

followed by coffee and the chikouque—and we found the luxuries of Damascus had not spoiled our relish of this simple and friendly reception.

Demetrie, the servant of Mr. G., was a bigoted Greek, and true to his country, though not a little of a rogue, and a great gourmand. Every evening he said his prayers to the Virgin, accompanied with crossings, which, after the Greek fashion, were drawn from his chin to his middle; & the constant subject of his prayers was, that the Virgin would give him plenty to eat and drink, and send him home safe to his family.

On the third day we came to the ruins of Balbec, which, being approached from Damascus, are not seen till you are almost close on them. The village adjoining is very mean, and contains a few hundred inhabitants—it has a mosque and minaret. This place was situated just between the limits of the rival pachas, and was under the jurisdiction of neither. We made our way to the wretched residence of a Greek priest, who looked the picture of squalidness and poverty, and resides in this lonely spot, to minister to two or three score of Christians. He drew a key out of his pocket, and unlocked, with great care, a waste and dark apartment, a few yards from his own.

We soon sallied out, to visit the temple—but were encountered, about half way, by the governor, or sheik, of the village, who, with much clamour, refused to allow us to proceed, till he understood who we were. We accordingly walked back—and in a short time he made his appearance at the priest's, accompanied by an armed soldier, and a number of the villagers gathered round. The sheik demanded money, for permission to see the ruins—and, after much altercation, and violent threats, on his side, the sum was reduced to twenty seven piastres—on receiving which, he went away, and troubled us no more.

The sun set on the vast temple, and the mountains around it, with indescribable grandeur; the chain of Anti Libanus in front was covered with snow—and the plain, wild and beautiful, stretched at its feet farther than he eye could reach. The pigeons, of many coloured plumage, flew in clusters around the ruined walls, at whose feet were a variety of reeds and flowers, amidst which ran a clear and rapid stream. The outer wall, that en-

closes the great area of the building to the north, is immensely high, and about six hundred feet long, the western wall is lower, being more broken; and midway of its height are three enormous stones, about sixty feet long, and twelve wide. The temple itself is near one hundred and eighty feet in length, and half that in width, and is surrounded by a single row of pillars, forty four in number, nearly sixty feet high, and twenty six feet in circumference—they are, as well as the temple of a fine granite of a light red colour, their capitals are of the Corinthian order, of exquisite workmanship and are very little defaced—indeed, the entireness and preservation of the decorations of this superb temple are surprising. The archtrave and cornice are beautifully carved—three or four of these columns, separated from the roof, recline against the wall of the temple—and, on the south side, one noble pillar has sunk from its position into the clear and beautiful pool formed by the fountain beneath the temple, against the body of which, half its length and rich capital still support themselves.

(To be continued.)

#### SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.

On returning to our miserable quarters in Sardis, we found Spiro busily employed in preparing our dinner. He had purchased a kid, which he dissected so as to preserve the shoulders and solid pieces entire, and the remainder he cut up for pottage. The miserable city contained no public oven, so common in all oriental towns, and so often referred to in the Bible—but the owner of the hut in which we were lodged supplied him with a substitute. This was a large, hollow cone of clay, which he immediately filled with dried herbs, sticks and grass, and when it was sufficiently heated, he inverted it over the meat, taking care to keep up a moderate heat around it.

To this practice our Lord refers, where he says, 'If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?' Matt. vi, 30.

"When thou doest alms let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

If one have served thee tell the deed to many; Hast thou served many? tell it not to any.