only in the passing pilgrim but the Christian world. What first arrests attention in these singular inscriptions is their multitude, variety, the height at which many of them are written, and, compared with the beautiful and finished specimens of Egyptian art we had just seen, the rude and unskilful way in which they are executed. Besides characters or letters the rocks in the wady and of a neighbouring mountain, called *Jebel Mokatteb*, the *Written Mountain*, are covered with figures of men and various animals. 'Men' to use the graphic words of Professor Beer, are drawn standing, in motion; lifting the hands to heaven, looking down; sitting on camels, on horses, on mules, leading camels; armed with spears, swords, shields; fighting, drawing the bow, hunting, &c.

"Surveying these strange inscriptions, every other consideration is soon displaced by that of their origin, date, authorship, and meaning. On this there have been various opinions. Cosmas, a merchant of Alexandria, who in A.D. 535 was the first to make them known to the World, was of opinion they were the work of the Israelites. This opinion was adopted by Bishop Clogher, who was the first to direct the attention of the English public to the subject, and who in 1753 offered the sum of five hundred pounds to the traveller who should copy them. Whether the reward was ever claimed we cannot say. Some years after several of them were copied by Pococke and Niebuhr. It was the opinion of Professor Beer of Leipzig that they were the work of Christian pilgrims of the early ages. Lippus, seeing the improbability, not to say the impossibility, of these being the work of pilgrims, who could not be supposed to have either the time or the means with which to execute them, while agreeing with Professor Beer as to their Christian origin, ascribes them with as great unlikelihood to a Christian pastoral people, living and supporting their flocks in those regions. . . . . The meaning of the inscriptions was thus, like their authorship, unknown. In a work lately published, however, entitled 'The Voice of Israel from the Rocks of Sinai,' the Rev. Charles Forster, an English clergyman, has professed to discover both. 'The opinion of Cosmas,' he says 'so long and so unjustly condemned, is after all the right and true judgement, namely, that the Sinaitic inscriptions were the work of the ancient Israelites during their forty years' wanderings in the wilderness.' How has he, it is asked, arrived at this conclusion? How has he made this discovery? After showing the untenableness of Professor Beer's hypothesis, he proceeds to show that they were the work of the Israelites. 'First, from their being the work of a single age or generation. Second, from their numbers, extent, and position; their numbers being computed by thousands, their extent by miles, and their position above the valleys being as often measurable by fathoms as by feet, some being twenty, and some as high as 100 feet. Third, from the physical character of the peninsula of Sinai. To execute these monuments, as ladders and platforms, or ropes and baskets, the appliances of a fixed and

settled population, were indispensable. But no people ever could have fixed and settled there, unless provided with daily supplies of food and water in some extraordinary way. Now the only people in the history of the World, answering to this description, was God's people, Israel, after their exodus out of Egypt. . . . . Having applied the Egyptian alphabet to the Sinaitic inscriptions, what was the result? The result was, that in nearly 40 inscriptions he has discovered records of the principal events of the Exodus; such as the passage of the Red Sea, and the destruction of Pharaoh and his host; the healing of the waters of Marah; the smiting of the rock in Horeb; the murmurings and the miracle at Meribah; the battle of Rephadim, in which Moses is drawn with uplifted hands; the plague of the fiery serpents; and the miracle of the quails or feathered fowls. . . . . Supposing it were or could be shown that these are the actual records on the rocks of Sinai, and, strange as it may seem if they are, it would almost seem stranger if they are not, what, it may be asked, is their value? It is not said, and not for a moment supposed, that they were written by Divine appointment or inspiration. Yet, though forming no part of, and adding nothing to, the contents of Scripture, they would have their place and value, if they only added, as, if real, they must, to its credentials. Some have thought it not improbable that Job may have known of these inscriptions. Be this as it may, they served to remind us of his words, which we did not fail to read that night in the *Written Valley*. 'Oh! that my words were now written! oh! that they were printed in a book! that they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever!'"

## JERUSALEM.

"There was but one city in the World for which I would have passed Bethlehem; one city of greater note in this world's history. To see it we had crossed the sea, and the desert, and had come from a distant land; and for it were willing to leave for the present unvisited even Bethlehem itself. One long deep gaze at the city of David and of David's Lord, at the fields in which the shepherds were watching their flocks by night, at the bright blue air where the angel of the Lord appeared, and the glory of the Lord shone, and the multitude of the Heavenly hosts sang, 'Glory to God in the Highest, peace on earth, and good will to men;' and we hasten on. Near this, on the left, is the spot where Rachel died and was buried, when there was but a little way to come to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem." A small white cupola marks the lowly and lonely grave of the beautiful and the beloved one. We stay not even at the tomb of Rachel. Now we have reached the convent of Mar Elias, and the Fountain of the Star, where the star is said to have appeared to the wise men, and now, joy! joy! our dreams are realized, our longings are gratified, there is Jerusalem! Halting for a while to gaze on its distant walls, and to indulge our emotions, we rode forward, exulting that our feet should stand within its gates that day. From the Fountain of the Star, where it is first seen, Jerusalem is nearly three miles distant. The country on this side of it is open, but bare, and on the right hand bleak and desolate. Hilly on the right, it declines on the left into an extensive, and what in former times was no doubt a beautiful and fertile valley. Now there is neither tree nor fence to diversify the scene, nor on either side of the road for three miles is there a single habitation. From the inclination to the east of the plateau on which it stands, in approaching Jerusalem from this direction, little is seen but its walls. These, however, are strong, high, and fair, and even from the Bethlehem road give it an imposing appearance.

"Next to Jerusalem the objects, which at this distance first strike the eye, are the mountains round about it. Among these one is more prominent than the rest, and is partially wooded. It is the Mount of Olives. We have now passed the valley of Rephadim, or the Giants, and now we have reached the ridge of the rock that forms

the brow of the valley of Gihon. Right opposite is Mount Zion. A glance at the valley of Hinnom, deepening and darkening far below, and we descend the ridge; and, ascending the hill of Zion, we enter the Bethlehem, or Jaffa gate, and are within the walls of Jerusalem!"

There are wanderings of a far higher order and to a destination far nobler and better than Palestine and Jerusalem, to which the following pen-calling refers. We have pleasure in transferring it to our columns, commending it to our readers with the fervent hope and prayer that in "The Journey of Life" they may, one and all, choose "El Shaddai as their strength and song;"—

## A LAY FOR THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

"And, when Abraham was ninety years old and nine, the Lord appeared to Abraham, and said unto him, I am the Almighty" or All-sufficient "God—(in the Hebrew, El Shaddai;) walk before Me, and be thou perfect."—Gen. xvii 1.

The wilderness is long and drear,

And I must go, whate'er betide;  
But with the thought my heart I cheer:—  
El Shaddai is my Guide.

The Tempter's shafts fly thick around,  
And wounded, many quit the field,  
From danger free I keep my ground—  
El Shaddai is my Shield.

My wants are great, yet lack I nought,  
Around my tent the manna lies:  
And all things good, if only sought,  
El Shaddai rich supplies.

Burdened with sin, I journey slow,  
And fear that I shall faint at length;  
But I revive as oft I go,  
El Shaddai is my strength.

Guiltily and frail, I'm full of fears,  
For grace is weak, corruption strong:  
But I can smile amid my tears,—  
El Shaddai is my song.

My eyes have lost their youthful glow,  
To me the day grows dark as night;  
Yet I in cloudless sunshine go—  
El Shaddai is my light.

On Death's dark stream I trembling stand,  
With sullen wail its waters roar;  
But safe I'll reach the eternal land,—  
El Shaddai went before.

To yonder gates of light on High,  
Oh! how dare I my footsteps bend!  
"Fear not," some angel whispers nigh,  
"El Shaddai is thy Friend."

## SELECTIONS.

## BAXTER AS A PREACHER.

BAXTER was one of the most powerful preachers that ever addressed an English congregation. He seems to have possessed all the gifts which are generally considered to make a perfect master of assemblies. He had an amazing fluency, an enormous store of matter, a most clear and lucid style, an unlimited command of forcible language, a pithy, pointed, emphatic way of presenting Truth, a singularly moving and pathetic voice, and an earnestness of manner which swept every thing before it like a torrent. He used to say, "It must be serious preaching which will make men serious in hearing and obeying it."

Two well known lines of his show you the man,

"I'll preach as though I never should preach again,  
And as a dying man to dying men."

Dr Bates, a contemporary, says of him, "He had a marvellous felicity and copiousness in