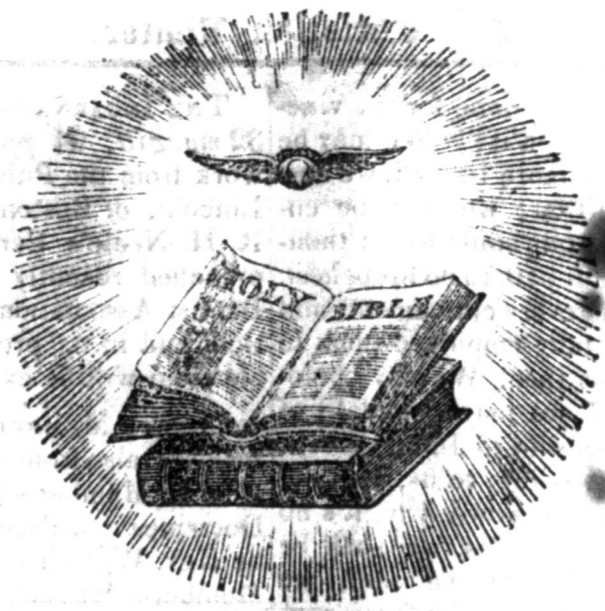


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REV. E. D. VERY,

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THE DOOMED MAN.

The following lines (says the N. O. Presbyterian) are from the pen of one who occupies a high station in the North, and whose talents and attainments have long since placed him in a rank with most distinguished scholars in the nation. Without his consent, or even his knowledge, we insert this fine production—believing that the solemn warning it conveys may be blessed to the good of souls.

There is a time, we know not when,
A point we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men
To glory or despair.

There is a line by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Or pale the glow of health.

The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirits light and gay,
That which is pleasing still may please,
And care be thrust away.

But on that forehead God has set,
Indelibly a mark,
Unseen by man, for man as yet,
Is blind and in the dark.

And yet the doom'd man's path below
Like Eden may have bloomed;
He did not, does not, will not know
Or feel that he is doomed.

He knows, he feels that all is well,
And every fear is calmed;
He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell,
Not only doomed, but damned.

O! where is this mysterious bourne,
By which our path is crossed;
Beyond which God himself has sworn,
That he who goes lost?

How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end? and where begin
The confines of despair?

An answer from the skies is sent;
"Ye that from God depart!
While it is called to-day, Repent,
And harden not your heart."

[From the Courier and Enquirer.]

SCENES IN THE EAST.

Jerusalem, May 28th, 1849.

A Journey from Damascus to Jerusalem.

Visit from a Village Sheik—the source of the Jordan—the Lily of the field—Joseph's pit—the Sea of Galilee—the Town of Tiberias—Mount Tabor—Nazareth and the house of Joseph and Mary—Mount Carmel and the cave of Elijah—the Plain of Sharon—first view of Jerusalem.

After a delightful sojourn of five days in Damascus, we saddled our horses and packed our mules for Jerusalem. We rode out southwards down an uncultivated plain to the little village of Katana, which we reached in five hours. Here we pitched our tent in the inclosure of a khan, or in simple English phrase a barn yard; nevertheless not a king in Europe slept that night more luxuriously than we.

A ride of eight hours the next day, up rugged hills and through rocky gorges, brought us to Hadda, a little village of the Druses,

nearly 8,000 feet above the sea, and situated directly under Jebel Sheik, one of the loftiest mountains in Syria. We encamped near the house of the Sheik of the village, and after dinner he paid us a visit. He was a swarthy fine-looking man of about fifty, attired with a large white turban, a large jacket of sheepskin, neatly dressed with the wool on, loose Turkish trousers, a large blue outer robe, and red Turkish slippers. We received him with much respect, gave him coffee, and through an interpreter, engaged him in conversation. One of his first questions was to know if it was true that the French had driven away their king. He hoped that the English would soon take possession of Syria, and free the people from Turkish oppression. His own little village, though wretchedly poor, had to pay an annual tax of 1,200 piastres, (about \$300,) and though the severe cold of last winter had killed their sheep, ruined their crops, and reduced his people to great want, not a para of the exaction had been abated. They received little protection from the Government and were constantly suffering from the predatory incursions of the Bedouins. He pressed us much to come to his house and partake of his hospitality for the night. Though the Druses are pagans, we were much charmed with their simplicity and kind disposition.—The women are much less pretty than the Christian women of Lebanon, but, like them, wear a thick veil, suspended over a silver-chased horn, some twenty inches in length, which is secured by a band to their forehead.

Early next morning we shook hands with the Sheik, who was up to bid us farewell, and continued on our way over a broken country, until we came in view of the remarkably lovely plain of Banias. We past a huge old Roman castle situated a little off the road, but did not visit it, as we were told it was a hold of robbers. Descending to the plain, we pitched our tent in the pretty village of Banias, under a clump of olive trees. The villagers of all classes soon flocked around, soliciting us to buy old Roman coins, which are dug up in great abundance in this region. After dinner, we went to a large silk worm establishment in the neighborhood: we were admitted with great reluctance, since the worms were at their most delicate stage, and it was feared that the presence of Franks would have upon them a malign influence. Indulging the prejudices of the keepers, we remained but a few minutes, yet came away much pleased with the order and neatness everywhere exhibited. After sunset three wandering gypsies, old and ugly, came to the tent, and struck up a kind of wild chaunt accompanied with the beating of cymbals and tom-toms. The people gathered around, among them the Sheik of the village, and seating themselves on the ground in a circle, kept time to the music by clapping their hands, as in Scripture days. Our muliteer and cook stationed themselves in the middle, and "tripped the light fantastic toe" with extraordinary spirit and agility. Fun and frolic was the order of the evening.

An hour's ride the next morning carried us to the source of the Jordan. The river takes its rise from several very large fountains, which gush up in the midst of a tangled thicket of brambles, hollyhocks, and honey-suckles. It has nothing of the tiny beginning of other rivers, but at once starts into life a stout, dashing stream. We bowed down and with true pilgrim reverence drank of the sacred water at its very source. Keeping down the plain, we passed several encampments of Bedouins, about which large droves of camels and horses were feeding, and in the afternoon we pitched our tent at El Huleh. This place consists of nothing whatever but an old mill, yet it has a prodigious population—of mus-

quitoes. The vicinity abounds with a species of lily, which probably furnished our Saviour with his incomparable illustration. It is two or three times as large as the ordinary lily.—The ground of its upper petals is of a purplish straw color, and that of the lower of the richest dark velvet, but the whole is variegated with the most superb tints and gorgeous hues. It has something imperial in its bearing, and in all presents a display of matchless splendor, truly surpassing "Solomon in all his glory." This flower, I believe, has never been seen in America; it is rarely possessed in Europe, and is there regarded as an invaluable prize.

The next day, after a ride of a few hours over a finely cultivated country, we reached the place where, they say, Joseph was confined by his brethren. It was a subterranean cistern some 15 feet in depth and 10 in breadth, and nearly closed over at the top. It was faced with stone, and contained a small spring of excellent water. It was situated near an old ruined stone khan, and was evidently of great antiquity. We were not much inclined to allow its high claims, but took none the less pains, out of interest in the memory of the son of Jacob, to get a drink of the water.

Again mounting, we soon came in view of an object whose title to our profoundest veneration was unquestionable. The Sea of Galilee burst upon us with all its natural beauty, and all its thrilling associations. It is a fine unbroken sheet, twelve miles long and six broad, with shores of great boldness and regularity of outline, and envired with magnificent mountain scenery. The waters which once shrank before the rebuke of Divinity were now merrily flashing in the declining sun, and sporting in the freshening breeze.—We rode up the banks of the lake to the town of Tiberias, and pitched our tent near a hot spring famed for its medical virtues. Tiberias was built by Herod, and was anciently one of the principal towns of Galilee. Its walls were once very strong and imposing, but are now considerably dilapidated. The present town is extremely miserable. The houses are wretched, and the people are ragged and dirty, and sore-eyed and pitifully flea-bitten.—The place contains a college of about two thousand Jews, who are anxiously awaiting their Messiah, who, they suppose, is to come from Capernaum on the opposite shore of the lake.

We left the Sea of Galilee with regret the next morning, for its short acquaintance had won my admiration. Four hours carried us to Mount Tabor, the reputed scene of the Transfiguration. It is a beautiful isolated mountain, rising like a regular mound from the surrounding plain to the height of some 2,000 feet. We ascended on foot, and on the top found a large grassy meadow, charmingly shaded with oak trees. It was a lovely retreat, and a more fitting place for the sacred transaction which here transpired could not be imagined. On the extreme summit were ruins of extensive fortifications, which appeared to have had their origin in the middle ages.—After a further ride of three hours over a highly cultivated country, we suddenly came in view of Nazareth, situated among palm trees on the opposite hill side. It was a lovely sight, and as we approached, the gentle breeze wafted to our ears the silvery tones of the convent bell, the first of such sounds we had heard in Palestine. The convent claims to be built over the very dwelling of the parents of our Saviour, and we were soon knocking at its door for admission. A monk appeared and ushered us into a handsome chapel, in the centre of which a broad flight of steps conducted down to a little apartment whose hoary walls certainly bespoke great antiquity. This, we were told was the ancient room where the annunciation

was made to the Virgin Mary. A pillar was shown, by the side of which the virgin was sitting when the angel appeared. It once supported the roof, but had been broken transversely by the Turks, and nearly half of it carried off to Constantinople as a memorial of the spot. The room was ornamented with a fine altar, images, crucifixes, paintings and burning candles. We were also taken into a little adjoining apartment, called the Virgin's sleeping room. It was without furniture, but contained one or two paintings and an altar. Both of these rooms were considerably below the present surface of the ground, and undeniably were very ancient. We were next conducted to another part of the town, to the ancient carpenter shop of Joseph. A part only of the original building remains—an inclosure of burr stone walls about 4 feet wide and 8 in length. It also contained a Catholic altar. We had little faith in these localities. This, however, mattered not. It was enough for us to know that we were on the spot where the world's Redeemer passed his sinless childhood and youth, and were treading soil once familiar with his stainless feet. Nazareth is built of hewn stone, and is the prettiest village I have seen in Palestine. Its inhabitants are fine-looking and well clad, and are proud to call themselves Christians. But the fact that we were obliged to hire an armed soldier to guard during the night our tent, which was pitched at the edge of the town, and that all travellers are subjected to a similar necessity, is no very flattering testimonial of their honesty.

Early the next morning we were again mounted. We deviated from the usual route to Jerusalem in order to visit Mount Carmel, and engaged the soldier as a guide, thus increasing the number of our retainers to six.—We proceeded directly west over a level and finely cultivated region, and in the afternoon reached the shore of the Mediterranean. We pitched our tent near the small town of Caifa, and just under the mountain so closely identified with the life of the prophet Elijah. Mount Carmel is the abrupt termination of a long range of hills, and it rises 1,800 feet above the sea, which washes its base. Its sides are destitute of trees, and present a tame and unpicturesque appearance, which much disappointed us. On the top of the mountain is the celebrated Convent of the Carmelites, built from monies obtained of the faithful in all parts of the Old World, by the untiring exertions of the Italian monk, Jean Baptiste. It is a large stone building, surrounded by a strong wall to defend it from the Bedouins and the wild beasts. Over it floated the banner of France, whose protection it receives. We rode up to the Convent by a good road cut in the hill-side, and were received with great courtesy by a monk wearing a leather scapulary, and a coarse cowl girded by a rope, and heavy shoes without stockings. He first took us into the pharmacy, and gave us a specimen of the wine of the mountain, and also essences and perfumery manufactured by the community. We were then conducted into a large splendid chapel, ornamented with many fine paintings, which were presented by kings and nobles in Europe. We descended a short flight of steps below the altar, and stood in what is called the ancient grotto of Elijah.—It was a rocky cavity some seven feet square, with regular sides, smoothed by art to perfect evenness. It contained a waxen image of the prophet, and, like all the holy places of Palestine, an altar and burning candles. We afterwards ascended to the flat roof of the convent, and gratified ourselves with a fine prospect. Eastwards, stretched far away in the distance, the lovely plain of Sharon waving with fertility; westwards, the purple waves of the Mediterranean heaved with oceanic