

ed the entrance of the gully, and retreated in good order. The magic reputation of the Western rifle kept the Comanches at a respectful distance.

Two days more were they within their post, but then the Indians gave up the siege. On the fifth day the whole party were mounted; the wagon, drawn by oxen, contained all their valuables, and on the top old Rock and his wife. The rest served as escort. Their destination was a county some two hundred miles distant, where Captain Snow was to be united to Mary. They were married; and then, joined by four enterprising families, the bold backwoodsmen again entered the wilderness, and returned to their old residence. A village was formed, and Captain Snow was at once chosen as sheriff. The community was small, but full of perseverance; and though they have suffered a little from Indian attacks, courage and industry soon repaired the damage; and Mrs Snow seems in a fair way of presiding over a considerable town at no very distant period. Peace is now restored, and a wife and mother, the heroine of this narrative, has given up the nomadic habits of Mary Rock.

From Albert Smith's Month at Constantinople.

SEVERITY OF QUARANTINE AT BEYROUT.

Amongst several odd stories I heard at this time respecting the absurd severity with which the Beyrout quarantine is enforced, were the two following:—

When a ship arrives at a quarantine port, from a suspected district, she is placed under the strictest surveillance. Attendants from the health office are put on board: everything sent on shore has to undergo purification,—if goods, by quarantine; if letters, by fumigation; in fact, everything is considered contagious except money, which is simply received in a vessel of water at the end of a pole by the people in the boats. On the other hand, everything from the shore, touched by anything or everybody from the ship, is at once contaminated, and subject to the same quarantine. At Malta this circumstance leads to many rows with the homeward-bound passengers. Valetta is famous for the manufacture of fine mittens and black lace; and when the overland steamers arrive the quarantine harbor is filled with the boats of the dealers. The articles are handed up in boxes at the end of poles for inspection. The unthinking passengers turn them over to look at, and are immediately compelled to take the whole, because their touch has infected them. At Beyrout, speculators occasionally put off with Syrian curiosities—chaplets of olive stones from the Mount of Olives, cedar cones from Lebanon, and the like. On the occasion to which I now allude, a sharp touter had got ahead of his companions, and was beginning to treat with some passengers; selling the aforesaid wondrous, and recommending dragomen. The engineer had, as is common, a little bird in his cabin that was very tame, and used to be permitted to fly about the deck and rigging. It was loose on the morning of the arrival, and when the touter came along-side it constantly perched on his shoulder. In an instant the quick-eyed guardians observed it. The poor touter was declared compromised by the contact. He was hurried off to the lazaretto, in spite of his protestations and arguments, for ten days; and the engineer, as owner of the bird, was compelled to pay all the expenses of his incarceration.

The other case was more annoying still. In every lazaretto is a place called the parlatoira, at which the inmates may communicate with their friends. It is very like the grating used for the same purpose at our prisons. There is a double wall of bars, with a space of six or seven feet between them; and articles are pushed backwards and forwards on boards which run across, in boxes fixed to poles. A person in quarantine received a visit from a friend on the first day of his confinement. Laden with treasures of travel, he was exhibiting some beautiful feathers to his friend, when a sudden puff of wind dispersed the collection, and by an evil chance, blew one between the bars into the bosom of his innocent visitor. The unfortunate wight was directly condemned. All egress was denied him; he was told that, of all things, feathers were peculiarly susceptible of plagues; and he had to join his friend for the whole term of his imprisonment. In fine the laws of quarantine appear to be the most rigid of any existing, and cannot by any influence or interest be evaded. This is not so much to be wondered at when the various incomes derived from enforcing them are taken into consideration; and, indeed, this appears to be at present the sole cause of their continuance.

JERUSALEM.

Colonel Chesney in his work, just published, on the survey of the rivers Euphrates and Tigris, carried on by order of the British Government in the years 1855, '56, and '57, gives the following interesting description of the city of Jerusalem and its environs:—When approached by the ordinary pilgrim route, Jerusalem has something of a desolate appearance, presenting at the top of a stone valley a range of turreted limestone walls, above which appear a few of the most elevated dwellings, and some of the cupolas and minarets, whilst like most other eastern cities, the interior is but a succession of dull streets and dead walls, sloping eastward, interspersed with gaudy churches and heavy-looking convents; but when viewed from the heights on

the eastern side the effect is particularly striking, the whole city being seen from thence in complete detail. The Mount of Olives or Jebel-el-Tur, commands to the southward a view towards Bethlehem, and some of the hill country of Judea, and eastward is seen part of the valley of Santa-Saba, with the Dead Sea glittering beyond at the foot of the mountains of Arabia Petraea. But westward the scenery is still more remarkable. In this direction Mount Olivet descends rapidly into the deep ravine of Kidron, on the slope near the bottom of which is the garden of Gethsemane, and a little lower the tomb of the Virgin Mary, also those of Jehosaphat, Absalom, and Zachariah. On the sloping crest beyond this deep and narrow valley stands the city itself, which, in addition to many public buildings, contains upwards of 3000 good houses, distributed in four separate quarters, which cover as many hills, the whole being enclosed by lofty walls flanked by square towers.

The City has the shape of an irregular lozenge, whose western side skirts the valley of Gihon, while its southern side runs along that of Benhinnom; the northern side is near the hill of Titus; and lastly, the eastern side runs almost north and south along the valley of Jehosaphat, having in the centre the gate of St. Stephen; just southward of the latter, rising above the walls, is Mount Moria, whose buildings are the fore-ground and principal part of the panorama. The quadrangular terrace on which they stand occupies about one-fifth of the area of the city, being about 500 yards from north to south, with an average width of nearly 300 yards from east to west. Almost in the centre are the graceful minarets of the mosque of St. Omar, which, with its arcades, courts, and innermost enclosure almost rivals the great and costly edifice of Solomon, which it has replaced.

From Hogg's Instructor.

WOMAN'S SABBATH MISSION.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

As the summer dews, distilling
Gently, raise the drooping flower,
All its buds with beauty filling,
All its leaves with health and power:

So the Sabbath rest to woman
Comes with healing virtue fraught:
Heavenly dew on flow'et human,
By her angel watches brought.

Men, like pines that brave the thunder,
Through life's crushing storms may rise—
But their funeral shadow under,
Who could see the blessed skies?

Love's bright hopes and fancies cheerful
Never there would seek repose—
Such is man—stern, gloomy, fearful,
When no Sabbath rest he knows.

Earth's Circean pleasures blind him—
Mind, the thrall of sense is bowed—
Superstition's dark robes bind him
Heavy as an iron shroud.

But o'er woman's gentler nature,
Finer sense, and purer soul,
Moulded by an angel stature,
Earth has never held control.

When she sinn'd, 'twas Wisdom tempted,
Earnest purpose God to scan;
This is why she lives exempted
From the toil imposed on man.

He must work—the world subduing
Till it blooms like Eden bright;
She must watch—his faith renewing
From her urn of Eden light.

Thus of her was promise given,
And by her the Savior came,
Man's first thought, first hope of heaven,
Mingles with his mother's name.

Never will he hear another
Word of human origin,
Which has power, like this of mother
To restrain his soul from sin.

As the wandering seaman turneth
Ever to one steadfast star,
So the mother's love-light burneth
O'er her son, or near or far.

To the Sabbath's holy altar
'Tis her hand that leads him first;
Oft the strong man's soul would falter,
But for faith in boyhood nursed.

When, her day of trial ended,
In the sheltering grave she lies,
Still with heaven her image blended,
Draws him upward to the skies.

Then the wife, in angel seeming,
Clasps his weary toiling hand,
With her love his lot redeeming,
Ever by his side to stand.

When life's flood of cares he bideth,
And dark clouds his vision fill,
She his sad eye onward guideth,
Where hope's sunshine resteth still:

Sunshine that is darkened never,
If our heavenly watchers come,
And they minister wherever
Pious woman has her home:

Their sweet tones her spirit heareth,
Their soft eyes illumine her path;
This is why so meek she beareth
Want and sorrow, pain and death.

Man, thy arm with strength is gifted,
And thy will the world can bind—
But, with power and pride uplifted,
Wouldst thou canonise the mind?

Grant thee learning, wealth, and talents—
Life immortal wilt they give?
'Tis the heart that holds the balance—
Love alone in heaven will live.

Ay, and love, o'er earth extended,
Must the sovereign sceptre sway,
Ere the reign of sin is ended,
Ere the just enjoy their day.

Thou who, calm, Heaven's will awaitest,
On thy heart these counsels bind:
Gentlest things work changes greatest—
Truth, when pure is ever kind.

Where a slave the woman liveth,
Slaves the mass of men must be;
Where no rest the Sabbath giveth,
Never can the soul be free.

Wouldst thou draw the angels nearer?
Make the woman's lot more blest:
Wouldst thou read Heaven's wisdom clearer?
Holier keep the Sabbath rest.

From the London People's Journal.

ON THE HARMONY BETWEEN SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

MANY of the best disposed and most religious persons have unfortunately imbibed an erroneous impression of the effect of knowledge upon the mind, and imagine that the general cultivation of the intellectual faculties, particularly when directed to scientific subjects, and those relating to the laws and objects of nature, conduces to weaken our reliance upon our great Creator, and to diminish those high principles of faith and confidence which the Christian revelation requires from us.

The error of such a mode of reasoning will be apparent by a few reflections upon the nature of these matters; and this consideration will be more necessary, because no opinion is so subversive of comfort—none strikes so deeply at the root of virtue, improvement and piety, as to suppose that the glorious works of God, and the unerring and wise laws by which they are governed, tend to weaken our dependence upon him, and our belief in his mighty attributes. Rather than this, the studies now under discussion conduce more than any other pursuit to increase our faith and confidence in Him, and to humble the pride and vanity of man, who thus learns how futile are his own efforts, and how limited is his own power, compared to that power which called all these into existence without effort and without premeditation.

The faculties, indeed, of the most powerfully-minded man, however much they may be called into exercise by study, judgment and analogy, is scarcely sufficient to understand the nature and structure of, much less to design and form the simplest and least complicated object of phenomenon which daily passes before his examination. This needs no proof; and a rapid glance around the works of creation will be more than sufficient to remove the prejudices which have been entertained against such studies.

What harmony exists throughout all created things! The face of Nature is the face of God! We see in every speck which floats in the sunbeam, in every animated atom which lodges in the rock, or is wafted onward by the breeze, the majesty and benevolence of a Deity, all so admirably formed and arranged as best to ensure their own existence and the benefits of man. Consider, in the animal world, how regular a gradation and perfect a harmony exists throughout; how admirably each conduces to the general welfare. Look at the wonderful structure and delicate anatomy of every species. Their life—what is it?—their instinct? their growth? their endurance? their decay?—We are sent to the ant to learn economy, and to the bee for industry and skill. The prowling lion and the towering eagle, the sluggish whale and the restless butterfly, have each an organisation distinct from each other, and yet nicely adapted to its respective wants and capabilities of employment.

Again—The mineral world opens to our view a fresh scene of divine wisdom. Upon and far beneath the surface a store-house is provided, of bodies subservient to our comfort, all arranged in systematic order, and formed with the most astonishing symmetry; not only the beds of coals and veins of metal, but beautiful crystals, brilliant stalactites, deposits of lime, of salts, of earth, of rock, formed by the great Creator, not only as a resting place for the foot of man, but to supply nutriment to the vegetable world, upon which man himself subsists.

'Link after link the vital chain extends,
And the long line of being never ends.'

Again—reflect on the vegetable kingdom! On the gate of the Botanic Garden at Upsal is written,—'Enter, for a God is here;' a remark and an invitation full of truth and piety. The green and beautiful mantle of vegetation which is spread over the earth, excites in the mind sentiments of delight and the fervour of adoration. Flowers, with their exquisite perfumes, their delicate and diversified colors, have been elegantly called the 'stars of earth,' and appear scattered beneath our very feet, as if to allure man to their contemplation.—'Consider the lilies of the field,' is a command of our blessed Savior himself; and it may be truly said that the meanest herb that studs the surface of the ground is a mark of the goodness of the Creator, a proof of his existence, and a hymn to His praise.

Not worlds on worlds, in phalanx deep,
Need we to prove a God is here;
The Daisy, fresh from Winter's sleep,
Tells of His hand in lines as clear.

For who but He who arched the skies,
And pours the day-spring's living flood,
Wondrous, alike, in all he tries,
Could raise the Daisy's purple bud?

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely spin;
And cut the gold embossed gem
That's set in silver gleams within.

Then fling it, unrestrained and free,
O'er hill and dale, and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks may see
In every step the stamp of God!

From the works of creation to the laws which govern them the transition is easy, and the effect of their study upon the mind, in impressing it with lofty notions of the divine attributes, is still more convincing. Upon gravitation alone depends the form and the relative distances, of the planetary bodies—So wonderful is this power, that it effects and restrains the course of the most distant planet, even of Herschel, acting at a distance of 1,800,000 miles; and yet it occasions the weight of a grain of barley or a speck of sand, equally regulating the minor circumstances of pressure and attraction, and all the mighty phenomena of the vast and ever-rolling ocean.

'The very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.'

Then, consider the phenomena which are attendant upon our atmosphere. Solar heat always radiating, yet never diminished; Light which travels at a speed far beyond our utmost conception, as much as 480 times round the earth in a single minute of time; and yet there are stars so distant that their light has not yet reached, though it has been travelling at the rate of 12,000,000 of miles per minute, even from the creation of the world. The immensity of space is far beyond our comprehension; and when it is remembered that this firmament is so thickly strewn with stars that 50,000 pass before the field of a telescope in a single quarter of an hour, and that each of these stars is a sun, diffusing warmth and brilliancy to its own system of planets, and that all these are probably in themselves worlds, inhabited by millions of animated, intelligent, and accountable beings like ourselves, we are bewildered by the very immensity of our thoughts concerning that great Being whose will could create, and whose power could regulate through eternity a universe like this.

After these remarks, will it be said that science is not in the most perfect harmony with religion, and that it inspires its votaries with self-love, and an impious aversion for piety and its author? Guard against the illusion, worthy only of the persecutors of Galileo and of Tasso. The man who is accustomed to examine the beauties of creation, who has read the simple book of nature, who sees upon every leaf that falls at his feet the impress of the finger of God, who can contemplate and find a charm in the contemplation of the infinite number of worlds that follow their prescribed course in the boundless extent of space, can have no other idea than that of the glory of the Creator, the grandeur of the divinity.

'Look round thee, man: observe the planets roll;

Inspect the universe from pole to pole;
Search but the bowels of thy mother earth,
To what unnumbered beings she gives birth.
Explore the deep, proud Neptune's dread domain,

Admire the wonders of his watery plain,
Try then thy skill, confess thy weak design,
Confess, and own the architect divine.
But doubting still, review the vaulted skies;

Where worlds on worlds to infinite arise;
Where the bright god of day corrects the storms,
And breathing soft the face of Heaven reforms:

Where Cynthia pale emits her feeble light,
And rules the realms of solitary night;
Where Hesper leads his starry train along,
Shining himself the brightest of the throng:
Trace all the paths in beauteous order trod
And say if chance directs them or a God!

Yet, hark! loud thunders rend the trembling sky:
Through bursting clouds the vivid lightnings fly:
Hear and behold these things, presumptuous man—
Then be an atheist, boaster if you can.'

DEATH-BED SUPERSTITIONS.

The practice of opening doors and boxes when a person dies is founded on the idea that the ministers of purgatorial pains took the soul as it escaped from the body, and flattening it against some closed door (which alone would serve the purpose), crammed it into the hinges and hinge openings; thus the soul in torment was likely to be miserably pinched and squeezed by the movement, on casual occasion, of such door or lid. An opening or swinging door prevented this, and the fiends had to try some other locality. The friends of the departed were at least assured that they were not made the unconscious instruments of torturing the departed in their daily occupations. The superstition prevails in the north as well as in the west of England; and a similar one exists in the south of Spain, where I have seen it practised. Among the Jews at Gibraltar there is also a strange custom when a death occurs in a house; and this consists in pouring away all the water contained in any vessel, the superstition being that the angel of death may have washed his sword therein.