

The Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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Select Poetry.

From the National Era

MAUD MILLER

BY JOHN G. WHITTYER.

Maud Miller, on a summer day
Raked the meadow sweet with bay,
Beneath her torn hat gazed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

The sweet maid died, and a vapor rose
And a perfume lingering filled her breast—
A wish, that she had died to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rose slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his bowler's chestnut mane.
He drew his hat from the shade
Of the apple-tree, and gazed at her.

And she, a thought from the spirit that flowed
Through the meadow, across the road,
She stooped for his cool spring beaded up,
And filled for him her small tin cup.

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare and her tattered gown.
"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;
He talked of the hay, and wondered whether
The dew in the meadow was good for weather.

And Maud forgot her bow-torn gown,
And her graceful tattered hair and brown;
And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-looked hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.
Maud Miller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
That if the Judge's bride might be!"

"He would dress me up in silk so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.
My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should be a nation's poet."

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.
And I'd feed the hungry and feed the poor
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Miller standing still.
"A fairer more fair, a face more sweet,
Never had it been my lot to meet."

And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.
"Like her, a harvest of hay,
Would she were mine, and I to-day."

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary labors with endless tongues,
But low of cattle and sons of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sister, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold,
So, closing his eyes, over his head
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the heavens smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love tune;
And the young maid nestled beside the wall,
Till the rain on the matted cover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dowry,
Who bred for fashion, as he for power.
Yet off, in his marble hall and bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go.

And sweet Maud Miller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.
Oh, when she saw in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayward wind instead;

And closed his eyes on the garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover bloom.
And the proud maid sighed, with a secret pain
"Ah, that I was free again."

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maid raked the hay,
She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain
Led their traces on heart and brain.
And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,
In the shade of the apple-tree again,
She saw a rider down the lane.

And, gazing down with a dimpled grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.
Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Struck away into sunny halls;

The wavy candle to a spinnet turned,
The tallow wick an altar burned,
For her him who sat by the chimney-jog,
Doing and grumbling of pipe and jug,
A many form at her side the saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."
Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repinner and household drudge!
God pity them both; and pity us all,
Who wander the dreams of youth recall.

For all of words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been."
Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes.
And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from the grave away.

A Sketch for Farmers.

THE BORROWED TOOLS.

BY ANTHONY C. SULLIVAN.

Samuel Thompson and Nathaniel Holmes were both of them farmers, and they were also near neighbors. Their land was situated upon a beautiful ridge, and was strong and productive. In the natural capacity of the soil, there was an excess of water of difference in the two farms, yet they bore a very dissimilar aspect after they had been worked a number of years. Mr. Thompson's buildings looked neat and tidy. His doorway was clean, his windows were whole, his barn was neat and warm, his orchard looked thrifty, and the trees carefully dressed and pruned. Now Mr. Holmes had no more family to support than had his neighbor, but yet his house and out-buildings, and the rural aspect of his farm, were very different. A few rags were to be seen in spots where there should have been panels of white; various things were kicking about in the yard that should have been in other places, there were large cracks in his barn, through which the rain and snow sometimes beat; his apple trees were scabbed with old bark, and the vines were disfigured by scraggy, dead limbs.

Mr. Holmes' wife, however, was a different matter. She was always at home, and her husband never how it was that his neighbor push-

ed things along smoothly, and kept everything in such excellent order.

"Ah, Thompson," said Holmes one day in the spring, "you've come up to the door of the former, 'have you got an inch sugar?'"

"Certainly," returned Thompson, "I couldn't get along on a farm without one."

"I wish you would lend it to me a little while. I have delayed sowing my grain for two days because my harrow was broken, and I had no tools with which to mend it."

"I will lend it to you with pleasure," said Thompson. And then, as a sudden thought seemed to strike him, he added:

"They tell me, Mr. Holmes, that you lost one of your cows yesterday."

"Yes," returned Holmes, with an uneasy look, "one of the best cows I had."

"How did it happen?"

"She broke her leg!"

"Broke her leg! How pray?"

"Why, you see the floor in my tie-up had got rather worn out and shaky, and the night before last she got one of her legs through it, and slipped the bone off like a pipe-stem, so I had to kill her."

"Ah, Mr. Holmes, these things we farmers ought to guard against. A very little labor at the proper time would have saved all that."

"I know it," said Holmes, with a downcast look; "and I should have fixed the floor long ago if I had had the tools. But it is no use crying about it now. What's done, can't be helped."

"That was always a source of great consolation to me, Mr. Holmes. When a thing was done, he tried to feel satisfied with the reflection that it could not be undone, though he seldom laid up the experience for future use. Mr. Thompson turned towards the shed door, and led the way up into a neat, light chamber, and Holmes followed. Here was a stout bench, all fixed for hand saw, and upon it was a full set of planes, saws, gages, mallets, hammers, etc., while in a small rack against the partition were arranged, and overhead hung, some half dozen different sized augers. In short, there was everything here that a man could possibly use in building and repairing about the house."

Mr. Thompson took down an inch auger, and handed it to his neighbor, and as he did so remarked:

"I haven't seen your son Thomas about for two or three days. Is he sick?"

"Well, not exactly sick, but he's got a very bad foot. He's stepped on it. He trod on an old rusty nail in the barn floor, and it went into his foot some way."

"Where, that's bad!" uttered Thompson, with a sympathetic shudder. "I never allow my boys to be around much barefooted. I have found that the ticks and bruises generally come from that side leather, aside from the comfort and safety."

"O, Thomas wasn't barefooted, but you shoe. I meant to have carried it down to the village and had it mended, but I forgot it."

"Ah, friend Holmes, I save all such difficulties as that. I always keep a little leather by me, and when there is a little tapping or patching to be done I can fix it up in a few minutes. All these things can be done during rainy days, when I might otherwise be lying idle."

"Well," returned Holmes, "I suppose I could cobble a shoe well enough if I only had the tools; but it takes quite a collection of implements to fit up a cobbler's bench. However, what a doer you are! I guess Thomas will be out in a day or two. But I must hurry off now, and fix my harrow."

"It took Mr. Holmes nearly all day to fix his harrow, so that he had to postpone the harrowing of his land till the next morning, and when he at length got his grain into the ground, he was just five days behind his neighbor Thompson. His son was confined to the house over a week, and during that time he had to hire an extra hand, which cost him about four dollars, besides the doctor's bill he had to pay."

When it came laying time, he had to buy new rakes, because the old ones had gone to rack and ruin. Perhaps they started with the loss of a few teeth, or the breaking of a bow, or perhaps even the head might have got broken, and this, instead of saving a good handle, led, and making the proper tools, he was obliged to buy new rakes entire. So in all the departments of his business, he was constantly meeting with obstacles that retarded his progress, all for the want of a few simple tools.

One rainy day in the fall, after the harvesting was completed, Mr. Thompson was in his tool chamber making some apple boxes, when his neighbor Holmes entered.

"Mr. Thompson," said he, "after that I had watched the movements of his neighbor's fore-place a few moments, 'how much did that sled of yours cost? I must have one this winter.'"

"O, that cost me nothing. I made it myself during some of those rainy days we had just before harvesting. I got the timber out when I hauled my wood last winter; so the job came easy."

"Well, neighbor Thompson," said Holmes, "after some time spent in hard study, 'I don't see how it is that you get along so. Your farm don't produce any more than mine does, and I'm sure you don't work so hard as I do. Your wife don't make any better butter or cheese than mine does; your sheep don't bear better wool; your bees don't make a better honey. You raise more fruit than I do, to be sure.'"

"But I have no more trees," said Thompson.

"No; but then your fruit was of a better quality, and finds a ready market."

"Certainly," because I have grafted in the best species. My trees were the same as yours twelve years ago, and with regard to other matters, I think if you will look about the two places, you will find in many respects mine is most productive. My cows give more milk than yours do through the winter, because they have better shed room and a warmer barn. I raise more pork than you do, because my pigs, and pig houses are tight and warm, and then I am inclined to think my beans are more luscious than yours do, for my hives are in better order, and I may raise more corn than you do, but I guess the rats and squirrels don't have such easy entrance to my grain chambers as they do to yours."

"Perhaps you are right," muttered Holmes, with a crestfallen look; "and I suppose you are laying by money."

"Certainly I am—one or two hundred dollars every year."

"Why, so much as that?" uttered Holmes, with a look of surprise. "Why, I can't lay up a cent."

"Let me give you a bit of a secret," said Thompson, in a kind, neighborly tone, as he laid his plans upon the bench. "Last summer you bought four new axes and a pitchfork. Now, how much did they cost you?"

"Let's see; the rakes came to twenty-five cents a piece, and the fork came to a dollar."

"Well, now, my fork handle got broke accidentally last winter, and so did some of the rakes; but I immediately took such parts as were good and brought them up here, and then at my first leisure opportunity, fixed them up. There were two dollars saved—Now you have nothing to do to-day?"

"No, it rains to-day."

"And yet you see that I am at work. Now, how are you going to get your apple boxes?"

"Marston is going to make them for me, and I am going to give him a barrel of good apples."

"There are two dollars more. Now if you hire a sled made like mine it will cost you twenty dollars. That will be sixteen dollars that I have laid up while you have been able to do nothing. Now let us see how that sixteen dollars will multiply itself. You sold your wool last spring as soon as you had sheared your sheep?"

"Yes—I had to, for I needed the money."

"How much did you get?"

"Thirty cents a pound."

"If you had sixteen dollars by you in ready cash, you wouldn't have been obliged to have sold it?"

"No," returned Holmes, whose eyes were beginning to open, "I could have squeezed along with that sum."

"Now, continued Thompson, 'I sold my wool yesterday, and they sent me your pound and took it. I got forty-two cents a pound for it. I had one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and by reckoning it over after I had sold it, I found I had made just twenty dollars—that is I had obtained just twelve cents more on the pound than I should if I had been obliged to sell when you did. So you see how these little things multiply themselves.'"

"And this all comes of your having tools to work with," said Holmes, in a subdued tone.

"Mostly," returned Thompson.

"Well, if I had the tools, I might save a good many small sums in the course of the year; but I never had any money to spare for them. Why, the tools you have here and in the house over and above your farming utensils must be worth fifty dollars?"

"Just about that sum."

"I don't fear I shall have to scrape along with borrowed tools. I can never spare such a sum as that."

"You don't understand the secret, Mr. Holmes. I have got my dollar tools and bought them gradually. I have had every tool on my premises with my own money."

"Gooe money?" reiterated Holmes, in blank surprise.

"Yes," returned Thompson, with a slight smile, "with my own money. Now I'm not going to give you a temperance lecture, for you are as well able to judge for yourself as I am; but I am going to give you a little principle of economy, so that you may occasionally take a little spare, and whenever I would go to the village, which was usually twice a week, I would drink two or three times as much as I did when I had no good, and that it was a habit that might grow to a big evil. As near as I could calculate, the spirits I had used cost me on an average twenty-five cents a week."

"Yes, every cent of it."

"Well, I commenced on the first of January to lay up my own money, and with that disposition came a peculiar desire to commence saving in other ways, and I soon found the means of stopping up many more gaps in my financial affairs. I saw how much might be saved if I could only do some work which was obliged to pay for, and to this end I commenced buying such tools as I thought would come most handy. At the end of the first year I found myself the owner of thirty dollars worth of tools, and it all came from the money I might have drunk up. I felt stronger and heartier than I did the year before, and I felt much happier, for I knew that I was laying the foundation of future good."

"Time passed on, and my twenty-five cents a week kept coming in. It was now a saw, then a hammer, then another, then a new auger, then a bit-stock and bits, until in eleven years I have not only collected an excellent variety of tools, but I have drawn directly from my own funds nearly a hundred dollars besides; but the value of my tools cannot be estimated in money, as I have already shown you. They are not only a source of great profit, but they are also a source of an invaluable degree of comfort. A small gap in a man's business affairs may send a trifling thing at first, but it is like a hole in a dam that confines the high waters of the lake. The smallest insignificant stream will be sure to grow mightily larger, and unless soon stopped up the pure waters of the lake will ere long lose themselves in the neighboring streams. I believe, my friend, in giving up grog, I have not sacrificed one single comfort. Now don't you think you would feel as well without it? Compare the products of your own money, with the products of mine."

"Mr. Holmes made no reply, but poked deep down into the shavings with his list, as though he expected to find an idea there."

"Thompson," he said at length, "I wish you had explained this to me years ago."

"I was afraid it might offend you, for to touch upon a man's private affairs is at best a delicate matter."

"I know it," but Nathan Holmes is not a man to be offended with his friend for kind admonition and instruction."

"Well," said Thompson with a look of extreme gratification, "it is not too late now to commence, and if ever you have an opportunity to take advantage of the market, and fifty dollars will be of any use to you, I will lend it to you with pleasure."

"Mr. Holmes thanked his friend with moistened eyes, and shortly afterwards he went to his own home. The next day he went to the village, but instead of bringing home his little brown jug, he brought home an auger, and he felt really proud when he found himself as well up with one of his own tools."

The winter passed away, and when spring came Holmes found himself the owner of six dollars' worth of tools, all from money that would have been worse than wasted had he not bought them. But this thing operated in many ways for good. Now that he had the ability to fix up his buildings without borrowing tools, he began to take a degree of pride in them he had never felt before. He built a new shed for his farming utensils, fixed his windows, fixed up his benches and roofed them over, lighted his barn, and during the rainy days, he found himself with plenty to do. His children never wear worthless shoes now, nor do his cows break through the barn floors, but he is a happy, thriving, contented farmer. His cows give as much milk, his bees make as much honey, his chickens hold as much eggs, and he gets as much money from his wool as does his neighbor. Thompson, and all this because he stopped his grog and bought his own tools, and left off depending upon his neighbors for what he ought to do for himself.

And the mother arose, and took from a closet a small sum of money.

"This," she continued, "is all I have; if any of this is spent for toys or plays, I shall not have any to buy shoes for you nor for me, and by this I know the Christ-child deems it best for me to be content with what is most necessary, and to give up the pleasure of buying you beautiful golden fruit and colored tapers."

"Could I not do without shoes?" asked Frantz.

"I would go so many errands for the old cobbler, that he would mend my old ones, and oh! if that would make it right!"

"And I should I do without shoes?" asked the mother.

"Frantz looked down at the worn out shoes she had on, and again his heart was full.

"Oh! no, mother; you must have shoes. But oh! how happy the boys must be whose mothers have shoes, and can give them Christmas trees, too!"

Long did Frantz lie awake that night, and ponder over all that his mother had said, and at last a thought sprang into his mind. It was not wrong to ask the Christ-child for what we wish, if we will only patiently bear the withholding. He would ask for the tree. But how? His mother had told him that the Christ-child was ready to answer and always grant. Frantz would write his heart's wish in a letter, and direct it "To the Christ-child."

And early in the morning, Frantz wrote the letter, and when he met his mother, his face was once more the gay bright face of old; for in his pocket was the paper which seemed to him a warrant of coming joy, and in his heart was a feeling very like certainty that his wish would be granted; yet he did not speak of it. It was his first, his glad, darling secret, and should be a great surprise to his mother. So he only looked joyful and kissed her, and she laid her hand on his head, and said how glad she was to see her boy so patient and cheerful once more.

Frantz did many little acts of kindness and industry that day, for his heart was a fountain of hope and love; and he wished to help every one. But by and by, he did not forget to drop his precious letter in the post office.

When the postmaster came to look over the letters, of course he was much surprised at this one of Frantz's, with so strange a direction; but in a moment he saw that it was in a child's hand, and he opened the letter.

"Good Gracious Child, I am a poor little boy, but I have a good mother, who has taught me many things about you; and she has said that you are kind and good, and love little children, and delight to give them gifts, so that they are not hurtful ones. Now my mother is kind to me, and would like to give me all I want, but she is poor, and when I asked her for a Christmas tree, she could not give me one, because she is so poor. I hope I am not a bad boy, I am sure my mother does not think I am; and if it is not best for me to have the tree, I will try to be patient, and bear it, as a good boy should; but I don't see what hurt a large Bible, or warm clothes could do to my poor mother; so if you may have the tree, Oh! please give her those, and I shall be so happy."

Frantz, with the simple, childish innocence of the little postmaster put it in his pocket. Where he went home he found a rich lady there, who had come to tea with his wife; and at the table, when all were assembled, he drew forth the letter of little Frantz and read it aloud, telling how the poor little fellow would wonder at never getting his tree, or never hearing of his letter again.

"But he may hear of it again," said the rich lady who had listened carefully to every word. "There is so much goodness of heart in the poor boy's love for his mother, that he will deserve to be rewarded. He may hear of it again."

So the lady remembered the name of the boy; indeed she asked the man to give her the letter, which she did, and by its aid she found out where Frantz lived. From some of the neighbors she heard how poor they were, and how little Frantz helped his mother all day, cheerfully, and was the best boy in the neighborhood; and that Mrs. Hoffman had not even the money to buy shoes for that her landlord had raised her rent, and she had to give the little sum laid aside, to him, and the lady thought to herself that it would not be likely to spoil so good a boy by a beautiful tree; so she had one brought to her house, large and full of leaves it was, and she bought all kinds of beautiful and useful things to hang on it, and beautiful rose-colored tapers, to be placed among the branches, and for her mother, and the tree were laid up for her mother, and a pair of thick blankets, and a purse of money, (for the lady knew that poor Mrs. Hoffman must have many wants of which she could not know; and she wanted her to supply them by means of the purse), and best of all, Frantz was a large Bible.

If Frantz's dream had suddenly turned into reality, it could not have been more beautiful.

So day after day went on, and though Frantz knew not the face of his letter, he never doubted that all would go well. It was pleasant to see the sun-shiny face with which he greeted every morning, as one nearer to heaven, and when at last Christmas morning came, bright and clear, there was a lighting, bounding heart in his bosom, and a leap in his blue eyes, that made his mother smile. And though she scarcely knew where their next meal was to come from, the wheel kept on turning, and Frantz set with his eyes fixed on the blue sky, as though he almost thought his expected tree would drop down from it.

Suddenly a low knock was heard at the door, and a voice asked—

"Is little Frantz Hoffman here?"

Frantz almost flew to the door.

"Is the little maiden, who asked for him, told him to come with her, and his mother must come too."

Soon, very soon, was the little party ready, and the little maiden led them along gaily, to a handsome house, whose door she pushed open, and they entered in.

"How lightly tread Frantz along the passage, for his heart whirled round to him. At the door stood a door just ajar, and as the girl pushed it open a blaze of light streamed out. Frantz caught his mother's hand, and drew her forward, exclaiming—

"It is my tree—my tree! I knew so well it would be ready!"

And sure enough, there stood the shining tree, all bright with lighted tapers, and laden with sparkling fruit, and on high was an image of the beautiful Christ-child, holding out his hand and smiling so lovingly, and below was written:

"FOR FRANTZ—BECAUSE HE LOVES HIS MOTHER."

The Trabellet.

THE LAND OF THE SARACEN.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

The New York Evening Post, gives the public the following taste of Bayard Taylor's new book:

APPROACH TO JERUSALEM.

But when I climbed the last ridge, and looked about me a sort of painful surprise, Jerusalem did not appear. We were two thousand feet above the Mediterranean, whose blue we could dimly see far to the west—through patches in the chain of hills. To the north the mountains were gray—desolate and awful. Not a shrub or tree relieved their frightful barrenness. An upland tract, covered with white volcanic rock, lay before us. We met passing caravans, who looked, to my eyes as if they had just left Jerusalem.

Still forward we urged our horses, and reached a ruined garden, surrounded with cactus, over which I saw some dead walls in the distance. I drew a long breath, and looked at Frantz. He was jogging along without turning his head; he could not have been so indifferent if that was really the city. Presently we reached another slight rise in the rocky plain. He began to urge his panting horse, and at the same instant we both leaped the spirit into cars, dashed on at a break-neck gallop, round the corner of an old wall on the top of the hill, and lo! the Holy City! Our Greek jerked both pistols from his holsters, and fired them into the air, as we reined up on the steep.

From the description of travellers, I had expected to see in Jerusalem an ordinary modern Turkish town; but that before me, with its walls, fortresses and domes, was not still the city of David? I saw the Jerusalem of the New Testament as I had imagined it—Long lines of walls, crowned with a notched parapet and strengthened by towers; and a few domes and spires above them; clusters of cypresses here and there; this was all that was visible of the city. On either side the hill sloped down to the two deep valleys over which it hangs. On the east, the Mount of Olives, crowned with a chapel and mosque, rose high and steep, but in front of eye passed directly over the city, to rest far away upon the mountains of Moab, beyond the Jordan. The city was the purple of those distant mountains, and the hoary gray of the nearer hills. The walls were of the dull yellow of weather-stained marble; and the only trees, the dark cypress and moonlit olive. Now, indeed, for one brief moment, I knew that I was in Palestine; that I saw Mount Olivet and Mount Zion; and I know now how it was, my sight grew weak and all objects trembled and wavered in a watery film. Since we arrived, I have looked down upon the city, from the Mount of Olives, and up to it from the valley of Jehoshaphat; but I cannot restore the illusion of the first view.

A BATH IN THE DEAD SEA.

I proposed a bath, for the sake of experiment, but Francis endeavored to dissuade us. He had tried it, and nothing could be more disagreeable; we risked getting a fever, and beside this there were four hours' dangerous travel yet before us. But by this time we were half benumbed, and soon were floating on the clear bituminous waves. The beach was fine gravel, and shelved gradually down. I kept my turban on my head, and was careful to avoid touching the water with my face. The air was moderately warm, and gratefully soft to the skin. It was impossible to sink; and even while swimming, the body rose half out of water. I should think it possible to drive a short distance, but prefer that some one else would try the experiment. With a log of wood for a pillow, one might sleep as on one of the patient mattresses. The taste of the tongue like salt-petre. We were obliged to dress in all haste, without even wiping off the detestable liquid; yet I experienced very little of that discomfort that most travelers have remarked. Where the skin had been previously bruised, there was a slight smarting sensation, but my body felt clammy and glutinous, but the bath was rather refreshing than otherwise.

THE JEWS IN JERUSALEM.

The native Jewish families in Jerusalem, as well as those in other parts of Palestine, present a marked difference to the Jews of Europe and America.

They possess the same physical characteristics—the dark, oblong eye, the prominent nose, the strongly marked cheek and jaw—but in the latter these traits have become harsh and coarse. Centuries devoted to the lowest and most degrading forms of traffic, with the endurance of persecution and continually—have greatly changed and vulgarized the appearance of the race. But the Jews of the Holy City still retain a noble beauty, which proved to my mind, their descent from the ancient princely houses of Israel. The forehead is loftier, the eye larger and more frank in its expression, the nose more delicate in its prominence, and the face a purer oval. I have remarked the same distinction in the countenances of those Jewish families of Europe whose members have devoted themselves to art or literature. Mendelssohn's was a face that might have belonged to the house of David.

On the evening of my arrival in the city, as I set out to walk through the bazaars, I encountered a native Jew, whose face will haunt me the rest of my life. I was sauntering along slowly, asking 'is this Jerusalem?' when I lifted my eyes to the metropolis of Christ! It was the very face Raphael had painted; the traditional features of the saviour, as recognized and accepted by all Christendom.

The waving brown hair, partly hidden by a Jewish cap, fell clustering about the ears, and almost framed in the purity of its outline, the serene, child-like mouth was shaded with a slight moustache, and a silky brown beard clothed the chin, but the eyes, shall I ever look into

such orbs again! large, dark, unathomable, they beamed with an expression of divine love and divine sorrow, such as I never before saw in human face. The man had just emerged from a dark archway, and the golden glow of the sunset reflected from a white wall above, fell upon his face. Perhaps it was this transfiguration which made his beauty so unearthly; but during the moment that I saw him, he was to me the revelation of the Saviour. There are still miracles in the land of Judah. As the dusk gathered in the deep recesses, I could see nothing but the ineffable goodness and benignity of that countenance; and my friend was not a little astonished, if not shocked, when I told him, with the earnestness of belief, on my return, I have seen Christ!

A BATH IN THE GEBESARITH.

We unwisely our turbans, kicked off our baggy trousers, and speedily released ourselves from the barbarous restraints of dress, dipped into the tepid sea, and floated lazily out until we could feel the exquisite coldness of the living springs, which send their jets from the bottom. I passed on my back, moving my fins just sufficiently to keep my head and gazing dreamily through half-closed eyes on the fallen palms of Tiberias, when a whirl voice called me with: "O Howadi; get out of your way!" There, at the old stone gateway below our tent, stood two Gallean panjoles, with heavy earthen jars upon their heads.

"Go away yourselves, O maidens! I answered, 'if you want us to come out of the water.' But we must fill our pitchers, one of them replied. 'Then fill them at good and be not afraid; or leave them and we will fill them for you.' Thereupon they put the pitchers down, but remained