

with unity in our common circles, where tears and trials forever cease, and love and joy fill every heart.—*Journal of Commerce.*

"SAY YOUR PRAYERS IN FAIR WEATHER."

RETURNING by the Belfast mail to my distant parish in the north, from the Dublin clerical meetings of the year 1839, I found myself opposite to a gentleman whose appearance engaged, rather than attracted, my most profane attention.

His age, as he afterwards told me, was sixty; and perhaps I should have conjectured as much, though exposed to weather, care, a violent and dangerous, with a certain air of severity which seemed, as it were, to preside over them all, spoke, more than the effects of time, the progress of my fellow-traveller's earthly pilgrimage.

In fact, his countenance was such a one as no observant physiognomist would contemplate without interest, or mark its available and diversified expression without respect and love. The countenance which was at last scarcely cleared the pavement, and rolling along the comparatively silent highway, when my companion addressed me with great ease and politeness. A few minutes sufficed to show that the predominant sentiment of his heart was religion. His conversation was almost exclusively of that character; and, as he poured out the rich stores of Gospel truth and experience from the exhaustless treasury of a converted soul, the night insensibly wore away, and the sun was long risen, as we changed horses at the last stage.

Little more than an hour remained, and I must probably part forever from a man by whose conversation I had been expressly captivated. I felt, as may be easily conceived, a strong desire to learn his history, and thus fix more permanently on my mind the impression he had made. Accordingly, I asked him whether the turning of his heart to God had been effected by any sudden danger, or merely connected with his seafaring life, (he had already told me that he commanded a vessel trading between Liverpool and America,) or was a gradual growth. My question seemed to please him; at least, he replied to it with the utmost civility, saying, that in the last year but one of the late war, he was waiting in port with a fleet of merchantmen till convoy should arrive, it being deemed unsafe to sail without such protection. His habits, he observed, had always been exceedingly irregular, to give them no stronger term; and he passed the period of detention in practice, he could not look back on without sorrow.

At length the signal to weigh anchor was made; his ship, as were also many others, was short of hands, so that he was glad to accept of any person who offered himself, however unexperienced he might be in navigation. At the very instant of departure a boat came alongside, out of which a tall robust man climbed actively upon deck, and gave himself in, as a seaman, ready to engage for the voyage. The boat which brought him had returned to the shore, and the wind was blowing nearly a gale; but under every circumstance, my friend said he was glad to get even the addition of one equivocal hand to his scanty crew. His pleasure, however, was of short duration, for the new comer was soon found to be of a most quarrelsome, untractable disposition, a furious blasphemer, and when opportunity offered, a drunkard. Besides all these disqualifications, he was wholly ignorant of nautical affairs, or counterfeited ignorance, to escape duty. In short, he was the bane and plague of the vessel, and refused obstinately to give any account of himself or his family, or his past life.

At length a violent storm arose—all hands were piped upon deck, and all, as the captain thought, were too few to save the ship. When the men were mustered to their quarters, the sturdy blasphemer was missing, and my friend went below to seek for him; great was his surprise at finding him on his knees, repeating the Lord's Prayer with wonderful rapidity, over and over again, as if he had bound himself to countless repetitions. Vexed at what he deemed hypocrisy or cowardice, he shook him roughly by the collar, saying, "Say your prayers in fair weather." The man rose up, observing, in a low voice, "God grant I may ever see fair weather to say them."

In a few hours the storm happily abated, a week more brought them to the harbour, and an incident so trivial passed quickly away from the memory of the captain—the more easily, as the man in question was paid off the day after landing, and appeared not again.

Four more years had elapsed, during which, though my friend had twice been shipwrecked, and was grievously hurt by the falling of a spar, he pursued, without amendment, a life of profligacy and contempt of God. At the end of this period he arrived in the port of New York, after a very tedious and dangerous voyage from England.

It was on a Sabbath morning, and the streets were thronged with persons proceeding to the several houses of worship with which the city abounds; but the narrator, from whose lips I take this anecdote, was bent on other occupation, designing to drown the recollection of peccate and delinquencies in a celebrated tavern, which he had too long and too often frequented.

As he walked leisurely towards this goal, he encountered a very dear friend, the quondam associate of many a thoughtless hour. Salutations over, the captain seized him by the arm, declaring that he should accompany him to the hotel. "I will do so," replied the other with great calmness, "on condition that you come with me first, for a single hour, into this house, (a church) and thank God for his mercies to you on the deep." The captain was ashamed to refuse, so the two friends entered the temple together.

Already all the seats were occupied, and a dense crowd filled the aisle; but by dint of personal exertion they succeeded in reaching a position in front of the pulpit, at about five yards distance. The preacher, one of the most popular of the day, rivetted the attention of the entire congregation, including the captain himself, to whom his features and voice—though he could not assign any time or place of previous meeting—seemed not wholly unknown, particularly when he spoke with animation. At length the preacher's eyes fell upon the spot where the two friends stood. He suddenly paused—still gazing upon the captain, as if to make himself sure that he labored under no optical delusion—and after a silence of more than a minute, pronounced with a voice that shook the building, "Say your prayers in fair weather."

The audience were lost in amazement; nor was it until a considerable time had elapsed, that the preacher recovered self-possession to recount the incident with which the reader is already acquainted; adding, with deep emotion that the words which his captain uttered in the storm, had clung to him by day and by night after his landing, as if an angel had been charged with the duty of repeating them in his ears; that he felt the holy call as coming directly from above, to do the work of his crucified Master; that he had studied at college for the ministry, and was now, through grace, such as they saw and heard.

At the conclusion of this affecting address, he called on the audience to join in prayer

with himself, that the same words might be blessed in turn to him who first had used them. But God had outrun their petition—my friend was already his child before his former shipmate had ceased to tell his story. The power of the Spirit had wrought effectually upon him, and subdued every lofty imagination. And so when the people dispersed, he exchanged the hotel for the house of the preacher, with whom he tarried six weeks, and departed from him to pursue his profession, with a heart devoted to the service of his Saviour, and with a holy and happy assurance, which (as he declared to me, and I confidently rely in its truth) advancing years hallowed, strengthened, and sanctified.

From that companion of a night I then parted, probably not to meet again till we stand before the judgment-seat of Christ. His history is too palpably instructive to require that I should add my own reflections. And with one only I conclude—addressing those persons who seek God merely in the hours of danger and trouble, in the words of the captain.—"Say your prayers in fair weather."—*Church of England Magazine.*

THE TRAVELLER.

From the *Edinburgh Quarterly Review.*

BIBLICAL RESEARCHES IN PALESTINE, MOUNT SINAI, AND ARABIA PETRÆA, &c. BY EDWARD ROBINSON, D.D. Professor of Biblical Literature in the Union Theological Seminary, New York.

[CONCLUDED.]

AMONG the excursions which our travellers made from Jerusalem, the most interesting was that to the shores of the Red Sea. Their description of the Western Desert is very good, and it is remarkable how many names, familiar to us in the Scripture, live either in the popular names of places, or in those which have been preserved by the Arabs, with but slight alteration. "At one spot in 'the mountains of Judah' we could enumerate before us not less than nine places, still bearing apparently their ancient names: Man (Main), Carmel (Kummil), Ziph (Zif), Jutta (Yutta), Jethar, (Atir), Socoh, (Shuweikeh, or Shaukel), Anab, Eshtemoa (Semur), and 'Kirjath Aiba,' which is Hebron." Besides these we find Tekoa (Tekeo) and Ain Jidy (Engedi.) At the Pink Mountain, Dr. Robinson places, with great probability, the Herodium, the strong fortress which Herod the Great kept, as it were, as a secure place of refuge, in case of insurrection against his tyranny; and which, to guard his mortal remains against the hatred of his groaning subjects, he chose for his burial-place. It would scarcely be just to the authors of a book of travels, in a country not merely unvalued as to associations and reminiscences, but in itself in many parts highly romantic and picturesque, not to give some illustrations of their powers of description.—Our readers must not, however, expect any of the glowing and poetic printing of Lamartine; theirs are good, plain, and prosaic, but therefore more trustworthy accounts of what they saw.—Our travellers were approaching the Dead Sea, by Engedi.

For the last two or three hours of the way, we had been subjected to continual disappointment. At every moment we had expected to obtain some glimpse of the sea, and to arrive at the shore nearly upon a level with its waters. But the way at every step seemed longer and longer; and it was now only after nearly seven hours of travel that we arrived at the brow of the pass.—Turning aside a few steps to what seemed a small knoll upon our right, we found ourselves on the summit of a perpendicular cliff overhanging 'Ain Jidy and the sea, at least 1500 feet above its waters. The Dead Sea lay before us in its vast deep chasm, shut in on both sides by ranges of precipitous mountains; their bases sometimes jutting out into the water, and again retreating so as to leave a narrow strip of shore below. The view included the whole southern half of the sea, quite to its extremity; and also, as we afterwards found, the greater portion of the northern half; although the still higher projecting cliff el-Mersed intervened on our left, to prevent our seeing the extremity of the sea in that direction.