

shed 12 inches of it over the ribs of a miserable cur who stood growling at me across the side-walk of the *Via Dolorosa*.

Among the legends treasured up by Papists at Jerusalem, the following will do to cachinate over :

1. It is believed that the marks of the ass upon which our Saviour rode from Mount Olivet to Mount Moriah, are still to be seen in three places on the steps inside the Golden Gate. I can only say that the ass must have "tramped, tramped" very heavily, for the stone of those steps is extremely hard! They also fable that somewhere on the platform his footsteps may be seen, made at the time he concealed himself from the Jews.

2. With the beautiful spring below Mount Moriah, now called *the Virgin's Fount*, because it is 'believed that Mary, the mother of Jesus, washed her linen there,' a tradition associates the trial of the "bitter waters." At the time when Mary was with child, she was made to drink of this water, but instead of its producing the effects named in *Numbers* 5-27, it had a beneficial influence. She had called upon God to attest her innocence, which being thus vindicated, she prayed that this water might never injure chaste women. The fountain instantly became dry, and its well-known intermittent character of flow is a standing proof of the legend. The Mohammedans, however, attribute this irregular flow to a vast dragon which lies at the source of the water above, and uses a great part of the water-supply for himself. Another idea connected with the water here, is that all the water-supply of the earth comes from under the great rock on the platform above. Thus the bright, sparkling fountain at LaGrange, Kentucky, whose sweet flow has lulled myself and children through the hours of many a Sunday afternoon, comes directly from Mount Moriah! Singular, if true. It is also a suggestive tradition, preserved by the natives around Kanah (Cana of Galilee), that the water flowing from the well known fountain there, intoxicates the drinker.

3. An irregular cavity in the rock upon Mount Olivet is revered as the real impress of the Saviour's foot, made when springing upwards to heaven. If the rational observer hesitates for a moment to give credence to this fable, the guide will show him the puncture made by our Saviour's staff, while thus taking his leave of earth! After this, the most incredulous can have nothing to say. Close by here it is said that Jesus wrote the Lord's prayer in Hebrew with his fingers upon the limestone rock.

A papist at Jerusalem must believe (or be practically damned by those vehement damnists, the priests,) that the spot where Jesus suffered (Golgotha), is the *exact centre of the earth*, having been so designated by Christ himself, who pointed it out with his hand, and named it. Also that Adam was first buried there, and when the Cross was set upon the spot, and the Divine blood trickled down upon his remains, the father of mankind was raised to life. As figures of speech these thoughts are very beautiful and noteworthy. They might be used to illustrate many of St. Paul's best allusions. But taken literally, as the priests deliver them to their dupes, they are in the highest degree unlikely and even absurd.

One of the early snatches of verses in crusading times is good :

To the distant Holy Land,
A brave and pious band,
Magnificent and gay,
In sixty long ships glide away.

But if I once begin with poetical quotations, there is no ending. Note how well this fits the sea of Galilee :

Full many a mighty name
Lurks in the depths, unuttered, unrevealed;
With thee are silent fame,
Forgotten arts and wisdom disappeared.

To those who are afraid to traverse this country save with guards and guides :

The wise and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them; sloth and folly
Shrink and shrink at sight of toll and hazard,
And make the impossibility they fear.

To that Arab woman who walks by crooning a song in her own vernacular, apply Wadsworth's lines :

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago!
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss or pain,
That has been and may be again?

To the collection of purple shells (*Murex*), made by me a few weeks since at Tyre, apply from Milton :

The Archangel soon drew nigh,
Not in his shape celestial, but as man
Clad to meet man; over his lucid arms
A military vest of purple flowed,
Livelier than Meliboean, or the grain
Of Barra (Tyre), worn by kings and heroes old
In time of truce.

Finally, to this attempt of mine to draw practical information from all that I see and hear, apply the thought of William himself :

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in every thing.

A COMPARISON.

How justly is man compared with the fair flower of the field, pushing its tender form over the rude surface, and then suddenly crushed, and reduced to nothing! Short is his duration; but how awfully varied are the busy scenes of his life.

The gardener oft with joy beholds the rosebud just bursting into life on its parent stem, with all the gay promise of luxuriant beauty, but when he comes to crop the much-expected flower, to honour some particular and favourite occasion, he finds its leaves strewed on the earth, its freshness and its beauty withered. He wonders at the cause, yet cannot discover it; but still he feels there was a cause, a powerful cause, to bring about an effect so unforeseen, so contrary to his expectations. Is it not precisely the same with man? The canker-worm of care and blighted hope too often fatally, though unperceived, gnaws around the heart, destroying the peace within, and gradually preying on the entire frame, till, at last, he falls an easy victim to the chill hand of the universal destroyer. Our passions are like lions, as yet slumbering in their grated prisons, and require our every caution. Yet they will sometimes steal out unperceived; or, from their seeming gentleness, they are allowed a little more liberty. We know not their fatal strength, till, alas! too late; and perhaps, we have then to lament that the object which has fallen a prey to their fury is that alone which we held most dear on earth.

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