

these and the fruits and sugar canes which were renowned in far countries, we find now little but tall reeds, thorny acacias, and trees barren of blossom or fruit. The verdant strip, however, looks beautiful from afar, and shows that the fertility of the plain has not departed. There is enough for the support and luxury of man, were man but there to wish for and enjoy them.

We descended by a road like an irregular staircase, the steepest hill I ever rode down. The gentlemen dismounted; but the heat was so excessive that I ventured to keep my seat. When I glanced up from the bottom, and saw the last of the party beginning the descent, it looked so fearful that I was glad to turn away. We were now at the foot of the mountain called Quarantania, supposed by the monks to be the scene of the Temptation. A few pilgrims come from afar every year, to spend forty days on this mountain, barely supporting life during the time by the herbs they find there. I need hardly say, that there can be no good reason for fixing on this mountain as the place, and that the choice of it is probably owing to its commanding the plain of Jordan and its cities—once no unfair specimen of the “kingdoms of the earth, and the glory of them.” The caverns in the face of this mountain, once used as dwellings or tombs, are now the abodes of robbers. When some of our party showed a desire to search the lower ones, the Arab Sheikh, who was responsible for the safety of our party, drew his sword across his throat, to show the danger, and barred the way.

It may be remembered, that the men of Jericho complained to Elisha the prophet, that the water of their spring was not good, either to drink, or to water their land for tillage, (2 Kings, ii. 19.) and that, though their city was pleasant, they could not enjoy it for this reason; and that Elisha purified the spring, “so that the waters were healed unto this day.” Beside this spring, now called Ain Sultan, we encamped in the afternoon, and found its waters truly delicious. Nothing could be prettier than this encampment, in a spot so forest-like as to contrast strongly with all we had seen for many weeks past. Our tent was close upon the brink of the clear rushing brook; but the heat was so excessive, that we could not endure the tent, and had our dinner-table placed under a tree, whose roots were washed by the stream. Broad lights glanced upon the rippling waters, and deep green shadows lay upon its pools. Our horses were feeding in the thicket beyond; and the Arabs sat in groups near the tents. Other parties of our company were dining or lying on the brink of the stream. Every encampment of travellers in these places is beautiful; but I never but once saw one so beautiful as this. After a walk to the remains of an aqueduct, and other traces (mere traces) of former habitation, in the days when Jericho was a great city, I went, with one companion, to see the spring which was a short way from our tents. The water bubbled up from under some bushes, and spread itself clear and shallow among some squared stones, which seemed to show that the source had once been enclosed. By this time it was dusk: the evening star hung above the nearest hill. All was silent about us except the rustle and dip of the boughs which hung above the water. My companion and I found the temptation to bathe quite irresistible. Under the shadow of a large overhanging tree, there was a pool deep enough for the purpose, and there we bathed, rejoicing with the people of Jericho in the sweetness of the water.

The Eastern traveller feels a strong inclination to bathe in every sacred sea, river and spring. How great the interest is, and how like that of a new baptism, those at home may not be able to imagine; and such may despise the superstition which leads hundreds of pilgrims every year to rush into the Jordan. But, among all the travellers who visit the Jordan, is there one, however far removed from superstition, who is willing to turn away without having bowed his head in its sacred waters?

There was no moon to-night, but the stars were glorious when I came out of our tent to take one more look before retiring to rest. Here and there the watch fires cast yellow gleams on the trees and waters; but there were reaches of the brook, still and cool, where the stars glittered like fragments of moon-light. This day stands in my journal as one of the most delicious of our travels.

*“Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom.”—LUKE vi. 38.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF HUMANITY.

BY PROFESSOR DEWEY.

THESE are good men every where. There are men who are good for goodness' sake. In obscurity, in retirement, beneath the shadow of ten thousand dwellings scarcely known to the world, and never asking to be known, there are good men; in adversity, in poverty, amid temptations, amid all the severity of earthly trials, there are good men whose lives shed brightness upon the dark clouds that surround them. Be it true, if we must admit the sad truth, that many are wrong, and persist in being wrong; that many are false to every holy trust, and faithless toward every holy affection; that many are estranged from infinite goodness; that many are coldly selfish, and meanly sensual—yes, cold, and dead to every thing that is not wrapped up in their own little earthly interest, or more darkly wrapped up in the veil of fleshly appetites. Be it so; but I thank God that this is not all that we are obliged to believe. No: there are true hearts, amid the throng of the false and faithless. There are warm and generous hearts, which the cold atmosphere of surrounding selfishness never chills; and eyes unused to weep for personal sorrow, which often overflow with sympathy for the sorrows of others. Yes, there are good men, and true men; I thank them; I bless them for what they are. God from on high doth bless them, and he giveth his angels charge to keep them; and nowhere in the holy record are these words more precious or strong than those in which it is written that God loveth the righteous ones. Such men are there. Let not their precious virtues be distrusted. As surely and as evidently as some men have obeyed the calls of ambition and pleasure, so surely and so evidently have other men obeyed the voice of conscience, and “chosen rather to suffer with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasure of sin for a season.” Why, every meek man suffers in a conflict keener far than the contest for honor and applause. And there are such men who, amid injury and insult, and misconstruction, and the pointed finger, and the scornful lip of pride, stand firm in their integrity and allegiance to a loftier principle, and still their throbbing hearts in prayer, and hush them to the gentle motions of kindness and pity. Such witnesses there are even in this bad world; signs that a redeeming work is going forward amid its derelictions; proofs that it is not a world forsaken of heaven; pledges that it will not be forsaken; tokens that cheer and touch every good and thoughtful mind, beyond all other power of earth to penetrate and enkindle it.

THE VOICE OF THE OCEAN.

WAS it the sound of the distant surf that was in mine ears, or the low moan of the breeze, as it crept through the neighbouring world? Oh! that hoarse voice of Ocean—never silent since time first began—where has it not been uttered? There is stillness amid the calm of the arid and rainless desert, where no spring rises, and no streamlet flows, and the long caravan plies its weary march amid the blinding glare of the sand, and the red unshaded rays of the fierce sun. But once and again, and yet again, has the roar of Ocean been there. It is his sands that the winds heap up; and it is the skeleton-remains of his vassals—shells, and fish, and the stony coral—that the rocks underneath enclose. There is silence on the tall mountain-peak, with its glittering mantle of snow, where the panting lungs labour to inhale the thin bleak air—where no insect murmurs and no bird flies—and where the eye wanders over multitudinous hill-tops that lie far beneath, and vast dark forests that sweep on to the distant horizon, and along long hollow valleys where the great rivers begin. And yet once and again, and yet again, has the roar of the ocean been there. The effigies of his more ancient denizens we find sculptured on the crags, where they