

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLeod,

"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST." Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.

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NEW GOODS.

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A NEW YORK LAWYER'S LETTERS FROM EPHESUS.

BY HENRY DAY, ESQ.

At Smyrna we met the first railroad train in Asia. To the traveller over the rugged and almost impassable paths of Palestine, it is delightful to sit on a cushioned seat again, and be whirled away in an hour as far as a whole day's journey would bring us on horseback. But it is strange how this one product of modern civilization—a railroad—will destroy the dreamy illusions of antiquity which gather over all these sleeping Eastern nations. At the sound of the rushing train the shadows of great heroes, such as Paul, Darius, Alexander and Cleopatra, die away affrighted. Even the lofty mountains, which have seen the rise and fall of empires, the shock of contending armies, seem to look down upon us in dismay as we roll along at their feet, desecrating the sacred stillness in which they have shrouded themselves for centuries. The railroad translates you in a moment from the dreamy Past into the living Present, from Asia to America, and annihilates by one shrill whistle thousands of miles of distance and centuries of time.

A railroad is a great civilization. It teaches the people to think, and to ask questions, and to reason, and people who think and reason will soon emerge from barbarism. Were I to prescribe the means by which to civilize and Christianize Africa in the shortest time and with the least money, I would say, 1st, build a railroad and telegraph across the continent from ocean to ocean; 2nd, establish schools in every village on the railroad, and teach the Bible in them; 3rd, preach the gospel.

The great command is *Go, preach the gospel*. But we must go first, and as I understand it, go, in these days, means or implies the building of railroads. This certainly provides the most efficient means of going into all the world.

In all Eastern countries you can almost see the effect of a railroad on the public mind. You see a business activity. Every one striving to better himself and look out for himself, thinking and acting for himself, the contact of mind with mind, and learning from others. All these indicate a certain intellectual development which you look for in vain among the people who have slept and dreamed of nothing new for ages.

Ephesus is situated about fifty miles from Smyrna, on the Cassaba River. You are able to go there and back in a day, and accomplish in one day what ordinarily in this country requires a week. The route is beautiful, winding along down green valleys between the mountains, the scenery being very much like that of the Erie Railroad in Sullivan county, N. Y. Every traveller should, if possible, visit Ephesus, for it was once a mighty city.

Its colossal Temple of Diana, and as one of the "seven churches of Asia." It is fragrant with the beloved names of Paul and John, who labored here. Here Timothy and Luke lived and died. Here, too, we remember the labors of Apollos, Tychicus, Trophimus, Aquila, and Priscilla. Though not a house remains or living being inhabits this once renowned city, yet we delight to see where such men lived and died, and where a Christian church once stood worthy to receive that glorious Epistle of Paul to the Ephesians.

Ephesus, in its location and surroundings, was very much like Athens. It had its Acropolis, called Mount Pryone, around the foot of which the city was built. It had wide and fertile plains, extending on each side from this central mountain, and these plains were again shut in, girded around by distant chains of mountains. The city itself was about three miles from the sea, with which it was connected by the River Cayster and an artificial harbour. Standing on Mount Pryone, the Acropolis of Ephesus, you can take in the whole of the ancient city at one glance.

To the west, about three miles, you get a glimpse of the Mediterranean and the Gulf of the Cayster, near which is Miletus, where Paul was when, on his last journey to Jerusalem, he sent for the elders and overseers (bishops), as they are also called, Acts 20, 17-28, of the Church of Ephesus, and took his last and most tender farewell of them. You can almost see that picture, one of the most touching in Scripture, where the little group gathered on the sea-shore, the vessel waiting in the harbor, where they all knelt down around the aged Apostle as he lifted up his hands in prayer, and when they arose and fell weeping on his neck, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spoke, that they should see his face no more. On the plains before you, on every side, extended for miles the ancient city. All its great temples, Agora and Gymnasiums, excepting the Temple of Diana, were built around the base and up the sides of Mount Pryone. Extending around the foot of the mountain was a broad, paved roadway, in which may be seen deep ruts cut by the chariot wheels. By the side of this road ran a colonnade or covered portico, supported by marble columns. The most noticeable ruins which now remain stand in front of you on the west side of the mountain. They consist of immense piles of masonry, standing in some places fifty feet above the ground, and made of large blocks of limestone. The marble which adorned them has been carried away to build neighboring cities and beautiful temples in other lands. Columns from Ephesus are in St. Sophia, Pisa, and other great buildings, the Gymnasium, the Agora, the Stadium, etc. Here is the great theatre in which it is supposed the mob assembled when Paul would have entered into unto them. It had a diameter of 360 feet, and would contain about 25,000 spectators. The great Stadium would hold about 70,000 persons. On the east side of Mount Pryone, at its base, are the remains of a most chaste and beautiful building, supposed to be the tomb of St. Luke, from the fact that on the marble door-post are distinctly to be seen the Bull and the Cross, the em-

blems of St. Luke. It is a circular building, about fifty feet in diameter, and adorned by sixteen columns and pilasters, and was probably covered by a dome. This beautiful building stood in the centre of a quadrangle one hundred and fifty feet square, which was surrounded on all sides by a marble colonnade. The whole of this quadrangle was paved with large slabs of white marble. Under several of these were found graves.

The supposition of Mr. J. T. Wood, who is now directing excavations at Ephesus, and from whom I derived many facts here stated, is, that St. Luke was first buried within the city, and that in the course of time, when Christianity became popular at Ephesus, the Christians were authorized to build this beautiful mausoleum in the city and deposit his remains under it in a vault which will not now be disturbed. Three bishops of the church also appear to have been allowed the privilege of burial within the sacred shrine.

The Odeon, or Lyric Theatre, was on the south side of Mount Pryone. Its five front entrance doors are still visible, also the marble seats and steps of the orchestra, and there are still to be seen beautiful polished syenite columns, which were brought from Upper Egypt, five hundred miles above Cairo. From this building was taken, some years since, a statue of Euterpe with the seven-stringed lyre, to be transported to England. The vessel was wrecked, but afterwards raised, and the goddess, somewhat the worse for her salt bath, has found her home in England, but has left her lyre with the mermaids of the deep.

But the great interest of Ephesus centres around the Temple of Diana. For many years no one was able to fix its location. It was generally thought to be near Mount Pryone; but nothing could be found to identify it. In 1860 Mr. Wood, in excavating on the east side of Mount Pryone, discovered a paved road, forty-five feet wide, with deep ruts, and a colonnade on each side. By following up this road, which led about one mile north of Mount Pryone across the plain, he discovered, on Christmas Day, 1860, the site of this great temple. The pavement of the temple was found thirteen feet below the present surface. Bases of the columns, six feet in diameter, and with grooves large enough for a man to walk in, may be seen lying where they fell fifteen centuries ago. Most of the columns have been carried away to construct mosques, aqueducts, and other buildings. It is surprising how little of the marble and material of this wonder of the world is left on the site.

The foundation of the temple and of its colonnade are fully uncovered, but the work of excavation is going on in the hope of finding more tangible remains at some distance from the site of the temple. So much of the remains of this magnificent temple had been carried away before the filling up of the plain, that no mound or elevation whatever on the surface indicated the site.

The whole vast plain of Ephesus has been filled up and filled up to the depth of twelve or fourteen feet with rich soil, and where once stood one of the most magnificent cities of the world, are now growing crops of barley, waving as high as the shoulders of a man. This filling up has all been accomplished since the destruction and removal of the ruins of the Temple of Diana, for very few remnants of the temple are found beneath the surface. Probably this fourteen feet of soil has been deposited within fourteen or fifteen centuries.

As you look from Mount Pryone upon the smiling fields below and around you, you can scarcely be persuaded that here once existed a thriving and populous city, renowned for its opulence and magnificence, adorned by temples, gymnasia, and theatres which were the wonder of the world. No sign of life now appears over the whole scene except one sheepfold in the base of the ancient temple.

You ask yourself, Why should Smyrna and Athens exist to this day, while Ephesus is buried in ruins? Did she merit and receive the curse of the Apocalypse—"I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of its place, except thou repent?"—N. Y. Observer.

UNJUST SUSPICIONS—A TRUE STORY WITH A MORAL.

BY REV. THOMAS STREET.

In nothing do we so show our want of self-control, as in our disposition to charge others with fault, because we have no other explanation for mysterious occurrences. We conclude that others are untruthful when no solution but this presents itself. We lose valuable, and at once think they are stolen. The charity that "hoped all things" is a rare virtue. A man once sold a dog to a neighbor with the assurance that he was a good sheep-dog. The purchaser returned him, saying he was useless for that purpose. "Well," said the former owner, "he must be good for something, and I have tried him for everything else but sheep, and as he failed, I supposed that the care of sheep was his vocation." On the same principle we conclude that those near us are dishonest, because we cannot account for our losses on any other theory.

A story is told of a banker who missed a hundred-pound note from his safe. He had placed it there himself. No one had access to the safe but a confidential clerk. The clerk was charged with the theft, but declared his innocence. He had long served the banker; no suspicion had ever before attached to him. But the money was gone, and how else could it have been removed? He only could enter the safe, therefore he must have stolen it. Circumstances were against him, so he was dismissed. The charge hung over him. He could obtain no other situation, and finally died in disgrace and poverty. Years afterward the safe was overhauled for repairs, and there, behind the drawer from which it had slipped when placed by the owner, was the hundred-pound note. Yet, every one at the time believed him guilty, because no other reason could be found for the disappearance of the money. Similar experiences are constantly occurring.

Some years ago I went to a neighboring city to perform a wedding service. I received a fee of fifty dollars. It was a soft note, placed inside a small, delicate envelope. I returned home in the evening, and laid the envelope containing the note upon the bureau of my bedroom. No one was in the room but my wife and one servant, who had been with us for years, and was implicitly trusted. In arranging the room she took up the note and asked about the wedding. Making some playful remark about the fee, she laid it out again on the bureau. In a few moments she went to her own room, and we saw her no more again that night. The other servant was in the kitchen. She did not, to our knowledge, enter our room at all. The children were in the adjoining chamber asleep. Two friends who were visiting us were in another part of the house. Turning down the light, and closing the door, we left our room for an hour's chat with our guests. When we returned the note could not be found. It was certainly there when we left. Nothing else had been disturbed—but the note was gone. Thorough search was made for it; everything in the bureau was carefully examined. The floor was swept—the clothing shaken out. The closet scrutiny revealed nothing. Near by an hour was spent in the search, but all in vain. The girls had long since retired; the children had not awakened; save the friends in whose company we had been, no one else was in the house. No one could have entered it without our knowledge. Here was a mystery: what could have become of the note? It could not have been made with itself. Such a noteable suicide was impossible! Could one of the girls have slipped into the room during our absence and stolen it? We were too sure of their honesty to entertain such a thought. But, there was the stick—how else could it have disappeared? With uneasy thoughts we gave it up for the night.

The next morning the search was renewed. Every part of the room and everything in it was carefully examined, with the same result as before. We questioned the girls and the children. They affirmed positively that they had not been in the room or seen the note. The loss was nothing beside the mystery. Not a word of suspicion was expressed, though it was hard to refrain from thoughts. Down stairs we found the girls in great distress. Though unaccused, they felt that circumstances pointed to them as the guilty ones. We assured them that we had all confidence in their integrity, and concluded to await revelations.

Later in the day I determined to solve the mystery if possible. I shut myself in the room and went at it with the precision of an experienced detective. I found at length a small cutting at the base of the chimney fire-board. Removing the board, I discovered a mouse-hole between the brick floor and the wall. I then got a chisel and pried up the brick, and lo, underneath it was the envelope with the note inside! The gun was eaten off, the envelope crumpled up, but the note was intact! The story was now plain enough. During our absence from the room, the mouse had come out seeking what he might devour—had climbed up the lace curtains beside the bureau, attracted by the seed in the bird-cage above, had jumped on the bureau—found the small cutting at the base of the chimney fire-board. Removing the board, I discovered a mouse-hole between the brick floor and the wall. I then got a chisel and pried up the brick, and lo, underneath it was the envelope with the note inside! 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