

tops all the rest. Let us ascend it. This is the very mountain on which Aaron died and was buried. Now we are on its top, and prepared to bring the prophets of Israel to the test of actual facts. But, first, let us think what it was which they foretold regarding this land. They foretold, 1st, That its soil should be utterly wasted; 2nd, That its cities should all perish; 3rd, That its commerce should be annihilated; 4th, That its people should be cut off. Now, let us begin our survey.—

If Edom be at this day a fertile and flourishing region—if her mountains be occupied by men and cities, as of old, then let it be acknowledged that the prophets did not speak by the Spirit of inspiration. But if Edom be a desolation, then let it be confessed that they were inspired. Now, look all around you; you see the bare sides of the hills—you see how they offer to the winter's tempest and the summer's sun nothing but naked flint. Observe the rugged crests of the mountains, how they range around us like the waves of a tumultuous sea vexed by the winds. Turn now to the west—look immediately beneath; you observe that broad valley which runs along the foot of the hills; you see how its bosom is entirely covered with sand and flints. Could that valley be cultivated? And yet that valley in former times was, in part at least, clothed with vineyards, and watered by streams from Mount Seir. Hath not Jehovah, as he said, "stretched out upon the line of confusion, and the stones of emptiness?" Turn now to the east. You perceive, looking over the summits of the mountains, that level plain on the east of them. You can still trace the enclosures of its ancient fields, and the heaps of its former cities. These are the fields to which the Edomite, in days gone by, went forth to sow, and to which in autumn he returned to reap. The southern winds have buried them beneath the sands of the wilderness, and never more, to the end of time, shall they be either sown or reaped. Is not this what the prophets said: "From generation to generation it shall lie waste?" Look next, and look narrowly among the mountains, whether any of its cities remain. You may search them all without finding one of them—scarcely will you find even ruins, so completely have they been destroyed: "I will lay thy cities waste, and thou shalt be desolate." Listen next, if perchance we may hear the hum of its busy people. All is silent. Nothing disturbs the stillness, unless, perchance, the eagle's scream, or the wild shout of the Arab as he urges his camel to quicken its pace, and pass on through this desolate country. And in the awful solitude of these hills, it seems as if we still heard the echoes of that voice which cried of old: "There shall not be any remaining of the house of Esau." Of the two brothers who grew up together on the plain of Beersheba—how different has been the fate of their posterity! yet that fate is in exact accordance with prophecy. We find the descendants of the younger son in every country under heaven; but the descendants of the latter are nowhere to be found. None now claim descent from Esau: "Esau shall be cut off for ever." And as to the trade of this country: had we stood where we now stand eighteen centuries ago, we would have seen lines of camels innumerable approaching Edom on the east—some with the stuffs of India, others with the spices of Arabia, and others with the ivory and other merchandize of Armenia; while, on the west of Edom we would have seen them departing with their wares—some to Egypt, some to Greece, some to Italy, and some to more distant lands; but now, how completely has that traffic come to an end! Throughout the whole extent of wilderness, now under the eye, you cannot see a single merchant caravan either going or returning from Edom: "I will cut off from Edom him that passeth out, and him that returneth."

Now we shall descend. But stay—what ruins are these immediately beneath us? Look directly down. You see a little plain, with a stream crossing it, and on the plain some heaps of rubbish—a broken arch—a few prostrate columns; and all around the plain you see a perpendicular wall of rock formed by the mountains, and you see, moreover, that the rock is hewn into dwellings and tombs—that it is covered with the most magnificent structures, not erected by the hand, but hewn in the mountains by the chisel. What ruins are these? Ah! these are the ruins of Petra, the capital of Edom. In the palaces that stood on that plain dwelt the Edomite while living; and in these tombs he reposed when dead. There is not now a single inhabitant on the spot.

We are scarcely near enough to see the Brambles and creeping plants with which the ruins on the plain beneath us are mantled; but the hoootings of the owl come drearily up the mountain, and the eagle's scream is sounding fiercely among the hills. These are now the only tenants on the site of Petra. Everything we see and hear testifies to the exact and fearful accomplishment of the doom pronounced on this city of old: "Thy terriblehness hath deceived thee, and the pride of thine heart, O thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rocks, that holdest the height of the hill. Though thou shouldst make thy nest as high as the eagle; I will bring thee down from thence, saith the Lord. Also Edom shall be a desolation; every one that goeth by it shall be astonished, and shall hiss at all the pillars thereof. As in the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the neighbour cities thereof, saith the Lord, no man shall abide there, neither shall a son of man dwell in it. And thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof; and it shall be an habitation of dragons, and a court for owls."

Singular indeed is the history of this city, and solemn the lesson which it reads to the Infidel.

It teaches him that, though no new miracles are now to be looked for, to attest the truth of revelation, proofs marvellous and manifold are laid up in the earth around him, and are to be brought forth, each at its appointed hour, to shed a new beauty on the pages of the Bible, and to add to the evidence by which its divinity is supported. May not a resurrection, not of dead prophets, but of dead cities, be awaiting the world? Those who spoke these predictions can never return; but why may not those against whom they were spoken yet appear before us, to tender their evidence of the complete accomplishment of the predicted doom? Here is Petra brought up from the grave, to preach to the nations of the earth. Here, on her ancient site, standing in sackcloth, is the metropolis of Edom bearing their testimony to the truth of the prophets. That Petra, and not Isaiath—not the prophet who predicted the doom, but the city on which the doom has fallen—should be summoned from the grave, is surely the more satisfactory kind of evidence and the more consistent way of dealing with our understandings. It is only in our own day that this witness to the inspiration of the prophets has been raised. Thirty-six years ago no man knew where Petra had stood. She had passed from the earth more than a thousand years before, and left no trace of her existence, save the brief notices of her former grandeur which are to be found in the pages of Strabo and his contemporaries. Her doom remained inscribed on the scroll of prophecy, but we wanted circumstantial evidence to verify that doom in all its particulars. The Infidel was entitled to ask: Do owls dwell in her palaces?—do brambles and nettles come up in her fortresses? But our knowledge did not extend beyond the general fact that Petra had disappeared. But Providence opened to Burckhardt the gates of Mount Seir, and brought Petra forth from the grave in which she had been hid for upwards of a thousand years, with every particular of the predicted doom accomplished upon her. This is but the harbinger of many such discoveries. Already the progress of discovery has brought to light many a novel and surprising proof; but much yet remains to be done. The mounds of Nineveh and Babylon have yet to be explored; and we venture to predict, that, on being so, they shall be found to be vast repositories of facts preserved by Providence, for the confirmation of those who live in the last age. The ruins of Syria have yet to be carefully examined; the graven monuments of Egypt to be deciphered—her sculptured temples and painted tombs, more closely inspected; and when this has been done, we shall find ourselves in possession of many a historic document, many a voucher to the truth of the prophets, which, meanwhile, we dream not of, and which will astonish the world, and cover the gainsayer with confusion.

From Tait's Magazine.

THE OLD TREE.

It bends, as with the weight of many years,
Over a brook—this venerable tree;
Not where the water blithely leaps along,
Like giddy Youth, in chase of some gay dream;
But where it stops, to ponder mournfully,
Like Age reflecting on the Past with blame.
Over this tranquil pool the Old Tree stoops,
Gazing upon its semblance undisturb'd,
As though in self-inspection all absorbed,
Patiently waiting for its time to fall.
'Tis utterly alone in its old age;
With nought about it to companion it,
Saying the faithful image in the brook,
That steadfast sticketh to its ancient friend.
The saplings, and the vigorous trees around,
So full of life, evince no sympathy;
Swing their lithe branches to and fro with glee,
And stretch, exulting, every twig to heaven.
They sing glad songs, and chatter to the breeze,
And make a merry whistling with their leaves;
While the Old Tree's poor paralytic limbs,
Rubbing across each other, as with pain,
Do make a doleful creaking in the wind.
The Raven comes to the Old Tree to croak;
The Owl, at night, to shout Tu-whit! Tu-who!
The sentinel Rook to keep a sharp lookout,
The while his fellows feed in fields hard by.
Upon the top of a dead limb he sits;
That perpendicular above the rest,
Shoots up aloft—gray, barless, wither'd, dead,
Looking just like some old bleach'd gibbet pole.
Most welcome visitor, the Redbreast oft
(When winter winds are whistling through the thorn,
And deep snow hides the smiling face of earth,
And icy coldness broods for weeks and weeks,
Freezing man's blood where'er he stirs abroad),
Takes pity on the lonely, poor Old Tree;
From branch to branch, from spray to spray he hops,
And trills a strain so sweet, so silver clear,
So full of love and joy, that the lone thing
To fancy seems more patient for his song.
Sometimes a child, in sunny summer-time,
Exploring round the fields, will creep within
The Old Tree's hollow trunk, and, looking up
To where the sky is dimly seen afar,
Tremble with terror in the ghostly hole,
And should perchance some little bird, disturb'd,

Start out above his head, alarm'd he flies,
Breathless and pale, across the neighbouring mead,
As though a spirit follow'd at his heels.
Oh, poor Old Tree! poor, desolate Old Tree!
What wrinkles and deep furrows in your bark!
How full of knots and warts, and curious holes,
Wherein the tiny Wren and pert Tom-tit
Go prying oft for spiders and for flies!
No matting ivy wraps it round and round,
To screen it from the sweep of bitter winds,
Or make it gay with green leaves not its own:
The parasite expired in infancy,
As one dead sinuous stem endures to show.
But lichens have spread over it so thick,
It seems to want no other covering
When their shot robe of silver, green and gold,
And when the summer sun shines out in power,
Flooding his old acquaintance with rich light,
How vivid are the tints that live between
The chequering shadows playing on its trunk!
No hues that glitter in a field of flowers,
Or lurk about the western clouds at eve,
When that same sun has gone down gorgeously,
Present more brilliant painting to the eye.
Flowers love the shelter of the ancient Tree:
A knot of primroses, in early spring,
For years has bloom'd and wither'd at its foot;
In June a wild-rose, with its sanguine flowers,
Goes burning past; and on through autumn months
The regal foxglove keeps its state beneath.
Winter yields nothing but the long, dry grass,
That feebly waileth in the icy wind.
Lone, venerable thing! how sad thy age!
Man, when he's stricken in years, and near to die,
Looks forward to a life beyond the grave,
When he is young again, to know no age,
When hastily death shall never greet him more:
This hopes he, and draws comfort from the hope.
But thou, Old Tree! hast no such cheering thought;
And when the root that holds thee to the earth
Is snapt by some rude gale, that soon shall blow,
Headlong thou fall'st, to moulder swift away:
Spring shall ne'er waken thee again to life;
Nor glowing summer gild thy host of leaves;
Nor autumn paint thee with his gold and red;
Nor with pure snow hear winter mantle thee:
Thou'rt dead and gone for ever!—poor old Tree!

New Works.

WASTING POWER OF RIVERS.
The rivers which flow in the valley of the Cordilleras ought rather to be called mountain torrents. Their inclination is very great, and their water the colour of mud. The roar which the Maypa made as it rushed over the great rounded fragments, was like that of the sea. Amidst the din of rushing waters, the noise from the stones as they rattled one over another was most distinctly audible even from a distance. This rattling noise, night and day, may be heard along the whole course of the torrent. The sound spoke eloquently to the geologist: the thousands and thousands of stones which, striking against each other, made the one dull uniform sound, were all hurrying in one direction. It was like thinking on time, where the minute that now glides past is irrevocable. So was it with these stones: the ocean is their eternity; and each note of that wild music told of one more step towards their destiny. It is not possible for the mind to comprehend, except by a slow process, any effect which is produced by a cause which is repeated so often, that the multiplier itself conveys an idea not more definite than the savage implies when he points to the hairs of his head. As often as I have seen beds of mud, sand, and shingle accumulated to the thickness of many thousand feet, I have felt inclined to exclaim that causes, such as the present rivers and the present beaches, could never have ground down and produced such an effect. But, on the other hand, when listening to the rattling noise of these torrents, and calling to mind that whole races of animals have passed away from the face of the earth, and that during this whole period, night and day, these stones have gone rattling onwards in their course, I have thought to myself, can any mountains, any continent, withstand such waste?—Darwin's Journal.

STRENGTH OF THE HUMAN FRAME.
One of the most remarkable and inexplicable experiments relative to the strength of the human frame is, that in which a heavy man is raised up the instant that his own lungs and those of the persons who raise him are inflated with air. The heaviest person in the party lies down upon two chairs, his legs being supported by the one and his back by the other. Four persons, one at each leg and one at each shoulder, then try to raise him, and find his weight to be very great, from the difficulty they experience in supporting him. When he is replaced in the chair, each of the four persons takes hold of his body as before, and the person to be lifted gives two signals by clapping his hands. At the first signal, he himself and his four lifters begin to draw a long full breath, and when the inhalation is completed, or the lungs filled, the second signal is given for raising the person from the chair. To his own surprise and that of his bearers, he rises with the greatest facility, as if he were no heavier than a feather. Sometimes, when one of the bearers performs his part ill, by making the inhaling out of time, the part of the body which he tries to raise is left behind. The experiment was performed at Venice by sustaining the heaviest man of the party on the points of the forefingers of six persons. It is asserted that the experiment will not succeed if the person to be lifted is placed upon a board, and the strength of the individuals applied to the board.—Abridged from Sir D. Brewster's Natural Magic.

JUVENILE SAGACITY.

He who is wise enough in youth to take the advice of his seniors, unites the vivacity and enterprise of early, with the wisdom and gravity of latter life; and what can you lose by at least asking their opinion, who can have no abstract pleasure in misleading you, and who can if they please, furnish you with a chart of that ocean, to many unexplored, but over which they have passed, while thousands have perished there for want of that wisdom they are willing to communicate to you? The ancients fabled part of this lesson in the history of Phaeton who vainly attempted to guide the of Apollo. The world is too much for juvenile sagacity, and he must have become gray-headed who is wise enough to walk in and out amidst the machinery of nature and the subtleties of human life, without being either crushed by the one or duped by the other.—Andrews.

BEAUTY.

There is something in beauty, whether it dwells in the human face, in the pencilled leaves of flowers, the sparkling surface of a fountain, or that aspect which genius breathes over its statue, that makes us mourn its ruin. I should not envy that man his feelings who could see a leaf wither or a flower fall without some sentiment of regret. This tender interest in the beauty and frailty of things around us, is only a slight tribute of becoming grief and affection; for nature in our adversities never deserts us. She even comes more nearly to us in our sorrows, and, leading us away from the paths of disappointment and pain into her soothing recesses, allays the anguish of our bleeding hearts, binds up the wounds that have been inflicted, whispers the meek pledges of a better hope, and, in harmony with a spirit of still holier birth, points to that home where decay and death can never come.—Constantinople.

GREAT THINGS FROM SMALL.

THE ORIGIN OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.
In 1599, a company of British merchants applied to Queen Elizabeth for permission to trade with India, and having received the royal charter, despatched a fleet in the following year; and thus originated what has since become the famous East India Company—a striking instance of what momentous and important results spring from originally trifling causes, under the direction of the wise providence of God. The Portuguese, the Dutch, the French, were each permitted to make the attempt, but only Britain was permitted to succeed.

This handful of merchants began their operations by building a few factories on the coast of India, one of which was established near a fishing village, about a hundred miles above the mouth of the Ganges, on that branch of the river called the Hooghly. The factory was erected in the vicinity of a celebrated Heathen temple, named by the Hindus Kalee-ghant, or the landing-place of the goddess Kalee. That fishing village is now the famous city of Calcutta, it having received this appellation from the idol temple: it is the residence of the Governor-General of India, and has aptly been designated the "City of Palaces." The originally insignificant company of merchants have long since wrested the sceptre from the hands of the Mogul emperors, and are now governing a hundred and thirty-five millions of subjects—truly one of the most remarkable circumstances of modern times. Late events in the history of India have proved, that this Company hold the reins of government with a firm hand. Dost Mahomed, the chief of the semi-barbarous tribes in Afghanistan, having been inveigled by brilliant promises on the part of a great northern power in Europe, which was endeavouring to extend its political influence as far as the Indus, disregarding all the warnings of the East India Government, who, being thus compelled to take decided measures, sent an army across the Indus, which, in the space of three short months, reduced the mountain-fortress of Ghuzni (supposed to be impregnable), Candahar, with its capital Cabul, and in fact the entire country.

It is true that a subsequent repulse ensued, which was caused by treason, rather than by the valour of the Afghans; but the English army soon reconquered the country, and then withdrew within the natural frontier of their possessions, the River Indus.

Two years since, the alarm was sounded far and wide, and on the continent particularly, it was believed, through reports spread by the French, that the star of England's glory was about to set in India, and not a few envious hearts rejoiced at it; while some looked on it as a just retribution for the wrongs which had been inflicted on that country. Subsequent