The Provincial Wesleyan.

6. The good sense of the civilized world has put a veto upon the practice; for who, by searching all the church-yards, can find, by the epitaph on the tomb stone, a dancing master's grave, as, Here lies, A. B. the dancing master. No, the grave stone forbids *dancing* to be inscribed on it. It would be a perfect solecism.

7. Whatever we do must be done to the glory of God, is a truth acknowledged of all. Then surely we are bound to pray to God for help in all our undertakings. Let the parents when they take their children to a dancing school engage first in prayer for Heaven's blessing on the institution. As such parents, it is well known, are not in the habit of praying, I will take the liberty of writing down one of them.

"Lord, in obedience to thy command to bring up our children in thy nature, fear, and admonition, and instruct them in the way of holiness both by precept and example, we have brought our children here that they may learn the art of dancing gracefully—of walking handsomely, and of sitting *a la mode*. For thy glory we act in this matter. O bless our dancing master with wisdom to instruct them well, and grant our children aptitude to receive his divine instruction.—Grant that our children may so improve in these divine exercises, that they may be admired of all, and imitated by all in their excellent skill in all things pertaining to the art. Amen."

8. I never knew of but one prayer offered to God before dancing. A young, handsome, zealous, pious Presbyterian preacher of my acquaintance, in his preaching travels called for lodging at an Inn, The Innkeeper told him that he was crowded that night; that the neighborhood had met for a ball—that he might be disturbed by the noise. However, he could be accommodated with a private room. The landlord conducted him through the company, to which he very gracefully bowed, an entire stranger to all. The managers of the ball deemed it politeness to invite the strange gentleman to participate in the amusements of the evening; they therefore appointed a young lady to go to his room, and make the invitation; such was the custom. Conducted by the landlord, she entered his room. After an introduction, she invited him as her partner in the dance. He cheerfully consented, took her by the hand and led her into the ball-room, and was seated by his partner. He was asked whether he could dance a country dance. O, yes, said he. They were all now arranged in proper order on the floor, the stranger politely fixed at the head as leader, and the fiddler tuning his violin. Just before they commenced the dance, the young preacher addressed the company, and said: "I have for a few years made it a point never to engage in anything before praying to God for assistance. If the company will please unite with me, we will pray before we commence." With this he kneeled down and solemnly prayed to God. It was like an electric shock to the company, who by this time had lost the spirit of dancing. He gave an appropriate exhortation, and the party dispersed. That preacher was Cairy Allen, of Virginia, who died in Kentucky near fifty years ago, universally beloved and lamented.—*Chris. Rec.*

Keeping the Truth.

Solomon charges us to "buy the truth, and sell it not." Purchase it at any price, and part with it at none. Many have refused to give its price, and others have parted with it, always infinitely below its worth. Paul, who had made great sacrifices to obtain this precious pearl, when writing to the Christian Hebrews, who had also given their all for it, said: "Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering; for he is faithful that promised." Not a few have done this. A poor girl, who resided on the sea-coast of England, was asked when dying, by a clergyman, what she thought of Jesus; her reply was beautiful and sublime:—"Jesus," said she, "I cleave to him as the limpets to the rocks." Excellent girl, who does not always envy her? Yes, the Christian will cleave to Jesus in spite of everything. The stormy ocean, hurling its destructive fury around, only causes the limpets to cleave to the rocks more firmly. So was it with Job; the more heavily his sorrows fell upon him, the more fully did he determine, "Though he slay me yet I will trust in him."

When tempted to desert the truth, or to renounce the cause of Christ, "we may," says Andrew Fuller, "imagine the martyrs in heaven are calling to us. One may say, 'Hold it fast; I lied in a dungeon rather than forego it.' Hold it fast,' says another, 'I bled for it.' 'Hold it fast, says a third, 'I burned for it.'"

Let this duty be considered as practically devolving on every one who has named the name of Christ. Let us boldly confess Christ and cleave to him constantly, that so we may humbly expect that he will own us in the presence of his Father and an assembled universe. Such a line of conduct ennobles us in the esteem of all holy beings, while even the most ungodly cannot despise us; it strengthens us for the discharge of all duties, and makes us blessings to the world. We thus serve the church while we live, and obtain a victory over the last enemy when we die.—*Watchman & Reflector.*

Short Chapter on "Man."

Man can observe, enquire, reason, judge, and choose for himself, so as to be personally responsible for his acts and habits. According to his constitution he is vested with stewardship over his own being; he is accountable to his Maker for his character and destiny. And with this stewardship were given to him rules for its discharge.

On his physiology has been divinely inscribed the order of its beneficial working. The digestive functions affect the whole man. Withhold sufficient food, or give for diet what will not nourish, or let excess be indulged in, and ill-health, weakness, and incipient decay, will be induced. Brain is the organ of thought. Task it too early or too much, and the person will become insane or idiotic. Let it not be sufficiently exercised, and he must pay a like penalty for his indolence. But work it as man's Lord directs, and a sound brain will give the power and proof of a sound mind. Bodily and mental vigour and elasticity, are the present recompense of adhering to the Divine laws; it is the channel through which God conveys to us these precious gifts.

Like maxims apply to us in our more sacred relations and interests; and not to us alone, but to the noblest created beings. The "first and great commandment" appointed for the government of moral natures, requires supreme perfect homage to God. It expresses the reason and right of the case—the fitness arising from the fact. Infinite excellence *ought* to be regarded with entire complacency; infinite majesty, with profound awe. The Creator and Lord of all, ought to be served with grateful universal devotedness; the self-sufficient Source of good, ought to be constantly invoked and trusted. To transgress this duty, is to outrage the primary and plainest dictates of rationality. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

And transgression is as impolitic as it is unreasonable; it is as injurious as it is unjust. When we rob the Almighty, we defraud ourselves. Alienating our affection from him, incapacitates us for enjoying him. If we refrain from seeking him, we thereby lose the honour and advantage of his fellowship. To rebel against him, is to renounce the privileges of his reign. He is dishonoured; but the indignity we impiously cast on him, recoils with overwhelming ruin upon ourselves.—*Dr. Urwick.*

The Christian does not pray to be delivered from glory, but from *vain glory*. He also is ambitious of glory, and a candidate for honor; but glory, in whose estimation? honor, in whose judgment? Not of those whose censures can take nothing from his innocence; whose approbation can take nothing from his guilt; whose opinions are as fickle as their actions, and their lives as transitory as their praise; who cannot search his heart, seeing that they are ignorant even of their own. The Christian, then, seeks *his* glory in the estimation, and his honor in the judgment, of Him alone, who

From the bright empyrean, where he sits,
High throned above all height, casts down his eye,
His own works, and man's works, at once to view."

Ladies' Department.

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

Letters by the Wayside,

TO "THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME."

NO. I.

And not to such only, but a voice let them be to those who have been through happy years, the wanderer's loved companions, the sharers of childish joys, of girlhood's hopes and fears. Let the missives be, as echoes of her parting tones, pleading, thus fondly to be cherished ever; and though her place by hearth, and board be vacant now, let her greet them thus from far, as if she still were nigh.

Memory is busy with the past, and will be for long years to come, making life more beautiful in this its twofold nature, the brightness of the present, and the past.

The morning sun gilded every steeple top, casting a golden glory on each snowy shaft of the "monumental city, as distance severed from our view all but these, the last glimpses of dear old Baltimore.

Calm and blue, as the clear heavens above, the water mirrored truthfully each object on the banks beyond. Novel dangers, those, which looking down deep into the silvery sheen we saw pictured there. Fantastic, airy figures seemed to flit mockingly before us, then vanish from our sight. A strange mingling too of sunlight, and of clouds, seemed miniature glaciers, and they were reflected there.

Often and again had I crossed those waters, and dear to me was each ripple, that seemed speeding to the shore, from which my feet had sped, to return, when?

Around me clustered those whose eyes had looked kindly on me in my cradle sleep, and some who seemed almost as kindred, dwelling as they do so near the dear old homestead still.

A few brief hours, seeming almost as moments passed, and then we parted—they to the sea-side, where the multitude gather in the summer time, and I to a colder clime, bearing with me kindly wishes, blessings, and farewell!

I gladly hailed the rest, and quiet, which I promised myself, I should find in the friendly city of Penn.—a promise by the way, which I was sorry to break, for I found that even there the busy din had reached—noisy enough it was without, but under the shadow of "Girard House" the weary traveller may find repose.

It is a strange enjoyment to ensconce oneself luxuriously in one of the huge arm chairs, near the window, looking out upon the busy multitude thronging Chesnut Street, even on those summer afternoons, and later still, as the twilight drew near turning from that scene, to the little world within made up of such varied characters, strange foreign tongues, mingling with the sounds familiar from babyhood. It was amusing, to try to weave a history for some, to wonder whence came the pale young girl, with large dreamy eyes, irresistibly attracting your gaze? and whither was she going?

Who was it that was lingering near, watching with such deep interest each movement striving to anticipate each wish? Was it her husband? Oh no! another glance satisfied us that it could be none other than her father: there was the same dark eye, only that her's was softer, the same waving hair, but we could see now that his were somewhat touched with grey. Yes, it was her father—how he must have loved her—but it might be such a love as we give to those whose angel wings are almost won. A love which follows them, all purified to heaven.

The faces around were not all unfamiliar. Ere long, were added to the group, some whom I knew in the old home, with whom I had taken sweet counsel, one who was at once a pupil, and a friend. Pleasant memories come to talk with me, of that first day in the Quaker city, and my pen must jot them down to be read by loving eyes, that watch at home with yearning hearts, for tidings of the travellers, and of

ORIA.

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

Spirit Longings.

Oh! for a tongue of eloquence,
To move the hearts of men,
And prompt to high and holy deeds,
With Heavn's inspired pen.

To raise the worldly and the cold,
From groveling, low desire,
And kindle in each human heart,
Love's pure celestial fire.

To bid the scoffer cease to swear,
The slanderer veil his voice,
And see wide-spread humanity,
In brotherhood rejoice.

To light the dark despairing soul,
With words of hope and cheer,
And teach it earth has many things,
Yet beautiful and dear.

To point the mourner to the sky,
While bending 'neath the rod,
To see the loved one free from care,
Reposing with his God.

To take the hand of poverty,
So shrinking, cold and wan,
And bid him with kind words and deeds,
God speed life's journey on.

To steal into some kindly heart,
With noiseless, timid tread.
And I know a kindred spirit there,
Gave welcome ere 'twas said.

And having thus the gift to heal
Should I find sorrow there,
To'll it how every earth-born heart,
Must still its burdens bear.

Thus teaching ever, learning too,
I'd brave the ills of time,
And with those glad, rejoicing souls,
In heavenly chorus chime.

MOLLY FAWN.

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

"Myself."

I can't see why I should not write,
As well as "Fanny Fern,"
And if I am not "*sent as fair*,"
It's not too late to learn.
'Tis true I've passed by sweet sixteen,
That's quite enough to tell—
How *many* changing years I've seen,
My own heart knows full well.

With earnest eyes, I read the thoughts,
Of "Fanny," "Grace," and "May"—
And pray the muses, some fine morn,
To pass *our* humble way.
For oh! I'd be so thankful,
If one sweet spell they'd weave,
A sunbeam on my future path—
Its brightness there to leave.

There's "Molly Bawn" the darling,
In her gay and sober hours,
I treasure every word from her,
As one of Erin's flowers.
I fear she'll think me saucy
For whispering her name—
But on the muse's airy wings,
She can by all the blame—

Not *mine*—alas! they do not hear
My supplications low,
But upon those who pause to leave
Their touch upon *her* brow,
They whisper gently to her heart
Such thoughts of hope and cheer,
Teach her to win the meed of praise,
And friends from far and near.

Why! really I am surprised!
To find on this dear shrine,
I've laid almost unconsciously,
A few feet of strange rhyme.

Turn not away disdainfully,
From this my young attempt,
Which shall—(yes, I *will* venture)
To some kind eyes be sent.
Perhaps the timid dove will find,
Some ark to take it in,
If so, an "Olive Branch" ere long,
The little bird may bring.

FLORA NEALE.

Inglenside, July 14, 1853.

Provincial Wesleyan

THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1853.

Editorial Notes.

The article on "Travels in the East," having occupied more space than we anticipated, we are obliged to withdraw some editorial and other matter prepared for this number.

We direct attention to the efforts now made simultaneously in the three Wesleyan Districts, by the Duly appointed Agents, in behalf of our *Educational Institutions at Sackville*. The communication of the Rev. PRINCIPAL, in another column, will be read with interest. The result of the application at Yarmouth is very gratifying. Similar liberality in other places in the three Provinces will speedily realise at least *Ten thousand pounds*, for buildings, endowment, &c. Friends, let the work be done in earnest.

The holy Sabbath is designed as a day of rest, to afford repose to the body, and suitable seasons for the worship of God and for the refreshment of the soul. The man who lowers the sanctity of the Sabbath, and justifies its use exclusively for mere physical recreation, impugns the authority of God, and opposes the best interests of man. The manner in which we spend the hours of this holy day, furnishes a good criterion by which to judge of our spiritual state. The habitual desecrator of the Sabbath, gives in his acts, convincing proof, of the earthly tendency of his mind. The man who hallows the Lord's day exhibits evidence of his recognition of divine authority, and it may be charitably hoped, that he does so, from a desire to obtain spiritual benefit to his soul.

All things are lawful, but not at all times expedient. We show the state of our hearts towards God in indifferent matters as weil as in those in which moral principle is involved. The man of God seeks so to conduct himself in every act of life as that his good shall not be evil spoken of.

The Rev. Dr. Crawley has been appointed, by the Board of Governors, to the Presidency of Acadia College, with the Professorship of Hebrew and Biblical Interpretation in the Theological Institute of that University. The Rev. Dr. Cramp has been appointed the Principal of the Theological Institute, and to the Chair of Logic, Political Economy, and History, in the College. The Rev. gentleman have acquiesced in the arrangement.

A recent letter from Constantinople states that at Cæsaria, where 20,000 students for the priesthood are assembled, war is preached from every mosque, and the students parade the streets with banners, crying, "War with the Russians! and death to the Giaour!" and the reports of the different consuls in the interior speak of the same zeal and enthusiasm for the cause of Islam.

The total number of deaths from various diseases, during the week ending August 6, was, in New York, 523; in Philadelphia, 265; in Baltimore, 136; in Boston, 113.

The Yellow fever in New Orleans is said to be increasing, and has ceased to be confined to certain localities. Over one-half of the cases, it is supposed, terminate fatally; some in four to eight hours after they are first taken. The newspapers caution strangers to remain away, until after the first frost, which generally arrests the disease.

The schr. New Republic arrived a few days ago at Philadelphia, with advices from Porto Cabello to the 22nd July. The republic was much agitated with resolutions. Fleets of steamers, schooners, and troops had sailed from Porto Cabello on the 18th, to put down the insurgents. If unsuccessful a civil war would be the consequence. —A severe shock of an earthquake occurred at Cumana on the 15th, destroying many houses, and burying 300 pessons in the ruins.

Further details from Venezuela have been received in regard to the progress of the revolution. The province of Cumana is the head quarters of the disaffected. A convention had been called to form a Confederation. General Monagas was marching against the insurgents at the head of 3,000 men, but, it is said, with little prospect of success.

Hazard's Gazette of the 10th inst., states that on Saturday last, a little boy about 2½ years, son of Mr. John Stewart of this town, (Charlottetown, P. E. I.) got away from his mother for a short time, when search being made, he was found in a tan pit on the adjoining premises. Medical aid was instantly procured but life was found to be extinct.

The hay crop is likely to prove short in New Brunswick. Symptoms of the potatoe disease have also appeared in various parts of that Province. The weevil has attacked the wheat in Carleton County.

The Baltimore *Clipper* says:—Among the embroideries from Dublin, now on Exhibition at the New York Crystal Palace, is a handkerchief intended as a present to Mrs. Pierce. The embroidery is said to be beautiful, equalling any thing sent from France, where the people are supposed to excel in this branch of industry.—The American eagle, with his wings outspread, and a profusion of stars and national emblems predominate in the pattern, which has been destroyed, that the gift may remain as unique as it is beautiful. It is a happy thought, and a compliment not only to Mrs. Pierce, but the country in which she is at present the first lady.

The potato blight has appeared in Yarmouth and its vicinity.

The *New Brunswicker* has been recently enlarged and is printed in a new and beautiful type.

The *Miramichi Gleaner* is published semi-weekly in folio form.

The first number of a new paper published in St. John, N. B., *The British Constitution*—has been received.

We are pleased with these signs of the activity of the Press in the neighbouring Province, and wish the proprietors abundant success.

We commend the following pithy remarks, taken from *Blackwood's Magazine*, on the subject of *Education* to the consideration of all concerned:—

"Everybody should have his head, heart, and hand educated. By the proper education of his heart, he will be taught to hate what is evil, foolish, and wrong. And by proper education of the hand, he will be enabled to supply his wants, to add to his comfort, and to assist those around him. The highest objects of a good education are to reverence and obey God and to love and serve mankind. Everything that helps us in obtaining these objects is of great value, everything that hinders us, is comparatively worthless. When wisdom reigns in the head and love in the heart, the man is ever ready to do good; order and peace reign around him, and sin and sorrow are almost unknown."

The *Journal d'Agriculture Pratique* mentions a mode of preventing the malady in potatoes; and which, it says, comes from Russia. It simply consists in drying the potatoes completely, and then planting them in the usual way. The discovery, he says, was the effect of chance. A farmer 1850, had placed a quantity of potatoes in an exceedingly warm room, and in three weeks they became completely dried up. He then set them in the usual manner, and was quite astonished at obtaining not only a more abundant crop but one completely sound. He repeated the experiment in 1851 and had the same result, the yield being nine for one.

In the year 1820, the Roman Catholics of the Canadas numbered about 380,000, since that time they have gained 560,006, making a total of 940,000. In the same year the Protestants numbered but 140,000—now they number 1,050,000, being an increase of some 900,000.

In consequence of apprehended deficiency in the crops throughout the Barbary states, the Bey of Tunis has forbidden exports of breadstuffs for three months.

Travels in the East.

The following letter from Mr. Walcott, published in the *Utica Gazette*, will be found exceedingly interesting:—

SUEZ, April 1, 1853.

We reached this place at 6 P. M. last evening, and encamped on the shore of the Red Sea, near where the Israelites passed over. Rose at 5 A. M. this morning, and washed in the Red Sea. Whilst our camels are going round the head of the sea, a circuit of some five or six miles, we are waiting at Shephard's Hotel, intending in a couple of hours to sail across the bay, which is three miles wide, to meet them.—We make two and a half miles an hour, and though we have rode a little over thirty two hours in three days from Cairo, yet I feel well, and stand the camel motion better than I expected. We have a grand rig, viz. two large armed chairs, lashed one on each side of the camel, and being well filled with our bedding, &c., with comfortable backs, and a footboard ten inches wide, suspended by ropes, the whole resting against a bag of beans, so that we ride more comfortably than we would in a stage coach.

It is quite a novel scene to witness our encampment at night. There are twenty persons in our company, twenty-one camels, and two donkies, and four tents pitched with our luggage outside, and the camels standing feeding on the ground. We sleep on cot bedsteads with a mattrass, thick quilt and cotton sheets; and I must say that we sleep more comfortably than would be expected, and thus far our Arab sheik and camel drivers behave well toward us. They are a novel looking group, with bare feet and legs, and sheepskins hanging to their backs.—They are the true sons of Ishmael, dark complexioned, with sharp features, and are entirely different looking from the Egyptian Arabs.—The road from Cairo to Suez is in excellent condition, being much travelled, as the latter place is the port at which the Indian and Bombay steamers land their passengers and merchandize. The Bombay steamer has just arrived, and we met twelve vans, with two wheeled carriages, four horses each, to carry eight passengers. The Pasha owns the road and all the stations. There are relays of horses, each five miles, a telegraph, and steamers to take passengers from Cairo to Alexandria; in fact, the Egyptian government do all that is done in Egypt. Yesterday we had an interesting ride some ten miles across the plain of Migdol, where the children of Israel encamped; to-day we expect to reach Moses' Wells, and encamp for the night.

I have no doubt but that in a few years, a railroad from Alexandria to Suez will be in operation. Everything now has to be transported on the backs of camels. Water is brought from the Nile to supply all the stations, and it requires thirty camels to transport the water from Cairo to supply this hotel, each camel conveying two barrels of thirty-five gallons each. The road is literally lined with camels passing and repassing, and the sides of the road are strewed with the carcasses of dead ones. I sit waiting, looking on the green waters of the Red Sea, and expect in another hour to be on the East of it. At present I see nothing to prevent us going through the desert with more comfort than I had anticipated. During the day the wind is strong and the sun powerful, but we wrap ourselves in white sheets, which screen us from its power. I am called upon to close, as the mail is going to start.

GAZA, (Palestine,) May 9, 1853.

I wrote you a few lines from Suez, our fourth day in the Desert, since which we have been quite well and have spent our forty days (full time) wandering in the wilderness, part of the time, on the path travelled by the Israelites to Sinai. On the tenth day from Cairo, we reached the Convent on Mount Sinai, where we stopped a few days, and thence took up our line of march for Petrea (Mount Seir Sea,) by way of Akaba, at the head of the Elanitic gulph of the Red Sea. At Akaba we dismissed the Arabs who conducted us from Cairo, they having reached the limits of their territory, as it is certain death, if one tribe pass within the boundaries of another tribe, and travellers are thus subjected to changes of masters and their attempts at imposition. At Akaba travellers usually have to encamp ten days on the shore of the Red Sea, waiting for camels to be brought in from the mountains; but we, having sent a despatch by a company of Englishmen, who preceded us from Sinai, had only to wait six days.

The way of providing for the passage of the Desert is this; there is an agent in the town who keeps himself in communication with some of the Desert Arabs that are hovering within a day's journey of the place; a party of these, upon being guaranteed against seizure or other ill treatment on the part of the Governor, come into the town, bringing with them the number of the camels you require, and then they stipulate for a certain sum to take you to the place of your destination in a given time. The agreement which they thus enter into includes a safe conduct through their country, as well as the lives of the camels. On the sixth day at Akaba, an old Moabite Sheik, arrived with sixty camels and forty men, some of whom were clothed in sheep skins, a savage and motley crew.

The Sheik informed us, that as there was war between the tribe at Akaba and that of Mounts Hebron and Seir, he could not conduct us further than to the foot of the mountains, some three or four miles distant from Petrea, and then return by Akaba to Suez, and that owing to the dangers of the way, it would be necessary to take a guard of fifty men, and for which he doubtless intended to charge extravagantly; or if we preferred to assume the risk ourselves he could forward us much cheaper.—The latter proposition was the one, the wily old Shiek tacitly wished us to adopt, so that his own men might have the job of robbing us themselves, as has been frequently done before. Finally and with regret we abandoned the intention of visiting Petrea, and decided on the route by Nakhel within his own territory, and thence to Gaza.

Thus our own experience, as well as that of former travellers, is in accordance with the predictions of scripture, regarding Petrea, or the land of Jdumea, that "none shall pass through it, for ever and ever. I will cut off from Mount Seir, him that passeth out, and him that returneth." Isa. 34, 10. Ez. 35, 7.

At Nakhel we were detained two days, waiting for camels, which brought us safely to Gaza, the renowned city, from which Sampson carried away the gates, and where he afterwards destroyed more of the Philistines, "so that the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life" See Judges 15 and 16 chaps.

We are now nominally undergoing a quarantine of five days in the tower of the hospital at Gaza. We arrived at Gaza on Friday before sunset, and we leave to-morrow before sunrise, both of which days count in the quarantine regulations.

Out of forty days from Cairo, we travelled twenty-eight at the rate of twenty-two miles a day; or nine hours of two and a half miles. If you ask how I like desert life; I answer as I have frequently remarked to our party, that of all the modes of travelling invented, camel travelling is the most detestable. The slow monotonous swing of his long step jerks the whole frame, at every step you have to bow and give way, or have your neck broken if you resist.

We rode only two days on the back of the camel, which we found quite enough. Our armed chairs lashed one on each side of the camel, worked well; and what with a change to our donkeys once or twice a day and with an occasional hour's walking, we got along tolerably well. Our tent sleeping was more comfortable than could have been expected. We have cot beds with a mattrass; and I never experienced more sound and refreshing sleep, except when disturbed by the continued jabber and quarrels of the Arabs, coupled with the braying of our donkies and the growling of the camels.

The camel is a wonderful hardy and useful animal. He is docile and tractable if well broken, and you may ride him without leader or halter, in the most mountainous and rough passages with perfect safety. He is sure footed, his large spongy feet never slip. He kneels to receive his load and rises at the word of command, with but little growling. The Arabs sleep by the side of their camels, in the open air, covered with coarse woollen cloth. They eat but once a day, (at night) but they smoke all day long and until 10 or 12 at night. They are a poor, miserable set of beings. We saw but one settlement of them in all our desert travel, as they prefer to live secluded and out of the travelled route.

The first night from Suez we stopped at a place called Moses' Wells. There were thirteen in number, which are quite remarkable for their boiling appearance. In travelling toward Mount Sinai, the scenery of the desert was constantly varying from mountain and plains and valleys, the latter being dry water courses.

Our visit at Mount Sinai was exceedingly interesting. We stooped at a Convent called St. Catharine's, at the base of the majestic and sacred Gebel mountains. A more sublime and grand scene than Mount Sinai could not have been selected, from which to proclaim the Law of God to man, and no doubt it was God's design to take the Israelites, to the most conspicuous mountain and under the most solemn and impressive guidance, viz; a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. We found the mountain most difficult to ascend as well as descend. It was the hardest day's work we have had since leaving home. Mrs. W. was completely tired out. An attempt was made to carry each of us up in a chair, borne by four men, but the steep and rugged path rendered it impracticable.

The ascent occupied three hours, with the help of an Arab at each arm. The Peak of Sinai rises several thousand feet above the platform of Horeb, a plain of several acres in extent, in which there is a well of water, some shrubbery and a chapel, erected over the Cave of Elijah; and on the top of the highest peak of Sinai, the monks have another chapel, from its flat roof we had a splendid view of mountain scenery. The view comprehends a vast circle. A visitor says that the gulfs of Suez and Akaba were distinctly visible; and from the dark blue waters of the latter the island of Tiran rears itself. Mount Agril on the other hand points out the "land of bondage."

Before me is St. Catherine, its bare conical peaks capped with snow. In magnificence and striking effect few parts of the world can surpass the wild, naked scenery every where met with, in the mountain chain which girds the sea coast of Arabia. Mount Sinai itself, and the hill which compose the district in its immediate vicinity, rise in sharp, isolated, conical peaks.—From their steep and shattered sides huge masses have been splintered, leaving fissures rather than valleys between their remaining positions. No villages and castles, as in Europe, here animate the picture; no forests, lakes or falls of water, break the silence and monotony of the scene. All has the appearance of a vast and desolate wilderness, either gray, darkly brown or wholly black. The feelings of the pilgrim who stands on Mount Sinai must be cold indeed if they remain uninfluenced by the objects before and around him.

Our route to Akaba was through a most interesting mountainous region, until we came to the shores of the Red Sea. We travelled two days close to the water's edge, and picked shells to our heart's content. On this route we passed the spot, near which it is supposed that the Israelites received the quails; and next day watered the camels and filled our water casks at the fountain of Hazeroth, where the Israelites encamped seven days for Miriam to recover from leprosy. Numb. 12 ch. At Akaba, where we encamped, at the extreme head of the gulf is the site of Ezion Geber, besides Eloth, where king Solomon had a navy of ships.—1 Kings 9, 26.

JERUSALEM, May 15.

We left Gaza on the 9th inst., and at noon lunched in sight of the ruins of Askelon, on the shore of the Mediterranean, and in the evening pitched our tents at Ashdad, whither the Ark of God was carried by the Philistines, and set up in the house of Dagon—"where the hand of the Lord was sore upon the Philistines, and upon Dagon their god." 1 Samuel, 5 chap Ashdad in the New Testament is called Azatus, and is the place where Philip was found after his memorable interview with the Ethiopian eunuch. Acts, 8 chap.

Arrived at Joppa on the 11th, and by the politeness of J. S. Monad, American consul, were quartered in one of his dwellings, in the midst of a beautiful orange grove. Joppa is the city in which Simon the Tanner resided, and where Peter worked the miracle of restoring Tabitha or Dorcas to life, and saw the great Mission of Toleration. Some of our party enquired for the house of Simon, but no one could tell its location. Joppa at a distance is very picturesque, being situated on a hill, immediately on the sea; but like all other Oriental cities, the streets are narrow and dirty, particularly so with Joppa. There are many beautiful gardens of orange, lemons, pomegranate, fig and mulberry trees, fenced in by the prickly pear. These hedges are from 10 to 15 feet in width and as many in height. The gardens extend from two to three miles around the city, which makes Joppa a refreshing and delightful sight, after travelling forty days in a desert.

We left Joppa on the 12th, passing some interesting spots and cities of note in the days of the Apostles—Lydda, or Lud, where Peter found Eneas, and bade him arise and make his bed. Acts ch. 34. Two and a half hours from Lydda, we reached Ramleh, the ancient Arimathæa, a city of considerable size, where we spent the night, and were entertained by the American Consul, a native Syrian. At 5 A. M. next morning, we had breakfasted, and were on the extensive plain, with the hill country of Judea rising before us. On our left lay the battle field where David slew Goliah, and on the right stood the village birth-place of Sampson. After passing the ruin of Eekron, which is very extensive and importantly connected with crusading history, as the fortress commanded the pass into the hill country, the road entered a defile of high and rocky mountains. Wilder and wilder grew the scenery at each winding of the road, toppling precipices closed around us, and for three or four hours, we had a most difficult mountain ride, twisting back and forth, up and down and through and among rocks and stones, until we reached the Jaffa gate of Jerusalem, and yet this has been for four thousand years the highway between Jerusalem and the Western plains that border on the sea. How Solomon transported the timber for the House of God from Joppa, through such a difficult pass and over high rocky mountains, is more than one can imagine.

Now I know, having seen timber 10 by 12 inches and 40 feet long, carried on the backs of four camels. It is a more mountainous and rocky region of country than I have yet seen, with the exception of that around Sinai: but quite different in character and appearance. The passage of Scripture which says, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so is the Lord round about those that fear him;" my eyes are witness of the one, and I trust my heart responds to the truth and experience of the other. In our journey hither we passed through Gibeau, where Jeshua said in the sight of Israel, "Sun stand thou still, and thou Moon in the valley of Ajalon,"—Joshua 10 ch. Also we stopped to examine some ruins of a Christian church at Kirjath Jearin, where the ark of God rested twenty years, after having been sent thither by the Philistines from Beth Shenush. See 1 Sam. 6 and 7. I will here remark that the valley from the sea to the high land and mountains of Judea, both North and South of Joppa, was the land of the Philistines; and I never saw more beautiful plains and cultivated fields than those we rode through for two days from Gaza to Joppa, passing through and over the ruins of the cities of the Philistines, conquered by David.

Arrived at Jerusalem, the first night we lodged in the Greek Convent, for want of room in the inn. Next morning we found good and quiet lodgings in an inn, one side of which borders on the Pool of Hezekiah, which is some 200 feet by 150, a fine basin of water.

MONDAY, May 16.—Took horses at 6 A. M., and rode to mount Olivet. We had a complete view, from the summit, of a Turkish mosque, of the city, the Dead Sea and the mountains around Jerusalem. After visiting the Tombs of the Prophets, we descended to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, through which runs the brook Hedron at the foot of the mountain. The tomb of Mary was shown us, and the garden of Gethsemane, fenced in by a lofty stone wall, and possibly containing one acre of ground, in which are a number of old olive trees and some shrubbery. It being a feast day, we were not permitted to enter.

Leaving the garden we proceeded down the valley a few rods and came to the tombs of Jehoshaphat, Absalom, St. James, Hezekiah, &c., and a little lower down the valley, we descended under a shelving rock, 30 or 40 steps, to the Virgin's Pool, thence on a little further to the site of Soloman's garden, which extends to where the valley of Hinom comes in and the Pool of Siloam is shown us. Proceeding up the valley of Hinom, on the left is the Potter's Field, and mounting a long and steep hill, you land on Mount Zion, which we find in a state described in the Scripture, "a plowed field," on one side of the path a field of barley, and the other a prepared field for putting in a crop of wheat—we arrived at the Castle of David. We entered the city by Zion's gate, and reached our lodgings at 9 o'clock, well prepared for breakfast. On Saturday we visited the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and the Governor's house, where we had a fine view of the site of Soloman's Temple, now covered with the Mosque of Omar, which we infidels are not permitted to enter. There are nine entrances, (or more properly arched streets), to the yard, all of which are guarded by children, who on the approach of a Christian, (or infidel!) send up a tremendous howl, and if you continue to approach, stone you.

MAY 22d.—We returned on Friday, after a four days' excursion to Jericho, the Jordon, the Dead Sea, Mar Saba, Hebron, &c., quite well but fatigued with the journey. At Jericho no traces of the ancient walls could be found, though there were ruins in abundance. When on the plains of Jericho, which are five or six miles long and as many broad, and now a perfect waste or nearly so, we could view the Mount of Temptation—the mountains of Moab, and the reputed Mounts Nebo and Rejah on the East side of Jordan—the Dead Sea and the fountain of Elisha, where the bitter waters were made sweet by his throwing in a handful of salt; and more pure and delightful water I never drank, and sufficient in quantity to supply a large city.

On the first day of our excursion, May 17th, at 5 P. M., we reached Jericho, and encamped on a plot of ground of about one acre, fenced in with prickly pear; but as the heat was almost beyond endurance we started next morning for the Jordan, one and a-half hours East, and when we arrived on the banks, found a company of priests and monks, partaking of the sacrament before sunrise. Having washed in Jordan, breakfasted and cut a handful of tamarisk and willow canes, we started for the Dead Sea, some two hours ride South, some of our party bathing in its waters.—We then started for Mar Saba, the road to which was the most rocky and mountainous we had yet travelled over.

As we approached Mar Saba the scenery became more and more grand. The dry bed of the brook Kedron ran winding through the most extraordinary fissure, which close not a rock but a mountain, some ten or twelve miles in length.—We slept at the convent of Mar Saba, and next day went to Hebron, and in nine hours reached the famous city called by the Arabs, in memory of Abraham, the "Friend of the Merciful." See James 2 and 23. Here Abraham dwelt in the plains of Eschol, which is now, as in the days of old, full of vineyards, the grapes of which are still famous for their exquisite flavour and enormous size. I measured one cluster not out of blow, which was 5 sixteen inches long, and the vine dresser held up his arm and made the length two feet when full grown and ready to pluck. Here are probably the largest and finest grapes in existing, and the quantity of wine sent to Egypt from Hebron is immense. We were shown the tree under which Abraham has his tent, and the cave in which he dwelt when he first came to Hebron.

To-day we attended at Dr Barclay's (the Baptist Missionary), to hear Mr. Thompson preach. We found a dozen Americans in attendance, which was quite a treat in this land of desolation. It was an interesting and profitable season, to have the Gospel preached on Mount Zion, and in view of the spot of ground where our Saviour wept over Jerusalem—where stood Solomon's Temple, and also the Holy Sepulchre.

Wesleyan Academy Agency.

VISIT TO YARMOUTH.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—At the request of the Executive Committee, I visited Yarmouth, a few days since for the purpose of presenting our educational plans for the consideration of the friends resident in that place. I was favoured with the company and valuable assistance of Bro. Allison, who was about entering upon the duties of his agency in the N. Brunswick District.

Just before starting from Sackville I sent a Telegram to Bro. Wilson, the Superintendent of the Yarmouth Circuit, announcing our intended visit, and upon our arrival at his hospitable Mission Home, on the evening of the 21st ult., we found not only that he and his kind family were ready to give us a most cordial welcome, but also that he had made most excellent preparatory arrangements for facilitating our business and rendering our mission successful.

On the evening following our arrival we were allowed to meet a very large and highly respectable assembly in the Milton Wesleyan Church. The meeting was opened by singing and prayer, after which the Rev. Wm. Wilson delivered a short address upon the great importance of a Christian Education, and made some general statements as to the gratifying results of past exertions in the Institution. At the conclusion of this brief but excellent address, I gave an outline of what had been attempted, and through the favouring care of a kind Providence accomplished, since the foundation of the Academy, and also as explanation of the measures which we are employing to secure an enlargement of the educational operations here, and of the plan upon which it is hoped that such enlargement will be rendered safe. Bro. Allison followed with an eloquent and impressive appeal on behalf of the enterprise.

The meeting was brought to a close with the usual devotional exercises.

Saturday and the forenoon of Monday were spent in waiting upon as many individuals as possible, to invite their co-operation in our undertaking, and we have much pleasure in reporting that the subscriptions in Yarmouth at the close of these calls amounted to upwards of *three hundred and seventy pounds*, so that there is no doubt that this town will contribute at least between four and five hundred pounds to the endowment Fund for the Academy.

In concluding this hasty report of our visit, I have now only time to say that it was an exceedingly pleasant and satisfactory one to Bro. Allison and myself, and that we are encouraged to believe that if the agents for the several Districts are so favoured as to find the preachers and the people upon the different Circuits such as we found those at Yarmouth, their work will be far from unpleasant and most assuredly successful.

H. PICKARD.

Mount Allison, August 3, 1853.

On Artificial Production of Fish.

Not unconnected, with the agriculture of the country, and certainly not uninteresting to the rural improver, are the wonderful discoveries just brought to bear on the artificial production of fish in our rivers. The whole subject seems to open out a new source of profit to the speculator, of interest to the naturalist, and of the increase of a nation's food. The capture of salmon—brought now to perfection so great, that our rivers are about denuded of that prince of fishes—ceases to be either skillful or surprising before the schemes in operation for breeding that fish. Not only has it been tested by the stocking of the French rivers and streams of the Vosges, the Moselle, the Upper and Lower Rhine, but the spawn has been successfully transported to New Zealand.

During the course of last summer, a small pamphlet, on the artificial production of fish, was published by Reeve and Co., which called particular attention to the French adoption of the joint discoveries of the German professor and the Scottish gardener, in filling the French streams