

The Democratic Advocate.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

WESTMINSTER, MD. SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1873.

VOL. VIII.-NO. 36.

Poetry.

A Curious Literary Production.

The following is one of the most remarkable compositions ever written. It evinces an ingenuity peculiarly its own. The initial letters spell "My Boat is in the Glorious Cross of Christ." The words in blue, when read on the left hand side from top to bottom, and on the right hand side from bottom to top, form the Lord's Prayer complete: Make known the gospel truth, our Father king; Yield up thy grace, dear Father from above; Know us with hearts which feelingly can sing; "Our life thou art for ever, God of love." Assume our grief to love for Christ, we pray Since the Prince of Heaven and Glory died, Took all sins, and suffered the penalty. Infinite being, first man, and then was crucified. Stupendous God! thy grace and power make known In Jesus name let all the world rejoice, Now labor in thy heavenly kingdom own— "That blessed kingdom, for thy saints the choice, How vile to come to thee, all our cry; Remember us with love, and all our shame; Gracious our will, we live for vanity; Loathing the very being, evil in design— O, God, thy will be done from earth to heaven; Rejoicing on the joyful yet to live, In earth, from sin delivered and forgiven. Oh, as thyself, but teach us to forgive; Unless in power temptation death destroy, Sure in our fall into the depths of woe; Carnal in mind, we have no glimpse of joy Bailed against Heaven; In us no hopes we know. O, give us grace and lead us on the way; Shine on us with thy love, and give us peace. Self, and the sin that rise against us, stay. Oh, grant each day our trespasses may cease; Forgive our evil deeds that oft we do, Convert us daily from the paths of shame; Help us with heavenly bread, forgive us, too, Recurrent lusts; and we'll adorn thy name. In thy forgive us, we as sinners can die, Since for us, and our trespasses so high Thy Son, our Savior, died on Calvary.

Popular Tales.

THE SEALED WILL.

"Do you suppose, mamma, in case the money goes from me, that it will be given to you?"

"Dear child, how can I ever guess? Your aunt, remember, is your father's sister, not mine; so it is scarcely likely she has thought of me. I am afraid the heir in the sealed will is John Garland."

"Mamma!"

"It is only guess-work, dear."

"But he is so unfit to have the responsibility of money; a man known to be a gambler and a drinking man, if not an actual drunkard."

"Very true. Yet he is the nearest relative your aunt Jessie had, excepting only yourself."

"I can scarcely think Aunt Jessie would leave him fifty thousand dollars."

"My dear, she has left it to you, her niece and namesake."

"But upon the condition that I shall never marry. If I do, the sealed will in the hands of her lawyer is to be opened, and the money pass from me to the heir or heirs named therein. You must know me well enough to be sure that the money would never tempt me to break my engagement; yet for your sake I wish—Oh, why did Aunt Jessie leave it to me at all?"

"Do not think of me. I can live as we have done since father died. But, Jessie," said Mrs. Markham, face looked grave and sad, "there is one view of the matter you do not take."

"I dare say there is fifty. Remember we have now had only an hour or two to think, since the letter came from the lawyer. But what is the view you mean?"

"Charlie."

"Charlie?"

Jessie's large brown eyes were opened to their widest extent as she repeated the name, adding:

"Why, I haven't thought of anything but Charlie!"

"But—! mean—dear me!" said the mother, shrinking from uttering her own thoughts. "You know, dear, you have always considered your aunt's heiress; and Charlie is young, and only commencing the practice of his profession, it may be that he will—"

"Be false to me for the sake of money?" interrupted Jessie, with the rosiest of cheeks and brightest of eyes. "We will soon test that," and she drew a writing table to her side. "I will send him a copy of the lawyer's letter, and—here her voice and eyes softened—"the assurance that Aunt Jessie's will will make no difference to me."

Mrs. Markham made no objection to this step, but after the letter was signed, sealed and dispatched to the village by Polly, the only servant of Mrs. Markham's household, she called Jessie again to her side.

Over the fair sweet face of the young girl there had crept a shade of gravity and perplexity since the arrival of the lawyer's letter, that clouded the brown eyes and gave the sensitive, mobile mouth a firmer pressure than was quite natural. Life had not been all sunshine for Jesse Markham, yet hers was one of those buoyant natures that find the silver lining for every cloud, and coax some sweetness from every bitter dose. Her father had been dead six years, and his business affairs having been complicated in some way not comprehensible to feminine intellects, his widow and child found themselves reduced to an income that barely covered the necessities of life. They left the city, and took a small cottage in the small village of Merton, where Mrs. Markham soon procured a class of music scholars, and herself gave Jesse lessons in the higher branches of English studies, German, French and music, till, at eighteen, her daughter also procured a few pupils in languages. They were very happy in their mutual affection, and in the love of their pupils, and the cares of their little household.

It had been understood from the time Jessie was a tiny baby that she would inherit the fortune of her maiden aunt, for whom she was named, and who came from the city every summer to spend a month or two in the little cottage, always bringing pretty presents to brighten the home of her brother's widow, and lavishing tender affection upon her niece.

Yet though Jessie herself had known of her aunt's supposed intention, neither she nor her mother had ever made calculations upon a fortune dependent upon the death of one for whom they felt the warmest affection, and the idea that others could

influenced by it was a new thought to the young girl.

She had given to her betrothed, Charlie Seaton, the first love of her young heart, believing his love was all her own. In the six years she had lived at Merton, child and maiden, Charlie Seaton had been her devoted admirer from the first, and had recently finished his course of law study and been admitted to the bar. His fortune, inherited from his father was very small, barely covering his expenditure for board and clothing; but he was energetic, industrious, and without brilliant talent, a clear-headed, intelligent student, promising to make a capable lawyer, if not a shining light at the bar.

Answering her mother's call, Jessie nestled down in her favorite seat at her feet, saying, sadly:

"If Charlie was influenced by any hope of Aunt Jessie's money, mamma, it is better to know it now. I had supposed we would have to wait for our wedding-day until he had some practice, and you know I have a little sum of my own toward first expenses. We could live here and—there, I will not think of any more till the answer comes to my letter."

"While you wait, my dear," said her mother, "shall I tell you what I think is the explanation of your aunt's singular will? You, who know her only as the gentle, sad woman of her later years, can scarcely imagine. I presume that she was once as bright, hopeful, and sunny-tempered as yourself. I think it is to save you from her own sorrow that she has taken from you the power of giving wealth to a mere fortune-hunter. She would have you wedded and won for yourself alone, and as she has never positively said you were to be her heiress, she has probably never supposed Charlie biased by that hope. Still, dear, it is possible."

"Yes, it is possible," said Jessie, slowly, "but tell me about Aunt Jessie."

"Your grandfather Markham, Jessie, was one of the leading merchants of New York, when your aunt, his only daughter, was introduced into society. Your Uncle Hoyt was in good practice as a physician, your father doing then a fair business, and already married and in his own home."

"It was therefore, with the name of an heiress that Jessie danced through her first season, a careless, light-hearted girl, very pretty, and accomplished enough to make a pleasing impression wherever she went. She was but a little over twenty when she became engaged to Stanley Horton, the most fascinating man in all our circle of friends. Not only handsome and talented (and he was both), but possessing in a remarkable degree the courtly polish and winning grace of manners that go so far toward gaining a woman's heart, the absorbing love that Jessie felt for him seemed mutual, and congratulations were the order of the day, when your grandfather failed. From a man of wealth he became actually poor, and, losing energy and hope, he came with Jessie to share our home. Stanley Horton, the man we all supposed to be a devoted lover, was fully aware of the change in Jessie's prospects, yet he continued his visits, making no abrupt, ungentlemanly desertion of his betrothed. Yet we, who watched her with the jealousy of affection, soon discovered a change in her. She became pale and sad, often tearful, till finally she confided to me that Stanley was evidently weary of her, and had ceased to love her. Even then she attributed the change to some defect in herself, not seeing the mercenary motive till later, when time had taken the glamour from her eyes and heart. She gave him back his ring and promises, thus accepting the position his unmanly conduct had forced upon her, of herself breaking the engagement between them. The first love of her life was the last. She was your grandfather's comfort until he died, and then went to keep house for Hoyt, who lost his wife and baby one year after his wedding-day. When he died he left her the house and money, and she lived there till she died. Still I know she loved you, and I am quite sure her will is not designed so much to keep you single as it is to win the disinterested love of your future husband."

There was a long silence after Mrs. Markham concluded her story, and Jessie allowed her head to rest in her mother's lap, under her caressing hand trying to picture a future of easy competency shared by the companion of her life. It had its bright side; there was still love and happiness for her yet. And then a bright face crowned with curly brown hair would come before her, and she knew that the handsome horse or the comfortable income could ever fill her heart if Charlie left an aching void there.

Suddenly, like a gust of wind, there swept into the little sitting room, a tall, broad-shouldered young man, in a gray trowel suit and slouch hat, which latter article found a resting-place upon the floor, as the young giant brooded himself before Jessie in an attitude of grim defiance that sent thrills of glad music into her heart.

"Will you have the kindness, Miss Markham," said the intruder, towering in his six feet of manhood over Jessie's low seat, "to tell me what you mean by that absurd letter Polly handed me? Was it not fully understood that you and I were to share this cottage with your mamma until I attained sufficient legal education to warrant the purchase of a brown-stone front in New York? Was I not deluded into the belief that your presence in the culinary department of our establishment was to reduce our expenses to the limits of our present income? Was it not represented to me that my present board was sufficient to meet the requirements of two in this domicile? In the month of March, in what way was I ever led to suppose that the fortune of your spinster aunt was to influence in the slightest degree your matrimonial relations in regard to myself? I pause for a reply."

Jessie stood up, her hands meekly folded together, and her happy eyes downcast till the long lashes kissed her cheek.

"Please forgive me this time, and I'll never do it again," she said; and then the laugh dimpled her cheek, danced in her eyes, and rippled out clear and sweet upon the air.

"Oh, Charlie! Charlie! I know you never thought of Aunt Jessie's money."

"And you," said Charlie, holding her off at arm's length, "you can have it all if you give me up."

"As if I loved money better than you," said Jessie, nestling now in the strong arms wrapped closely around her.

It seemed, however, as if Charlie was actually afraid of the money that was so temptingly near Jessie's grasp, for he commenced a series of interviews that bore entirely upon the subject of an immediate marriage.

"What is there to wait for?" he would ask, and then enter upon calculations of his present expenses and those of the future, proving most conclusively that there was a decided saving for both in uniting their incomes.

"You remind me," said Jessie, "of the Dutchman who said he could almost support himself alone, and it was a pity if two of them could not do it entirely."

But though she laughed at him, Jessie was quite willing to admit the force of his reasoning, and one bright June morning, six months after Aunt Jessie's death, there was a quiet wedding in the village church, and a breakfast in the cottage for a few chosen friends. Among these was Aunt Jessie's lawyer, for the will stipulated that the sealed codicil was to be opened at Jessie's wedding if she preferred love to money.

The bride was a little paler than usual when, with a solemn face, the New York lawyer broke the big red seal. Visions of John Garland holding drunken revels in her aunt's house flitted across her mind, and then she looked into Charlie's face, and over her own crept an expression of perfect content.

The will was opened and found to contain only a letter directed to Jessie, and a short, legally worded formula, making her and her chosen husband joint inheritors of her aunt's fortune. Truly, the bride opened the letter from the dead.

With loving words Aunt Jessie blessed her, and wished her happiness.

"I do not," she wrote, "approve of the money power in a family being entirely in the hands of a woman; therefore, you will find, dear Jessie, that half of my fortune only is yours, the remaining half to go to the husband who has proved that he loved you for your own sweet self, not for your fortune."

During the wedding tour of the young couple, Mrs. Markham, at their earnest solicitation, took an affectionate farewell of her pupils, and removed her household treasures to the New York mansion, to which, in due time, came Charlie and Jessie to brighten the long silent rooms with their happiness, and establish that loving circle that makes home of any house, however grand, or however humble.

Select Poetry.

ONLY A STEP.

Only a step to the other side,
Only a step to the shining shore;
Out of the darkness into the light,
O, how I wish I was there to-night!
Safe in that heaven forever more.

Only a step to the other side,
Angels are waiting for me, I know;
Strains of sweet music I seem to hear;
Surely my steps must be drawing near,
Near to the land where I long to go.

Only a step where my loved ones are,
Free from all sorrow, and pain and care,
O! I've been waiting so long for this,
That the hand of death I gladly kiss,
So that I meet with my loved again.

Only a step to the other side,
Where all my joys will be made complete;
Only a step from this world of sin;
Jesus I know will fill me in,
Humbly I fall at his loving feet.

Our Olio.

ARE WE CIVILIZED!

What is this boasted civilization of ours? How real is it? How deep does it go? At the very threshold we are met by material anomalies, which perplex and humiliate us. Take an ordinary dwelling-house, with its bad drainage and unscientific ventilation; its clumsy contrivances of all kinds; its underground caves, where the servants stifle through the day, deprived of direct light and air, supplemented by the windy perches under the roof assigned them for the night; its cruel stairs, the weariness of which could be so easily obviated by a simple mechanical arrangement; its bells which only summon and do not explain why; its wasteful grates, where the wealth and well-being of the world at large is dissipated to fry a slice of ham; its partial water-supply and insufficient method of both heating and lighting; its want of protection against fire, and its absence of a sure way of escape should it break out; take the pipes which are always bursting, and cannot be got at without pulling the walls and floors to pieces; the cistern into which the sewage gas escapes by means of the waste-pipe that leads direct into the drains; those drains themselves of which no one knows the direction or extent, which are always "going wrong," and which often end in a cesspool right under the house; take the wall-papers, lined with putrid paste, the heavy woodwork hangings, which hold dirt and dust, and the germs of scurf fever for months after, like eggs hidden carefully in a nest; take the insane, or rather criminal, ignoring on the part of the architect of all the laws of health, as influenced by domestic conditions; take our houses as the shell in which we express and enclose our civilization, and we are forced to confess that we have not yet mastered the initial figure.

Are we more civilized in our dress than in our dwellings? Not a whit. Our guide and ruler here is that irresponsible tyrant we call fashion, and neither comfort nor beauty have a word to say. To be sure men have discarded many absurdities though they have retained more. They hold to their stiff shirt collars, which rasp their necks; their wide expanse of linen front, which the very act of fastening rumples; their meaningless swallow-tails, their hideous hats, and their tight-fitting military uniforms, and all the mysteries of seam and gusset and band, which are mere symbols of the art of cutting out, and not necessary to the comfort of shape. But even with the follies they retain they can move about with ease and unhampered. Women, on the contrary, torture themselves in the name of fashion with touching fidelity. They would as soon forego their nationality as their stays; and the thirty-nine articles are less sacred to them than their multiplicity of garments, all hanging from the waist. It is to keep those up, and lessen their heavy weight, that they put them into steel cages, which destroy all grace of line and all comfort of movement, save in walking. The beauty of simplicity is a thing dead and done with in their code. Heads are loaded with false hair stacked with lace, feathers, flowers, and colored glass; ears are pierced that bits of crystallized earth, or imitations thereof, may be hung into the holes; health is destroyed, and the tender vital organs which nature has so sedulously protected by the outer casing of ribs, are compressed and crushed that the waistband may be reduced to seventeen inches; and the highest efforts of military genius are directed to the most elaborate method of sewing one bit of stuff on to another bit of stuff, to the confusion of anything like a leading line or an intelligible idea. We laugh at the Chinese "golden water-lilies," the Papuan head-dress, the Hindu nose-ring, the African lip-distender; we laugh while we look in the glass, and complacently brush out our frills, and congratulate ourselves on looking "stylish," and "well got up." But our highest efforts culminate in partial nakedness in the middle of winter if we are women, in black broad-cloth in the dog-days if we are men—in absurd lengths of silk trailing after us as we walk, in the one case, in a ridiculous pennon meandering at our backs in the other; they culminate in fashion, not in use, or beauty, or simplicity; but while we do thus dress without personal convenience, or artistic meaning, we have no true civilization in the matter of our clothes. Modern millinery is neither art nor nature. It is our translation of the primitive man's delight in rage and gaudy colors; and there is no essential difference between the two. What difference there is consists simply in conventional acceptance; but the aesthetic base of each is the same.

We are supposed to have civilized the forms and perfected the art of society. We look back on the rude feasts of our forefathers with disdain, and wonder at their gross gluttony and coarse lavishness. But, at least, they fed the poor in those days of rude living, and a feast, if wanting in gastronomic art, was bountiful in hospitality. As it is, hospitality is a name; no more. There is none of it in the sense of sharing your goods with others, in our

modern entertainments. A dinner or a soiree is a social obligation discharged perforce; or an occasion for display; or both combined. To prefer those who need, is as far removed from the calculations of the host, as the "free-party," imagined by Punch. No one who gives a party as it is called, thinks of the real pleasure or good which will be to the guests; only whether it is "well done" according to the conventional standard—that is, reflecting honor on the giver. The arrangements of society are in themselves utterly barbarous, while affecting to be specially civilized. One could imagine a simple, generous, and most delightful banquet, with music and flowers, and plenty of space and freedom of action—a banquet that did not include three long hours of cramp and surfeit, with an indigestion to follow, or a crowded crush in a stifling room where conversation is impossible, and the music not worth listening to. One could imagine arrangements more artistically lovely than now, yet not more costly; a welcome more hearty, and with less parade. But our civilization dooms us to a table where one sits frozen and the other burns; where draughts chill the naked shoulders at one end, and the heated air, loaded with unwholesome vapors, threatens apoplexy at the other; to rooms wherein delicate women turn sick and faint for want of oxygen, in a fetid atmosphere used by two or three hundred pair of lungs; it dooms us to accept invitations given by people we dislike, and to eat things that disagree with us, just as it dooms us to an artificial manner, to an insincere smile, a false speech; it dooms us to open our own house to hundreds of our fellow-creatures, not half-a-dozen of whom we care ever to see again, just as it dooms us to the suppression of all emotion, of all earnest thought, of all honest words; and when we have made ourselves the most like animated dolls in manner, and put ourselves to the most inconvenience for things we detest, and people we despise, in fact, then we are considered of the best breeding, and the most perfected civilization. Half the entertainments, too, are only possible through screwing and pinching in things more essential to the true dignity of life than the giving of a dinner badly cooked, and worse arranged, which no one who eats really enjoys. Yet, if the food is questionable, kid gloves are *de rigueur*; and you cut your stale fish with electroplated knives and forks of the covenanted pattern. Honor to those who dare to offer simple pleasures within their means of money and service, and who invite to their house those whom it will both delight and benefit, not only those whom they say "must," by the queer law of social reciprocity in boredom and pretence!

Time Devoted to Meals.

Dr. Derby states that the average time occupied in the process of taking food by the people of Massachusetts does not exceed from twelve to fifteen minutes to each meal. Such haste is injurious to health for many reasons. The process of digestion begins in the month with the action of the teeth, and through excitement of the salivary glands by the presence of food. Unless saliva is abundantly mingled with the latter, the first act of digestion is obstructed and Nature's plan is changed. This fluid not only lubricates but acts chemically in the mouth, if a reasonable time be given it, upon all the starchy elements which make up the great bulk of what we eat. Eating in haste, a great deal of air is swallowed. Air is to a certain extent always entangled in the saliva and assists digestion, but when "wads" of food succeed each other very rapidly, they seem to act like pistons in the tube leading from the back of the throat, and drive before and between them into the stomach such amounts of air as to distend that organ and impede its functions. Another effect of eating in this way is that the masses of food, imperfectly mixed with saliva, become impacted in the esophagus, checking its muscular action, which is obviously intended to propel only one piece at a time. This embarrassment is overcome by taking at one gulp as much fluid as the mouth will hold, thus distending the elastic tube and washing the obstructed food into the stomach. All this is unnatural and can hardly fail to work mischief.

Too Late.

Some people are always too late, and therefore accomplish through life nothing worth naming. If they promise to meet you at such an hour, they are never present until thirty minutes after. No matter how important the business is to either yourself or to him, he is just as tardy. If he takes a passage at the steambath, he arrives just as the boat has left the wharf, and the train has started a few minutes before he arrives. His dinner is being waited for him so long that the cook is out of patience. This course the character we have described always pursues. He is never in season at a church, at a place of business, at his meals, or in his bed. Persons of such habits we cannot but despise. Always in season, and be ready at the appointed hour. We would not give a fig for a man who is not punctual to his engagements, and who never makes up his mind to a certain course till the time is lost. Those who hang back, hesitate and tremble—who are never at hand for a journey, a feast, sweetheart or anything else—are poor sloths, and are ill-calculated to get a living in this stirring world.

Cure for the Bite of a Mad Dog.

The Belair, Md., *Agis and Intelligence* says: For the benefit of our readers, we republish the following recipe, for the cure of the bite of a mad dog. It was handed to us by a subscriber who had himself been bitten and was cured by the use of this remedy. He has since given the recipe to persons similarly bitten and where the directions have been followed it has never failed. It is worth preserving in some place where it can readily be found in an emergency of the character indicated: A tea made of skulapp (santalaria) to be given as follows, morning and evening before eating: For an adult 3 gills; a child of 8 years, 1 gill, and a child of 3 years 1 gill; to be given two days successively, and on the third day omit and give instead a sufficient portion of brimstone to purge the patient. The feet must be kept dry; use no spirituous liquors, salt, or anything of a greasy nature. Continue the treatment for forty days.

Protection Against Motes.

Pfeider, a German inspector of passenger cars, states that a single stem of hemp, with the leaves and blossoms, mixed with the stuffing of a car seat, will protect it from moths for years, and that hemp for this purpose should be gathered just when in blossom, dried rapidly in the shade, and kept in covered wooden vessels in a dry place.

All men speak well of all men's virtues when they are dead, and tombstones are marked with the epitaphs of the good and virtuous. Is there any particular cemetery where the bad men are buried?

A Cure for Hard Times.

Be industrious and live within your means, and there will not be much need of complaint about hard times, nor much necessity for borrowing money.

The prayer of the selfish man is, "Forgive us our debts," while he makes everybody who owes him pay to the utmost farthing.

He who thinks every man a rogue is very certain to see one when he shares himself, and he ought, in mercy to his neighbor, to surrender the racial to justice.

Money is the fool's wisdom, the knave's reputation, the poor man's desire, the covetous man's ambition, and the idol of all.

A pound of energy with an ounce of talent will achieve greater results than a pound of talent and an ounce of energy.

Of all things in the world that are "better late than never," going to bed certainly ranks first.

When your pocketbook gets empty, and everybody knows it, you can put all your friends in it and it won't "bludge out your cents."

Silks, broadcloths and jewels are often bought with other people's money.

Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, but wise men use them.

Select Poetry.

CHARITY.

Think gently of the erring!
We know not of the power
With which the dark temptation came
In some unguarded hour.
We may not know how earnestly
They struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came
And sadly thus they fell.

Deal gently with the erring!
O, do not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet.
Heir of the self-same heritage!
Child of the self-same God!
He hath but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod!

Speak gently to the erring!
For it is not enough
That peace and innocence are gone,
Without your censure rough?
It sure must be a weary lot
That sin-cursed heart to bear,
And they who share a happier fate
Their children well may spare.

Speak kindly to the erring!
Thou yet may'st lead them back
With holy words and tones of love
From misery's thorny track
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet may be,
Deal gently with the erring one;
As God has dealt with thee.

The Traveler.

THE HOLY LAND.

FROM THE SEA OF GALILEE TO BETHLEHEM, BY HENRY DAY, ESQ., OF THE NEW YORK BAR.

A short ride from Tabor will bring us to the Sea of Galilee. We see nothing of it till we come suddenly to a deep basin, and there, one thousand feet below us, lies the little lake like a jewel of crystal. You see it all at one glance, from its northern to its southern limit, and on every side. You are surprised to see how small it appears. It is thirteen miles long and six broad, and yet it looks not more than five miles long, so clear is the atmosphere. The hills of Bashan, on the opposite shore, rise abruptly two thousand feet high, and to the north the land rises gradually to the foot of Hermon.

We descend and encamp on the beach. The waters are as clear as crystal. A wild gorge on the shore just opposite us marks the place called Gergesa, where the demoniac was healed. While we were there an impetuous wind came down on the lake, and in an hour lashed it into a fury. We could well understand the terror of the disciples in one of these storms at midnight. The only town of any kind on the shores to be seen is Tiberias, once a proud city, now a dilapidated residence of Arabs. North of Tiberias is the site of Magdala, Capernaum and Chorazin, but no man can tell where the two last named were situated. The woe pronounced against these places which rejected the Lord, is so literally fulfilled, that even their ruins lie hidden from the gaze of man. It is one of the saddest pictures in the Holy Land to stand on the shores of this beautiful lake, once teeming with life and commerce, once blessed with the presence, preaching and miracles of our Divine Lord, and to see the utter desolation which hovers over it. Not a man, not a boat, not a moving thing to be seen on it, or on its shores. As sunset gleamed like a most beautiful jewel, set around by the hills of Bashan, Hermon and Tabor, whose tops were tinged with the soft glow of golden light; but there was a death-like stillness reigning over the whole which one could feel, and which was almost appalling.

Nazareth is one of the prettiest towns in Palestine. It is built of white stone, and rises on the side of a high hill which slopes into a wide and fruitful valley. From the top of this hill where the Saviour in his youth most often have wandered, the view is grand. Here you see the Mediterranean; Mount Carmel at the plain of Esdraelon, which is at your feet; the mountains of Gilboa and Tabor, and scores of places memorable in Scripture history. If you choose to be credulous, you may see the house of Mary where she received the wondrous announcement of the angel Gabriel—her kitchen and cooking utensils; also the house of Joseph and his workshop, and even the chair he made and sat in.

It was enough for me to know that here the child Jesus lived, that he walked these streets, roamed over these hills and valleys, that he here developed his true humanity, and "increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man."

We also visited Mount Carmel, the home of that stern old prophet, Elijah, and on our way we crossed the Kishon at the ford where he slew the prophets of Baal. It is a beautiful river, from Carmel to Acre, Tyre and Sidon, along the sea. Our way lay over the high headlands near the sea, which separate Syria from Palestine. Here the whole country is most picturesque. The high range of Lebanon comes within two or three miles of the sea. Upon the intervening strip lay ancient Tyre and Sidon, the latter the mother of the former. Our Lord himself once passed over this same route when he visited the coasts of Tyre and Sidon and met the Syro-Phoenician woman. We pass a little chapel erected by the Crusaders, said to be the very place where he met her, and also near the same place, between Tyre and Sidon, we pass the site of the ancient Sarepta, where Elijah dwelt in the home of the widow, sustained by the never-failing barrel of meal and the cruse of oil, and where he, by his faith and prayer, brought life again to her dead child.

If any one doubts the fulfillment of prophecy, let him read the 20th and 27th chapters of Ezekiel, and then visit Syria. Let him remember that these prophecies were written when she was in the height of her glory, power and fame—when the wealth of all nations poured into her lap. The 27th chapter of Ezekiel is a most perfect description in detail of her former

greatness, and the 26th chapter contains a perfect delineation of her present state. Nothing was more hazardous than such a sweeping and particular prophecy against her at that time—nothing so unlikely as that she should be utterly ruined. Palmyra, which was the city on the mainland, is utterly blotted out, and the place of it known no more. Tyre, which was on its island, is now an insignificant place, connected with the mainland by a causeway made by Alexander the great. Most of the magnificent city is lying waste, with remains of beautiful marble columns scattered over it, and I even saw one lying along by the sea drying where once rose her massive temples and walls—a literal fulfillment of Ezekiel 26:14. Sidon is one of the oldest cities of the world, being mentioned in the 10th chapter of Genesis. It has been famous in history almost from the time of the flood. It has been the rival of Tyre and Troy, and has survived them both. Its massive castles and fortifications, built by the Crusaders, show its importance during the stormy days of its rule. It is beautifully situated on a promontory, and is surrounded by beautiful gardens and orchards of oranges, lemons, mulberries and figs, all well watered by streams from Lebanon. It is noted for its fine fruit. The whole air for miles around is perfumed with the orange groves. The Presbyterian Board have a flourishing mission here, under the charge of Rev. Mr. Eddy. The ride from Sidon to Beyrout is bleak and cheerless, and over a most detestable road, where a horse can scarcely wade. The traveller halls with joy the pine groves which fill the suburbs of Beyrout, and I think I may safely say we leave Syria and the Holy Land with as much delight as we entered it. "Tent life in the Holy Land" has something charming about it to persons at a distance—some enthusiastic writers have made it almost poetic. But there is a stern reality about it which all travellers should know. It is attended with great expense and hardship which none but those who robust health should risk. The food, water, and cooking are often bad. There is great irregularity in eating. You are exposed to the sun in the day, and have chilly nights, often sleeping in wet tents and damp beds. You must often travel late at night in a malarious country. In case of sickness you are utterly helpless in an Arab town of mud huts. No hotel, no medicine, no food that you can eat, the country unhealthy about you. Anxiety to get on impedes you to travel when you are unable to do so. With all this exposure any one may be thankful if they leave tent life in the Holy Land without the dysentery or Syrian fever. Every year some ten or twelve American and English travellers die from diseases contracted there. I tell these truths to deter persons in foolish health from incurring these great risks rashly.—Correspondence of New York Observer.

Tigers and Cobras.

Two papers—the official report of Mr. Grant Duff, and the other, read a few days ago by Capt. Rogers before the London Society of Arts—give figures touching the loss of life in India through the assaults of wild beasts and venomous snakes, that are positively startling. It appears from these authorities that in 1871, the total number of deaths caused by these creatures was no less than 18,078. The record in 1869 was 14,529, so that in spite of the decrease in the number of noxious animals we are accustomed to observe with the approach and contact of civilized man, the list of victims was lengthened during these two years in a terrible manner. In fact, the mortality from this cause appears to exceed that of all the war carried on in or near the West Indies, and the beasts and snakes seem to kill more men than the men kill of each other.

Some particular individuals among the wild animals acquire special fame for their horrible exploits and long-continued impunity. Capt. Rogers describes one tiger in the Central Provinces as specially prominent in this way. She caused, he says, the destruction of thirteen villages, and 250 square miles of country were thrown by her out of cultivation. Another tiger in 1869 killed 127 people, and actually stopped a public high road for many weeks, the inhabitants not daring to travel by it. In 1868 a panther, in broad daylight, broke into the town of Chiloch, and came within a hundred yards of the jail, attacking everybody he saw. He was killed, but he bit one man to death, and desperately wounded three others, before he succumbed. The magistrates of the various departments are constantly reporting the ravages of the tigers and panthers who destroy not only human beings but immense numbers of cattle. It appears that the increase of human population only brings increased mortality from this cause, the wild beasts losing no whit of their boldness with the advance of man, but rather requiring fresh audacity and bloodthirstiness. The serpents, too, apparently dispute the ground inch by inch, and even invade houses in the most populous districts. Soldiers are constantly attacked in their encampments by the cobra di capello, the bite of which venomous reptile is almost certain to be fatal, although, according to Dr. Butler, who has had wide experience, the poison may be successfully combated by alcohol if taken in time.

When the ravages of these fearful pests are considered, as exemplified by the trustworthy accounts of Mr. Grant Duff and Capt. Rogers, the sportsman who goes out to slaughter them by the hundred rise above the character of mere pleasure-seekers and become real benefactors of their kind. From these men these creatures are being

brushed, and the number of victims is steadily diminishing.