

Mrs. Minor, for such, we believe, is the lady's name, was led along, step by step, to embrace the views known as "Millenarian." An indirect result of her study of the Scriptures which point to the glory of Mount Zion in the latter days, was the enkindling of a strong desire to visit Jerusalem. She had in view, also, a benevolent design—to promote the well-being of the Jews in their own land. With very limited means, and prepared for a thousand sacrifices, she embarked at Philadelphia, for Marseilles, in May, 1849.

The little volume chiefly consists of extracts from a Journal of her voyage and subsequent Travels through Palestine. These extracts give a life-like view of the realities through which she passed. There is no affectation in her narrative of adventures, and no labored effort in descriptions of scenes and characters. You cannot detect the least intention of making a book, and that is saying much for the private Journal of a modern traveller. Fine writing does not atone for the impression which the common rabble of such journals never fail to convey, that the traveller is seeing and hearing, reflecting and feeling, with the day of publication in view. In such circumstances it is no more a *real* Journal they produce, than the state and strut of actors on the stage is *real* life.

How naturally and unaffectedly Mrs. Minor writes, the following quotation from her description of the approach to Jerusalem, will shew; it is the point at which there was the greatest temptation to get up a scene, and indeed we could very well have borne a little more enthusiasm there.

"After slowly gaining one summit after another, we suddenly found ourselves on an extended table-like elevation, very rocky, but interspersed with olive trees. In the distance, towards the east, rose Mount Olivet; and facing it, on the west side, declined towards its base, the high grey walls and domes of JERUSALEM. Our caravan paused in silence, and then a murmur rose, *Jerusalem! Jerusalem!* I had read so much of the sterility of its neighbourhood, and its appearance of desolation, that my first feelings were those of happy surprise, to see thrifty olive trees, pomegranates and figs in its vicinity. On the north, the foliage at this dry season of the year, is deep green and dense, and makes a beautiful contrast with the walls which emerge beyond. The singular and unearthly beauty of its rock-sentinelled situation for a moment surpassed my early and sacred recollections of scriptural delineations, while its formidable ancient walls and towers, its lofty monuments and domes, give it an air of peculiar solemnity and grandeur. Several Turkish soldiers with polished weapons bowed a silent welcome as we entered the Jaffa gate. The streets are narrow, and paved with uneven stones which are glossy, by long use. During our ride I felt much concern, how we should obtain comfortable accommodations with our moderate means, as Mr. M. informed us that the charges were very high at the only English Hotel in the City. We however concluded to put up with our American friends during their short stay, in which time we hoped to make a more favorable arrangement."

The above is not by any means a favourable specimen of Mrs. Minor's descriptions; we quote it chiefly with a view of introducing Meshullam, the Hotel keeper, to whose character and efforts we mean to devote the little space that remains to us. But before proceeding in this design, we pause to make a brief extract for the benefit of certain Canadian critics and controversialists, who in their zeal for baby sprinkling have persuaded themselves

that the Jordan is such a miserable, whimpering rivulet, that its amplest pool would not suffice for the immersion of a man; the statements of scripture to the contrary notwithstanding.

With a little party of friends and Arab guides, our traveller left Jerusalem, crossed the valley of Kidron by Gethsemane, and passed over the southern extremity of Olivet by a rocky path to Bethany. Treading one ravine after another towards sunset "between distant peaks of ash-like barrenness, we saw," she says "the wide vale of the Jordan. About an hour after sunset the party arrived at Jericho where they halted for the night."

"As the moon ascended the light became so brilliant that our umbrellas were a great relief. Half reclining in our dusty riding garments, in the close neighbourhood of so many Arabs, and animal fleas, we had no difficulty in keeping awake to reflect upon our strange and interesting lodgings."

"The Dead Sea lay in the distance before us, and in near vicinity was the Jordan pouring its stormy tide into its dark and unhealed waters at the base of the mountains of Moab. The same blue depth gleaming with its innumerable stars and glorious moon, wheeled silently above the same extended plain, where Joshua, Elijah, John, and Jesus our blessed Lord, once moved and acted out the purposes of God. But now, sad change, where once were cities beautiful and strong, vineyards, and fruitful fields and cultivated plains, thronged with busy life, and hearts that worshipped God, nought now remains but the wild thorn and heaps of ruins, and the wild son of Ishmael, master of the scene."

Having aroused her party before sunrise, our traveller pressed on for the sacred stream, against the urgent persuasion of the Arabs, who were seized with dread of a hostile tribe encamped somewhere in the neighbourhood, she continues—

"We descended one dry bank and then another and entered the dense thicket that fringes the course of the river, and heard the deep roar of its waters, but saw it not till a moment more, when its torrent shut within its narrow banks, rushed wild and turbulent at our feet! a shudder of surprise at the volume and rapid power of its deep current, was my first impression as our animals halted upon its brink. Our guides now renewed their entreaties for our immediate return; and when they understood our design to bathe, they assured us of the great risk, as the current is stronger at this season than at any other. And Petro also informed us that every spring, at the usual time of bathing, some pilgrims were thus drowned. Seeing us still determined they pulled us from our saddles to hasten us, and tremblingly clutched their long guns and keered in every direction through the thicket. Thick clusters of beautiful cedars with their weeping foliage shaded the waters above the spot on which we stood, and beneath their covert we hastily changed our dress and plunged into the stream, and were entirely immersed beneath its sacred flow."

"The usual time of bathing" alluded to by the guides, is an annual festival, when thousands of pilgrims, men, women and children, from Jerusalem and all Judea, plunge into a spacious pool, the traditional scene of the Baptist's Ministry. Lieut. Lynch, of the United States exploring expedition was present at the ceremony, and to his animated description, we would refer any who may still be sceptical as to the statement of the Evangelist, that "Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee and was baptized of John in Jordan."

But to return to our design: Mr. Meshullam who is introduced as "Mine host" of the English hotel of Jerusalem, is a converted Jew, an intelli-

gent and energetic man of about fifty years of age, whose whole soul and hope is in the good of his poor brethren and the restoration of Zion. He was born and educated in London, where, on the massacre of his father and family at Salonica, whither they had removed, he inherited a considerable property. He continued in London under charge of the rabbies until he was fifteen years of age and then went to Berlin to prosecute his studies. In his nineteenth year he visited Salonica where his family was murdered, and in the Jewish synagogue there heard the Gospel preached for the first time, by the celebrated Joseph Wolf. Mr Wolf's address so enraged the Jews, that they determined on his destruction; but Meshullam though unconvinced by the arguments was moved with compassion for the man, and by prompt interposition saved the missionary's valuable life.

Still cleaving to the faith of his fathers, he explored the Holy land and acquired the Arabic language, and giving the rein to a roving disposition, he visited many lands in Asia, Europe and America, acquiring languages as he went, till now he speaks thirteen fluently. He finally returned to London, when an interest in the man whose life he had saved, drew him to a Christian place of worship, where Mr. Wolf was then preaching, and here the enquiry was first awakened, "Can it be that Jesus of Nazareth is the Messiah of our Scriptures?"

He removed to Genoa, where he married the daughter of a wealthy Jewish banker, and engaged successfully in business. The enquiry which had been awakened in London, led him occasionally into Christian churches; this was soon carried to the ears of his father-in-law: his loyalty to Moses was suspected: his frank avowal of his doubts awakened such violent persecution on the part of his connections, that he was obliged to abandon his business and remove to Leghorn. Thither Jewish hatred followed and drove him to Tunis, and thence to Malta,—each removal occasioning an enormous sacrifice of property. At Malta he formed the friendship of Mr. Gobat, the present English bishop of Jerusalem, by whom he and Mrs. M., who sympathized with him in the hope of the Gospel, were baptized.

Soon after his baptism he removed to Jerusalem, and conceived the idea of establishing a hotel for European residents. With this view he embarked all his remaining capital in a large order of furniture and merchandise, which was lost in the surf at Jaffa, and he was reduced to absolute poverty. In this straight an English nobleman, to whom he had been serviceable, interposed his aid, and enabled him at length to open the projected hotel, which for several years he has kept with great success.

The only articles saved out of the wreck of his goods at Jaffa, were two barrels of potatoes, and this exception, apparently so trifling, proved most important to his future career. He planted a small piece of ground connected with his residence with a portion of them, and to the astonishment of his neighbours gathered an abundant crop, from which, after supplying his family, he gained fifty guineas. This unexpected success turned his thoughts to agriculture. It seemed to be a token of the Lord's willingness to bless the cultivation of the soil, which has so long lain desolate. Ere