

seemed to feel as if he shared in their wonder, by having seen the mighty pyramids, and he was eager to dilate upon their magnificence even when wasted by sickness and suffering. But his reminiscences of Jerusalem were more vivid than all. Associated, as every spot in that hallowed land is, with the deepest feelings of religion, to the poor sailor, from his ignorance, they were peculiarly so. He implicitly believed every monkish legend connected with what are deemed holy places. Marks in the rock, peculiar formations of nature, he believed to be the result of supernatural power; and no arguments to the contrary could shake his faith.

But while he believed in the superstitions which antiquity has handed down to the credulous, his faith in what was real and true was very strong. The mate of the ship in which he sailed was, to use his own expression, 'a great scholar,' and when relieved from duty they would go out together and explore the Holy Land for themselves. The mate would take his Bible in his pocket, and when they visited the spots celebrated in Scripture, would turn to the descriptive chapter, and by the surrounding scenes, corroborate the truth of the sacred volume. Together they sat down by the brook Kedron, and looked at the spot which their guide pointed out as the Garden of Gethsemane. Together they went up the 'hill of sacrifice,' and stood upon the Mount where the last sufferings of the Saviour were endured. He said he never before felt there was anything in religion till he went to Calvary, but when the mate took out his Bible and read the account of the trial and Crucifixion of the Saviour, there standing on the very place where all those sorrows were experienced, he felt 'that the Bible was true; that there was something in its teaching to make one better.' He explored the country in company with his friend the mate as far as to Bethlehem, and the legends industriously circulated by the monks met him in abundance, and gained implicit belief. It seemed to strike him as extraordinary that the very stall should be preserved through so many ages in which the Saviour was born; but still his guide had shewn it to him, so he knew it was the same. Poor fellow! his untutored mind took in the whole marvels of that mysterious land, fictitious and real.

But it matters little how capacious was his faith; it was enough to know, that He who once lay in a manger in Bethlehem, a little child, was the Saviour who led the sailor through his wanderings, and anchored him safely in an immortal land.

As he had not visited his family during the whole period of his service in the United States, and feeling a strong desire to see his home again, after this voyage he left the ship in which he had sailed for a long period, and returned to Halifax. His father a short time previous had removed to *our Village*, and it was here that he paid his first visit after so long an absence. He was delighted to be with his family once more, and know what it was to have rest after so much change. He was now a weather-beaten, sun-burned sailor,