

Jewish cemetery spreading over the sacred hill-side, covering it with short, thick stones; each of which lies flat on the ground, and passed into it a little, as if they had once stood erect, and had been prostrated and pressed by some terrible storm. 'They are striking emblems of that most wonderful people, prostrated and trodden down every where but in America; and yet the heart of the Jew turns towards the side of Olivet, over against the sacred Mount, on which once stood the temple of his father, and there he desires, above all things, to lie when his earthly pilgrimage is over. They linger about the holy city, and steal through its streets to the place of wailing, or to the west side of the temple, as ghosts that have been frightened away, and returning to the resting place of their mortal remains.

The first Jews I saw at Jerusalem were three sitting apart in the rent trunk of an aged olive tree, in the deep retired valley of the Gihon.—I pity them from my very heart.

Just above where I date from, is the golden gate from which our Saviour used to issue at evening, and retire to Mount Olivet. It is now walled up in the temple wall. Above me in the valley is the reputed tomb of the Virgin, in which I attended the devotions of the crowd of pilgrims, and followed them into the little chamber, where they pressed their lips long and ardently to the cold rock, as a young mother kisses for the last time her only child before it is laid to rest in the grave. What a mystery this world is! The glory and great works of man have perished, but the saviour of the deeds of the Almighty, and the presence of his primitive children, still perfume the rocks and mountains, and all nations send their pilgrims to honour the consecrated places, and it is painful to the Protestants to know that external worship is considered efficacious for saving the soul. I wish I could describe to you what I saw in and around the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. But my letter to you at your request belongs to the Valley of Jehoshaphat.

From the Valley I ascended of course, the Mount of Olives, paused and—under the gnarled and rent olive trees of Gethsemane, which seem as if they might be the same that witnessed of our Saviour, rambled out to Bethany, stood on the ascension spot, returned to the city along the way of our Saviour's triumphant entry into Jerusalem: but I must pause.—Bethel, Shon, Sychem, Samari, Nazareth, Tyre, Sidon, Damascus, Baibec, &c. &c. are before me, but my sheet is full. • • • •

P S. I seal this letter in sight of Smyrna having this morning at sunrise gazed upon the Island of Patmos, and read with unwearied zest the introduction of the Revelations of St. John. It is astonishing what light and power the Scriptures have when read on the spot, and amid the scenes described. It may be said that faith is stronger under such circumstances.



FRATERNAL LOVE.—You have brothers and sisters. Let your first endeavour be so to display the love which you owe your fellow-creatures, as to offer an example of incipient excellence by first honouring your parents, and next by offices of tenderness and goodness towards those with whom you are bound in ties of fellowship, in the sweet community of paternal origin. In order to exercise aright the Divine science of charity towards all mankind, it is necessary to take early lessons in the bosom of your own families. What a charm is this, not, for a good and amiable mind, in the thought that we are children of the same mother! What a charm, we regret, in finding, almost everywhere, we hail the light of heaven, the same common objects to venerate and to love! Identity of blood, and the resemblance of many customs between brothers and sisters, naturally excite a powerful sympathy, which can only be destroyed by the calamitous indulgence of the most horrible and cruel egotism. If you wish to be a good brother, beware of excessive egotism; each day propose to yourself to exercise generosity in your fraternal relations. Let each of your brothers and your sisters perceive that their interests are as dearly appreciated by you as your own. If one of them is in a fault, be indulgent, not merely to you would be to another, but to a second self. Take delight in beholding their expanding virtues, encourage them by your example, give them reason to bless their lot in having you for a brother. Infinitely numerous are the motives to reciprocal love, compassion, and common participation in the young joys and sorrows of life which continually combine to keep alive and to foster fraternal love. Still it is necessary that we should reflect on these, or otherwise they may escape our attention, and we must practice self-denial in order to feel them as we ought. Beautiful and delicate sentiments are not to be acquired except by the exercise of assiduous and resolute will. In the same manner as no one can attain to a correct knowledge of poetry or painting without study, so no one comprehends the