

country. An awful feeling creeps over you.—When I first saw Jerusalem, I felt as if I stood before a dead body; in fact I cannot tell you what I felt, or how I felt, even the infidel experiences the same feeling. Is this Jerusalem where Christ lived and died, where he was mocked, scourged and crucified? Is this the birthplace of Christianity? You pause and think. You feel as if you were following some dear friend to the grave.

Let me now speak to you of the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. It was about the dome of that church that the late war commenced. It became dilapidated, and France and Russia quarrelled about which of them should repair it. It is still unrepaired. (The lecturer then proceeded to describe the relative position of the several places of interest within the church; the stone of unction, the pillar of flagellation were our Saviour was scourged just before his crucifixion—the place where his garments were divided—the cave where the cross was found, &c.; but as it is impossible to explain this without diagram, we are obliged to omit it.) This is the place where thousands of pilgrims come yearly to visit.—It is impossible to describe one's feeling on falling on your knees, (you do so involuntarily) on the stone of unction. You feel as if you were in the immediate presence of the Great Saviour of Mankind. You do not stop to think whether the localities pointed out to you are the places where the events described took place. It was foretold of Jerusalem that she should be a city of heaps, and it is literally fulfilled. Immense heaps of rubbish meet you every where. The church of England people when laying the foundation of their church, had to dig through a heap of rubbish 50 feet in depth before they came to the rock. It is peculiarly a city of heaps.

Suppose you enter a large town, and go into one house and find nobody there, then into another, and another, and so on, finding all empty. You go to the markets, to the halls, to the churches, and find them quite deserted nobody to be seen. Will you not be astonished? There is a town in Syria with its houses, theatres, columns, and gate-ways all there, but without a single inhabitant. That town is the wonderful Petra, the capital of Edom. The town is built at the foot of a hill, on a slope rising up from the valley. It was foretold of Edom that she should be made bare, and that no man should live in her. Can the fulfilment of this be all fiction? Can it be mere chance?

We come now to a point still more striking. It is quite a common saying among you to tell one another to go to Jerico. Well, you need not tell me that, as I have been there. The town no longer exists. Where Jerico once stood, the wild Bedouin encamps. It is an excellent site for a town for business, for commerce, for agriculture, and yet nobody lives there. You have read of the cluster of grapes which the spies which Joshua send forth, brought from the brook Eshcol. You talk of your grapes here. Why we would not call them grapes at all in Syria; we would not give them even to pigs. Our grapes are the size of a walnut, very juicy, and grow in great abundance. I remember my brother John and myself bringing home a branch one day on our way from school, which was so large that we were obliged to carry it home on a stick between us. Thousands of pilgrims visit Jerico every year, and it would therefore be an excellent place for a hotel. If a large hotel were built other houses and buildings would necessarily follow, and a town would soon rise up, but notwithstanding this, and all the natural advantages of the place, no hotel is built. Two American farmers went to Syria some years ago to settle. They went over the whole country, and visited Jerico, but finally settled, one of them at Etam, and the other at Jaffa. I asked them why they did not settle in Jerico. They said they did not know. I asked them if it were not a good place for business, if they could not have made money there. Oh yes, they said, plenty of money could be made there,—excellent stand for business. I asked them again why they did not settle there. Their answer was, "sir we cannot tell you why we did not settle there." But I can tell you friends. The Lord says cursed is the man that rebuilds Jericho." And no man dares to rebuild it.

You have heard of Sodom and Gomorrah.—They were destroyed by fire, and the Dead Sea now occupies the spot where they stood. The infidel says when you tell him this "do you think I am a fool, can fire become water, nor water fire." Well, no matter, you say, go into this Sea and have a bathe, you need not be afraid, you cannot sink in it. Well, he goes in, comes out again and begins to scratch himself. You say "what is the matter sir, why do you scratch yourself, water cannot become fire, water cannot burn." But he says "I am burning I am burning." "Nonsense," you say "who ever heard of water burning." Stephens says that long after coming out of the water he felt like a lamb resting over a slow fire.

Let us now come to the people of Syria.—They are still more interesting than the country itself. There ought to be three races of people in Syria,—the Canaanites, the Hebrews, and the Ishmaelites. Now, I am a native of Syria, but I cannot tell you to what race I belong. Our country has been overrun, over and over and over again. It has been reconquered, and each successive band of invaders has settled down in the country, and intermarried with its inhabitants. Suppose an Englishman marries a Frenchwoman, and a boy is the result,—that boy marries a Swedish

woman, and a boy is the result and so on through half-a-dozen different nations, and at last I am the result. Now of what race am I? I am sure I cannot tell you. I suppose you would say that I would be the cream of the whole lot, so I suppose the people of Syria are the cream of the whole world.

One of the most remarkable races is the Bedouine or Ishmaelites. They will rob you wherever they meet you, but still will indignantly repel the charge of being robbers. They consider that they are merely taking back the share in the property of Abraham, of which their father Ishmael, as they think was unjustly deprived by his brother Isaac. Still, with all his faults, the Bedouin is an honorable man. If you put your hand on the pole of his tent he will do everything in his power to serve you. If you have eaten bread and salt with him (their term for taking a meal with you) he will fight for you, and if need be, die for you.

We come now to the Jews. Their history is to us the most interesting of any. Syria was anciently the land of the Jews. But where is Israel now? What says the Bible of him "His feet shall carry him far off, he shall sojourn in a strange land, he shall be called forsaken, he shall be a servant to his brethren." The Israelite used to be like Englishmen of the present day. The Englishman, when he is on the continent, and has nothing particular to do, amuses himself by strutting up and down half a dozen times a day, calling out, "I am an Englishman, I am an Englishman." So the ancient Israelite used to exclaim, "I am of Israel, I am of Israel." There are few Jews now in Syria. The few that are there, are old men, who have come from other countries to die there. You ask me where are they? I answer, their feet have carried them far off, they are sojourning in strange lands. Mark the word sojourning. You will meet a Jew in Austria and ask him about the political state of the country. He will tell you, sir, I am a stranger. He is sojourning in a strange land. It is only in Christianized England that the Jew is beginning to feel himself not a stranger, and that is only a late occurrence.

This is a money loving age. Money will make the fool pass current in society. Gild the madman over with gold and nobody will believe that he is mad. If a man has plenty of gold he does not want brains. In this age

Copper pence are above common sense. But if a man be ever so wealthy, the moment you say he is a Jew, it is felt to be something against him. I remember once in a steamer in the Mediterranean, there was a gentleman, in whom, from his agreeable and gentlemanly manners, we all became very much interested. We went to the captain to find out who he was, and discovered he was a Jew. One repeated to the other with an expression of disgust on his face, "sir, he is a Jew," and elegant and gentlemanly though he was, we all kept aloof from him as much as possible. The Bedouin says he would rather be a hog than a Jew. The Mussulman says he would rather be a dog. I met a Bedouin driving an obstinate pig into Jerusalem. The Bedouin called out to him, cursed be thy father the son of a Jew, then, with another blow, cursed be thy mother the daughter of a Jew. Observe, it was the Jew whom he cursed all the time. It was foretold that Israel should be a servant to his brethren, and so he is, even as an usurer, what does he do but serve you. Provided you give him good security and good interest, he will give you the monish. He will serve you.

The bible is indeed true. Your bible is built on every rock in Syria. One word in conclusion. That Christianity which rose from poverty and degradation, has spread over the whole world, and wherever it has gone, it has produced freedom, science, and refinement. The Anglo-Saxon is now at the top of the pyramid. They tell me it is the Anglo-Saxon blood which is the cause of this. I do not believe it. Bleed me and you will find that my blood is as good as yours. You Anglo Saxons do not comprehend the cause of your greatness. We Syrians do. When years ago I saw in my own country the great ships of England, her goods all over Syria, and heard that she had sway over 200 millions of people, I thought she must have been a very extensive country, that she must spread from pole to pole. Well, when I went to London, and travelled from there all over England, Scotland, and Ireland in five days, I said to myself, can it be possible that this small island rules 200 millions of people.

I saw the tall chimnies of the manufactories of Paisley, Manchester, and Birmingham, where goods are manufactured for the whole world. Speak to the Bedouin of Birmingham, and he knows not what you mean, but the scimitar which he carries was made there.—The Syrian never heard of Glasgow, but the girdle which he wears is from that city. You find England's soldiers at Gibraltar the key of the Mediterranean. You meet her everywhere. She is, in fact, the policeman of the whole world. Whence has all this arisen? Three hundred years ago, England was a third-rate power. Even paltry Spain made her tremble at that time. You depended upon your commerce upon Flemish tubs (I call them tubs, for they were not ships). You were not free then. Remember Smithfield. Tell me that your blood has achieved all your greatness for you? What was your blood 300 years ago? Perhaps it was thin then, and has become a little thicker since? (a laugh). No, Sir, it was not your blood, it was the Bible of God, that has made England what she now is.—You cannot trace her supremacy one day earlier than the Reformation. Look at her

in the vortex of 1848, standing calmly with her arms folded awaiting the storm. The waves passed over her, but she stood firm and unwavering. It was not her Anglo-Saxon blood which preserved her; it was the Bible. Look at the triumphs of the Bible in the Society Islands. Thirty years ago the inhabitants of those Islands were savages. Twenty years since they became Christians, and now they build their own Churches and Schools, and contribute towards sending the gospel to the rest of the world. Mark also the spread of the Gospel in India, China, and Persia.

One word more. You must all die?—What will be your state after death?—Christianity is a reality. Oh! if I could shew you the terrors of hell! But, what says the word of God? "If they hear not Moses and the Prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." Go home, and reflect that your hearts will not beat forever—that there is an eternity beyond the grave? When you come to die, your wealth will not be of any benefit to you? Christianity cannot be a fiction. Your souls are bound to an eternity, either of bliss or of woe! Promise me that you will go home, and think of this for one half hour. Think of heaven, think of the terrors of hell, think of the love of Christ! I shall be amply rewarded for all my trouble, if you think seriously on these things for even one half hour. Your Christianity is true, powerful, and strong. Think of it! And now, friends, I will bid you good night.

## Communications.

To the Editor of the Gleaner, Sir—

In looking over some old manuscripts written by a dear friend—now, alas! no more—I came across the following. Should you deem it worthy of publication, you will probably hear from me again. Very respectfully yours, &c.,

PEREGRINE PICKLE.

### A SEA VOYAGE BETWEEN BORDEAUX AND THE ISLE OF FRANCE.

"The sea—the sea—the open sea!"

—Barry Cornwall.

"Alone—alone—all, all alone;

Alone on a wide, wide sea!"

—Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner.

It was with a feeling of the most heart-felt regret that I beheld the sun-painted mountains of Mauritius, "so wildly, spiritually bright," as Byron has sung of the stars—melting like poetic visions, into the golden haze of the morning horizon, those mountains which but six weeks before had refreshed my eyes, weary of the monotony of the deep. First, the rounded outline of the mountain of Discovery grew fainter and fainter, until it gradually vanished like a smoke-wreath in the brightening blue of the tropic heaven; then the thumb-bone sensibly disappeared; and, although Peiter Bot, the mountain giant, lifting his granite head amid the golden clouds, remained visible till noon to the naked eye, it soon required the aid of the telescope to distinguish his rocky crown 'mid the surrounding vapours.

What a flood of thrilling sensations rushed over my bosom, as the morning breeze, distending our sails, bore me away for ever from the palmy summer isle. How many sunny pictures blended in memory's glass, made me sigh for the luxuriant valley I was leaving for ever behind, like the colored gems in the Kaleidoscope, each falling into its appropriate place and producing a beautiful and symmetrical whole.—Pamplemousses, with its rural church, rich with the ivy garlands of a hundred years; its humble altar, before which a poet might fancy that Paul and Virginia—nay, all the charming family of which St. Pierre is the immortal father—may have breathed the acceptable incense of innocent and contrite hearts; the pastoral church-yard, with its aged negro guardian and his humble tomb—whose epitaphs are flowers—for what need of sententious epitaphs in so small a community, where the dead are numbered by their virtues alone! The mountain glen which fond credulity has chosen as the Arcadian scene of the Lovers' golden story; their supposed tombs, reared by the gentle hand of a lover of nature. Latimer's cottage, with its pleasure-grounds, its swan-loved river, shaded by old cocoa-trees, and its hospitable proprietor. Black River, and its silent bowers, so greenly beautiful; the busy mart and bustling streets of Port Louis, a mimic Babel, thronged with groups of men of all nations and of every creed, from the gaudily appareled Malabar to the garrulous Chinese; the negro groups dancing by moonlight among the palm groves; and that wild snatch of native music, which spoke more forcibly than words could do of a melancholy remembrance—a chastened regret for the fatherland over the "vasty deep," to which the poor souls believe they shall return in spirit when death has freed them from all slavery. But enough: I shall endeavour hereafter to paint you some of those charming pictures; for the vast, blue, spreading horizon of the deep is now before me, which like Blaze Pascal's comparison of eternity, is a circle whose circumference is everywhere, and its centre nowhere, spreading, still spreading away into immensity, as the hardy vessel—a mere speck on the vast waters—bounds onward in its adventurous course.—Adieu then, hospitable hearts, who received me so kindly at your plenteous boards! Farewell to your peaceful hearths! may they still prove to your children's children the altars of domestic love; and may they, inheriting your comforts, be heirs to your unassuming virtues.

The next morning by sunrise we sailed in sight of the sister island, Bourbon, which you are aware, is a French colony, and is little else than one immense mountain, sloping almost insensibly downward to the water's edge—the culminating point of which is the Salaze, of volcanic origin, and which has a very imposing appearance when seen from the sea. We caught a passing glimpse of the romantic town of St. Dennis, cradled at the foot of the mountain steps, the red chimneys of the sugar-houses sending up copious wreaths of silver smoke to the morning sun. But the delicate green of the sugar plantations soon faded into a greyish blue color; and by night-fall, Salaza, behind which the sun set in imperial splendor, might have been mistaken for a sunset cloud. And now we all felt that we were indeed "alone upon the wide, wide sea."

Sea-voyages have been so often described, that I shall not occupy your time with minute details, but shall mention what befel us, out of the common run of events. What care you how many passengers we had on board—that our bark was yeleft "the Olympus"—how many Sandaways we smoked per diem—or that drafts was our favourite game.

In three days more—on the 10th May, 18—, we sailed past the Southern extremity of Madagascar, and launched into the Gulf Stream, which, flowing in a S. S. W. direction, materially assists the navigator by advancing him, even against head winds, nearer to the Cape of Good Hope. But as Beranger sings, "the winds and the waves have changed," (he might have added the currents) so here we dropped suddenly into a calm, which lasted four weary days. What would we not have given for the sight of a single Albatross, the white robed herald of the Cape! But, instead of the gentle ocean-swan we were surrounded by shoals of blue sharks, disporting around our calm-chained bark, as if they had been the most innocent, harmless fishes known. We whiled away the sultry hours by ensnaring numbers of these ocean-tigers. I had heard much of their voracity, and meant to test it to the utmost; so, choosing one of the largest we had caught, I caused one of the sailors to put out one of his eyes, and attach an empty barrel to the strong oblong fin on his back. He was then thrown overboard, and was of course kept on the surface by the floating cask. I should have mentioned that his jaw had been previously shattered by the harpoon, in hauling him aboard, and that he had remained at least ten minutes out of the water, basking in the sun till his skin had become as dry as parchment. A large hook, baited with a tempting piece of pork, was now thrown overboard, and he was almost instantly hauled on deck again, to the great delight of the sailors, who bear the voracious monster a mortal, and easily explained antipathy. The shark in question was, when first caught, completely covered with clusters of parasite fishes, of a glossy black color, varying in length from four to ten inches. Their generic name is Echenais, and most of the specimens which we procured were of the Echenais Remora. By means of a very complicated sucker, they attach themselves firmly to large fish, such as the whale and shark, and of course, like many a courtly favorite, perish with the lord who pampered them. You may have read that Marc Anthony attributed the loss of the naval battle of Actium to this tiny fish, numbers of them having been found, after the day was lost, attached to the sides of his vessels.

There is nothing more disheartening to a real sailor than along calm between the tropics; and we fully shared their feelings.

"Blow, gently blow, thou keel-compelling gale;"

But let me paint you an ocean picture:—

It is noon. The sun, God's visible representative, is reigning over the solitude of waters, seated on the stupendous sapphire dome of noon;—(you can form no adequate idea of the grand proportions of a tropical sky). A few filmy, silver clouds wander as if they had lost their way through the blue expanse. The ship is rocking herself asleep, on the bosom of the deep,

"As idle as a painted ship,  
Upon a painted ocean."

Two or three birds of the tropics are swimming overhead (for they seem rather to swim than fly), guided in their airy evolutions by their long tails, composed of single feathers, generally of a white colour; like the rest of their plumage, but often of a rich scarlet.—Fleets of nautili, like Lilliputian navies, are lying at anchor on the tide, waiting, like us, for the breeze, surrounded by myriads of polypi, which, seen through the crystal medium, cause the waters to show like a tulip garden. Now, a few reeds from the shores of Madagascar float lazily past the vessel's stern, and shoals of young pilot fish, striped like zebras, are sporting in their shadows, preying on the shell-fish attached to their golden rinds. Now a shoal of dolphins glide past, causing the eye to ache at the brilliancy of their varied colours—beautiful revellers of the deep! as they cut their way along, arrayed in greater pomp than Sennacherib and his host ever put on, gleaming like molten fragments of the rainbow.

"Mine eyes with sudden tears outburst,  
And I blessed them unawares."

There is a lazy phantom on the look-out; you can see him glide at about a foot under the surface, silently as the shadow of a cloud—it is the blue shark!—but the voracious prowler is balked of his glittering prey. Allow me to paint a solitary flock of sea swallows:—Just where yon purple spot is "deepest in dye,"