

## Fountain Department.

ELIAB.

In the Holy Land there lived a man named Eliab, whom God had blessed with earthly goods, and who was also well-versed in all the wisdom of the East. But all this availed not to bring peace to his heart, and he often wandered sorrowfully about, wishing for death; "for," he would say, "what is life but a continued circle, full of instability and yet of sameness;—man lives always in strife, and his days are as the days of an hireling?"

One day an holy man came to him, and showed him a plant containing a wonderful healing power. But Eliab said, "Of what use is such a gift to me? My bodily health does not fail, but my soul is sick. It were better I should die." "It will do good to thine heart!" said the man of God. "Take this plant, and heal with it seven poor sick persons; and after that, if thou wishest, thou mayest die."

And Eliab did according to the will of the holy man and sought out misery in her hovels. He healed seven sick persons, and brought relief to the starving from his stores. After that, the man of God came to him, and said—"I bring thee the Flower of Death; now thou mayest die!" But Eliab exclaimed, "No! I forbid it, God! my soul no longer wishes for death, for I have now discovered the use and intention of life."

Then the man of God smiled and spoke; "I thought it would be so, for now thou art become conscious of the divine nature of thy being, which before was hid from thee. How couldst thou, in thy selfishness, think only of this life and its instability?"

And Eliab replied to the man of God: "Thy wisdom has restored peace to my soul. But what I have done seems very little and insignificant: I am only able to provide the poor and distressed with relief for their outward wants, and improve their dwellings, from my abundance; but the way to their hearts is closed to me."

"It is well for thee," answered the holy man, "that thou makest thy gifts in a humble spirit, for then the higher blessings will be granted thee."

After these words he led Eliab into his garden and showed him a rose-tree. There was at that time a great drought in the land, and the rose trees stood parched and withering in the sandy ground, its buds drooping towards the earth. The man of God desired Eliab to go down to the well and fill a cup with water, Eliab obeyed, and sprinkled the rose-trees with it, and the plant was restored, its leaves resumed their fresh hue, and after a while the buds raised their heads and blossomed, exhaling a delightful perfume around.

"See," said the man of God, "thus does the poor man whom thou hast relieved raise his eyes to God, breathing gratitude and love, and looking with a joyful trust on his fellow men. For thou wast to him a messenger of peace from God and from mankind."

"And how then must I dispense thy benefits?" asked Eliab.

Then answered the holy man, "Humbly as man—invizibly as God!"

"But when I stand by him and he begins to thank me?"

The man of God replied: "Well, then let thy hand be as the hand of a brother, and let the breath of thy mouth lay open to him the inward Heaven of thy heart which sends the benefits."—From the German of Krummacher.

## Selections.

The following brief description may serve to give some idea of the places mentioned, to those who have never been there; and to revive their recollection in the minds of others by whom they have been visited:—Ed. Ch. T.

Extract of a Letter from a Medical Student in Edinburgh to his friends in Halifax:—"I will now try and give you a short description of my visit to Melrose and Selkirk. The first place I visited at Melrose was Dryburgh Abbey. The ruins of this Abbey are situated about three miles from Melrose. At one part of the road you have to ford the Tweed; this is called the Monks' Ford, and is the one by which the monks went to and fro from Melrose to Dryburgh. There is not much to be seen at Dryburgh. The Abbey is all in ruins, but there has never been any architectural display; in fact you would think you were in the ruins of some very old house, if your guide did not explain to you where the different parts of the Abbey were once situated; not a trace of a great part of it is visible

now, so you have to trust pretty much to imagination. It is a pity that it is to be able to say you have seen the ruins, and the tomb of Sir Walter Scott, which is in one part of the Abbey, and is only a plain monument, and not from any of the ideas with which a person would visit a splendid ruin, that makes it one of the interesting sights of Melrose. I also think that Sir Walter Scott's allusions to it in his poems have done more in the way of sending people to see it than any thing else. On the road to Dryburgh is a temple erected to the Muses, with a sculptured head of Thomson on the top; but the figures have all been removed. You can also see from the same road, on the top of a hill, a statue of Wallace in full armour; it is cut in a red stone, and looks very pretty. The Tweed, rolling along by the side of the road, gives a very picturesque effect to this part of the country.

The next place I visited was Abbot'sford, the residence of Sir Walter Scott, and here there is something to see. It is situated on the banks of the Tweed, about two miles from Melrose, in a different direction than Dryburgh. It has been in the style of the old Baronial Mansions, but has lately undergone extensive alterations and repairs by Mr. Hope Scott, the present proprietor. Before entering the front entrance you are shown a statue of Sir Walter's favourite dog, *Maida*, under which his dogship is buried; you then enter the Entrance Hall; this is hung round with armour of all sorts, and also weapons of all descriptions, about nearly all of which there is a story to be told. Here you see a great many relics from Waterloo.—Then you enter the Study, where Scott wrote nearly all his works, and the chair is shown on which he sat when composing them. I had the pleasure of sitting in that chair. Next is shown the Library. This is a large room, stocked with books of all ages, and all collected by Sir Walter himself. The furniture of this room chiefly consists of presents made to Sir Walter at various times: here is an ebony escutcheon presented by King George the Fourth, and also a set of ebony chairs to match, with the mediation of King George—here a silver mounted claymore, presented by the yeomanry of which he was Colonel—and other articles, all from illustrious personages, too numerous to mention. Next you are shown the Dining-room; this is a small room hung round with very rare pictures, for some of which immense sums have been offered and refused. Next you enter the Armoury.—This is a room off from and communicating with the Entrance Hall. Here you see some of Sir Walter's choice antiquities—here he has got Napoleon's pistols and Wellington's spurs, besides halberds, &c., from Waterloo, and armour of every description; you then make your exit through the Entrance Hall.

I next visited Melrose Abbey. This is one of the finest ruins in Scotland, and is adorned with sculpture which cannot be equalled in the present day. In the interior from every point you see serpents' heads, grinning satyrs, angels, saints, &c., and the pillars are all entwined with wreaths of flowers, which seem as if they had grown there and become petrified as they grew, they are so natural. The ceiling is divided into arches, all entwined with flowers, and where the arches cross each other there is a decidedly cultivated view, for here you see what must be a cauliflower, there a cabbage, and at other places, vegetables of all descriptions, all cut from the stone, and looking so natural, that if they were green you would fancy you were looking at some actual kitchen-garden. At the place where the altar stood is pointed out the stone under which the heart of Robert Bruce is supposed to be buried. The story as to how it came there I dare say you know, and I shall not take up time to recapitulate. It was found by his attendant, Lockhart, after the death of Douglas, and brought back and buried in Melrose Abbey. Near this place is a stone of grey marble, under which King Alexander II. is said to have been buried, but some say that it is the resting-place of Waldeve, one of the early abbots, who died in the odour of sanctity. Along side of this is the slab with a cross on it which marks the grave of the great wizard, Michael Scott; it is situated right under one of the windows. Here a person who has read Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" may give full scope to his imagination. Here he sees William of Deloraine and the aged monk advancing up the aisle—here he sees Deloraine raising the stone that covered the wizard's grave, and taking from his hand the magical book, and one can almost imagine he hears some unearthly sounds proceeding from the building, as his footsteps fall on its deserted aisles. On the outside is to be seen some of the finest sculpture in Scotland. The Abbey is cruciform and rises into a number of spires, all of which are studded with niches of most beautiful work-

in which at one time there were placed figures; not only on the spires but on every part of the building you see these niches, and above the doorways and windows are representations of every saint in the calendar. You may form an idea of what the place must have been like, when I tell you that when all the niches were full, on the outside of the building alone there must have been five or six hundred figures. There is one thing that takes away from the effect, which is that the Abbey is placed in the middle of Melrose, and is closely surrounded by low, smoky houses. There was at one time, it is said, a subterranean passage between Melrose and Dryburgh Abbey; but none such has been found. I staid at Melrose a week, and having received an invitation to Selkirk, started off in company with my friends.

The town of Selkirk is a small place, situated on the side of a hill, and chiefly celebrated for its Tweed manufactories. In the market place stands a statue of Sir Walter Scott, who was chief magistrate of the town for a great many years; on the pedestal on which the figure stands are those beautiful lines, taken from the "Lay of the Last Minstrel":—

"By Yarrow's stream shall I not stray,  
Though none should guide my feeble way;  
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,  
Although it chill my watered cheek;  
Still lay my head by Teriot's stone,  
Though there, forgotten and alone,  
The Bard may draw his parting grain."

Although there was not much to be seen at Selkirk, I managed to pass a very pleasant week, and then started for Edinburgh. When speaking about Abbot'sford, I forgot to tell you that of all the rooms you see no two are alike; and all around the Entrance Hall are the coats of arms of all the Borderers famous in history. From all I have read I think the Scotts must have formed a very strong band of marauders. The Library is of Bird's Eye Maple from Nova Scotia or Canada.

## PROSPECTS OF THE JEWS IN PALESTINE.

Our readers are aware that in the spring of 1854 a touching appeal was made in London, as elsewhere, to good-hearted people of all faiths, to save the remnant of the Jews in Palestine from perishing by famine. The appeal was responded to, and in February of last year a report was published by the Chief Rabbi in London and Sir Moses Montefiore, the Trustees of the Relief Fund, detailing the methods in which relief had been administered. Their second report appeared recently, and the London Daily News gives the following outline of its contents:

"Sir Moses Montefiore and his lady, and a few friends, went out to Palestine in May last. The Sultan and his ministers at Constantinople granted all that was asked in furtherance of the main object of the trustees—the establishment of industrial pursuits in Palestine, and especially of tillage of the land. A Jew introduced by Christian dignitaries to a Mussulman potentate, and going from the regal presence with protection—and, above all, protection to agricultural industry—in his hand, is a new spectacle in the world. Last novelty there was in Sir M. Montefiore's painful discovery, on reaching Jerusalem, that he was looked for as an infallible deliverer, many having supposed that Sir Moses had the power to relieve from every ill, and to provide for every want. This was likely to happen with an Eastern people, looking for special intervention on all occasions; and with a people habitually sustained by alms, who conclude it to be every body's business to provide for every want they are subject to. Sir Moses and his friends had two objects, however, of which almsgiving was the first in pressure, but not in importance. They relieved the existing hunger; but they were even more anxious to cut off the sources of distress—to induce the people to depend on their own industry, and not on European or American alms. In the consultations held at Jerusalem, with representatives from the other three holy cities, there was what appears to us, with our biblical notions of Jewish proceedings, a curious mingling of topics. The Needlewomen's Association and the Living-in and Loan Societies were discussed, examined, and approved; a Girls' school was determined on; and then came in the old imagery of the vine and the fig tree, the plucking of landmarks, and the gathering together of flocks and herds. Under the advice of practical agriculturists, convened in council, land was bought, on which thirty-five families from Szafad were planted in one place, and thirty from Tabares in another; and others from Hebron and others from Jaffa. It is noticeable that the inhabitants of the two holy cities near the Lake of Tiberias

\* The Ettrick is a river which runs close alongside of Selkirk, further up it is joined by the "Yarrow."