

Jordan, and formed it into a pestilential lake, leaving the dry bed of a river in this desolate valley—part and parcel of the once populous and rich land of Idumea—in the days of King Solomon the great highway by which he secured the gold of Ophir for the temple; and by which in the days of the pomp and pride of Imperial Rome, the mistress of the world, the wealth of distant India, her gold and ivory, were brought even to her doors.

Our enterprising traveller now relates a fearful accident that had befallen his servant Paul who fell from a dromedary; the baggage on the animal's back fell over him, and when found he was senseless. The Arabs differed in their method of treating the case—they wanted to bleed him; but our traveller, not liking their method, would not permit the operation. The safety of the patient often consists "in the quarrels of the physicians," and this probably saved the life of the poor Italian interpreter. Stevens placed him on his own horse; they soon came to an Arab encampment, situated in a most singular and romantic spot; the approach was interesting. An Arab was kneeling, engaged in his devotions, with his face (as usual) towards the tomb of the Prophet. He had ended his prayers by the time of our approach, was sitting on the rock, and we found he had been literally praying on the house-top, for his dwelling was in the rock beneath. His personal appearance was that of a patriarch, as Abraham or his sons are generally painted. He rose, and insisted on us to stop the night with him, and leading us a few paces to the brink of the mountain, he showed us in the valley below the village of his tribe. The valley lay between ranges of broken and overhanging rocks, a smooth and beautiful table of green for a quarter of a mile, and beyond that distance—broke off and expanded into an extensive meadow, filled with flocks of sheep and goats,—and (an unusual sight) a herd of cows. But where were the dwellings of the shepherds? In Egypt the Arabs lived in tombs and temples; in the Desert, in tents; but never in the crevices of the rocks, like the fox or badger: such however were their habitations here. Within the small enclosure in front, the women were seen, either winnowing, or grinding grain, or rather pounding it between two stones, as practised in olden times.

Having taken care of his unfortunate man, our traveller examined more particularly the strange abodes of the Arabs, which he concluded much more comfortable than most of the huts on the Nile, or the rude tents of the Bedouins. It was not poverty that drove this tribe to the rocks; they exceeded 300, and had flocks and herds rarely seen with the Arabs—they looked much better than his escort. He observed the marked difference of races in the East: the change from the swarthy and bearded visages of his companions, to the feminine aspect of these Arab women was very pleasing. His heart warmed toward these Arab women. One was tall and fairer than the most of her tribe, and with her shepherd's crook in her hand, she was driving her flock of goats up the valley, to the little enclosure before the door of her rocky dwelling. There was no colour in her cheek; we saw there was gentleness in her eye, and much delicacy in every feature—and moving with us, she would be cherished and cared for as a tender plant, and served with all respect and love—but here she was a servant; her days passed in guarding her flock, and at night she reposed on the rude floor of her rocky couch. This fine woman appears to have made a deep impression on the heart of our young traveller. In the evening the Arabs of both sexes came up alternately, with their crooks in their hands, and their well-trained dogs, driving the flocks before them; some entered the enclosures, but many, destitute even of this miserable shelter, slept outside in the open valley, with their flocks around them and their dogs keeping watch—presenting the same beautiful pastoral scenes so often seen on the mountains of classic Greece. In the evening, the travellers partook of their repast of corn and milk, so thick that it might be taken by the hands without spoon or ladle; this was followed by a smoking dish of stewed kid; after which some departed to the rocks—others slept round the fire (as the Indians in North America) and our travellers retired to their tents. All night the valley resounded with the lowing of cattle, the bleating of lambs and goats, and the loud barking of the Arab's watch dog. Early during star-light the travellers were on foot; the Arabs soon arose, and the women were milking the cows and goats, and at daybreak they were moving to the pastures at the foot of the valley; hence our travellers passed the Desert, and gradually advanced into a better country.

H. H.

PARTY SPIRIT.—A furious party spirit, when it rages with violence, exerts itself in civil war and bloodshed; and when under its greatest restraints, breaks out in calumny, detraction, and a partial administration of justice—in a word, it fills a nation with spleen and rancor, and extinguishes all the seeds of good nature, compassion and humanity.

Bishop Burnet, who was a tall, large boned man, preaching once with vehemence before king Charles the Second, closed one of his sentences with a violent thump upon the cushion, and this note of interrogation. 'Who dares deny it?' 'Nobody,' said the king in a whisper, 'who stands there in the reach of that mighty great fist of yours.'

THOUGHTS IN RHYME.

Swim through the waves of Time and ne'er despair,
But lift thy head and breathe the eternal air.

The only hopes for ever doomed to know
A false event are those that aim too low.

Who has not known some moments rich as years,
May watch an hour-glass, not behold the spheres.

No holier truth has reached us from above
Than this,—Love errs not but by want of Love.

Who knows how various Thoughts one Will express,
Blames no man's faith except for faithlessness.

Material Time but numbers grains of wheat,
While Heavenly Time feels Nature's pulses beat.

The dreamer's world of vain, inactive bliss
Were hell to him whom Duty sways in this.

How many joys that crowds insatiate quaff,
Are shows as empty as an actor's laugh.

Thou canst not do the thing thou wouldst, no doubt:
Could we do all we would life's task were out.

For strength and not for fear, O! Man, is given
The upward sense that lifts thy soul to Heaven.

O! Gods of Greece, behold no more on high,
Though ye are set your light still paints the sky.

The much we try proclaim our future hope,
The little we perform, our present scope.

How sad if stars adorned our dwelling's dome,
Not showed beyond its roof a boundless home.

As blows the wind we needs must trim the sail;
But still 'tis ours to tack against the gale.

Had Judas been a fiend all scorn and hate,
He had not died in wo but lived elate.

No face all ugly e'er was seen on earth:
No heart all evil e'er from Eve had birth.

The steersman Will pursues the course it ought,
Consulting still the compass-card of Thought.

Sweet stream! thou hastenest on in youthful pride,
Nor heed'st thy hastening tow'rd the salt-sea tide.

High task, to make at once and read the story
That paints itself in Life's fair allegory!

Some hour will needs in every face disclose
The Best and Worst that any ever shows.

The torch by burning must no doubt expire,
But dying need not set the house on fire.

Ah! Woman, ill those hands thy worth repay,
That seek with plumes of Man to make thee gay.

The subtlest gallant e'er in mask concealed
Is Love—by most disguises best revealed.

Full oft in wrinkled forehead saturnine,
All Jove and Venus dwell with glow divine.

Fair Time of Youth! your blossom's dearest praise
Is from the hope fulfilled in Autumn's days.

How much had Man's whole aim and life been less,
Would Luther but have changed his No! to Yes!

Who nothing Great behind the small divines,
Thinks Great events are hung on smallest lines.

Some seeing God in Jesus crucified,
Think Faith dares own his love in nought beside.

Drear thought that all the work Man's life can have
Is but to bear his coffin tow'rd his grave.

Blackwood's Magazine.

SECOND LOVE.—It was so new to be loved, simply and honestly, with no guile or pain; to trust to the feeling itself, and not to artificial aids to passion, which most people are obliged to resort to, to keep up the illusion, that I loved now better than ever, and while I indulged an old passion, by the novelty of the attending circumstances, it was almost like a new one. Beside, I got room to draw some philosophical deductions about the passion; to find out the falsity of that theory of love, which makes it impossible for us to love but one object during life. The truth of the whole matter is this: We feel but once that headlong ardor, that intensity of passion which is spurred on by novelty and inexperience, and which places woman above humanity—a being to be idolized, and looked up to, and prayed to. When such a love is not consummated, the passing away of the illusion is like taking the vital breath from the body; it is like the escape of air condensed by artificial means, which sometimes destroys the vessel that contains it. This sudden change of habit, of feeling sometimes, if acting upon a sickly imagination, destroys life. So that people do die for love, as well as for loss of property, and other misfortunes which take away interest in life, and leave a canker at the heart. But shall we conclude from this, that we may not feel attachment twice? Deprived, by freak, of one object of affection, though we may mourn the loss, if we discover qualities to admire in another, may we not wish to bring ourselves within the sphere of their influence?—to possess them? This is love. Is it inconsistent to have shades of remembrance of past friends? Are we unjust to the present, by reflecting upon the noble qualities of those we have lost? Is not the present pos-

session raised in value, by feeling that it is something really true, and common, and rational, and lasting, that we possess? Young men, mad with wine, and tobacco, and young ladies—nervous from late hours, and tight lacing, and cologne water—may sneer at such reasoning; but we shall find it to be true in life.—*Wilson Conworth.*

"UNION; or, the Divided Church made one."—Such is the title of a new work by Rev. John Harris, author of "Mammon," "Britannia," etc. The object of the work is to overthrow all sectarian prejudices, and to promote the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. The *Wesleyan Association Magazine* in a brief notice of the leading features of the volume, speaks of it in the following commendatory terms:—"The eloquent author still maintains his accustomed dignity and brilliancy of style. His sentences are exceedingly harmonious, and his cadences are round and sonorous: his words are well selected, and his images are maintained with an uniform and logical congruity. In short, his eloquence is truly excellent; as every thought is embodied in exact proportions, and clothed with a drapery that is ornamental and enchanting. We are of opinion, nevertheless, that his eloquence is not supported by an equal originality of thought; and that his writings are more adapted to afford pleasure, than to produce conviction. The divided churches can never be made one, except by the unsophisticated exercise of our private judgment in the reading of the sacred volume, and by the consequent abrogation of all sectarian tests and subscriptions. Still, the object of Mr. Harris in his work is truly Christian, and is highly praiseworthy, and his work is well adapted to break up the barriers of sectarian tests and of sectarian animosities, and to sow the seeds of charity in the churches of Christ. We therefore wish him great success in his catholic undertaking, and we recommend his eloquent production to the careful perusal of our readers."

THE ATHENIAN AREOPAGUS.—The remotest traditions clothed the very name of this assembly with majesty and awe. Holding their council on the sacred hill consecrated to Mars, fable asserted that the god of battle had himself been arraigned before its tribunal. Solon exerted his imagination to sustain the grandeur of its associations. Every distinction was lavished upon senators, who, in the spirit of his laws, could only pass from the temple of virtue to that of honor. Before their jurisdiction all species of crime might be arraigned—they had equal power to reward and to punish. From the guilt of murder to the negative offence of idleness, their control extended—the consecration of altars to new deities, the penalties affixed to impiety, were at their decision and in their charge. Theirs was the illimitable authority to scrutinize the lives of men—they attended public meetings and solemn sacrifices, to preserve order by the majesty of their presence. The custody of the laws and the management of the public funds, the superintendence of the education of youth, were committed to their care. Despite their power, they interfered but little in the management of political affairs, save in cases of imminent danger. Their duties, grave, tranquil and solemn, held them aloof from the stir of temporary agitation. They were the last refuge of the state, to which, on common occasions, it was almost profanity to appeal. Their very demeanour was modelled to harmonize with the reputation of their virtues and the dignity of their office. It was forbidden to laugh in their assembly—no archon who had been seen in a public tavern, could be admitted to their order, and for an areopagite to compose a comedy was a matter of special prohibition. They sat in the open air, in common with all courts having cognizance of murder. If the business before them was great and various, they were wont to divide themselves into committees, to each of which the several causes were assigned by lot, so that no man knowing the cause he was to adjudge could be assailed with the imputation of dishonest or partial prepossession. After duly hearing both parties, they gave their judgment with proverbial gravity and silence. The institution of the ballot (a subsequent custom) afforded secrecy to their award—a proceeding necessary amid the jealousy and power of factions, to preserve their judgment unbiassed by personal fear, and the abolition of which, was among the causes that crushed for a while the liberties of Athens. A brazen urn received the suffrages of condemnation—one of wood those of acquittal. Such was the character and constitution of the AREOPAGUS.—*Bulwer.*

The twenty-four letters of the alphabet may be transposed 620,448,401,733,239,439,360,000 times. All the inhabitants of the globe, on a rough calculation, could not, in a thousand million of years, write out all the transpositions of the twenty-four letters, even supposing that each wrote 40 pages daily, each of which pages contained 40 different transpositions of the letters.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.—Barry Cornwall puts into the mouth of Julian the Apostate, the following beautiful argument in favour of the immortality of the soul:—

"I cannot think that the great soul of man,
With its accumulated wisdoms, too,
Must perish—why, the words he utters, lives,
And is the spirit which gave birth to thoughts
Beneath its own creation."