

prophet, how soon, with the ordinary blessing of God, might the earth be filled with his glory.

In the basement of the temple is a great lever, or baptistry, standing on twelve oxen, wrought out of wood, their heads facing four ways. They baptize here, not only for the living, but for the dead. Individuals are instructed that they can get their friends out of perdition by being baptized on their account. I saw one old man who had been baptized thirteen times for his deceased children, because they were not Mormons; and heard of another, about eighty years old, who was baptized for George Washington and La Fayette; then for Thomas Jefferson; and then applied in behalf of Andrew Jackson! but they told him the General was not dead yet, and so he waits awhile.—*Rev. M. Badger's correspondence with the Home Missionary.*

MARVELLOUS ESCAPE FROM A LION IN THE DESERT.

A MAN belonging to Mr Schemelen's congregation at Bethany, returning homewards from a visit to his friends, took a circuitous course in order to pass a small fountain, or rather pool, where he hoped to kill an antelope to carry home to his family. The sun had risen to some height by the time he reached the spot, and seeing no game he laid his gun down on a shelving low rock, the back part of which was covered over with a species of dwarf-thorn bushes. He went to the water, took a hearty drink, and returned to the rock, smoked his pipe, and being a little tired fell asleep. In a short time the heat reflected from the rock, awoke him, and opening his eyes, he saw a large lion crouching before him, with its eyes glaring in his face, and within little more than a yard of his feet. He sat motionless for a few minutes, till he had recovered his presence of mind; then eyeing his gun, moved his hand slowly towards it; the lion seeing him, raised its head and gave a tremendous roar; he made another and another attempt, but the gun being far beyond his reach, he gave it up, as the lion seemed well aware of his object, and was enraged whenever he attempted to move his hand.

"His situation now became painful in the extreme; the rock on which he sat became so hot that he could scarcely bear his naked feet to touch it, and kept moving them, alternately placing one above the other. The day passed and the night also, but the lion never moved from the spot;—the sun rose again, and its intense heat soon rendered his feet past feeling. At noon the lion rose and walked to the water, only a few yards distant, looking behind as he went, lest the man should move, and seeing him stretch out his hand to take his gun, he turned in a rage, and was on the point of springing upon him. The animal went to the water, drank, and returning lay down at the edge of the rock. Another night passed. The man, in describing it, said, he knew not whether he slept, but if he did, it must have been with his eyes open, for he always saw the lion at his feet. Next day in the forenoon, the animal went again to the water, and while there, he listened to some noise, apparently from an opposite quarter, and disappeared in the bushes. The man now made another effort, and seized his gun; but on attempting to rise, he fell, his ankles being without power. With his gun in his hand he crept towards the water, and drank, but looking at his feet, he saw, as he expressed it, his "toes roasted," and the skin torn off with the grass. There he sat a few moments expecting the lion's return, when he resolved to send the contents of the gun through his head; but as it did not appear, tying his gun to his back, the poor man made the best of his way on his hands and knees, to the nearest path, hoping some individual might pass. He could go no farther, when, providentially, a person came up, who took him to a place of safety, from whence he obtained help, though he lost his toes, and was a cripple for life."—*Moffat's Missionary Labours.*"

"BREAKING THE GALE."—A modern traveller, speaking of witnessing a violent storm among the Appenines, makes the following singular entry in his Journal:

"In the midst of the tempest, I was struck with a noise of what I supposed to be a clap of thunder, but which exactly resembled the report of a musket. Presently another, and another, and another, like running fire of musketry, caused

me to doubt whether it was really thunder. Casting my eyes up the steep sides of the crag on which the town [Narni] is built, I saw muskets popping out of every house. 'What is the meaning of this?' asked I a little boy who stood by. 'To break the gale,' he replied. 'See how it blows; in a minute or two the wind will go down.' Sure enough, in a few minutes the wind ceased, and a tremendous shower of rain, with thunder and lightning followed; after which the clouds swept off, and all was clear and serene."

THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.—The camel is the only beast of burden which can travel over the arid tracks that skirt the whole northwest of India. Destroy this means of conveyance, and the merchant navy of the interior is annihilated. The recent wars in India have made terrible havoc among the camels. Between November 1838, and November 1841, 50,000 of these invaluable animals were destroyed. Thirty thousand are now required in the expedition against Afghanistan; 30,000 camels moving in a single line, as they must do in some places, will form a string of animals 66 miles long.

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

From the Watchman of the South.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

THE holy law of God has been, by our Saviour, comprehended in two precepts, namely: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and the second, which is like unto the first, is, thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." And when the question was asked, "Who is my brother?" our Lord answered by reciting an affecting narrative of the traveller who, between Jerusalem and Jericho, fell among thieves, who stripped and wounded him, and left him half dead. A certain priest coming that way, saw the wounded man lying helpless in his blood; but his reverence was probably occupied with some important ecclesiastical business, and could not spare the time required to take care of his wounded brother; and if he had taken charge of the unfortunate traveller, it might have subjected him to some expense in having him taken care of—and covetousness and sacerdotal pride are never far separated from each other. The poor sufferer, upon seeing a human being approach, and upon his coming near, finding him to be not only one of his own nation, but one consecrated to the service of God, to whom the care of the afflicted peculiarly belonged, doubtless felt his hopes of relief raised to the highest pitch. But alas! his expectations were raised only to be disappointed—the stately dignitary did not so much as come near to ask him how he did, but passed along on the other side of the road. Well, this road, though exceedingly infested by robbers, on account of the secure retreat which they found in the fastnesses of the rocks, yet was much frequented by travellers, and therefore it was not long before the hopes of the wounded traveller were again excited by the advance of another countryman, a Levite, also belonging to the sacerdotal tribe—and this man did deign to draw so near as to look upon the poor traveller groaning under his wounds, and no doubt entreating help with outstretched hands; but this hard-hearted ecclesiastic, though he saw the miserable condition of the man, and no doubt heard his piteous groans and earnest entreaties, yet, swayed by sordid and selfish considerations, passed along without raising a finger to relieve his fellow creature and fellow citizen from the death which threatened him. The haughty priest might have pretended that he was so occupied in devout meditation that he did not observe the wounded traveller; but the Levite came up and looked upon him, and yet passed along, as far as appears, without even a word of kind sympathy. Both these men, notwithstanding their sacred character, are chargeable with the guilt of murder; for whosoever has it in his power to save a fellow creature from death, and neglects to do it, the same is a murderer. Very probably their guilt in the sight of God was greater than that of the thieves who inflicted the dangerous wounds on the traveller; for these poor wretches were in all

probability destitute of a religious education, which the priest and Levite had received, and were impelled by cruel necessity to satisfy in some way their hunger and nakedness. Let no man trust to his sacred character and holy office to recommend him at the tribunal of God; for priestly robes and dignity of office, if they cover a proud and hard heart, will only render the guilt and punishment of the person the greater. But when despair was ready to seize this unhappy man, so weak with the loss of blood as to be unable to move out of his blood, another ray of hope dawned upon him. Another man is seen coming—but alas! when he draws nigh, he is seen to be a Samaritan—a people with whom the Jews had no dealings, and between whom there existed a bitter enmity. But it is always unjust hastily to judge of the character and dispositions of men, merely by their country, their tribe, or their profession. The Jews said with the tone of assurance, "What, can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" And yet out of this same disreputable place came their own Messiah. And now this stranger, this enemy, proves to be the only friend in time of need. He was a good and compassionate man; and when he saw a fellow creature lying wounded and bleeding by the side of the road, "he had compassion on him, and went to him and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him." This good Samaritan never inquired to what nation the wounded traveller belonged. Probably he saw that he was a Jew—an enemy to his nation—but when he needed his assistance, this made no manner of difference. He came to him at once, and began to dress his wounds, and poured into them wine and oil to mollify them, and to counteract a tendency to mortification. Either he was a man of distinction, who carried these articles with him for his own use, or his benevolence prompted him to provide such articles for his journey as this—just as some benevolent persons never take a journey of even a few miles without plentifully supplying their pockets with religious tracts, that they may have them ready to give to such as need them, and are willing to receive them. Another circumstance which shows that he was a person above the commonality, inasmuch as he travelled not on foot, as was the usual method, but on a horse or mule. And indeed, unless he had had a beast with him, he would have found it difficult to convey the wounded traveller to an inn, for he seems to have been utterly unable to help himself; and so he set him on his own beast, and took him to an inn—and houses for the entertainment of travellers not being very frequent in the East, it is probable that he had to convey his patient to a considerable distance before he found a caravanserai where he could be comfortably lodged. But true benevolence never does its work by halves, nor does it stop short on account of the expense which may be necessary to accomplish the desired object. And having brought him to the inn, he would not leave him. It is likely that his business was as urgent as that of the priest or Levite, and he was certainly farther from home, where probably he had a wife and children anxiously waiting his return. But none of these or such like considerations moved him. He determined to spend the night at the inn with the wounded traveller, that he might take care of him. "And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two-pence and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee." Some may be ready to say that the expense to which he was put was exceedingly small—only two-pence; but they should remember that two Roman denarii were of equal value with twenty-five cents of our money, and more. Besides, this was the sum paid to the keeper of the inn for nothing but house room, as travellers in the East must carry their own beds and provisions. At any rate, it was no doubt considered a full compensation for what had been received from the inn-keeper; and the good Samaritan did not leave the wounded traveller, who had been robbed of all his money and clothes, to the charity of a selfish and hard-hearted world, but makes himself responsible for all