

eight sheriffs and fakeers, who gave me their assistance and shewed me much kindness. I endeavoured to speak to them, but an invincible knot in my throat seemed to hinder me: I could only make myself understood by signs. They continued pouring water on my face, arms and hands; and at last I was able to swallow a small mouthful. This enabled me to ask, 'who are you?' When they heard me speak, they expressed their joy, and answered me, 'Fear nothing: far from being robbers, we are your friends:—and every one mentioned his name.—They poured again over me a still greater quantity of water—gave me some to drink—filled some of my leathern bags, and left me in haste, as every minute spent by them in this place was precious to them, and could not be repaired.

"The attack of thirst is perceived all of a sudden, by an extreme aridity of the skin: the eyes appear to be bloody: the tongue and mouth both inside and outside, are covered with a crust of the thickness of a crown piece: this crust is of a dark colour, of an insipid taste, and of a consistence like the soft wax from the bee-hive. A faintness of languor takes away the power to move: a kind of knot in the throat and diaphragm, attended with great pain, interrupts respiration. Some wandering tears escape from the eyes, and, at last, the sufferer drops down to the earth, and in a few minutes loses all consciousness. These are the symptoms which I remarked in my unfortunate travellers, and which I experienced in myself.

"My Bedouens, and my faithful Salem, were gone in different directions to find out some water, and two hours afterwards returned, one after another, carrying along with them good or bad water as they had been able to find it. Every one presented me part of what he had brought. I was obliged to taste it, and drank twenty times: but as soon as I swallowed it, my mouth became as dry as before. At last I was not able to spit or to speak. I got with difficulty on my horse again, and we proceeded on our journey."—*Ali Bey's Travels in Morocco, &c.*

#### HOUSE OF THE PHILISTINES DESTROYED BY SAMSON.

JUDGES XVI. 30.—"And Samson bowed himself with all his might: and the house fell upon the lords, and upon all the people that were therein; so the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life."

Some persons have asserted that no building sufficiently capacious to receive so great a number of people could be constructed so as to rest chiefly upon two pillars. But this is a mistake: for PLINY mentions two theatres built by C. Curio (who was killed in the civil wars, on Caesar's side,) which were made of wood, and so extensive as, according to his mode of writing, to hold all the Roman people. They were contrived with such art that each of them depended upon one hinge. This caused Pliny to censure the madness of the people who would venture into a place for their pleasure, where they sat on such an uncertain and unstable seat: for if that hinge had given way, there had been a greater slaughter than at the battle of Cannæ.—This surely removes every thing like difficulty from the scriptural account above alluded to.

Sir Christopher Wren, whose opinion upon such a subject will be considered as important, feels no hesitation in admitting the fact, and even gives us the form of a building which might be so constructed as to rest entirely upon two pillars. He then concludes with the following remark. "Now, if Samson, by his miraculous strength, pressing upon one of these pillars, moved it from its basis, the whole roof must of necessity fall."—*Burder's Oriental Customs.*

#### THE SATURDAY PREACHER.

No. VIII.

ST. MARK, x. 20, 21.—And he answered and said unto him Master, all these have I observed from my youth. Then Jesus beholding him loved him, and said unto him, One thing thou lackest: go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come, take up the cross, and follow me.

(Concluded from our last.)

You will observe my brethren, in the answer of the benign Jesus, how he draws the mind of the young man from his reverence of human authority to that of divine, and how he lays "piety to God" at the very root of all human duty. There never was a more captivating view of the great and powerful God drawn than in this elegant turn of Jesus in this verse,—where that blessed parent is so dexterously introduced to the enquirer for eternal life as the source of that and all other good,—the sole fountain of it and the sole stream.

And you will observe also, with what holy artifice the "good master" makes the young man, following the pride of the untamed intellect, and the unregenerate heart, assume the pretension to the very goodness, which the humble Jesus, in his human nature, repudiated:—"Thou knowest," says Jesus "the commandments: Do not commit adultery; do not kill; do not steal; do not bear false witness; defraud not; honour thy father and mother."—It is to be observed that there has been no period of the world, when these commandments of God which are inscribed on the hearts of all men, and which besides for the Jews were inscribed on tables of stone, were more generally disregarded, or flagrantly violated. And nowhere was the scandal of their violation more notorious than in Judea. And of the Jews, no class were more to be remarked in this particular, than that very class to which this young man belonged.

The seventh commandment forbidding adultery was transgressed constantly by the frequency of divorce,—which was resorted to from mere caprice, or from worse motives, on every occasion. But besides this, the utmost licentiousness of manners prevailed, and the most unrestrained indulgence was given to the basest passions. He was thought a good man, whose vices, however gross, were thrown into the shade by the blacker turpitude of others. The sixth commandment was broken in every aggravated form. Not only malice, hatred and envy tore the hearts of that vindictive and stubborn race, but violence and bloodshed invaded the sanctuary. The eighth was signalized in its breach, by the robbing of widows and of orphans, and for a pretence making long prayers. Of the transgressions of the ninth we

have a remarkable evidence in the number of false witnesses who appeared at the mock trial of the immaculate Jesus;—and of the tenth, or as it is here summed up, that which says, "Defraud not,"—its multifarious violation was the constant theme of our Lord's denunciations in the course of his ministry. The fifth, enjoining men to honour their father and their mother, besides its other violations was most remarkably transgressed in the article called Corban,—or a pretended dedication to God of what ought to have been applied to the necessities of the aged parent.

"The young man answered and said unto him, Master, all these have I observed from my youth."

Now, either the young man had observed them, as he said, or he had not. The probability is, that he had observed them in the received, or Pharisaical sense of observing them,—that is, in the external and overt act—in the precise matter specified—as a formalist, rather than in the spirit of the commandment. He was no doubt, from the station he filled, a decent character: he was as well behaved as his neighbours around him; and considered simply as a member of society, was perhaps unexceptionable.

But let it be granted, as in the narrative it is not denied, that in the better and fuller sense he had observed them,—and that he had, in all the commandments and statutes of the Lord, been blameless. Here then was a character not only such as ordinary history contains no parallel to, but every way lovely and estimable! A youthful and graceful body, a vigorous and accomplished mind, a pure and virtuous soul,—and all this crowned by the individual repairing to the best source for further light and improvement!

The blessed Jesus, my brethren, in the midst of a cruel and persecuting world, could not help indulging the benevolence of his human nature towards such a splendid exception, and "beholding him, loved him." The passage is one of the most beautiful and interesting in the Gospel. It is the point, where the unregenerate man has approached the nearest to a purity, on which the eye of divinity could rest without abomination. But alas! it is the very point, where the cup of unauthorised hope is most cruelly dashed from the desiring lips of unhallowed man. It is the most deadly blow given to human pride and self-complacency, which perhaps ever was given. For surely, if there be any thing engaging in youth—if there be any advantage in rank—if there be in strength of intellect any thing imposing, or in accomplishment of body or mind any thing that wins benevolence;—if obedience to national laws and customs can secure favour—or observation of the commandments of God, pardon or praise;—if all, or any of these, can effect salvation, or cause us to "inherit eternal life,"—then here we shall read the cheering tale.

"Jesus beholding him, loved him."—But alas! how did he demonstrate his love? Did he take him to his arms of mercy, as a sound lamb of a diseased flock? Did he point to the bright and expanded portals of the happy heaven, and designate there the throne of glory on which this loved young man was to sit? or did he bid him at once to enter into the eternal joy of his recognizing Lord? Alas, my brethren, it was but the sympathy of the human nature of Jesus—the same assumed weakness of humanity through which he wept for Lazarus. He took upon him all the nature of man, and this love was a part of it; but his awful divinity triumphed over the amiable infirmity. For the Mediator said unto him, "One thing thou lackest;—go thy way; sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, take up the cross, and follow me."

The selling his possessions and giving to the poor was a specific requisition to that individual young man; but the taking up the cross and following Jesus, was the general exaction—applicable to all persons, in all places and in every age. The lesson would not be complete, did we not continue to narrate with the Evangelist, that the young man declined the divine call:—"He was sad at that saying, and went away grieved, for he had great possessions." He went away grieved, but he left a thorn behind in the most benevolent heart that ever throbbed within the human breast; for Jesus looked round about, and said unto his disciples—in sorrow rather than in anger—"how hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!"

To come, my young brethren, at the divine call of Jesus our Lord, is, you will here observe, the sovereign duty of every man. There can be no real pleasure, or solid advantage in youth, when we are disobedient to Christ's kind and solemn invitation. And though you may have every enviable quality and accomplishment that is suited to attract the love or command the esteem of your fellow men, yet if you do not come when Christ calls, though his mercy may render him reluctant to abandon you to the sin and misery of an unsanctified heart, yet he will inevitably so resign you. By coming to an inviting Saviour, you come as those who are earnest to do something by which you may inherit eternal life. You come having previously complied with the institutions of the Christian Church,—having been baptized, confirmed, and partakers of the sacrament, observing the commandments of God from your childhood,—you come, in short, either with a good moral practice,—or with sincere repentance, devout resolutions of a holy life hereafter, and with faith in the aid of the Holy Ghost, through the blood of Christ, and in the trust that eternal life will crown your perseverance.

Coming to Jesus in early life, and with a holy observance of duties such as you had previously conceived them, you will come objects of his sympathetic regard,—like roses gathered in the dewy hours of the morning, that have a freshness of fragrance, which they lose in the more sultry hours of the day. You may indeed have masters after the flesh; and under their guidance, you may rise, one of you to excel in this art, and another in that science. Wealth may unlock her coffers to your enterprise and skill, and honour may shower her brightest baubles upon your persons. Some of you may have many a private treasure and delight, and others may grow grey amid the smiles and favours of an applauding public. But whatever the progress that you may all, or each make in your favourite pursuit, trust me on a better authority than mine, when I say, that if you come, now in

your blooming youth and expanding years, and enrol yourselves as devoted and unreserved servants of the humble Jesus, who on earth invited the young man in my text, but invites you now from on high, through me his unworthy messenger, you will enter a service that will repay you a thousand-fold better—even with undecaying treasures that are laid up in the everdurable treasury of heaven.

Not, my young and ardent brethren, that I can venture to bribe your passions or your ambition, with any meretricious or false enjoyments,—or that, as the herald of an awful Lord, I dare soothe you with promises of effeminate ease, or unholy gain.—You are invited, if you heed the call, to an arduous race, and to an unceasing warfare. The ascent to heaven is practicable, but it is steep; and the road, though direct and clear, is narrow and strait. To be a disciple of Christ is a manly and severe thing. You need youth—you need activity of intellect—you need integrity of heart, for the purpose—dauntless courage—and heroism of resolution. No bed of down is to be spread for you—no feast of good things, where you may recline with loosened girdle and unsandled feet,—while you give to levity and mirth all your heedless soul. But, coming to Christ, a cross is prepared. That cross, soldier of Jesus, you must take up, and on it you must crucify your affections and lusts. All your sensual propensity—covetousness and worldly mind—all malice, envy, hatred—all the animal and corrupt spiritual part—you must crucify without shuddering and without remorse. Engaged in this warfare and hard pressed by the ghostly enemy, if your eye offend you, pluck it out;—and if your hand or foot are the occasion of sin, cut off one or both rather than renounce the cross. Your soul—the immortal and gifted soul within you—is more valuable to you than any organ or than any limb; and the worst pangs you feel by the sacrifice, cannot be greater than those which your Saviour felt when the nails were driven through his hands and feet, and the spear into his panting side.—Take up the cross: there is a stern, but holy pleasure in it;—there is a well of joy in the exercise, the springs of which are deeper and flow more durably, than those of sensual pleasure, or worldly delight. No art, no science, no profession, not even music is sweet, at first, to the learner. It is when we are perfect in it, that its advantages and agreeableness are felt and known. And so with the cross of Christ's disciple. Some take it up in age, when their bodies are trembling, feeble and worn out, and when their minds are distracted by long habits and a prevailing influence of sin; and some are called away from earth, before years or reason give them the sublime privilege; but do you, my young friends, now that your eye is bright with the shining moisture of youth, your hearts light, and your step active,—do you take up the cross, as Christ bids you, and bear it a goodly length of way, before you are called on in mercy to lay it for ever down.

Take up the cross, and follow Jesus. Follow him, my youthful brethren, in his days of benevolence and active charity—in his evenings and nights of pious meditation and fervent prayer. Follow him in his labours of love, and his steadfast and serene composure, wherewith in a holy cause and in resignation to the will of his heavenly Father, he encountered certain and manifold calamity. When he addressed himself to the young man in my text, and bade him follow him, it was to Jerusalem, the theatre of his sufferings; it was to Gethsemane the scene of inappreciable agony; it was to Calvary, the moment of suffering; and to all the pangs and ignominies of his melancholy crucifixion. It was to Golgotha, the place of skulls; and to Joseph's garden, the abode of death and the site of the silent and oblivious sepulchre. When he addresses you, my brethren, as he now does through my unworthy voice, it is to bid you follow him, perhaps through similar scenes—perhaps through sore trials:—but you are to follow him to the goal—to the bright and rejoicing heaven,—where hope will be crowned with reality of joy—where faith will be merged in sight, and where the sufferings here will but augment the glory and bliss hereafter.

Come, young brethren, take up your cross and follow Jesus. This it is which you must do, that you may inherit eternal life. Your Master bids you this, in addition to all other duties. He is no stern tyrant, no unfeeling Lord; but as he was once your brother on earth, so now he is your good Sovereign and parent above. He will lead you, if willing, by his Spirit; and weak and unwilling as you may be, that grace will be found sufficient for you, if you will humbly and anxiously avail yourselves of it.

RUFUS.

#### THE CHURCH.

COBOURG, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1838.

Our readers will participate with us in the gratification which the Proclamation for a Day of PUBLIC THANKSGIVING, inserted in our last, must awaken in every Christian mind:—gratification as well for the termination of the tumults and trials by which our land has lately been afflicted, as for this solemn and public recognition of an Almighty and overruling arm in our recent deliverance, which it becomes a Christian government and a Christian community to make.

It has struck us, as well as many others, that the notice of this General Thanksgiving is somewhat short, and that the interval is thus rendered very brief between the day of fasting so generally observed throughout the Province on account of these troubles, and the day of thankful rejoicing for our deliverance from them. But there is one circumstance in justification of the appointment of so early a day which will at once reconcile us to any inconvenience the shortness of the notice may create,—the probability of the very early retirement of our excellent Lieutenant Governor from the Province. For what is more natural than that he should desire to unite with the people in whose welfare he has manifested so warm an interest, in a public acknowledgment to Almighty God of the wonderful mercies which have lately been vouchsafed to us all?—Well are we assured that the petitions for heavenly blessing upon his own head will be amongst the most cordial supplications which, on that day, will be offered up.

One inconvenience from this early appointment of the Public Thanksgiving, is the impossibility of referring to the Bishop of