

trees in this place, but the cypresses alone still survive.

We climbed with difficulty to the top of Sinai, resting at each cleft or salient part of the rock to which some traditions have been annexed by the inventive faculty of the monks, who have communicated them to the Arabs, always ready to listen to narratives of this description. Arrived on the summit, I was surprised by the briskness of the air. The eye sought in vain to catch some prominent object amid the chaos of rocks which were tumbled round the base, and vanished in the distance in the form of raging waves. Nevertheless, I distinguished the Red sea, the mountains of Africa, and some summits of mountains which I easily recognized by their shapes,—Schommar being distinguishable by its rounded masses, Serbal by its shooting points, and Tih by its immense prolongation.

I visited the ruins of the mosque and of the Christian church, both of which rebuke, on this grand theatre of the three religions that divide the world, the indifference of mankind to the creeds which they once professed with so much ardor.

#### IMPORTANT INQUIRY.

“It is to the honour of the present day, that the calls of benevolence multiply fast—Which, is there reason to believe, you resent more, their rapid multiplication? or your inability to meet them all? But, in order to meet them, have you never thought of retrenching any superfluity? of reducing your expenditure? or, do you only practise that precarious and cheap benevolence, which waits for the crumbs that fall from your table?”

In mechanics, the strength of a moving power is estimated by the amount of resistance which it overcomes. Now, what is the strength of your benevolence when tried by a

similar test? what does it overcome? does it resist and bear down your vanity, love of ease, and self-interest? does it impel you to sacrifice ‘the pride of life’ that you may increase your contributions to the cause of mercy?

Of how many professing Christians may it not be appropriately asked, not only ‘*How* are you living, but *where*?’ You have retired from business, it may be; but, in taking that step, whose will did you consult? Did you refer it to the good pleasure of God? did you retire that you might do *more good* than before? and are you doing it? did you *look out* for a sphere in which you might render yourself useful? But, whether you were formerly immersed in the business of the world or not, have you escaped from a worldly spirit? In the choice of your place of abode, in the distribution of your time, and the formation of your plans, do you take counsel from the word of God? *Are* you acting on the Christian motto, ‘No man liveth to himself?’ and are you employing your various talents as if they came to you, bearing this inscription, from the hand that lends them, ‘Occupy till I come?’—*J. Harris. Mammon, p. 123, &c.*

REAL WEALTH.—A wealthy gentleman taking his friend upon the top of his house to show him the extent of his possessions,—“There,” says he, “that is my estate.” Then pointing to a great distance on the other side, “Do you see that farm?” Yes. “Well, that is mine.” Pointing to the other side, “Do you see that house?” Yes. “That also belongs to me.” Then said the friend, “Do you see that little village yonder?” Yes. “Well, there lives a poor woman in that village who can say more than all this.” “Ah! what can she say?” “Christ is mine!” He looked confounded, and said no more.