

the solemn memories of this hallowed spot. We sat down, affected with its powerful and tender associations—our tearful interest all the while profoundly increasing, as I read aloud, one after another, the several accounts of the gospels of our dear Saviour's agony here, and concluded by reading the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. Our tears flowed most freely. So overpowering were my emotions, that I could hardly read audibly. I never had such a near view of Christ before—of His majestic holiness and Divine glory—of His infinite pity, tenderness and love—of the unspeakable intensity of His sufferings and sorrows—of the importance and greatness of His atoning work—of the terrible guiltiness and ill desert of sin in the sight of God—of my own unutterable unworthiness and sinfulness, and the sweet, glorious preciousness of Jesus as a Saviour. I never before felt such a personal nearness to Him, or had such a vivid sense of His enduring all that unsearchable agony for me." Page 276.

In the description which he gives of his visit to Bethel, that sacred spot where Jacob slept, and saw heaven opened, we find the following fine paragraph: "Turning now to the right from the main path we ascended the low southwestern slope of a stony hill, and entered a village not very attractive in its present condition, or beautiful in its appearance, but a location of deep and thrilling interest; for this is the site of ancient Bethel, associated with sacred, sublime and glorious scenes. As we come to this hill, and look upon these rocks, and tread these paths, and gaze upon these higher hills beyond and around, and know and feel that this is indeed Bethel, how sweet and sacred associations cluster and throng about us! What wonderful scenes have been witnessed here! The forms of venerable patriarchs are before us—altars, sanctuaries, vows and pledges, the worship of God, the presence of angels—all are here, and Heaven itself has been near this spot. Dreams of glory and promises of prosperity cluster here. O Bethel! sweet name; hallowed place—how would I like to lie down, even with stones for a pillow, as the pilgrim Jacob rested here, worn and weary, with heaven's canopy for a tent, and the watchful stars above him, and dream gloriously as he dreamed, and see such angelic and Divine visions as he saw—heaven and earth united, and a stairway up to the Excellent Glory." Page 288.

We would just add, this volume on the Holy Land, &c., contains over 400 pages, is beautifully written, beautifully printed, with over twenty fine illustrations. M.

True happiness is not the growth of earth,
The toil is fruitless if you seek it there;
'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,
And never blooms but in celestial air.

Sweet plant of paradise. its seeds are sown
In here and there a mind of heavenly mould;
It rises slow and buds, but neer is known
To blossom fair,—the climate is too cold.