

linger. It was among the spicy gardens of Bethany that Heaven's own King deigned to wander, with expressions of preference and regard, during his weary pilgrimage with the children of men. It was here he condescended to link himself by ties more true and tender than human heart ever wove—to link himself with humanity in its holiest, purest aspects.

In Bethany dwelt a solitary, though wealthy family. The angel of death laid his icy grasp on the parents, and "they were gathered unto their fathers." Two fair girls were left—torn as the clinging woodbine, suddenly and rudely severed from the supporting oak. Around whom shall their fond sympathies now cluster? Who will henceforth be their protector, their friend, their comforter? Ah! who knoweth the value of a true-hearted brother, till such blighting hours come in all their poignancy? Happily these young girls possessed such a treasure; and from the moment that the clouds fell heavily on his father's simple coffin, Lazarus became their unremitting guardian and affectionate counsellor.

Oh! how strongly were these three individuals united; their hearts beat in unison; sympathy of taste, and congeniality of pursuits rivetted yet more closely their polished bands of love; and when, in the solemn hush of even, they knelt around one altar, and poured one prayer to the one God of their fathers, it seemed to their wrapt spirits that earth touched Heaven.

Time passed on, even as he passes now. Lazarus returned home one evening from Jerusalem full of encomiums of a form which passed him in the crowded mart.

"I can not describe his men; his majestic sweetness; his dignified and mournful air; his godlike excellence. But when he speaks there is no human heart unhardened by crime, that can hear the accents of his voice unmoved. I saw him compassionately bending over a sick man, and it seemed to me that his very look must heal him."

"Did it do so, brother?" enquired Martha.

"I know not, for business pressed, and I passed on. But that look, those accents I can not banish."

"It must be Jesus of Nazareth," exclaimed Mary, after a short silence.

"Can such be the despised Galilean, dear Mary? If so, henceforth I am his disciple. I will seek him, and bring him home to you."

From that period He "who spake as never man spake" became the constant visitant and intimate friend of that little family. There, after the fatigues of the day, would He repose himself in the bosom of inviolable friendship, and innocent cheerfulness.—And when the iron hand of death clasped the form of their earthly protector, Jesus the Saviour caused the insatiate tomb to yield its prey to the arms of the weeping, yet overjoyed sisters.

Marvel not, that from that solemn display of His mysterious power, and unwavering sympathy, Jesus became unspeakably, and increasingly dear to that little group. Then did the contemplative and retiring Mary comprehend fully, what before she had only dimly imagined, that He who honoured them with such close friendship, was indeed "the resurrection and the life." Then was revealed to her delighted mind, that Shiloh had indeed appeared. Hour after hour would this beautiful girl sit at the Saviour's feet, silently listening to His conversation with her manly brother, and his friends; hearing His explanations of ancient prophecy; reaping rich clusters of knowledge and wisdom from his words. Oft times her thoughts would wander to the future, when she fondly pictured the Saviour's triumphal reception among her countrymen; and her cheek would flush, and her eye brighten with these contemplations, till overpowered by her own thoughts, she would seek the refreshment of the embowered garden.

Then also, for the first time, did the conviction dawn on the lively and versatile Martha, that He whom she had so long cherished as a fond friend, was something more than mortal—that in him "dwelt the fulness of the Godhead bodily." Then did her full heart pour its deep tide of gratitude at His feet, and acknowledge Him in very deed as her Lord and her God.

But Bethany was also the residence of Simon the leper; and we may well imagine that the feelings with which he regarded the Lord of glory, formed a strong contrast to those of Lazarus

and his sisters. After inviting his guest, he neglected the customary rites of hospitality. But one was there, who, with throbbing heart and burning cheek, supplied his lack.

Within the sylvan shades of Bethany dwelt also the beautiful, but erring Mary Magdalene. Once, alas, a courtesan in Herod's train; but no sooner did the precepts of the Saviour find a home in her heart, than they also found a response in her life; and seeking a secluded residence in Bethany, she bent her whole soul to the attainment of her Redeemer's instructions. Her convictions were not evanescent. In the last dark hour of more than mortal suffering, she forsook not her Saviour; and in the faint twilight of the morning of His resurrection, the first word the newly risen Redeemer pronounced was "Mary;" and the ready "Rabboni" proved her heart's deep emotion.

As the Saviour approached the consummation of His mission, He took increasing interest in Bethany. Every evening during the last months of His earthly sojourn, he retired to its shades, or the adjacent Mount of Olives.

And when the last dread conflict had passed—when all was accomplished, and it remained only for the victorious Conqueror to resume His regal throne—then He led His wondering, sorrowing disciples out from the din of the city's throng—from the confusion of the multitude.

Amid the cool shades of the overarching boughs of Bethany, they held their last conversation; there were breathed the Redeemer's last words. Oh! can we not imagine the varied, soul-thrilling emotions which stole over each bosom of that sorrowing group?

"And whilst He blessed them, He was parted from them, and a cloud received Him out of their sight."

Little flock, weep not hopelessly. List to those words of heavenly consolation breathed by a seraphic messenger: "Ye men of Israel, why gaze ye up into Heaven? This same Jesus shall come again in like manner as he ascended." Blessed assurance!

Beloved reader! it is not given us to wander amid the groves of Bethany, nor on the lofty summit of Mount Olivet; but with Him who constituted the chief attraction of Bethany, we may yet hold converse. Though we may not number Him, in earthly guise, among our household band, yet to our spiritual sense He is ever present. Earthly vicissitudes cannot disturb, or earthly sorrows alloy the secret communion which exists between the real disciple and his ascended Redeemer, even in this mutable and imperfect state. Be it ours then, beloved reader, to love Him as devotedly as Mary and Martha—as faithfully and singly as she of Magdala—as unobtrusively and unflinchingly as the beloved Apostle. Then when he cometh on Mount Olivet, in the clouds of Heaven, we may unshrinkingly hail His presence, and share the beatitude of those with whom we have lingered in spirit in the preceding sketch.

It may be interesting to the young reader, to learn that the castellated residence and tomb of Lazarus still exist. The Empress Helena erected a church, called the "Chapel of the Ascension," on what she deemed the precise spot of the Saviour's triumphant departure from the world; but it is expressly stated in Holy Writ that it was from Bethany He re-ascended to His empyrean home. For myself, I am disposed to agree with the pious and intelligent McCheyne, who states it as his confirmed opinion, given after a careful investigation of the localities, that the precise spot, both of the crucifixion and ascension, has been held secret from mortal eyes; and no profane hand has been permitted to disturb by its unhallowed touch this most sacred locality; so that we may say, as it is recorded of one of old, "the place of the sepulchre knoweth no man unto this day."

MARY ELIZA.

Hamilton, Dec. 14th. 1847.

The Statue of the Vatican Apollo.*

Translated for the Calliopean, from the German of Wilkelman.

THE statue of Apollo is the highest ideal of art among all the works of antiquity which have survived the general destruction. It surpasses every other statue as much as the Apollo of Homer does those which succeeding poets have conceived. His stature towers above the human race, and his attitude is full of conquer-