

with because she was a woman. She hated the very sight of the place of worship, and had taught many to blaspheme. One day she entered the chapel in quest of a child, and was constrained to sit a few minutes. She had not heard many sentences, when she fled from the hated spot.—On the Sabbath following she came again, when all who saw her felt alarmed, lest violence was intended against some one, but she quietly heard the voice of mercy, and retired in an orderly manner. In the course of a few days, she came to the author in a state bordering on distraction. 'My sins, my sins!' was the language of her lips; tears streaming down her already furrowed cheeks. Her half frantic soul would hear no comfort, nor listen to any counsel. Night after night she would call me out of bed, to tell her what was to become of her soul. One day, meeting her in the street, with both hands she grasped mine, and, as if her heart would break, exclaimed, 'To live I cannot—I cannot die.' Again she was directed to the Lamb of God, and the fountain opened for her sins; but she interrupted me by saying, 'You say the blood of Christ cleanses from all sins; do you know the number of mine? Look to yonder grassy plain and count the blades of grass or the drops of dew; these are nothing to the amount of my transgressions.' After continuing in this state for several weeks, she was enabled to believe; when the being who once persecuted and cursed all who bore the Christian name, a mass of filth which had given to her haggard and aged form an unearthly look, was found sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in her right mind, adoring the riches of divine grace, to one who was, as she would describe herself, 'like the mire of the street.' Remarkable to her one day, that, from her constant attendance on every means of instruction, she seemed like the Psalmist of old, desiring 'to dwell in the house of the Lord forever,' she replied, 'I am old in the world, but I am still a child in the school of Christ.' She continued fervent in spirit; the subject of divine mercy and love so completely absorbing all the powers of her mind, that when visited in seasons of affliction, it was difficult to elicit any thing about her disease; for, if her answer commenced with the flesh, it was certain to end with the spirit. When subscriptions were making for the auxiliary missionary society, she one day brought in her hand a mite, a pumpkin; and when my wife remarked that she might retain it, and she would put down her name for a small sun, her soul seemed to melt within her, while she asked, 'Who is so great a debtor to the Saviour as I am? Is it too small? I shall go and borrow another.' This was verily the widow's mite, and was doubtless followed by the widow's reward.—*Maffat's Southern Africa.*

SKETCH OF DR. PUSEY.

In a letter from England, in a late number of the *Richmond Enquirer*, we find the following sketch of Dr. Pusey:—

"I left the little village of Sandford in time yesterday morning to reach here before church service had commenced. As it was between ten and eleven o'clock, more than a score of bells were calling congregations to different churches. I decided upon going to the Chapel in New College in the University. I found it crowded, and was told that Trinity Sunday was the only occasion during the year on which it was thrown open to the public, and this explained the cause of the crowd.

"I saw the dignitaries of the Church, who were present at service, pass out of the chapel. There were some ten or a dozen in number, all in their robes, which according as they were of red or of black, or had more or less of trimming, or were made of velvet or of lawn marked the grade which had been attained by their wearers in the high places of the University. Dr. Pusey was among them, and of course most observed by me, on account of the notoriety, not to call it fame, which he has acquired in the church, by his writings and sermons, that were thought to tend so strongly towards Catholicism as to require his suspension from the privilege of preaching in the University during the space of two years. The Doctor is a diminutive looking man, and said to be rather eccentric in his habits. Being a man of wealth, the fact of having his voice muzzled for two years must operate as a severer punishment to him than any deprivation of his living or

other mode of censure. The inhabitants of Oxford say he has brought on a bad state of health by continued fasting. One of the stories they tell of him is, that he and his wife frequently have the most elegant dinners served up and placed on the table; after sitting down, they immediately rise, without eating a mouthful, and order the dinner off, by way of mortifying the flesh. Let the habits of the Doctor be what they may, there is no doubt of the fact, that his doctrines are spreading fast in the Church. It was asserted on pretty good authority, that had he not been condemned by the Vice-Chancellor and a select council of the University, for his recent sermon in defence of the mass, that sacrifice would have been now daily performed in five, at least, of the chapels of the University. He was condemned in secret, without being allowed a hearing, and that fact has given new zeal to his followers."

THE TRAVELLER.

JERUSALEM IN 1843.

(From the Journal of the Rev. F. C. Exwold.)

VISIT TO HEBRON.

Jan. 5.—The Bishop having resolved to pay a visit to the Jews of Hebron, and invited me to accompany him, I packed up a number of tracts, New Testaments, and other books. We determined to spend the day and night at Bethlehem. Mrs. Alexander with part of her family, and several friends, with myself, set out about twelve o'clock, and reached Bethlehem about two o'clock.

The road from Jerusalem to Bethlehem was formerly in a very bad condition, but about six months ago the Greeks undertook to repair the same: and now it is so much improved, that a carriage might easily go from the former to the latter place.

CHRISTMAS-EVE AT BETHLEHEM.

On arriving at Bethlehem, we found the Superior of the Armenian Convent walking outside to receive our Bishop and his party. He conducted us to the convent, where three comfortable rooms had been prepared for us. Refreshments were soon handed round, and afterwards a dinner was served. Hundreds, if not thousands, of pilgrims arrived to be present at the service of the night (it happening to be the Greek Christmas-eve,) and the place around the convent reminded me of a European fair. Tents were pitched and stalls erected, where the weary pilgrims could purchase something to satisfy their hunger and quench their thirst. But the fine large church, built by Queen Helen, and a short time ago repaired by the Greeks, was the great place of resort for most of the pilgrims. Here we saw groups of them assembled, some smoking, some playing at cards, some eating and drinking, some fighting, some sleeping, and again others, particularly children, running about and making a tremendous noise; whilst a grave looking person, with a white turban, which marked him at once as a follower of the false prophet, was walking up and down to keep order. After having witnessed these scenes, which I did not expect on this hallowed spot, I returned to my quiet room in the Armenian convent.

It is worthy of notice, that the Greeks, the Copts, and the Syrians celebrate Christmas at the same time; whilst the Armenians have theirs twelve days later; and I was informed, that, till about 400 years ago, the Armenians celebrated it with them at the same time.

Jan. 6.—This morning we left the hospitable roof of the Armenian convent to proceed to Hebron. The wind was very high—in this country, and at this season, always a sign that rain is near at hand—we were therefore not quite decided whether we should go on or return to Jerusalem; but finally we resolved to continue our journey: Mrs. Alexander, however, returned home.

THE POOLS OF SOLOMON.

After we had left Bethlehem, our way wound itself through rocky ground for about a quarter of an hour, and we proceeded but slowly. We then ascended a steep hill, from the top of which we enjoyed an extensive view; and descending on the opposite side, we came to the far-famed pools of Solomon. We could not but admire that stupendous work of antiquity. The water flows from one pool into the other, and was formerly

conveyed from thence to Jerusalem, by way of Bethlehem; it is true, however, only brought to the latter place, the conduit from thence to Jerusalem being out of repair. In the neighbourhood of the pools there are several wells, which supply them with water. Those who have measured the pools state, that the upper one is 380 feet long, 236 broad, and 25 feet deep; the middle pool is 423 feet long, 250 broad, and 39 feet deep; the lower pool is 552 feet long, 207 broad, and 50 deep. In ancient times there were fine gardens in their environs, but now we found only the ruins of a Turkish castle, in which, previous to the country being conquered by the Pasha of Egypt, there used to be a garrison stationed, who had to conduct the travellers to Hebron, on account of the robbers who then infested the country. We would willingly have spent some hours in this neighbourhood to examine the country around more minutely, but the boisterous weather admonished us to proceed.

The country which we now were traversing had quite the appearance of a desert; cultivation ceased,—no tree, no hut, no human being, was seen for several hours. The land does indeed enjoy its Sabbath, and is waiting until the Lord, in mercy, will again return to Zion and to the cities of Judah. The country is even more desolate than on the coast of Africa. There you will still see the wild Arab pitching his mean tent upon the ruins of destroyed cities, and feeding his flocks in its vicinity; but here all is still, lifeless and quiet.

The rain which had long threatened, overtook us now, and the wind blew as cold as ever it does in England.

THE EUNUCH'S WELL.

We came to a large well, which tradition points out as the spot where the Eunuch was baptised by Philip. Close to the well are the ruins of ancient buildings, from which it is difficult to judge whether a church, or a convent, formerly stood on this spot. There is a great difference of opinion among modern travellers respecting the identity of this place. Some maintain that it could not have been here that the Eunuch was baptised, because he came in a chariot from Jerusalem, and this road is not passable for carriages; it seems, however, that they forget that ancient chariots were very different from our present stage coaches,—the wheels were lower and much broader and stronger than ours; and besides, we did, in fact, perceive vestiges of an ancient carriage-road all along from Jerusalem to Hebron.

Mr. Blackburn and myself had gone in advance of the rest of our party, and were all at once cheered by signs of cultivation, from which we drew the conclusion that we were approaching the end of our journey; but all at once we heard some one calling behind us, and turning round, we found it was our guide. We had lost our way, and were obliged to return to the Eunuch's well, now called Eddineb. The rain was coming down in torrents; yet we had had the gratification of having been at Hallul, mentioned in Joshua xv. 58.

The Bishop and Mr. Roland had by this time nearly arrived at Hebron, which is about half an hour's distance from the well above mentioned.

To be continued.

LIFE AND DEATH.

MEN may live in a crowd, but they must die alone.—Friends and ministers can only accompany us to the pass. None of them can speak from experience, and tell us what it is to die. And it is a way we have not gone ourselves heretofore. But the Christian here, though alone, is not alone. "Yea," says David, "though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."

"Death is a melancholy way
To those that have no God."

But how must it be softened and cheered up to those that have? O to have a God, the God of all grace, at hand, a very present help in trouble; laying underneath his everlasting arms; shedding around the light of his countenance; communicating the joy of his salvation; and ensuring the glory to be revealed in ways beyond all our experience and thought! "O my God what time I am afraid I will trust in thee. Thou hast holden me by my right hand. Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory. Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee. My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever."