

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE.]

"Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." After a prayer from Rev. Mr. Briggs, and a hymn, the exercises were closed. The fervor of the preacher, we feel, of course, in the church.

**Thursday morning.**—Session in the church at Barton Square, at 8 1/2 o'clock. Prayer was offered by Rev. E. B. Hall. A Committee of Arrangements was appointed for the next Autumnal Convention, consisting of Rev. A. Hill, Rev. J. W. Thompson, Rev. G. E. Ellis, H. B. Rogers, Esq., and C. S. Davies, Esq. The fifth Resolution was then taken up, reading thus:—

"RESOLVED, That we regard the prevalent pursuit of wealth and prominence of materialistic influences with solicitude, but not with despair, and that in this our nineteenth century, we deem it to be peculiarly the mission of Christianity to lift the minds of the people above the thrilism of second causes to the worship of the Great First Cause, alike by an enlarged spiritual faith and an earnest practical devotion."

This called forth remarks from Rev. M. G. Thomas, who pointed out the strenuous necessity of exchanging the present waste and misuse of wealth and worldly goods for a holy consecration of it to the improvement and cultivation of the immortal soul, and the furtherance of Christ's kingdom. Rev. C. Lincoln followed, earnestly pleading for the great necessity of a spiritual regeneration, as the indispensable condition of all good works, and for a living piety as the basis of all practical reforms. Rev. R. Sanger continued the same train of remark. Rev. H. W. Bellows considered the love of money the great peril of this country and age, and the great obstacle to spiritual renewal and the work of the ministry. We are in danger of falling into the deplorable condition of France at the close of the last century. We almost idolize our civilization. Social ambition and the pursuit of wealth are absorbing the attention of men, especially in our large cities. Rich men buy everything else but their own time, and the freedom of their minds for spiritual discipline. He referred to a recent interview with Albert Gallatin, a retired scientific man, whose science is made to subserve Christian truth and a spiritual culture. While science acknowledges her allegiance to Christianity, let not that Christianity suffer from the worldliness of the world. Rev. C. Palfrey ascribed the great attention paid to material interests to the position of the world and the opportunities of the age. It is the work of the century to develop, to a remarkable degree, material resources and physical powers. The real question is whether this shall be done in a selfish and earthly, or in a humane and devout spirit. Every laborer should go daily to his work, making his care for the outward only a means of perfecting his interior life, and of serving God. This rule may reconcile all the difficulties of the case. Rev. A. R. Muzzey could not help believing that it is the express design of Providence that the vast material resources around us shall be developed. Christ's teaching is that worldly prosperity itself is not to be coveted, but the wrong use of it, and the selfish temper it may beget. He says not "Vine to the rich," but "wee to them that trust in riches." Religion is to be introduced into all spheres; and business enterprise is to be sanctified by a pious heart. Rev. C. Stetson thought that there is no real issue between those who urge the supreme importance of detaching the soul from mammonish pursuits and idolatry, and those who engage heartily in practical reforms, who feel for the slave as bound with him, and strive for the alleviation of his sufferings from the external burdens that wrong and debase the soul. The advocates of social reform cling as closely as any to the doctrine of personal, and spiritual renewal, and other great central principles of the Gospel, which are the root of the divine life. On the wild olive of modern worldliness, the spirit that believes supremely in the indefinite extension of Anglo-Saxondom, in stocks and railroads, we can never expect to graft the beneficent spirit of Christian reform. Can a man, with Christ's renewing spirit in him, whip a slave to the point of death, or shoot bullets into a human body, the innocent child, his brother and sister? and it is no more Christian to send a colonel from your own county, and pay him and welcome him when he returns, than to go in your own person. The virtues and the sincerity, of those who follow only the Christianity of society, are to be respected. But they may still lack the Christianity of Christ. The grand purpose of the ministry is to implant in the soul the living spirit of Christ, which is the spirit of justice and humanity, no less than of devotion and piety. Rev. S. Osgood confessed that there was much claiming admiration in the energetic enterprise of business men, and that the gigantic efforts of the children of the world overshadow the piny plans of the children of light. Changes go on every day under our eyes, which disclose the vitality of secular enterprise. Are we as faithful, energetic, persisting? The old Christian system had power. The prelate of the present day has power, in the intelligence and faith of its adherents. Where are we to get a more and better power? In the increased spirituality of our teachings; in the increased spirituality of our lives. The laity bear a fair standard of comparison with the clergy. We must preach from a higher moral position. The laity are not afraid to close preaching, not afraid of being hit. A Southern man said he liked a certain preacher because he made him feel as if the devil was crowding him into the corner of his pew. Many would agree with him. Among all the horizontal lines of the age, let there be a hand pointing upward toward God, and heaven, and good angels. The Resolution was adopted. A Resolution was introduced by the committee, that "a memorial with grief the war now waged with Mexico, we feel called on to utter our remonstrance boldly and openly, and that we appoint a committee to draw up a respectful memorial to Congress, and solicit signatures." S. Greeley, Esq., advocated its adoption, asked the countenance of the clergy to sustain the conscientious and faithful politicians of the country, in their opposition to continuing the war. He added an assurance that the laity are ready for the most urgent preaching the clergy can give. Rev. Dr. Gannett objected to the Resolve, that it is without precedent in the proceedings of these Conventions, that the memorial cannot be reported, that it may alienate some persons from our Conventions. Rev. J. F. Clarke hoped, for duty's sake and consistency's sake, the Resolve would not be wholly lost or laid aside. The resolve was laid on the table, and on the motion of Rev. R. C. Weston a meeting was called to be held immediately after this, to consider it. A Resolution was then introduced, declaring the entire harmony of the body, amidst all diversities of opinion, whether on doctrine or modes of action. Dr. Putnam re-affirmed and supported this; dwelling on the beauty of our diversities, and the essential agreement of all of us, present and absent. Some of us plead for action, some for the spirit; some are conservative, and some radical; some work for denationalism, and as the world is here, there is nobody to resist or hinder them. We are one; in all the circles of human society, there is not a body more harmonious, affectionate, fraternal, than this. We have all sorts; we need all sorts; each member has his office, and cannot be spared. Let us differ with all our might, and yet cherish mutual respect and love. The Resolve was adopted. Under the last Resolve, reading thus:—

"RESOLVED, That, recognizing with tender and solemn interest, the decease of lamented brethren, Rev. Dr. Peabody and others, we deeply sympathize with their bereaved families, and express our gratitude to divine Providence for the power of their lives and the treasure of their memories."

Rev. J. H. Morrison paid a most touching and feeling and solemn tribute to the memory of the dead. Out of a feeling and moved heart, he spoke affecting words of sorrow, of submission, of gratitude, recalling the beloved and respected images of Moore, Niles, and Peabody, holding up their virtues for imitation, and their holy example as a blessing to our lives, a support to our sufferings, a promise to our hope, and a light to our path. The Resolution was adopted. In behalf of the Unitarians of Salem, Rev. J. W. Thompson, in appropriate terms, rendered an acknowledgment to all present for their presence and assistance throughout the occasion; for the words of freedom, righteousness, and love, that had been spoken; for the Christian manliness, kindness, and courtesy that have been exhibited; and addressed other fervent, parting salutations to the assembly. Rev. S. Osgood moved the thanks of the assembly for the elegant hospitality of our friends—brothers and sisters—in Salem, and for the unbroken hours of pleasure and edification that we have enjoyed here; which, as amended on motion of Rev. A. B. Muzzey, was passed unanimously. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Putnam, a hymn was sung, a vote of thanks was proposed and passed to the venerable President, for the dignity, urbanity, and impartiality with which he presided over the deliberations of the body; and the Convention finally adjourned.

CHILDREN.

Harmless, happy little treasures,  
Full of truth, and trust, and mirth;  
Richest wealth, and purest treasures,  
In this mean and guilty earth!

How I love you, pretty creatures!  
Where the love that lights your features,  
From the heart in beauty springs.

On those laughing rosy faces  
There are no deep lines of sin,  
None of passion's dreary traces  
That betray the wounds within;

But yours is the sunny dimple  
Radiant with untutor'd smiles;  
Yours the heart, sincere and simple,  
Innocent of selfish wiles;

Yours the natural curling tresses,  
Prattling tongues, and shyness coy,  
Trotting steps, and kind caresses,  
Pure with health and warm with joy.

The dull slaves of gain, or passion,  
Cannot love you as they should,  
The poor worldly fools of fashion  
Would not love you if they could.

Write them childless, those cold-hearted,  
Who can scorn thy generous boon,  
And whose souls with fear have smarted,  
Lest Thy blessing come to soon,

While he hath a child to love him  
No man can be poor indeed;  
While he trusts a Friend above him,  
None can sorrow, fear, or need.

THE HOLY LAND.—JERUSALEM.  
—A MORNING'S WALK.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

There is little pleasure in visiting the places within the walls of Jerusalem which are reported by the monks to be the scenes of the acts and sufferings of Christ. There is no certainty about these; and the spots regarding which there can be no mistake are so interesting, that the mind and heart of the traveller turn away from such as may be fabulous. About the site of the Temple, there is no doubt; and beyond the walls one meets at every turn assurance of being where Christ walked and taught, and where the great events of Jewish history took place. Let us go over what I found in one ramble; and then my reader will see what it must be to take walks in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem.

Leaving the city by the Bethlehem Gate, we descended into the valley of Hinnom or Gehenna. Here there are many tombs cut in the rock, with entrances like door-ways. When I speak of Bethany, I shall have occasion to describe the tombs of the Jews. It was in this valley, and close by the fountain of Siloam, that, in the days of Jewish idolatry, children passed through the fire, in honour of Moloch. This is the place called Tophet in scripture,—fit to be spoken of as it was, as an image of hell. Here, in this place of corruption and cruelty, where fires hovered about living bodies, and worms preyed on the dead—here was the imagery of terror—"the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched." The scene is very different now. The slopes are terraced, that the winter rains may not wash away the soil; and these terraces were to-day green with springing wheat; and the spreading olives and fig trees cast their shadows on the rich though stony soil. Streams were led from the pool of Siloam among the fields and gardens; and all looked cool and fresh in the once hellish spot. On the top of the opposite hill was the Field of Blood—the field bought as a burial place for strangers, by the priests to whom Judas returned his bribe. For the burial of strangers, it was used in subsequent ages; for pilgrims who died at the Holy City were laid there. It is now no longer enclosed; but a charnel-house marks the spot.

The pools all round Jerusalem are beautiful; the cool arching rock roof of some, the weed-tufted sides and clear waters of all, are delicious. The pool of Siloam is still pretty—though less so, no doubt, than when the blind man, sent to wash there, opened his eyes on its sacred stream. The fountain of Siloam is more beautiful than the pool. It lies deep in a cave, and must be reached by broad steps which wind down in the shadow. A woman sat to-day in the dim light of reflected sunshine—washing linen in the pool. Here it was, that in days of old the priest came down with his golden pitcher, to draw water for the temple service; and hither it was that the thought of Milton came when he sang of—

"Siloa's brook that flowed  
Fast by the oracle of God."

We were now in the valley of Jehoshaphat;

and we crossed the bottom of it, where the brook Kedron must run when it runs at all; but it seems to be now merely a winter torrent, and never to have been a constant stream. When we had ascended the opposite side of the valley, we were on the Mount of Olives. The ascent was steep,—now among tombs, and now past fields of waving barley, flecked with the shade of olive trees. As we ascended, the opposite hill seemed to rise, and the city to spread. Two horsemen in the valley below, and a woman with a burden on her head, mounting to the city by a path up Moriah, looked so surprisingly small as to prove the grandeur of the scenery. Hereabouts it was, as it is said, and may reasonably be believed, that Jesus mourned over Jerusalem, and told his followers what would become of the noble city which here rose upon their view, crowning the sacred mount, and shining clear against the cloudless sky. Dwellers in our climate cannot conceive of such a sight as Jerusalem seen from the summit of the Mount of Olives. The Moab mountains, over towards the Dead Sea, are drest in the softest hues of purple, lilac, and gray. The hill country to the north is almost gaudy with its contrasts of colour; its white or grey stones, red soil; and crops of vivid green. But the city is the glory—aloft on the steep—its long lines of wall clearly defining it to the sight, and every minaret and cupola, and almost every stone marked out by the brilliant sunshine against the deep blue sky. In the spaces unbuild on within the walls, are tufts of verdure; and cypresses spring here and there from some covert garden. The green lawns of the Mosque of Omar, are spread out small before the eye, with their groups of tiny gay moving people. If it is now so glorious a place to the eye, what must it have been in the days of its pride! Yet in that day, when every one looked for the exulting blessing "Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces!" there came instead the lamentation over the Jerusalem that killed the prophets and stoned the messengers of Jehovah, and whose house must be therefore left desolate.

The disciples, looking from hence upon the strength of the walls, the massiveness of the Temple buildings, then springing 480 feet from the bed of the brook below, and the depth and ruggedness of the ravines surrounding the city on three sides, might well ask when those things should be, and how they should be accomplished. On the fourth side, the north, where there is no ravine, the Roman army was encamped. We could now see that rising ground, once covered with the Roman tents, but to-day with corn fields and olive grounds. The Romans encamped one legion on the Mount of Olives; but it could not do any harm to the city; and the only available point of attack—the north side—was guarded by a moat and three walls. The seige was long; so long that men's hearts failed them for fear, and at least one famished woman ate her own child: and at last the city was taken and nearly destroyed; and of the Temple, not one stone was left upon another. How we were in the midst of these scenes to-day! We stood where the doom was pronounced; below us was the camp of the single legion I have mentioned; opposite was the humbled city, with the site of the temple courts; and over to the north was the camp of the enemy. Here was the whole scene of that "great tribulation, such as was not known from the beginning of the world."

From the summit of Olivet, we went down to the scene of that other tribulation—that anguish of mind which had perhaps never been surpassed from the beginning of the world. "When Jesus had spoken these words" (his words of cheer after the last supper), "he went forth," we are told, "with his disciples over the brook Kedron, where was a garden." This garden we entered to-day, from the other direction, and left it by crossing the bed of the brook. It is a dreary place now, very unlike what it must have been when "Jesus oft-times resorted thither with his disciples." It is a plot of ground on a slope above the brook, enclosed with fences of loose stones, and occupied by eight extremely old olive trees—the oldest, I should think, that we saw in our travels. I do not mean that they could have been growing in the days of Christ. That is supposed to be impossible; though I never could learn what is the greatest age known to be attained by the olive tree. The roots of these were supported by little terraces of stones, that neither trees nor soil might be washed down the slope by the winter torrents. But little remains of these once fine trees but hollow trunks and a few straggling branches. It is with the mind's eye that we must see the filling up of this garden enclosure where Jesus "oft-times resorted thither"—its orchard of fig, pomegranate, and olive trees, and the grass or young springing corn under foot. From every part of it the approach of Judas

and his party must have been visible. By their "lanterns and torches and weapons," gleaming in the light, they must have been seen descending the hill from the city gate. The sleeping disciples may not have heeded the lights and footsteps of the multitude; but step by step as it wound down the steep, and then crossed the brook, and turned up to the garden, the victim knew that the hour of his fate drew on.

By the way the crowd came down, we now ascended towards the city, turning aside, however, to skirt the north wall, instead of returning home through the streets. Not to mention now other things that we saw, we noted much connected with the seige:—the nature of the ground—favourable for the encampment of an army, and the shallow moat under the walls, where the Romans brought two great wooden towers on wheels, that the men in the towers might fight on a level with those on the walls, and throw missiles into the town. This scene of conflict is very quiet now. A crop of barley was ripening under the very walls: and an Arab, with a soft, mild countenance, was filling his water-skins at the pool, called the sheep-pool, near the Damascus gate. The proud Roman and despairing Jew were not more unlike each other than this Arab, with his pathetic face, was unlike them both. As he stooped under the dim arches of the rock, and his red cap came into contrast with the dark grey of the still water below, and the green of the dangling weeds over his head, our thoughts were recalled to our own day, and to a sense of the beauty we meet in every nook and corner of the Holy Land.

From this ramble, my readers may see something of what it is to take walks in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem.

**CHARITY.**—Hundreds of miserable women weep unknown, unsolaced, whose appearance attracts little notice from those who fling their silver to squalid vice. Young girls bend day after day with throbbing temples, and palpitating hearts, over work that will produce them but one shilling for 24 hours hard labor; yet through all, preserve the freshness of their souls, and at last lie down to die amid their kindred poor, and while angelic harps peal the loud anthem of victory over temptation and sorrow, manhood jogs on unconscious of the celestial strains. While such objects of genuine sympathy abound, there can be little room for its sad perversion, would those blessed with means investigate as well as give. They who have nothing but sympathy to bestow, will always receive the gratitude of the deserving. It is a heavenly gift. It bound the heart of our Redeemer, to the hearts of his redeemed. He had no alms to give, all he had was from others. Through its self-sacrificing influence, he gave his life to us that we might live. Let us show our gratitude to him, by emulating his sympathy for the poor, but not to the injury of human souls.—*American Family Journal.*

**RAGGED SCHOOLS IN LONDON.**—A class of philanthropists in London contributes to the support of schools for poor children.—They are called "Ragged Schools," and are not inappropriately named. As a specimen of the class of Ragged School pupils, we give the following:—

"A lad was asked his name, which he gave. 'Where do you live?' inquired the teacher. There was no answer, but the boy turned his face away. A little fellow of the same class remarked, 'Please, sir, he don't live nowhere.' 'Indeed, how is that?' 'His father and mother are both dead, and he has had no one to take care of him for two years. He sleeps under carts or sheds, or wherever he can.' He was nearly naked, the upper part of his body being covered with a small piece of brown Holland. 'He always comes down our street at night,' observed a boy, 'and I give him a bit of my supper, or he'd have none.' 'That's true,' replied another; 'and though he is so poor, he keeps himself clean, for he goes down to the river early in the morning, and washes himself.'"

Those who think themselves high-spirited, and will bear least, as they speak, are often even by that, forced to bow most, or to burst under it, while humility and meekness escape many a blow, always keeping peace within, and often without too.—*Leighton.*

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—*Pope.*

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