

and crown of thorns found a few feet below this surface; but where is the scene around or within the city, however sacred, that is not defaced by the sad inventions of the fathers?

Having resolved to pass the night in the church, we took possession for a few hours of a small apartment adjoining the gallery that overlooked the crowded area beneath. As it drew near midnight, we ascended again to the summit of Calvary. The pilgrims, one after another, had dropped off, till at last all had departed. No footstep broke on the deep silence of the scene. At intervals, from the Catholic chapel below, was heard the melody of the organ, mingled with the solemn chanting of the priest, who sang of the death and sufferings of the Redeemer. This service, pausing at times, and again rising slowly on the ear, had an effect inexpressibly fine. The hour, the stillness, the softened light and sound, above all, the belief of being where he who "so loved us" poured out his life, affected the heart and the imagination in a manner difficult to be described. Hour after hour fled fast away, and we descended to the chamber of the sepulchre. How vivid the midnight lights streamed on every part! the priest had quitted his charge, and the lately crowded scene was now lonely. This was the moment, above all others, to bend over the spot where "the sting of death and the terrors of the grave" were taken away for ever.

Soon after daylight the pilgrims began to return and continued their visits till the ensuing night. The fathers lamented deeply the breaking out of the Greek revolution, and the internal war between the two pachas, which have combined to diminish the number of pilgrims to less than one fourth part of what it formerly was, as the journey is become too dangerous. Three or four thousand are computed to arrive every year, who afford a productive revenue to the different convents. But this is in a great measure eaten up by the heavy tax which the different orders are obliged to pay the Turks.

## RELIGIOUS.

MAN.

"Oh, thou most awful being, and most vain!  
Thy will how frail, how glorious is thy power!  
Though dread eternity has sown her seeds  
Of bliss or wo, in thy despotic breast;  
Though heaven and hell depend upon thy choice  
A butterfly comes cross, and both are fled!"

Man is represented as being created in the image of his Maker, possessed of noble faculties, endowed with powers which are capable of raising him to a station far above the rest of the creation of God. Those high notions of glory, which have been implanted into his mind ought to inspire him with elevated thoughts of God and induce him to advance in that scale of being for which he is so highly qualified.

When we look around, and behold the busy multitude, propelled by motives as discordant to human happiness as they are destructive of themselves, we may emphatically say—Man! where is thy dignity? Art thou not fallen! fallen!—The image of thy Maker is defaced—the crown is fallen from thy head—the glory is departed. Light shines—the light of life is imparted—its healing beams play around thee and invite thee to bask in them, and partake of the glories they shed. But to these dark souls no beauties appear—no music, though of ecstatic kind, can rouse their souls to holy breathings after God and heaven. What a sad fall is here! how changed! Look a little farther; we see a troop—it is the band of Gideon! On them the glory has descended—the effulgence is conspicuous—the blessing drops, joy is imparted—the Sun of righteousness, with healing in his beams, has chased away the gloom which had so long kept them. From beholding the beauties that now unfold themselves to their enraptured minds.

But we cannot stop here. Another object presents itself to our view. After all these joys are experienced, "a butterfly" makes its appearance, and those who have had visions of glory, and ecstasies of delight, are so far diverted by this gaudy phantom, as to lose all relish for the sublime joys they have just