

Alvaris and Rivera interchange,
With Abraham and Jacob of old times.

Closed are the portals of their Synagogue,
No Psalms of David now the silence break,
No Rabbi reads the ancient Decalogue
In the grand dialect the Prophets spake.

Gone are the living, but the dead remain,
And not neglected : for a hand unseen,
Scattering its bounty like a summer rain,
Still keeps their graves and their remembrance green.

The whole poem is exquisitely beautiful. Of the once numerous Jewish community not one now remains, but through the bequest by one of them of \$20,000, the cemetery is kept in beautiful order.

And the sepulchral stones, so old and brown,
That pave with level flags their burial place,
Seem like the tablets of the Law, thrown down
And broken by Moses at the mountain's base.

The first settlement at Newport was begun in the year 1639, by a portion of the exiled company of Puritans, fleeing from their persecutors in Massachusetts Bay. Because of its commodious harbour, Newport became a very prosperous seaport, and in the colonial days even surpassed New York.

Within two or three hours' run from Boston, by the Old Colony Railway, and half-an-hour by steamer, is Martha's Vineyard, the seat of the oldest and most famous Methodist camp meeting in the world. It is a summer city of some 25,000 or 30,000. The hundreds of cottages—there are over 2,000—are more tasteful and elegant than we have seen at any similar resort, although some with their flamboyant peaks and pinnacles are extremely bizarre. A great iron tabernacle, of light and graceful design, in the heart of "Wesleyan Grove," will accommodate 5000 persons. A tram railway, and some miles of good asphalt roadway, furnish unsurpassed facilities for locomotion. It was like fairy-land to wander at night amid the hundreds of cottages, illuminated with Chinese lanterns, or displaying through wide openings their elegant interiors, tastefully adorned with pictures, fans, Japanese screens, and bric-a-brac, and especially by ladies