

fidant hope of a blessed immortality through the true Messiah, Jesus Christ.

DESCRIPTION OF A
PILGRIMAGE ACROSS A DESERT.

As given by Ali Bey, in his Travels in Morocco, Tripoli, &c.

“WE never kept the common road, but marched through the middle of the desert, to avoid some Arabs, whom we had seen. This country is entirely without water; not a tree is to be seen: not a rock which can offer a shelter or a shade. A transparent atmosphere; an intense sun, darting its beams upon our heads; a ground almost white, and commonly of a concave form like a burning-glass; slight breezes scorching like a flame. Such is a faithful picture of this district through which we were passing.

“Every man we met with in this desert is looked upon as an enemy. Having discovered about noon a man in arms on horse-back, who kept at a certain distance, my thirteen Bedouéens united the moment they perceived him, darted like an arrow to overtake him, uttering loud cries, which they interrupted by expressions of contempt and derision, as, ‘*What are you seeking, my brother?*’ ‘*Where are you going my son?*’ As they made these exclamations, they kept playing with their guns over their heads. The discovered Bedouéen fled in the mountains, where it was impossible to follow him. We met no one else.

“We had now neither eaten nor drank since the preceding day: our horses and other beasts were equally destitute, though ever since nine in the