

who have examined the subject with the greatest care, is about 11,000, and that they are thus distributed, namely :

Mohammedans,	4500
Jews,	3000
Christians,	3500
Total Population	11,000

In addition to these, a garrison is maintained in the city, which usually numbers from five hundred to eight hundred soldiers.

LANGUAGE.

The Arabic is the vernacular language of the native population, though the native Jews speak a medley of tongues peculiar to themselves. The Greek, Armenian, and Italian languages are also found in the city; but no access to the common people can be had except through the medium of the Arabic.

DOMESTIC APPEARANCE.

The houses of Jerusalem are low and gloomy. They are generally two stories high, with flat roofs, and with a wall or balustrade around them, breast high. The streets are most inconveniently narrow. No wheel carriage can pass in any of them. All transportation is done upon horses, asses, and camels. The streets, narrow as they are, are filled with house and stable offal, which loads the air with the most disgusting and unwholesome effluvia. The bazaars are very mean in their appearance. The dress of the people is oriental, and consists of a turban on the head, and a long, flowing robe, bound about the loins with a girdle. The inhabitants seem to be at enmity among themselves, literally "hateful and hating one another."

II. JERUSALEM WITHOUT.

Leaving the city by the Yaffa gate, you encounter coterries of wailing women, who are hired to wail for the dead; and camels laden with pilgrims, and merchandise, and dervishes whose very appearance puts you up to your guard both as to your pocket and your life. Going southerly, you descend into the valley of Hinnom. In that horrid place of the dead and of weeping, you may see the shepherds "keeping watch over their flocks," and "separating the sheep from the goats." The olive and the almond are scattered about here and there. The natives call this place the Wady Gehenna. Here was the ancient Aceldama, or field of blood. Descending the valley, and turning to the right, you come to Kedron, but it has no water. Here and there the tents of the Bedouins are scattered about, and especially near the wall of Enragal. Ascending the Kedron, you approach on the left the "pool of Siloam." Here you come within the sound of running water, and it speaks of New England. For a draught of the waters of Siloam, they levy a tax upon you. Near the city, on the southern side, are the graves of the American missionaries, near a few ancient olive trees, which are the emblems of hope and peace.

Descending the Kedron, you come to the foot of Olivet, covered with the graves of the Jews. Here is the valley of Jehoshaphat, and here the Jews wish to lay their bones, for here it is that they expect the Judge will come and sit in judgment on their oppressors.

Passing on the road towards Bethany, you come to the garden of Gethsemane, which is close to the present walls of the city. Instead of the groans and prayers of the Saviour, you hear the muezzin summoning the moslems to prayer. It was here, that in the darkness of the night, while Christ was in prayer, that Judas went into the city to his enemies, and for thirty pieces of silver, agreed to deliver him into their hands.

AN OLD SMOKER.

("Pascal," in the New York Evangelist.)

I fell in with one lately. And, in my musings, I thought I would see if I could not get a dish of moral and serious reflection out of his case. It seemed as if I had "an ugly customer" in hand for such a purpose, but I thought I would brave it through. I knew he had had to brave a good many things through, to get where he was, and be what he was, as an old smoker; and believing I ought to catch a little fire from his example, I set out with my musings.

1. A strong habit was upon him. Ever since he was a stout boy, he had accustomed himself to fill his pipe about as often as he did his stomach. And his repetitions had become so many, that the threads had become a cable, and he was as strong a man, as a smoker, as there was living.

Why cannot a man become strong in prayer, strong in faith, strong in doing good, in the same way! A pipeful at a time; single acts of faith repeated and repeated; and so of prayer, and so of liberality; and I do not see why these repetitions, if they occur often enough, will not as certainly make one strong in all these virtues, as the old smoker's repetitions made him strong as a smoker. I wish multitudes would make a fair experiment, and then compare notes.

2. I noticed the old smoker was very punctual and exact about time. At precisely the same hour, and near about the same moment every day, the smoker was equipped, and the clouds that enveloped him proclaimed him an excellent time-keeper.

I thought I could get a good hint out of him about punctuality. His hankering after his favourite indulgence was sure to fetch him up at a regular period. Why should not all sorts of people meet every form and variety of contract, appointment and duty, with like exactness? Shall a man puff it, with clock-like regularity, and why should not the important duties of life have similar exactness of attention?

3. I also got a hint out of the old smoker about self-denial. There was some pinching of the purse in that man's history. It was no small sacrifice of cash, for him to keep filling his pipe so constantly for half a century. His tobacco bill for that time, with the accruing interest, would have added handsomely to his estate. But that loss he could cheerfully sustain for the sake of his pipe. And it was no small injury to his health, to give such a powerful agent as tobacco a fifty years' opportunity to make war upon the delicate organs of the mouth and stomach. But he had manfully borne the remonstrances of his injured physical system, for the sake of his favourite enjoyment.

Here too is a lesson for us. The old smoker made sacrifices in the indulgence of his habit. Let us make them to secure nobler ends. The smoker did not grudge money to gain a little sensual pleasure. Nor should we grudge it in those enterprises of love and mercy which, while they will promote the highest good of others, will most certainly yield us the purest satisfaction. The smoker could risk health that he might luxuriate upon tobacco. Nor should we fear or be backward to risk ours in any labour of love in which the Saviour calls us.

Nor did the old smoker shrink from shame, that he might smoke on. He could fill his house with clouds which were anything but pleasant to those accustomed to a purer atmosphere. He must be the slave of a spittoon, to the sore trial of some people's sense of decency. He could defile his own breath, till it was a comfort not to be on very good terms of contiguity. Let him do so; but shall we not be willing to encounter shame—in fact a real honour—for the sake of promoting the great interests of the human family?

4. The old smoker was a pattern of perseverance. He held on his way most manfully. No matter what was the state of the world, and no matter for the flight of time, see how steady to his work! It may rain or shine, blow high or low, come summer or winter, seed-time or harvest, it is all the same—he holds on his smoky way.

Here is a lesson for us. Let this specimen of perseverance stimulate us in nobler enterprises than that of scenting the air with fumes of "Old Virginia." If any time I see myself in any good work about to fetch up and come to a stand, I will recall the steady old smoker to mind, and see if the sweet savor of his example will not forbid my nerves to be relaxed, and my heart faint. If he can hold on, and hold out, with such unflinching perseverance in such a work as his, let me not fail to catch a little inspiration even from such a quarter.

In looking over this article, I perceive, that with a little pains, there can be something made out of even so unsavory a being as an old smoker. The power of his habit is instructive. The self-denial his luxury at times forces upon him, is a hint not without value. And his famous perseverance bids me not be weary in well-doing.

I do not see that I have any further use for the old smoker.