

Jerusalem and surroundings.

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 city of the living, whence he sprang to his upper throne my hope spreads its wings 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 a 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. To-day is Good-Friday, observed where the bones of the patriarchs rest. The Catholics and the Episcopalians accord partial exception made in favor of the Prince of Wales has not been repeated; and so we saw 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 dramatically enacted in the Dead Sea, according to custom in the Great Church—a performance too 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. Beyond this the satisfaction is not large. 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; and the Jews are moaning and sniffling their breasts with their look upon the stones of the ancient city, second wall, and read the passages that speak of the stream as turbid like the Tiber or the Mississippi, glory which is no longer theirs. Next Sunday the plunge in it was thoroughly refreshing, and will be Easter, and then the living tide, will be the Greek party will. Our stay at the modern village near the site of the old hold out the attraction of the Holy Fire, ancient Jericho is not to be described now; but and keep another Easter a week hence.

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 ampler accommodation. All nationalities appear; the number of different tongues heard may suggest Babel or Pentecost; and the one great feature marking the costumes is variety. All sorts of faces look out upon you from those that embody solidity, to such as the weak, the feeble, the blind; there is nobody 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 downcast eyes; here was a soulless plodder, and copy 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 eminent man; 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 privation—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.*

I hardly need to say that the country about the Holy City is uneven, rough, rocky and most uninviting. It is all in an eminent degree. Some of the valleys are pleasant and fruitful; the husbandman sows his seed or the shepherd keeps his flock on the green hill sides; some of the mountain slopes are terraced from base to summit, and are beautiful with vineyard or fig, peach, or olive; but a large portion of the face of the country exhibits only a stunted vegetation which struggles for life among the stones, or sucks up vitality by constant effort from what earth it can find in the crevices of the bare limestone rock. There are no forests, as in New England, stretching away to the horizon, or crowning the loftiest hills with verdure; and the western prairie, rolling, luxuriant, vast and fruitful, has no prototype here. Care, labor, and some skill are required to make this land flow with milk and honey; heedlessness and neglect would soon give over its most fruitful and beautiful parts to sterility and desolation. The capacities of the soil are large, but left to itself the garden would speedily change to desert.

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 narrative are illustrated, confirmed and invested with a meaning and a reality which they never before possessed, as I read them where their 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

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 us 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."

Signed in behalf of the
Milton Baptist Church.
(WHITMAN FREEMAN.
Committee. EDWARD KEMPTON.
R. G. FREEMAN.)

MILTON, June 26th, 1866.

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, afford 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 best satisfied when your principles 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, 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 years' 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.

AMOS WEAVER.

For the Christian Messenger.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

MRS. MARGARET ANN BURHAM.

Wife of Deacon James F. Burham, of Halifax, and only daughter of Joseph and Eliza Irish, formerly of Falmouth, Maine Co., died March 26th, 1866, in the 43rd year of her age. From her childhood Sister Burham 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 Burham 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. Burham, and removed with him to Halifax, where she spent the remainder of her life. Soon after their removal to Halifax, Mr. Burham made a profession of religion, and both united with the North Baptist Church in the city. During her residence in Halifax, Sister Burham 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 doubt

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 B. 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."

The writer feels much pleasure in subjoining an extract from a note kindly sent by the Rev. Doctor Pryor who visited sister Burham in her last illness. He says, "As there was no Pastor of her own Church, I was asked to visit her, and I must say, it was a great privilege to me to be with her during her last illness. She was very happy in her God and Saviour, expressed an entire acquiescence in the will of her heavenly Father, and left all things in his hands. Calm in the prospect of her departure to her Saviour, she committed her soul to him, who she was assured had redeemed her by his blood. This sweet feeling of confidence and unwavering trust continued all through, until at last she breathed her life out with the peace of God on her soul. She sleeps in Jesus and is blessed!"—*Com. by Rev. J. Stevens.*

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.

MRS. ELIZA BLAKENET.

The beloved wife of Mr. William Blakenet, died at Jeddore, July 2nd, 1866, aged 48 years, leaving a large family, and a large number of friends to mourn their loss. Our departed sister, having obtained a "good hope, through grace," was baptized, with a number of others, in 1843, by Rev. James Parker, and joined the Baptist Church at Jeddore, of which she remained a consistent member till called home to her "Father's house" in glory. She was respected by all who knew her, and consequently a large number of friends were present at the time of her interment, on which occasion a discourse was delivered by the writer, from Rev. xiv. 13.—*Com. by Mr. James Meadows.*

For the Christian Messenger.

Extracts from the Letters read at the Central Baptist Association.

Cornwallis First writes:—"The progress of the cause of Christ, wherever and under whatever circumstances it may be noted as taking place, is always a source of happiness to the members of Christ's body, but more particularly so when occurring amongst those with whom we hold frequent intercourse; and our hearts have thrilled with joy as we have perused the various accounts of revival in our sister Church. In recalling however the events of the year now past in relation to our own progress we have occasion for very different feelings. True there has been the absence of jarring, or strife, or contention; peace and good will amongst the members have been manifest; the ordinances of God's house, and the public services of the sanctuary have been observed and attended; the prayer meetings have been sustained; and the Sabbath Schools in connexion with the Church have been in successful operation, one of them all through the winter. But with all these incentives to gratitude, there has been too much of a spirit of indifference, too little zeal, and labor, and earnest believing prayer; and as a consequence we are under the necessity of reporting no accessions to our numbers. Another fruitful source of sorrow is found in the continued illness of our dear Pastor, who, for several months has, by the afflictive providence of God, been prevented attending to his loved but laborious duties. The promises of God, which he has so faithfully and affectionately presented to others, are now his support, and he is enabled by the grace of God to manifest resignation to the Divine Will. May the prayers that are offered for his restoration come up with acceptance before him who is the righteous disposer of all events."

Pastor REV. A. S. HUNT.