

your emblem, where the gilded cross stands brilliant above the globe; to show us how superior to earth is that faith which can sustain our infirmities.

'There is then, a hope,' said we, 'that there will be a harvest in which you can share with us.'

He looked down upon the little hillock below, for a time; and then, raising his eyes till they rested again upon the emblem, said, 'I shall go to them—they shall not return unto me.'

THE TRAVELLER.

THE ANTIQUITIES OF EGYPT.

THE paper read by Mr. Bartlett, at the last meeting of the New York Historical Society, contained the following interesting particulars of the modern expedition to the land of the Pharaohs:—

Egypt continues to be the land of wonders, and attracts to its venerable monuments, the learned of all nations. The magnificent work by the savant who accompanied Napoleon, which was published under his auspices, was thought to embrace all that could be said on that country. But France has contributed another work equally important, by the lamented Champollion; and when we close this list with the splendid work by Rosellini, under the patronage of the Tuscan government, which embraces all the recent discoveries in Egyptian archæology and hieroglyphics, we must acknowledge that no part of the world has been more thoroughly investigated and described. Yet we have to announce a new scientific commission, sent to the land of the Pharaohs by that patron of learning, the King of Prussia. At its head is placed Dr. Lepsius, one of the most distinguished philologists and antiquaries of Europe.

This gentleman has already made some remarkable discoveries in and about the pyramids; but the most important is that of the celebrated labyrinth, a short account of which we extract from his late letters, published in London, dated Pyramid of Meiris, June 20th.

'We have now been settled for some weeks at the ruins of the labyrinth of Meiris, and I hasten to give you the first information of the definite discovery of the site of the true labyrinth and pyramid. We were astonished that earlier travellers had scarcely mentioned these remains, when we saw ruins of hundreds of still well defined chambers lying before us. The main result of our investigation is, however, the finding, on many of the pillars and architraves of the hall, the name of the true Meiris; who built the labyrinth for his palace, and the pyramid for his tomb. This pyramid is the largest of all the pyramids of the Pharaohs. Ruis Meiris reigned from 2194 to 2151, B.C. (or 4037 years ago) and was the last king of the old kingdom of Egypt before its conquest by the Hyksos. Both the labyrinth and the lake prove his power, his love of magnificence and his interest in the welfare of his people. At the end of the vast plain lies the pyramid in which Meiris was buried, with the ruins of the village, precisely as described by Strabo. Near this were many hillocks, beneath which we found several hundred chambers, some of them with roofs, corridors and columns. The rooms are so irregular and of such various sizes, that no one could have found his way, without a guide, through this mass of buildings. Herodotus describes 3000 apartments above and below the ground—an account which the remains lead me to believe not exaggerated.

The forms of the most important part of the palace, that is, of twelve open courts, surrounded by covered colonnades. This palace was surrounded by labyrinthine buildings on three sides, and intersected by a water-course. Here our establishment occupy the ruins of the pyramid, and recall the old village of Strabo which lay on the same level with the pyramid. Around us are scattered huge blocks of granite, the remains of old pillars and architraves of the courts, which are of interest, as offering in several cases the names of the builder, Meiris, and his sister, who succeeded him. I am employing one hundred workmen in digging into the chambers, and literally in searching for the entrance into the pyramid.'

Dr. Lepsius has also discovered the remains of

many pyramids and a large number of tombs, which recent travellers had overlooked. Being one of the best hierologists living, he has been enabled readily to decypher the numerous inscriptions, such as the monuments of Egypt are covered, and to identify the sovereigns and distinguished personages by whom these tombs were built and occupied. In fact so precise were these ancient people in the erection and decoration of their tombs with paintings and inscriptions, that the doctor states that he could give a complete history of their courts.—N. Y. Com. Advertiser.

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

VOICES FROM THE CROSS.

We live in a world of many voices. Memory hears the voice of the past; Hope listens to that of the future. Earth speaks to us of our mortality; Heaven offers us eternal life. The scenes of temptation are full of alluring words; and the heart that will listen will find that the scenes of salvation are filled with the sounds that attract us to holiness. We select the following sketches as expressive of the import of some of the voices heard around the cross.

THE VOICE OF HOLINESS.

Often before had God lifted up his voice, yes, and that an awful voice, to proclaim the hateful-ness of sin in his sight; but how faint were all his previous proclamations, compared with that which pealed from Calvary's trembling top. Not all the waters of the deluge, which drowned a guilty world, declare Jehovah's hatred of sin as fearfully, as one drop of the blood that was shed upon the cross—not all the wailing of the lost, proclaim it as appallingly as the cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Yes, it is not when I look upon earth which has made like the prophet's roll, full of lamentation and mourning and woe; no, nor is it when I look into hell, where sin has kindled the unquenchable fire, the remorse, the anguish, and the despair that live for ever; it is, when I look to Calvary, trembling with convulsions, and shrouded in darkness, and see through the gloom, One crowned with thorns, and hanging on a cross, and remember who that crucified one is; it is, then that I shudder to think how God hates sin! It is then that I learn what an accursed thing sin must be, if no blood can expiate its guilt, no death procure its pardon, but the blood, the death of him who was God manifest in the flesh!

THE VOICE OF LOVE.

Here is the glory of the cross! The mystery of redeeming love there displayed is God's own plan for winning back the alienated affections and confidence of an apostate world. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son as a propitiation of our sins." What volumes this speaks! It seems to place that love on some lofty eminence, from which a voice is heard saying, "Come up hither!" and at the sound, the spirit seems, like Paul, caught up to the third heaven, to hear things touching the love of God, which it is not lawful to utter. It is as if the Everlasting Father, pointing to the cross, addressed to each of us the question:—"What could I have done more to prove my love?" It assures us that we may be as certain that God loves our world as we are that he loves his Son. Is it any wonder that when John wished to prove his sweet assertion, "God is love," he turned to the cross? Yes, though we live in a world literally teeming with proofs of the love of God, written in celestial characters on every work of his creation, every dispensation of his providence—though in that unwearied love "day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge," though all the host of heaven might have been applied to, and with one voice would have answered, "God is love," need we wonder that he, who had leaned on the bosom of the Saviour, should turn away his eyes from all these manifestations of the love of God, and fixing them exclusively on the cross; should in grateful and adoring rapture, exclaim—"Herein is love!"

THE VOICE OF MERCY.

There is one verse, shining with pre-eminent splendour amidst a constellation of bright promises, written as with sunbeams in the book of the everlasting covenant, which more persuasively than ten thousand arguments, rebukes every distrustful suspicion, and silences every unbelieving

fear: "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" Believer, is not that verse worth ten thousand worlds to you? What unnecessary suffering will he inflict, who to save you from everlasting suffering spared not his own Son? What real good will he withhold who withheld not his own Son? What blessing will he not freely give who delivered up his own, his only, his well-beloved Son to death, even the death of the cross; to purchase salvation for you! Precious, most precious verse! How many weary pilgrims to Zion has it already refreshed; and it is at this moment a spring of consolation as fresh and as full as ever!

THE VOICE OF GRACE.

Come to him in whom there is plenteous redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins! Though your sins are as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow! There are those now walking in white with the Lamb, whose robes were once as deeply stained as yours; but they washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; therefore are they before the throne! That blood can now wash out the deepest dye. Entreat the Holy Spirit to lead you to the fountain open for sin. Come, wash and be clean! God says, Come! Jesus says, Come! The Spirit says, Come!—Hugh White.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

PROTESTANT MISSIONS IN IRELAND.—The existing agitation in Ireland is very naturally working a serious interruption of Protestant Missions in that country. A journal of an Agent of the Irish Evangelical Society, published in the last *Congregational Magazine*, communicates the following:—

"The state of excitement in this locality has recently been fearful. Families have left, and many are preparing to do so. Unhappily, every political movement in this land assumes a religious aspect. I was myself addressed in the streets by persons who threatened my life.—Others told our children that they should be amongst the first that were to be killed. Yet I most scrupulously avoid taking any part, or expressing any public opinion, with reference to political subjects. Matters have gone so far that 'Repeal Wardens,' as they call themselves, are canvassing the inhabitants and demanding their opinion. One of them called upon me a few evenings since to know my sentiments. I told him that, 'as a minister of the Gospel, I always refused to give any public opinion upon such matters.' That we are on the eve of some sanguinary struggle in this country, I seriously apprehend; but I trust that the great Head of the Church will enable his people to witness a good confession, should their faith be tested by any fiery ordeal. The husband of a lady, who many years attended our place of worship here, has been murdered within the last week, for venturing to collect county rates. The execution of all law seems, for the present, to be suspended. Business is, of course, paralyzed, and universal gloom prevails. Although our rulers be, in some measure, to blame, the 'Man of Sin' is taking advantage of the present state of things, and seems determined to make a stand in this country, from which nothing can dislodge him but the weapons of truth. Unless matters soon take an unexpected turn, I fear that the witnesses will have not only to prophesy in sackcloth, but in many places to lie dead in the streets of the Great City."

NESTORIANS OF PERSIA.—Mr. Perkins and Mar Yohannan reached Oroomiah in June, accompanied by the Rev. David T. Stoddard, and several female helpers. They were received by the Nestorians with great manifestations of joy. The Lord still gives the mission favor in the eyes of the ecclesiastics and people. The native mind is gradually coming to a perception of the great doctrine of justification by faith alone. The people are generally docile and teachable, but some of the ecclesiastics are slow to receive the truth. Several priests, however, are becoming good preachers. The seminary contains 70 pupils, and the female boarding school 18. There are 43 free schools in thirty-six villages, containing 763 pupils. The whole number under instruc-