

spoke not, but he frequently bent his head to his knees, as if in the attitude of deep and overpowering devotion. No groan, no tear, no convulsive throb escaped him. His features were fixed, firm, immovable. Tracey was speechless—he was silent; the daylight was obscured—his mind was dark, strange and unfathomable. The neighbours wept, the nurse sobbed, the clergyman wept and prayed, he alone was impervious to the common emotions. At length the gentle spirit of his beloved child fled from its exhausted tenement, and the whisper of attendants was heard—she is no more.

Walter Vivian started up; he drew aside the curtain of the bed, and kissed the scarce cold lips of the departed angel. He then shook hands cordially with the few persons present and proceeded to another apartment. He washed himself, dressed himself, gave orders for her funeral, and when the day came, followed in her mourning train, apparently the least moved of its many attendants. He listened to the solemn service, as a mere spectator; he saw the cold earth heaped upon the remains of Tracey; he was the last that left the church yard, and he walked home, erect, unchanged in feature, and seemingly as one who had been but the official leader in the ceremony.

From that day, no human being, except the old nurse, did he permit to enter his house. His door was shut upon the nearest of his relations. He seemed a man of a different race, of a distinct species, from those who dwelt around him. Like a bird that has been robbed of its young, he moved round, but never wandered far from the spot where he had been a happy parent. The youth of the village gazed upon him with a feeling of awe—the old looked on with compassion—the simple maiden wept when she thought of the beautiful Tracey—no one addressed him—to no one did he speak. In the morning he might be seen in the church-yard, at mid-day slowly straying on the beach, at all hours, when in his cottage, he might be heard at his devotions. All seasons were the same to him. In storm, in rain, in sunshine, in summer and winter, he might be found in his accustomed walks, his only companion a pocket Bible, which he discoursed with on the high cliff, and in the sequestered dell—when the rain pelted its leaves, when the sunbeam gleamed on its pages. When night fell, and the village was asleep, the circle of his aberrations was more extended.—At the dead hour, when the owl on the turret, the ripple of the water on the beach, or the loud wave on the shore, alone disturbed the silence of the village, he might be seen wandering forth, appalled as we have described, and bearing the small lantern in his hand. He would then ascend the hills, stray over the moors, and here and there, at accustomed spots, kneel down and lift up his voice in prayer on the winds of the night. As if the grave had sent him forth, he preferred, even at these dark hours, the most lonely and unfrequented places, in order that the Deity alone should hear and witness his adorations. For more than thirty years he has followed this aberrant and melancholy life, his health sustaining no injury from the dews which fall on him, or the bleak winds that chill him. On these wilds, habit has made him acquainted with every step of the way—with every sheep-path—every tor—every glen—every cliff.

Day has dawned upon him when seated on a steep far above the sea—the moon has gone down and left him at his devotions at the base of some high rock—the stars alone and his glimmering lantern have lighted him over crags scarcely passable in the broad sun; and when the fisherman, with the first ray of the morning, has been going forth to his toil, he has been met returning to his fireless home, drenched in the rain, sometimes robed in the hoar frost, often covered with snow, bearing still unquenched the flickering lamp, its gleam scarcely perceptible in the bolder blaze of the dawn. He still lives and still pursues the same wild devotional excursions. Ninety years have passed over his head, and yet Walter Vivian is as hale as when Tracey died. Her grave he still visits; her humble tomb-stone is nearly sunk in the earth; the grass half covers it, yet it is as fresh to the memory of the parent as if it had been placed but yesterday over his child.

We have not coloured a single fact—such a story requires no colouring. Walter Vivian—or rather the person we have represented by this name—is still alive to attest the truth of his own wild tale.

From Ewald's "Journal of Missionary Labours in the City of Jerusalem."

JERUSALEM.

ITS OUTER WALL AND GATES.

The Holy City is surrounded by a massive stone wall, which is forty feet high and four broad, built in 1542 by Sultan Sulyman, with tower, battlement, and loop-holes, like that of York; and so constructed that a convenient walk may be taken on the top of it, with perfect safety. In the cool of the evening, and early in the morning, this promenade is one of the most pleasant recreations the Holy City still affords.

The wall is in tolerable good repair, except towards the north east, where in some places the masonry has given way, and threatens to fall. It appears that originally there had been a trench around the whole city, which in lapse of time has been filled up with the rubbish brought out from the town and thrown into it. Vestiges of it are yet seen at the north-east and north-west of the town.

The present wall encloses only a part of Mount Zion—Ophel is entirely without, as also a large portion of the north side of the ancient city. The circumference of modern Jerusalem

is about three miles. It took me an hour to walk round it.

Of the several gates of the Holy City mentioned in the Scriptures and in Josephus, four only have been left open, leading to the four cardinal points.

The West Gate, called by the Europeans the Jaffa Gate, leading to Jaffa, Bethlehem, Hebron, and Gaza. The natives call it 'Bab Alchaleel,'—the Gate of the Friend. Abraham is styled in Holy Writ, the Friend of God; and as he resided in Hebron, the Arabs call that place, in honor of their great ancestor, 'Alchaleel'—the Friend.

The North Gate is known by the Europeans as the Damascus Gate; by the natives as 'Bab Ashsham,' Sham being the Arabic for Damascus. It leads to Damascus, Nablous, and the north countries.

The East Gate, called by the Europeans 'St. Stephen's Gate,' because outside that gate the spot is pointed out where the pro-martyr was put to death. The native Christians call it 'Bab Sadna Miriam,'—the Gate of our Lady Mary—because it leads to the Church where the Virgin Mary is said to be buried, and also to Gethsemane, the village Siloam, Bethany, the Jordan, and the Dead Sea.

The South Gate is named by the Europeans, 'the Zion Gate,' because it is on that mountain. The natives call it 'Bab Seedna Dauid,'—i. e., the Gate of our Lord David—because outside this gate is the tomb of David. It leads to the Christian cemetery, the Nether Pool, Bethlehem, and Siloam.

MOUNT OLIVET.

From its summit, the extensive view charms every eye. Towards the east, the mountains of Moab, the Dead Sea, the Jordan, and the Plain of Jericho, carry us back into the remotest ages.

Towards the north, the height of Ramah Samuel reminds us of the last judge in Israel; and Scopus brings Titus and his battering ram to our recollection.

Towards the south, the winding way to Bethlehem seems to point to Micah's words: 'But thou, Bethlehem Eparatah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from old, from everlasting.' And yonder, the curiously-shaped Frank mountain shows the last retreat of the Crusaders; and Hinnom, the abomination of Manasseh; whilst to the west Jerusalem bows her widowed head into the dust.

Here it was that the Lord of Glory, looking down upon the doomed city whilst still in all her royal dignity, exclaimed, 'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, &c.

THE STREETS.

Most of the streets are desolate, badly paved, narrow, and disgustingly filthy. The houses, with few exceptions, are out of repair, and many are entirely in ruins. The dust-cart is not known here; the rubbish is carried out of town by donkeys, which is rather expensive; to avoid which, the inhabitants of Jerusalem, who are for the most part poor, have recourse to a curious expedient. There are a large number of deserted magazines scattered throughout the town; in these all the rubbish is collected, and, as often as one of them is filled, they close it in with a stone wall. I have counted more than an hundred of this description. Sometimes it happens that these walls give way; then the whole neighbourhood is enveloped in the dust of many generations. Others do not take the trouble of carrying the rubbish out of their houses; they appropriate one room as a common receptacle, and when that is full they take the next. Soon after our arrival, we hired a house for the use of the mission, in which there were two large rooms completely choked in the way mentioned. Pickaxes were required to clear them, and it was a work of many days before it was done. Besides these nuisances, there are the shambles, in the Jewish quarter, and the disgusting tan-yard on the east side of the Holy Sepulchre, which infect the air with a pestiferous odor, and create many maladies. There evils might easily be remedied, if the local government cared less for their purses, and more for the salubrity of the town, and if the Mohammedans were less fanatic. The tan-yard occupies the position where formerly the Templars had their palaces, to desecrate their memory; and the shambles are to annoy the Jews.

From the Eclectic Review.

ROBBERS IN INDIA.

Various classes of robbers, under the designations of Thugs, Dakoits, Choars, Kuzzaks, and Budhaks, infest the entire country. The first and the last would appear to be identical, being sets of villains distinguished by their practice of strangling unsuspecting travellers with whom they may contrive to fall in upon a journey; they are sometimes formed into secret societies, not dissimilar from some of those in the middle ages; and it was vainly hoped that Lord William Bentinck had utterly extirpated them. The Kuzzaks are mounted robbers, who singly beset the highroads, or, being collected into parties, attack and plunder entire villages; in other words they are Turpins, or Robin Hoods, or Rob Roys, as occasion may require. The Dakoits and Choars are more like the early companions of Gil Blas—thieves who naturally and constitutionally assemble in gangs, and who usually limit their depredations to the houses or persons of those reputed to possess valuables or money in concealed hoards. These were once the most formidable, being thoroughly organised under sirdars, or leaders; they commonly meet for their law-

less procedures under cover of the night; being, by day, to all appearance, among the most peaceable and quiet members of the community. Their grand characteristic, wherever they subsist, still continues to be that of Dan—'an ad-dar in the path.' They have watchwords and secret signals. Companies, variously armed with swords, clubs, pikes, matchlocks, will grow, as it were, out of the ground, coming together nobody knows how, and gathered from no one knows where, in numbers from fifteen to fifty. The spot will be some tope or grove adjacent to the desired spoil. The following is a midnight picture of what these worthies were some thirty years ago, as also of what they too often are now:—When collected, their marauding excursion was usual prelude by a religious ceremony—the worship of the goddess Durga—the patroness of thieves, typified by a water-pot, or a few blades of grass. The ceremony was conducted by a Brahmin of degraded condition and dissolute life. Having propitiated the goddess by the promise of a portion of their spoil, they marched, with lighted torches, and little attempt at concealment, beyond disguising their faces by pigment or covering them with masks, to the object of their expedition, usually the dwelling of some shopkeepers, or money-changer, in which it was expected to discover treasure. Occasionally, the motive of attack was vengeance; and information given by the householder, or any member of his family, against some member of the gang, brought upon him the resentment of the whole fraternity. Upon entering the village, it was customary to fire a gun as a signal to the inhabitants to keep within their dwellings; the house against which the operation was designed was then surrounded, and whilst some of the gang forced an entrance, others remained as a guard without. Unless exasperated by resistance, or stimulated by revenge, the Dakoits did not commonly proceed to murder; but they perpetrated atrocious cruelties upon such persons as refused to give them, or were unable to give them, information regarding property which they suspected of having been concealed; burning them with lighted torches or blazing straw, or wrapped cloth or flax steeped in oil around their limbs, and setting on fire; or inflicting various tortures which caused immediate or speedy death. The object being accomplished, and the booty secured, the gang retired before daylight, and the guilty individuals resumed their daily occupation. In Bengal alone, six hundred and ninety such atrocities disgraced a single year.

BE KIND.

Be kind to thy father—for when thou wert young,
Who loved thee so fondly as he?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
And joined in thy innocent glee.
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with gray;
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold,
Thy father is passing away.
Be kind to thy mother—for lo! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen;
Oh well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been.
Remember thy mother—for thee will she pray,
As long as God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness then cheer her lone way,
E'en to the dark valley of death.
Be kind to thy brother—his heart will have dearth,
If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at the birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.
Be kind to thy brother—wherever you are,
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament richer and purer by far
Than pearls from the depth of the sea.
Be kind to thy sister—not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours,
And blessings thy pathway to crown;
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers,
More precious than wealth or renown.

New Works.

THE WILD HORSE OF TEXAS.

We rode through beds of sunflowers miles in extent, their dark seedy centres and radiating yellow leaves following the sun through the day from east to west, and drooping when the shadows fell on them. At half-past ten we discerned a creature in motion at an immense distance, and instantly started in pursuit. Fifteen minutes riding brought us near enough to discover, by its fleetness, that it could not be a buffalo, yet it was too large for an antelope or a deer. On we went, and soon distinguished the erect head, the flowing mane, and the beautiful proportions of the wild horse of the prairie. He saw us, and sped away with an arrowy fleetness till he gained a distant emi-

nence, when he turned to gaze at us, and suffered us to approach within four hundred yards, then bounded away in another direction, with a graceful velocity delightful to behold. We paused: for to pursue him with a view to capture was clearly out of the question. When he discovered we were not following him he also paused, and now seemed to be inspired by curiosity equal to our own; for, after making a slight turn, he came nearer, until we could distinguish the inquiring expression of his clear, bright eye, and the quick curl of his inflated nostrils. We had no hopes of catching, and did not wish to kill him; but our curiosity led us to approach him slowly. We had not advanced far before he moved away, and, circling round, approached on the other side. It was a beautiful animal, a sorrel, with jet black mane and tail. As he moved, we could see the muscles quiver in his glossy limbs; and when, half playfully and half in fright, he tossed his flowing mane in the air, and flourished his long silky tail, our admiration knew no bounds, and we longed—hopelessly, vexatiously longed—to possess him. We might have shot him where we stood; but, had we been starving, we could scarcely have done it. He was free, and we loved him for the very possession of that liberty we longed to take from him; but we would not kill him. We fired a rifle over his head. He heard the shot and the whiz of the ball, and away he went, disappearing in the next hollow, showing himself again as he crossed the distant ridges, still seeming smaller, until he faded away to a speck on the fair horizon's verge.—Kennedy's Texas.

THE LOVE OF KINDNESS.

This emotion differs widely from the love we cherish towards one who has done us a favor, or whose character we admire. The object on which it may terminate, may be richly lavished, may be weak, if not worthless. It is this we see in so winning and melting a form, when the cares and anxieties of a whole household are concentrated on the drooping and dying child. It is this that swells the father's breast, and makes the tear of gladness rush to his eye when he falls on the neck of his prodigal son. It is this that sends the mother's thoughts away from the dear ones around her hearth after her soldier-boy, as she paints him amidst the horrors of the battle-field; or her sailor-boy; as in fancy she sees him buffeted by the ocean storm. It is this, though in a purer form, that kindles the flame of zeal in the bosom of the missionary when he goes to heathen lands to toil for souls, and in the teeth of fierce barbarians preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. It is this, more majestic still, that makes the seraph joyous with more than common joy when the tear of the penitent falls, and his first warm prayer is sent up to his Father in Heaven. And, grandest of all, it was this that prompted and pleaded with God himself when he sent the Son of his love to seek and to save us.—Rev. G. O. Campbell.

THE FATE OF GENIUS.

Homer was a beggar; Plato turned a mill; Terence was a slave; Boethius died in jail; Paul Forghese had fourteen different trades, and starved with them all; Tasso was often distressed for five shillings; Bentevoglio was refused admittance into an hospital he had himself erected; Cervantes died of hunger; Camoens, the writer of the Lusiad, ended his days in an almshouse; and Vaugelas left his body to the surgeons, to pay his debt as far as it would go. In our own country, Bacon's life was meanness and distress; Sir Walter Raleigh died on the scaffold; Spenser died forsaken and in want; the death of Collins came through neglect, first causing mental derangement; Milton sold his copyright of Paradise Lost for £15 at three payments, and finished his life in obscurity; Dryden lived in poverty and died in distress; Otway died prematurely and through hunger; Lee died in the streets; Steele lived a life of perfect warfare with bailiffs; Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield was sold for a trifle, to save him from the gripe of the law; Fielding lies in the burying ground of the English factory at Lisbon, without a stone to mark the spot; Savage died in prison at Bristol, where he was confined for a debt of eight pounds; Butler lived in penury and died poor; Chatterton, the child of genius and misfortune, destroyed himself.

VALUE OF THE BIBLE.

We have only to think what a change would pass on the aspect of our race if the Bible were suddenly withdrawn, and all remembrance of it swept away, and we arrive at some faint notion of the worth of the volume. Take from Christendom the Bible, and you have taken from it the moral chart by which alone its population can be guided. Ignorant of the nature of God, and only guessing at their own immortality, the tens of thousands would be as mariners tossed on a wide ocean without a polestar and without a compass. It were to mantle the earth with a more than Egyptian darkness; it were to dry up the fountains of human happiness; it were to take the tides from our waters, and leave them stagnant, and the stars from our heavens and leave them in sackcloth, and the verdure from our valleys and leave them in barrenness; it were to make the present all recklessness and the future all hopelessness—the maniac's revelry and then the fiend's imprisonment—if you could annihilate that precious volume which tells us of God and of Christ, and unveils immortality, and instructs in duty, and woos to glory.—Rev. H. Melvill.

The word daisy is a thousand times pronounced without our adverting to the beauty of its etymology—the eye of day.