

engrossed by a view of the Dead Sea, situate and lying between the barren mountains of Arabia and Judæa,—presenting from that vast eminence only a small, calm, and silvery surface, was that awful sea of “mystery profound,” which roiled its dark waters over the guilty cities of the Plain, over whose surface, according to the Arabs, no bird can fly, or fish swim in its waters (but our traveller had seen gulls flying over and resting on its banks. The Dead Sea receives the Jordan, but sends no tribute to the ocean. Mr. Stevens expected to find in its waters the ruins of the overwhelmed cities. This zealous traveller now observes, “If I had never stood on the top of Mount Sinai, I should say that nothing could exceed the desolation exhibited from the summit of Mount Hor,—its most striking object being the dreary and ragged mountains of Seir—bare and naked both of trees and verdure, and heaving their majestic summits to the skies. Before me lay in wide extent a land of utter desolation, barrenness and ruin—a land accursed by God, and against which the Prophets of the Most High had set their faces—a land of which it was thus written in the Book of Life, in Ezekiel xxxv. ‘Moreover, the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Son of man, set thy face against Mount Seir, and prophesy against it, and say unto it, Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, oh Mount Seir, I am against thee, and I will stretch out mine hand against thee, and I will make thee most desolate. I will lay thy cities waste, and thou shalt be desolate; and thou shalt know that I am the Lord. Because thou hast had a perpetual hatred, and hast shed the blood of the children of Israel by the force of the sword in the time of their calamity, in the time that their iniquity had an end: therefore, as I live, saith the Lord God, I will prepare thee unto blood, and blood shall pursue thee: since thou hast not hated blood, even blood shall pursue thee. Thus will I make Mount Seir most desolate, and cut off from it him that passeth out and him that returneth. And I will fill his mountains with his slain men: in thy hills, and in thy valleys, and in all thy rivers shall they fall that are slain with the sword. I will make thee perpetual desolations, and thy cities shall not return: and ye shall know that I am the Lord.’”

In Numbers 20th, an account of the death of Aaron is given—“And the children of Israel, even the whole congregation, journeyed from Kadesh, and came unto Mount Hor. And the Lord spake unto Moses and Aaron in Mount Hor, by the coast of the land of Edom, saying, Aaron shall be gathered unto his people: for he shall not enter into the land which I have given unto the children of Israel, because ye rebelled against my word at the water of Meribah. Take Aaron and Eleazer his son, and bring them up unto Mount Hor; and strip Aaron of his garments, and put them upon Eleazer his son: and Aaron shall be gathered unto his people, and shall die there. And Moses did as the Lord commanded: and they went up into Mount Hor, in the sight of all the congregation. And Moses stripped Aaron of his garments, and put them upon Eleazer his son; and Aaron died there in the top of the mount; and Moses and Eleazer came down from the mount. And when all the congregation saw that Aaron was dead, they mourned for Aaron thirty days, even all the house of Israel.”

On the very summit of Mount Hor is revered alike by Turks and Christians the tomb of Aaron, 30 feet square, containing a single chamber; a stone on which sheep had been sacrificed, black with the smoke of ages was apparent, and the only ornaments were a few ostrich eggs, suspended to the ceiling, as is common in the mosques. At the foot of certain steps was a narrow chamber; at the other end an iron grating, opening in the middle, and behind the grating a tomb excavated in the living rock—this was the tomb of Aaron. Mr. Stevens tore aside the rusty grating, and with his right hand extending his arm up to the shoulders, touched the sacred spot. In fine, after an ascent the most toilsome, and a descent the most hairbrained and perilous, ever perhaps accomplished by any travellers, they arrived in half an hour at the base of this terrific mountain, and hurried on to join their escort.

H. H.

ANCIENT EGYPT.—Ancient Egypt, in all ages of literary inquiry, has been, like the source of her own Nile, the great object of eager research, patient hope, and perpetual disappointment. The mysteries of her elder power and wisdom were surveyed with something of religious awe by the Greeks and Romans, who generally acknowledged in her the parent of their deities, their arts, and their civil government. To the Christian world, her connexion with the early history of the Jews has kept alive the same powerful interest. The literary pilgrims, who have visited the shores, from the days of old Herodotus, down to our own time, have perpetually maintained or rekindled the excitement by new accounts of the wonders of this inexhaustible region. In the darkest ages, the pyramids, that stood as it were, almost on the verge and entrance of the land of marvel, were known and familiarly spoken of as among the wonders of the world; while later diligence and enterprise have gradually opened to us the whole valley,

‘Far off from sun-burnt Meroe,
From falling Niles to the sea
That beats on the Egyptian shore.’

Our travellers, if we may again, tempted by the beautiful language of Gray, venture into poetry, have penetrated wherever

— with adventurous oar and ready sail,
The dusky people drove before the gale;
Or on frail floats to neighbouring cities ride,

which, alas, no longer

‘Rise and glitter o’er the ambient tide,’

but lie in their massy and majestic ruins on each side of the stream. City after city, up to the cataracts, even where the mouldering porticos are of a later date, still displays the architectural characters of weight, solidity, and colossal proportion, which belongs to the more ancient edifices; while above the limits of Egypt, temple after temple, either built with the same gigantic labour, or hewn out of the solid rock, shows, that if one mighty empire did not, at a very remote period, extend along the course of the Nile, from the borders of Abyssinia to the sea, yet one religion predominated from Meroe to Memphis, the same arts, usages, and perhaps civil polity, followed, either ascending or descending, the course of the great river.

A FUTURE STATE.—Revelation declares that we are to live hereafter in a state differing considerably from that in which we live here. Now the Constitution of Nature in a manner says so too. For do we not see birds let loose from the prison of the shell, and launched into a new and nobler state of existence? insects extricated at length from their cumbrous and unsightly tenement, and then permitted to unfold their beauties to the sun? seeds rotting in the earth, with no apparent promise of future vegetation, yet quickened after death, and clothed with luxuriant apparel? Is not our own solid flesh perpetually thawing and restoring itself, so that the numerical particles of which it once consisted have by degrees dropped away, leaving, meanwhile, the faculties of the soul unimpaired, and its consciousness uninterrupted for a moment? Is not the eye a telescope, and the hand a vice, and the arm a lever, and the wrist a hinge, and the leg a crutch, and the stomach a laboratory, and the whole frame but a case of beautiful instruments, which may accordingly be destroyed without the destruction of the agents that wield them? Nay, cannot that agent, when once master of its craft, work without the tools, and are its perceptions in a dream as vivid as when every organ of sense is actively employed in ministering to its wants? What though the silver chord be loosed, and the golden bowl broken, and the pitcher broken at the well, and the wheel broken at the cistern, still may yet the immortal artist itself have quitted the ruptured machinery, and retired to the country from which it came? What though the approach of death seem, by degrees, to enfeeble, and at last to suspend the powers of the mind, will not the constitution of nature bid us be of good cheer, seeing that the approach of sleep does the same? Of sleep, which, instead of paralyzing the functions of the man, is actually their

‘second course
Chief nourished in life’s feast.’

And if, in some instances, death does lie heavy on the trembling spirit, in how many others does it seem to be only cutting the chords that bound it to earth, exonerating it of a weight that sunk it—so that, agreeably to a notion too universal to be altogether groundless, at the eve of its departure it should appear

‘to attain
To something of prophetic strain?’

Here, then, the constitution of nature and the voice of revelation conspire to teach the same great truth, ‘non omnia moriar.’

Quarterly Review.

CRIME OF PARTIALITY.—Whether partiality must be regarded as the daughter, or as the sister of bigotry, may perhaps bear a dispute; but as they have the striking and identical likeness of twins, we may safely call them sisters. The just definition of partiality, is, the confined affection and confidence which a man has for his own party, and which produces a corresponding disaffection and distrust towards all others. How lovely, in the estimation of such a man, are all the peculiarities comprehended under the particular *ism*, by which he and his party are distinguished! and how dark and doubtful is all beside! While his mind is amusing itself in surveying the vast beauties of his party, and imitating excellencies of its plan, the cloud which obscures the horizon of every other, appears to grow darker every hour! His feelings are sublime and inexpressible, and perhaps advance almost to that state of devotion which is due alone to the Deity, whose only plan is unexceptionable, and who has no party under the sun. Now as God has no party, and as his ministers are to do nothing by partiality, and as the wisdom from above is without partiality, as well as without hypocrisy, we might as well doubt whether hypocrisy be a moral evil, as to doubt whether partiality be such. And yet, alas! both it and bigotry have been protected and encouraged as the great champions and defenders of each sectarian cause. They make a man zealous and decided—they make him resolute and courageous! Yes, and let it be added, they make him uncandid, fierce, dogmatical, and blind. They are as fine and acceptable allies for a Jew or a Turk—for a Pagan or an Atheist—as they are for a sectarian Christian.

Let their effects be considered within any religious denomination. They say to the soul of every member, So far shall you go in your meditations, and no farther: your business is not to inquire what is true, but merely to inquire what are the sentiments of our church, that you may defend them to the end of the world. You must silence every heretical thought of improvement, and merely walk in the good old way, as we have pointed it out to you. Thus, whatever error may be in the church, it seems it must be held fast to eternity. The intellectual faculties of the members must be hampered, and their hearts corrupted, by doing violence to honest conviction, and by warping both reason and revelation into the pale of their sectarian boundaries. And even the truth itself is hindered by these evils from producing its native and salutary effects: for truth, when believed merely with the faith of bigotry, is little better than error. Its evidence is not examined, and its value, as truth, is not apprehended; but merely its subserviency to the support of our beloved cause.

Let their effects be considered upon the different denominations, in their relation to each other. We stand with surprise and wonder to behold the errors and absurdities of other denominations; they stand with equal surprise and wonder, to behold the errors and absurdities of ours: while the true cause of wonder is, that each party cannot see that they are holding fast the same identical error, namely, the infallibility of our party. One party enjoins on all its members to defend everything here, and to oppose every thing there: the other party does the same. Thus the inquiry What is truth? is neglected and laid aside. One says, There is no religion with you; and another, There is no religion with you. One says, This is a damnable heresy; and the other says, That is a damnable heresy. One wonders at the blindness and obstinacy of this people; the other wonders at the blindness and obstinacy of that people; while all Heaven pities the selfish vanity of man, and all Hell is pleased with our destructive and ridiculous conduct.

THE INFIDEL MOTHER.

BY CHATEAUBRIAND.

How is it possible to conceive that a woman should be an atheist? What shall prop this reed if religion does not sustain her? The feeblest being in nature, even on the eve of death, or loss of her charms; who shall support her if her hopes be not extended beyond an ephemeral existence? For the sake of her beauty alone, woman should be pious.

Gentleness, submission, suavity, tenderness, constitute part of the charms which the Creator bestowed on our first mother; and to charms of this kind infidelity is the mortal foe.

Shall woman, who takes delight in concealment—who never discloses more than half her thoughts, whom Heaven formed for virtue and the most mysterious of sentiments, modesty and love—shall woman, renouncing the most engaging instinct of her sex, presume, with rash and feeble hands, to attempt to draw the thick veil which conceals the Divinity? Whom doth she think to please by an effort alike absurd and sacrilegious? Does she hope, by adding her pretty reasoning and her frivolous metaphysics to the imprecations of a Spinoza, and the sophistry of a Bayle, to give us a higher opinion of her genius? Without a doubt she has no thoughts of marriage, for what sensible man would unite himself for life to an impious partner?

The infidel wife has seldom any idea of her duties; she spends her days either on reasoning on virtue without practising its precepts, or in the enjoyment of the tumultuous pleasure of the world.

But the day of vengeance approaches. Time arrives, leading Age by the hand. The spectre, with silver hair and icy hands, plants himself on the threshold of the female Atheist: she perceives him and shrieks aloud. Who shall hear her voice? Her husband? She has none—long, very long, has he withdrawn from the theatre of dishonor. Her children? Ruined by impious education, and by maternal example, they concern themselves not about their mother. If she surveys the past, she beholds a pathless waste: her virtues have left no traces behind them. For the first time she begins to be sensible how much more consolatory it would have been to have a religion. Un-availing regret! When the Atheist, at the term of his career, discovers the illusions of a false philosophy; when annihilation, like an appalling meteor, begins to appear above the horizon of death, he would fain return to God: but it is too late—the mind, burdened by incredulity, rejects all conviction.

How different is the lot of the religious woman! Her days are replete with joy; she is respected, beloved by her husband, her children and her household; all place unbounded confidence in her, because they are firmly convinced of the fidelity of one who is faithful to her God. The faith of this Christian is strengthened by her happiness, and her happiness by her faith; she believes in God because she is happy, and she is happy because she believes in God.

Nature has perfections in order to show that she is the image of God, and defects in order to show that she is only his image.
—PASCAL.