

broken in, sometimes quite ungovernable, and are evidently overworked and ill-fed; small, thin, wretched looking animals, but fiery and fleet-footed: they are purchased at about £10 each; and two hundred and fifty were in the stables of the Transit Company when we were at Cairo. They are fed on beans, barley, and chaff, no hay being procurable in Egypt. One hundred camels were in use, and thirty or more vans for the conveyance of passengers. These are little better than English carts covered with wax cloth—the roughest conveyance over the hardest road in the world. Part of the desert tract—for the road, properly speaking, there is none—is sandy; the largest portion hard, rocky, and stony. The only living animals we saw were the horses and camels belonging to the party of Bedouins we met. Rats are occasionally seen feasting on the carcasses of camels that perish by the way; and the skeletons of these unfortunate animals act as directing posts, and indicate the line of march to the traveller. Of the feathered inhabitants of the air not one crossed our path during the whole journey. The solemn death-like stillness that prevailed during the two nights we passed in the Desert was almost oppressive. The mornings and evenings were cold as winter days at home; the air keen, dry, and bracing. The sharpness of the atmosphere ceases about mid-day; but even in the sunshine it is needful to wear warm clothing. The glare is intense; and thick green veils, and spectacles of the same colour, are resorted to by all passengers anxious to preserve their eyes from every noxious influence. Occasionally, travellers may be seen crossing the Desert on dromedaries; but these and donkey chairs are not now so much in vogue as during the earlier days of the overland journey.

### GOD IN HISTORY.

The ruins of kingdoms!—the relics of mighty empires that were!—the overthrow or decay of the master-works of man, are of all objects that enter the mind, the most afflicting. The highwrought perfection of beauty and art seems born but to perish; and decay is seen and felt to be an inherent law of their being. But such is the nature of man, that even while gazing upon the relics of unknown nations, which have survived all history, he forgets his own perishable nature in the spectacle of enduring greatness.

We know of no spectacle so well calculated to teach human humiliation, and convince us of the utter fragility of the proudest monuments of art, as the relics of vast populations that have passed from the earth, and the empires that have crumbled into ruins. We read upon the ruins of the *past* the fate of the *present*. We feel as if the cities of men were on foundations beneath which the earthquake slept, and that we abide in the midst of the same doom which has already swallowed so much of the records of mortal magnificence. Under such emotions, we look on human power as foundationless, and view the proudest nations of the present as covered only with the mass of their desolation.

The Assyrian empire was once alike the terror and wonder of the world, and Babylon was perhaps never surpassed in power and gorgeous magnificence. But where is there even a relic of Babylon now, save on the pages of Holy Writ! The very place of its existence is now a matter of uncertainty and dispute. Alas! that the measure of time should be doomed to oblivion; and that those who first divided the year into months, and invented the zodiac itself, should partake so sparingly of immortality as to be, in the lapse of a few centuries, confounded with natural phenomena of mountain and valley.

Who can certainly show us the site of the tower that was "roared against heaven?"—Who were the builders of the pyramids that have excited so much the astonishment of modern nations?

Where is Rome, the irresistible monarch of the east, the terror of the world? Where are the proud edifices of her glory, the fame of which has reached even to our time in classic vividness? Alas! she, too, has faded away in sins and vices. Time has swept his unsparing scythe over her glories, and shorn this prince of his towering diadems.

Throughout the range of our western wilds, down in Mexico, Yucatan, Bolivia, etc., travellers have been able to discover the most indisputable evidences of extinct races of men highly skilled in learning and the arts, of whom we have no earthly record, save the remains of their wonderful works, which time has spared for our contemplation. On the very spot where forests rise in unbroken grandeur, generation after generation

has stood, has lived, has warred, grown old and passed away; and not only their names, but their nation, their language have perished, and utter oblivion has closed over their once populous abodes. Who shall unravel to us the magnificent ruins of Mexico, Yucatan, and Bolivia, over which hangs the sublimest mystery, and which seem to have been antiquities in the days of Pharaoh? Who were the builders of those gorgeous temples, obelisks and palaces, now the ruins of a powerful and highly cultivated people, whose national existence was probably before that of Rome or Thebes, Carthage or Athens? Alas! there is none to tell the tale; all is conjecture, and our best information concerning them is derived from uncertain analogy.

How forcible do these wonderful revolutions, which overturn the master-works of man, utterly dissolve his boasted knowledge, remind us that God is in them all! Wherever the eye is turned, to whatever quarter of the world the attention is directed, there lie the remains of more powerful, more advanced and more highly skilled nations than ourselves, the almost obliterated records of the mighty past.—How seemingly well-founded was the delusion, and indeed how current even now, that the discovery of Columbus first opened the way for the cultivated people in the "new world." And yet how great reason is there for the conclusion, that while the country of Ferdinand and Isabella was yet a stranger to the cultivated arts, America teemed with power and grandeur, with cities and temples, pyramids and mounds, in comparison with which the buildings of Spain bear not the slightest resemblance, and before which the relief of the old world are shorn of their grandeur?

All these great relics of still greater nations, should they not teach us a lesson, that *God is in history*, which no man can penetrate! If the historian tells us truly that a hundred thousand men, relieved every three months, were thirty years in erecting a single Egyptian pyramid, what conclusion may we not reasonably form of the antiquities of our own continent, which, is almost by way of derision, one would suppose, styled the "*New World!*"—*Ex. paper.*

### MODERN SYNTAX.

Cist, in a recent number of his paper, gives the following examples of modern syntax:—

A New Orleans editor, recording the career of a mad dog, says:—"We are pleased to say, that the rabid animal, before it could be killed, severely bit Dr. Hart and several *other dogs.*"

A New York paper, announcing the wrecking of a vessel near the Narrows, says:—"The only passengers were T. B. Nathan, who owned three-fourths of the cargo and *the Captain's wife.*"

The editors of a western newspaper observe: "The poem we published in this week's Herald was written by an esteemed friend—*now many years in the grave, for his own amusement.*"

The editor of an eastern newspaper expresses great indignation at the manner in which a woman was buried who committed suicide. He says: "She was buried like a dog, with her clothes on."

### APPLES OF GOLD.

The sword of the Lord and of Gideon. Judges vii. 20. For they are bread for us: their defence is departed from them, and the Lord is with us; fear them not. Num. xiv. 9 But my servant Caleb, because he hath another spirit with him, and has followed me fully, him will I bring into the land whereto he went. Verse 24. Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee. Psa. lxxvi. 10.

Take care, O my soul, that there may also be another, namely, a kingly spirit with thee, as there was with Joshua and Caleb, not to be discouraged on account of thy weakness and great number of frailties and enemies, as if it were impossible to live holily and get the victory. Behold, Christ the true and great Joshua and Caleb, marches out before thee, to make war himself against thine enemies, and who can conquer him? He is unchangeable, his Spirit now is as mighty as ever, and his word as powerful, and sharper than a two-edged sword. Against thy various infirmities he offers also a variety of divine strength, and against each of thine enemies he holds forth to thee a particular sword in his word; and, abiding in his word, thou shalt surely conquer. Though the enemy should raise thine inward and outward calamities to the highest degree, as so many strong walls, yet he must fall; one single word will strike him down.

Not all that tyrants think or say,  
With rage and lightning in their eyes,  
Nor hell, shall fright my heart away,  
Should hell with all its legions rise.

—Bogatzky's Treasury.