

Jerusalem and surroundings.

BY REV. G. T. DAY.

It is Holy week in Jerusalem. The city is full of people, for the tide of visitors and pilgrims has been setting steadily and strongly in this direction, for some weeks past, from almost every quarter of the religious world. Our own country is largely represented here. The arrival of some new American party is an event of almost daily occurrence; and there are just now but few departures, for the culminating point of the festivities is just at hand, and the attraction holds nearly all who arrive. Last Sabbath was Palm Sunday, and the Latin and Sepulchre. To-day is Good-Friday, observed by the Catholics and the Episcopalians according to their custom; it is also the great day of the Jewish Passover, and the unleavened bread and the bitter herbs will not be forgotten by any son of Abraham according to the flesh. To-night, the crucifixion of Christ is to be dramatized in the Great Church—a performance scandalous enough, one would think, to raise a blush even on the cheeks of the shameless ecclesiasties who get it up in the name of religion and piety. I shall decline to attend it. The church, I shall decline to attend it. The very thought of it is shocking. I would prefer to go out alone to Gethsemane, and read by the moonlight, half a dozen of those touching and sublime chapters beginning with the XIII of St. John. The thousands of pilgrims who went out to the city Wednesday morning to bathe in the Jordan are to-day pouring back over the Mt. of Olives, and through St. Stephen's gate; the Jews are moaning and smiting their breasts with peculiar unctiousness at their waiting place, while they look upon the stones of the ancient city, the wall, and read the passages that speak of the glory which is no longer theirs. Next Sunday will be Easter, and then the living tide will begin its ebbing; though the Greek party will still hold out the attraction of the Holy Fire, and keep another Easter a week hence.

of Jesus I behold the highest glory of God and the dearest hope of man. Here where the feet of the Messiah pressed the mountains my faith finds a rock on which to plant itself; on the height whence he sprang to his upper throne my hope spreads its wing and stops only at immortality. But my pen wanders. We have spent nearly ten days in and around Jerusalem, and the work of exploration has now extended to nearly every recognized point of interest. We took Hebron on the way, and encamped during the night beneath the old oak which has been called Abraham's. Mohammedan turbulence and fanaticism allow nobody except a believer in Koran and the Prophet to do more than look into a dark hole in the wall of the cave of Macpelah. The bones of the patriarchs rest here. The partial exception made in favor of the Prince of Wales has not been repeated; and so we saw the hole, but could only guess at the rest. It is to be hoped that this egotistic exclusiveness may soon give way to authority and reason. We stuck a-bath in the Dead Sea, according to custom. The waters are clear, the temperature just comfortable, and the impossibility of sinking renders bathing a peculiar exercise. Beyond this the satisfaction is not large. The body being so buoyed up by the great weight of the water, it is almost impossible to get low enough to swim much, as the feet come quite to the surface at every movement and moment; the taste of the liquid, if only a drop or two gets within the lips, is not unlike that of beef-brine, with a strong infusion of pepper-sauce and thoroughwort; and in spite of every effort at rubbing, the body keeps the decided sensation of having been immersed in Castor Oil. We were very glad, two hours later, to take a second bath in the Jordan; for though the stream is turbid like the Tiber or the Mississippi, the greasy feeling did not survive the swim. Our stay at the modern village near the site of ancient Jericho is not to be described now; but if the blowing of ram's horns would set the modern town and castle tumbling, and open a door to civilization for the miserable natives, sooner the blast rings the better.

The last half of the way up to Jerusalem from Jericho was marked by a constant stream of pilgrims, which must have embraced thousands, working their way toward the Jordan, where the great sacred bathing operation, annually performed, came off the next day. The pilgrims represented almost every nationality where Christianity has a foothold, both sexes, every variety of costume and all the ages from infancy to senility; while the faces suggested almost every type of character. Two thirds, perhaps, were on foot; the rest were on camels, horses, mules, donkeys, man-back, woman back, and the one great feature marking the costumes of all almost every type of character. Two thirds, perhaps, were on foot; the rest were on camels, horses, mules, donkeys, man-back, woman back, and the one great feature marking the costumes of all almost every type of character. Two thirds, perhaps, were on foot; the rest were on camels, horses, mules, donkeys, man-back, woman back, and the one great feature marking the costumes of all almost every type of character. Two thirds, perhaps, were on foot; the rest were on camels, horses, mules, donkeys, man-back, woman back, and the one great feature marking the costumes of all almost every type of character.

course of study which you so much desire, and thus prepare yourself for more extensive usefulness in the great cause to which you have devoted your life and energies. Our sincere prayer is, that as from time to time you may unfold the blood-stained banner of the cross, your heart may be made glad in the pleasing assurance that your labors are not in vain. In conclusion, dear brother, we desire to express our hearty good will toward you and your dear companion, and speak words of comfort, and good cheer. May you long be spared to labor together successfully in the cause of Christ. Your connection with us has, we trust, been one of mutual attachment; our joys and sorrows have been reciprocal. When our Zion has languished, we have mourned together, and we have alike rejoiced in her prosperity. In going from me be assured that you bear with you the affections and sympathies of many hearts, and our prayer shall be that your lives may be happy, and that you may be blessed of God, and directed by His unerring hand in all your future labors; and that in the great day, when an assembled universe shall stand at the just tribunal of the Lord Almighty, you may there share the unspeakable bliss of beholding a host of God's elect saved through your joint instrumentality, and thus be enabled to exclaim, "Here are we, Lord, and those whom thou hast given us."

and fears, but now she obtained so clear an evidence of her acceptance with God that she could rejoice with joy unspeakable, and from that time until her death she appeared to possess unshaken confidence in the Rock of her salvation. From the commencement of her last sickness, sister E. felt a strong conviction that she would not recover, but constantly manifested calmness and entire resignation to the will of her heavenly Father. At one time when asked if she had any fears of death, she replied, "Oh, no; no and with heavenly rapture she added, "I shall be satisfied when I awake with his likeness." She was often engaged in prayer when unconscious that any one was listening. The sublimity of her language and her fervency of spirit during those seasons of devotion proved very clearly that she enjoyed sweet foretastes of heavenly glory. Several hours before her death her speech failed, but the last words she uttered were expressions of the most joyful anticipations. It may justly be said of our departed sister, that she was an active, benevolent, intelligent Christian, an affectionate wife, a kind mother, and greatly beloved by an extensive circle of relatives and friends.

Jerusalem is a very ordinary looking town, of less than 20,000 inhabitants. Only when you look down upon or over it from the brow of the shoulder of Mount Olivet, as you come from the east, does it present to the eye anything imposing or beautiful. Its buildings are very ordinary structures generally, greatly wanting in architectural beauty and effect. The streets are mostly narrow, rough, uncomfortable to the feet, dirty, and not without bad odors. The principal thoroughfares are full of people, who trade, smoke, follow their occupation, beg, converse and quarrel, without seeming to care for privacy or simpler accommodation. All nationalities appear; the number of different tongues heard may suggest Babel or Pentecost; and the one great feature marking the costumes of all is variety. All sorts of faces look out upon you—from those that embody solidity, to such as the weak; the feeble leading the blind; there are none, except religious fanatics, ever carries a staff; some were driving up the animals, others clinging to their tails and thus being pulled onward; some moved with hurried step and hopeful face, others slowly and with down-cast eyes; here was a soulless plodder, and copyist of custom, there a rapt enthusiast, ready for any wild crusade; now a man of care, moving silently on as though impelled by duty; there a gleeful, chatting girl, who tripped along as though drawn by curiosity or expecting to see some fun; on one side a man of manly wealth and standing, and on the other a poor, half-clad wretch, whose countenance was a picture of hunger and privations—and thus for more than two hours the motley host kept passing on, and passing on, as though the living stream were to have a perpetual flow. It suggested the old Jewish gatherings from the whole land of Israel, when the feasts at Jerusalem summoned the people to the place of sacrifice, and the ceremonies of purification.—Morning Star.

of Jesus I behold the highest glory of God and the dearest hope of man. Here where the feet of the Messiah pressed the mountains my faith finds a rock on which to plant itself; on the height whence he sprang to his upper throne my hope spreads its wing and stops only at immortality. But my pen wanders. We have spent nearly ten days in and around Jerusalem, and the work of exploration has now extended to nearly every recognized point of interest. We took Hebron on the way, and encamped during the night beneath the old oak which has been called Abraham's. Mohammedan turbulence and fanaticism allow nobody except a believer in Koran and the Prophet to do more than look into a dark hole in the wall of the cave of Macpelah. The bones of the patriarchs rest here. The partial exception made in favor of the Prince of Wales has not been repeated; and so we saw the hole, but could only guess at the rest. It is to be hoped that this egotistic exclusiveness may soon give way to authority and reason. We stuck a-bath in the Dead Sea, according to custom. The waters are clear, the temperature just comfortable, and the impossibility of sinking renders bathing a peculiar exercise. Beyond this the satisfaction is not large. The body being so buoyed up by the great weight of the water, it is almost impossible to get low enough to swim much, as the feet come quite to the surface at every movement and moment; the taste of the liquid, if only a drop or two gets within the lips, is not unlike that of beef-brine, with a strong infusion of pepper-sauce and thoroughwort; and in spite of every effort at rubbing, the body keeps the decided sensation of having been immersed in Castor Oil. We were very glad, two hours later, to take a second bath in the Jordan; for though the stream is turbid like the Tiber or the Mississippi, the greasy feeling did not survive the swim. Our stay at the modern village near the site of ancient Jericho is not to be described now; but if the blowing of ram's horns would set the modern town and castle tumbling, and open a door to civilization for the miserable natives, sooner the blast rings the better.

The last half of the way up to Jerusalem from Jericho was marked by a constant stream of pilgrims, which must have embraced thousands, working their way toward the Jordan, where the great sacred bathing operation, annually performed, came off the next day. The pilgrims represented almost every nationality where Christianity has a foothold, both sexes, every variety of costume and all the ages from infancy to senility; while the faces suggested almost every type of character. Two thirds, perhaps, were on foot; the rest were on camels, horses, mules, donkeys, man-back, woman back, and the one great feature marking the costumes of all almost every type of character. Two thirds, perhaps, were on foot; the rest were on camels, horses, mules, donkeys, man-back, woman back, and the one great feature marking the costumes of all almost every type of character. Two thirds, perhaps, were on foot; the rest were on camels, horses, mules, donkeys, man-back, woman back, and the one great feature marking the costumes of all almost every type of character.

Dear Brethren,— Your letter is at hand, informing me that you have received, and accepted my resignation. The sentiments expressed, and assurances of attachments given, as well as the spirit evinced by this letter, and in our mutual intercourse, afforded me much pleasure. I have resigned my charge with reluctance, and would not have done so at all, if I were not convinced that I owe this duty to myself, and the cause. As time has passed away, my attachments to you have been multiplied, and strengthened. Nothing, I am happy to be able to say, has ever occurred to make it otherwise. I have always found you ready to hear me; willing to regard my wishes, and views, when I have conferred with you, and presented my reasons. When the distinctive doctrines of our denomination have been preached, you have not sat trembling in your pews, lest some weak brother or sister would be injured, and out-side persons would take exceptions, and be driven away. On the contrary, you have been most clearly and fully brought out. You are persuaded that they are true, and that God will not permit them to be preached in vain. Though we have not seen all the fruit that we have desired, yet we have seen fruit. In a little less than three years, some backsliders have been reclaimed, and forty-five persons have been baptized, most of whom continue faithful. You have kindly borne with me when I have not been able to do what, and as I have wished to do, and what, and as you have desired me to do. You have faithfully supported me with your prayers, your sympathies, and your means. You are not letting me go away with any part of the past year, or year's salary unpaid, as is sometimes the case, but you have fully discharged every obligation. And now, dear brethren, be assured that you will not be soon forgotten by me, and mine. You will ever, I trust, have our best wishes, and prayers for your success, and prosperity. May God soon direct one of His servants to you, who shall "feed the flock of God, over which the Holy Ghost has made him overseer," and thus be eminently successful in fitting you for usefulness here, and glory hereafter, is the sincere desire of your former Pastor.

Mrs. EMELINE GASKILL. Died, on the 25th ult., Emeline, the beloved wife of Dimock Gaskill, in the 35th year of her age. Our deceased sister was baptized by Rev. I. J. Skinner during his pastorate in Port Medway, and ever since has maintained the Christian character. Though for a number of years severely afflicted, she was rarely absent from the prayer and conference meetings. Her earnest prayers and exhortations will not soon be forgotten. Her kindly cheerful disposition, sympathy with the afflicted, and tender ministrations in the sick room endeared her to the entire community, and cause all to mourn her early removal, as a loss not only to her beloved companion, and the church of which she was a devoted member, but to the community at large. Yet it is infinite gain to her. Her end was emphatically peace. The funeral services were conducted by the writer, on Sabbath the 1st inst.—Com. by Rev. J. E. Goucher. July 5th, 1866.

And my feet are at length really standing within the gates of Jerusalem! I have walked on Mount Zion, explored Moriah, followed the bed of the Kidron through the valley of Jehoshaphat, drunk from the pool of Siloam, threaded the valley of Gethsemane, mused in Gethsemane, stood on what is said to be Calvary, climbed Olivet, and strolled about Bethany. I do not much trouble myself now about the assertions, pretensions and disputes of Mohammedan, Jew, Greek, or Latin, respecting topography in detail; and questions of historic and critical probability consume little of my time. I am sure that here is where the great events which underlie our Christian faith occurred; here Jesus walked, and taught, and triumphed, and opened a way to redemption for those who take him as Master and Lord; here the whole scriptural narratives are illustrated, confirmed and invested with a meaning and a reality which they never before possessed, as I read them where they heroes lived; and that answers every vital demand of intellect and heart. Light flashes upon the pages of the New Testament like that of which came streaming down upon the plains at Bethlehem long ago. I am sure its source is in heaven, and so I bow down with a grateful confidence, and lift up my eyes with exceeding great joy. The distant Christ comes nearer now; blended with the Divine majesty in his face there is a more thoroughly human smile than my eye had ever before caught; and in the incarnation

of Jesus I behold the highest glory of God and the dearest hope of man. Here where the feet of the Messiah pressed the mountains my faith finds a rock on which to plant itself; on the height whence he sprang to his upper throne my hope spreads its wing and stops only at immortality. But my pen wanders. We have spent nearly ten days in and around Jerusalem, and the work of exploration has now extended to nearly every recognized point of interest. We took Hebron on the way, and encamped during the night beneath the old oak which has been called Abraham's. Mohammedan turbulence and fanaticism allow nobody except a believer in Koran and the Prophet to do more than look into a dark hole in the wall of the cave of Macpelah. The bones of the patriarchs rest here. The partial exception made in favor of the Prince of Wales has not been repeated; and so we saw the hole, but could only guess at the rest. It is to be hoped that this egotistic exclusiveness may soon give way to authority and reason. We stuck a-bath in the Dead Sea, according to custom. The waters are clear, the temperature just comfortable, and the impossibility of sinking renders bathing a peculiar exercise. Beyond this the satisfaction is not large. The body being so buoyed up by the great weight of the water, it is almost impossible to get low enough to swim much, as the feet come quite to the surface at every movement and moment; the taste of the liquid, if only a drop or two gets within the lips, is not unlike that of beef-brine, with a strong infusion of pepper-sauce and thoroughwort; and in spite of every effort at rubbing, the body keeps the decided sensation of having been immersed in Castor Oil. We were very glad, two hours later, to take a second bath in the Jordan; for though the stream is turbid like the Tiber or the Mississippi, the greasy feeling did not survive the swim. Our stay at the modern village near the site of ancient Jericho is not to be described now; but if the blowing of ram's horns would set the modern town and castle tumbling, and open a door to civilization for the miserable natives, sooner the blast rings the better.

The last half of the way up to Jerusalem from Jericho was marked by a constant stream of pilgrims, which must have embraced thousands, working their way toward the Jordan, where the great sacred bathing operation, annually performed, came off the next day. The pilgrims represented almost every nationality where Christianity has a foothold, both sexes, every variety of costume and all the ages from infancy to senility; while the faces suggested almost every type of character. Two thirds, perhaps, were on foot; the rest were on camels, horses, mules, donkeys, man-back, woman back, and the one great feature marking the costumes of all almost every type of character. Two thirds, perhaps, were on foot; the rest were on camels, horses, mules, donkeys, man-back, woman back, and the one great feature marking the costumes of all almost every type of character.

Dear Brother Weaver,— Your communication tendering your resignation as Pastor of the Milton Baptist Church is before us. We have noticed its contents, and carefully examined your reasons for so doing. You say that "you believe the Lord has directed you in this matter." Then it becomes us, as the people of God, to acquiesce in the spirit of love and good will; ever believing that although at times His providence may seem to us mysterious, yet they shall work together for the ultimate good of His people. As regards your connection with us as Pastor, we trust that your labors have been duly appreciated, and the doctrines that you have from time to time clearly set forth, we believe to be in strict accordance with God's revealed word. Yes, the pure principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ have been proclaimed, and we trust have been made the power of God unto the salvation of souls. Our hearts are made sad by the reflection that we are so soon to be left as sheep having no shepherd, and especially so as there seems to be indications of better days in the church and congregation. Pray for us, dear brother, that the Lord may direct unto us a faithful, energetic man, after His own heart, to fill the place so soon to be left vacant. We have, and do deeply sympathize with you in your infirmities of body, and hope, and trust, and pray, that the contemplated change may be the means, under God, of restoring you to health, and that you may be able to pursue that

AMOS WEAVER. For the Christian Messenger. OBITUARY NOTICES. Mrs. MARGARET ANN BURNHAM. Wife of Deacon James F. Burnham, of Halifax and only daughter of Joseph and Eliza Irish, formerly of Falmouth, Halifax Co., died March 26th, 1866, in the 43rd year of her age. From her childhood Sister Burnham manifested deep seriousness of mind upon the subject of religion and probably experienced the renewing power of the Holy Spirit when quite young. Having the advantage of Sabbath School instruction and religious training in the domestic circle, she attained an extensive knowledge of Divine truth in early life; and for some time previous to her public profession of faith in Christ manifested deep interest in the worship of God and strong attachment to His people. In 1839 a powerful revival was experienced in Falmouth, during which many persons, both old and young professed faith in Christ. Sister Burnham was among the number baptized by the writer and received into the fellowship of the Baptist Church. Subsequently she was united in marriage to Mr. Burnham, and removed with him to Halifax, where she spent the remainder of her life. Soon after their removal to Halifax, Mr. Burnham made a profession of religion, and both united with the North Baptist Church in the city. During her residence in Halifax, Sister Burnham experienced several severe attacks of sickness, which seriously impaired her constitution. At one time she was reduced so low that her life was despaired of for several weeks, but during this season of bodily weakness and suffering she experienced special manifestations of the Divine presence. For a short time previous to this her mind was greatly depressed with doubts

Correspondence.

VALEDICTORY.

Dear Brother Weaver,— Your communication tendering your resignation as Pastor of the Milton Baptist Church is before us. We have noticed its contents, and carefully examined your reasons for so doing. You say that "you believe the Lord has directed you in this matter." Then it becomes us, as the people of God, to acquiesce in the spirit of love and good will; ever believing that although at times His providence may seem to us mysterious, yet they shall work together for the ultimate good of His people. As regards your connection with us as Pastor, we trust that your labors have been duly appreciated, and the doctrines that you have from time to time clearly set forth, we believe to be in strict accordance with God's revealed word. Yes, the pure principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ have been proclaimed, and we trust have been made the power of God unto the salvation of souls. Our hearts are made sad by the reflection that we are so soon to be left as sheep having no shepherd, and especially so as there seems to be indications of better days in the church and congregation. Pray for us, dear brother, that the Lord may direct unto us a faithful, energetic man, after His own heart, to fill the place so soon to be left vacant. We have, and do deeply sympathize with you in your infirmities of body, and hope, and trust, and pray, that the contemplated change may be the means, under God, of restoring you to health, and that you may be able to pursue that