

statue made by Demetrius, which was said to have fallen down from heaven. The cross of Christ, and him crucified, which was preached here by the apostle of the Gentiles, and heard by the elders who fell on the neck of Paul and sorrowed most of all that they were to see his face no more, is proclaimed now no longer. And now as either of the other two religions, the worship of Mahomet in this place has almost ceased to exist, and the minaret of the Mussulman, the emblem of another triumphphant service, is seen to totter and sink into the surrounding chaos. Nothing remains save the enduring hills around, and the mazy Caystrus, the waters of which run under the bridge changeless still, and the same as before. Once the seat of enterprise and active commerce, the very harbour is now deserted, by the sea having fled from its solitary ruins. Its streets, formerly crowded, are now ploughed over by the Ottoman serfs. Its squares, once so gay, are now browsed upon by the sheep of the hospitable Turk. Its houses, once so elegant, are now the haunts of serpents and the dens of wild beasts. Not a vestige can be seen of the famous temple of Diana, which was burned the very day Alexander the Great was born. Erostratus fired the temple on purpose, and being put to the torture, in order to force him to bring out his motive for committing so infamous an action, he confessed that it was with the view of making himself known to posterity, and to immortalise his name by destroying so noble a structure. The very site of this stupendous edifice is yet undetermined. Its very ruins seem to be buried under the soil, or swallowed by an earthquake. A Sibylline oracle foretold that the earth would tremble and open, and that this glorious building would fall headlong into the abyss; and really present appearances might justify the belief, that some such overwhelming catastrophe had exactly fulfilled the prediction. The extensive ruins at the head of it are supposed by some travellers to have marked the site, but like the rest of the mouldings, arches, fallen walls, broken porticoes, and prostrate pillars, they merely show how insignificant the remains of earthly glory come to be in a few years. Excepting from the associations of the scene, all the recompense the pilgrim gets for his travel of fifty miles from Smyrna, is the sight of an extensive marsh, some fishing weirs, and a bar of sand where the river enters the ocean. Further up the stream there are stone embankments, which seem to have been erected for the purpose of confining the river at several places, still visible. The whole beach looks to the eye a foul unwholesome fen, and the only lively sight is the water still winding clearly and rapidly without any impediment through the seven arches of the bridge. The main bulk of the extensive ruins seem to be below the bridge, on the southern bank of the stream, and about two miles from the sea. The sides of the mountains are here and there broken into very stupendous precipices, and others are scooped into hollows in which a few stately trees seem to grow. All is silence but the scream of the eagle and the howl of the jackal. There too is heard a strange sound like the rattle of a policeman;—it is the noise of the stork, and plenty of them are to be seen seated on many a ruin, hovering over in vain a column, and setting their nest high up on the buildings. The jackalls, foxes, and serpents, are now the only tenants of the scene, unless when some enthusiastic stray traveller like myself, traverses its ruined fragments, or a poverty-struck shepherd drives his flock of goats to browse on the scanty herbage. Upon the whole, it is a solemn and forlorn sight, awakening nothing but the deepest sensations of melancholy, and reminding us how the Ephesians left their first love, and returned not to their first works. Therefore their candlestick has been removed out of its place, and the great city of Ephesus is no more.—*Aiton's Lands of the Messiah, Mahomet, and the Pope.*

A BACKWOODS PREACHER.

Geo. W. Bungay, in an article in the *Massachusetts Life Boat* for May, gives the following sketch of a famous backwoods preacher, then in Boston:—

Yesterday a friend informed me that the venerable Peter Cartwright, a member of the general Conference now in session, would deliver a sermon in the Mariner's Chapel. Before the bells gave out their notes of invitation to attend church, I directed my steps to the far-famed Sailor's Bethel, the first place of worship visited by Charles Dickens when he came to this country. The building, like the sermons preached in it, is plain, rough and substantial; as much unlike some of the modern meeting-houses, with their towering steeples like turmps running to seed, as a sailor with his tarpaulin, blue roundabout, and duck trousers, is unlike a city fop. A blue flag waves from the roof, an open door asks you in, and a free seat is provided for your accommodation. Just behind the pulpit is a graphic and beautiful picture painted on the wall; it is probably six feet wide, and ten or twelve feet high. A gallant ship, under a load of canvass, with flags streaming from the bending mast, is struggling with a storm. The rounded domes and tapering spires of a city are seen hard by; and a mountain, verdureless as the clouds, looms up in the distance; while in another direction, a frowning rock flings back the assaulting waves in showers of spray. Up in the clouds is an anchor, which looks as though it would fall and sink the life boat in the water under it. Beyond that is a glorious angel with white wings and radiant countenance, coming to rescue. With the exception of the misplaced anchor, the picture is sublimely significant.

The great western preacher has arrived, and is now searching the well thumbed and often thumbed Bible for his text. Quite a number of distinguished divines are present. The preacher looks like a backwoodsman,

whose features have been bronzed at the plow. His black hair, straggling seven ways for Sunday, is slightly tinged with the frost of age. A strip of black silk is twisted round his neck, and a shirt collar, scrupulously clean, is turned down over it. He is of ordinary size, dresses plainly, and looks like a man perfectly free from affectation. In a faltering voice he reads a hymn. The choir weds the words to sweet and solemn music, a fervent prayer goes up on the wings of faith—another hymn is read and sung—the 13th verse of the 11th chapter of Matthew is selected for his text. Now the old pioneer preacher, who has waded swamps, forded rivers, threaded forests, travelled with the Indians, fought with bears and wolves, preached in the woods, and slept in the field or on the prairie at night, is standing before us. Look at him ye gentlemen with white neckcloths and black coats, who ride in carriages over smooth roads to support churches with cushioned pews, and soft benches to kneel on. How would you like to labour for nothing among wild beasts, and board yourselves in a climate where the ague shakes the settlers over the grave two-thirds of the year? Would you exchange your fat livings and fine palaces and unread libraries for black bread and undried venison, a log hut, and the society of bears and blue races? God bless the brave, wise and good men to whom we are so much indebted for the blessings we enjoy.

He says he would make an apology if he thought it would enable him to preach better, for he is afflicted with a severe cold. "Some folks," he said, "say I am fifty years behind the age; God knows," he continued, "I am willing to be a thousand behind such an age. Religion is always of age, and can talk or run without stilts or silver clippers." He concluded an able and interesting discourse, which elicited undivided attention, with the following fact: "During a splendid revival of religion at the West, a young preacher, manufactured at one of your theological shops out here, came to lend me a helping hand. I knew he could not handle Methodist tools without cutting his fingers, but he was very officious. Well we had a gale, a Pentecostal gale, and sinners fell without waiting for a soft place, and Christians fought the devil on their knees. Well this little man would tell those who were groaning under conviction, to be composed. I stood this as long as I could, and finally sent him to speak with a great, stout athletic man, who was bellowing like a bull in a net, while I tried to undo the mischief he had done to others. He told this powerful man to be composed, but I told him to pray like thunder. Just at that instant the grace of God shown in upon his soul, and he was so delirious with delight that he seized the little man in his hands, and holding him up, bounded like a buck through the congregation."

It is impossible for the pen to do justice to this fact. The speaker moved us all to tears and smiles at the same moment, while he said what few men would venture to say.

The subject of this sketch once put up at the Irving House, New York, (if I am correctly informed,) and when he wished to retire at night, one of the waiters lighted him to a room near the roof of that mountain of marble and mortar.

"How shall I find my way back?" enquired the preacher.

"O, just ring the bell and we will show you," said the waiter.

By the time the waiter reached the bar-room, tingle, tingle, went the bell, and the waiter climbed five or six pairs of stairs, and asked what was wanted.

"Show me my way down," said Mr. Cartwright. The waiter did so. "Now show me the way up again." He did so; but he had scarcely reached the reception room when the bell rang again. This time the landlord came up stairs to see what the matter was.

"I want a broad axe," said the preacher.

"What do you want with a broad axe?" said the astonished landlord.

"I want to blaze my way down stairs," was the cool reply.

The landlord took the hint, and gave the frontier preacher a room on the first floor. A foul mouthed infidel once attacked him on board of a boat on one of the western waters. Mr. Cartwright submitted quietly to his profanity, vulgarity, and obscenity, for a long time. Finally, he approached the gaseous skeptic with a stern face, and with the voice of a senator, said, "If you do not take back what you have said, I will baptize you in this river in the name of your father the devil."

The infidel at once apologized, and saved himself a ducking.

The other day, some member of the Conference suggested that some act should be done out of courtesy. This announcement brought the old gentleman to his feet, and he said, "I do not know what gentlemen of the East think of courtesy, but we out West—who were born in a cane brake, cradled in a gum-tree, and who graduated in a thunder-storm—don't think much of modern etiquette."

JONATHAN EDWARD'S MANUSCRIPTS.—Few things in literary and theological history are more interesting than the examination of the manuscripts of the great theologian of New England. We passed some time not long since in such an examination, in the study of the Rev. Tryon Edwards, D. D., of New London, who has in his possession nearly all the papers and unpublished writings President Edwards left at his death. Among them was the precious work recently given to the public, on *Charity and its Fruits*. There are other works remaining, quite complete, unpublished; for example, a series of *Sermons on the Beatitudes*, a work on *Revelation*, a large *Commentary on the whole Bible*, containing 904 pages, a leaf of the printed-English Bible being interposed between every two sheets. There is also an imperfect *Harmony of the Genius, Spirit, Doctrines, and Rules of the Old Testament and the New*; an immense