

"The following is the character drawn by the Rev. Joseph W. Whitwell, of the former Jews of the Israelites of London:—It must be said, to the dishonor of the Jews of London, that they are the most hopeless set of the Jews I ever saw during my missionary errands. The Jews of London are not much better than gypsies! The Jew of London will not be disturbed in selling old clothes, and crying out in the streets 'old clothes, old clothes.' The Jews of Berlin were at last provoked to a scientific jealousy, and Moses Mendelssohn, and Solomon Maimon, were worthy rivals of Kant and Lessing. When I told the Jews of London of those men, they answered me downright 'old clothes, old clothes.'—Whist! Newton astonishes the world with his talent, the Jew of London cares nothing about it, and continues to cry out 'old clothes, old clothes.' Whist! a Milton searcheth after the cause which moved our first parents in their happy state to fall off from their Creator, the Jew of London cares nothing about it, and continues to cry out 'old clothes, old clothes.' Whist! and even when Mr. Hobhouse proposed, in the year 1833, the abolition of some laws affecting the Jews, the Jew of London cared nothing about it, and undisturbedly cried out 'old clothes, old clothes.' Whist! a noble minded and generous Lewis Warr sacrifices his property and health, and risks his only son of his property for the sake of the Jewish nation, the Jew of London eats garlic as usual, and goes about in the streets and cries 'old clothes, old clothes, old clothes, old clothes, old clothes,' and whilst thousands of christians are concerned for the salvation of their souls, the Jew of London goes about and cries 'old clothes, old clothes,' and while the Jews of Poland and of Persia wander towards Jerusalem, expecting the arrival of the Messiah, and pray near the wall of Jerusalem for the rebuilding of their temple, the Jew of London, indifferent about the Jews and the Messiah, cries in the streets of London 'old clothes, old clothes,' and protected by the laws of Great Britain, they despise the Gospel upon which those laws are founded, and almost stone those who dare proclaim it to them. Their richest man possessing now a new coat, is contented that he knows how to spend it, and having now the prospect of coming into possession of Palestine, cares nothing about his country, being civilized or not, and the missionaries, about the right spelling the Egyptians! The whole concern of the Jew of London is to gain money, and to be fruitful, and to multiply, and he talks even in the Synagogue about old clothes!"

MARSHALL VOS ULLOW.

Marshall Vos Ullow, converted to Christ near the close of 1818, after several months of extreme anxiety and restlessness. When the light of Salvation shone upon him, he felt that the whole course of his life must be changed. "I could now no longer live to myself," he says, "or be the servant of sin; no more could I have worldly honors and glory for the objects of my passion: nor could I find it consistent to do as the world does, a soldier of the Law, a Jesuit, a Priest, a soldier of sin, and of an earthly power, a soldier of life, and death. I therefore left the military service, and determined to devote myself to the work of the Lord." Accordingly, in the spring of 1819, he visited the coast of Norway, distributing Bibles and imparting religious instruction wherever he went. He was greatly affected with the moral wickedness of the people, but could do nothing more for them till the spring of 1820, when he returned to his native land, and, with the aid of two sailors, visited the whole coast from Christians to Brønnø. He preached the Gospel at 40 different places, to congregations of from 20 to 500 hearers, and distributed some hundred copies of the scriptures, together with 6000 or 7000 Tracts. He was ordained in London on the 14th of Feb. last, and as stated above, is now a missionary, under the direction of the Continental Society.

To the eyes of worldly men, there is nothing great or honorable in being a Missionary of the Cross; and they very well wonder what it is, that has thus influenced this heroic Christian to lay down all his honors at the Savior's feet and become a despised preacher of righteousness. Ah, there are motives, as well as consolations and hopes, which the world knows not of; and which the stranger infidel feels not with. But the day is coming, when to be a missionary or minister of Jesus, shall be a secure, however despised, and only faithful shall be seen by the Father to be a greater honor than crowns and kingdoms; and when legalized murder, with all its pomp and circumstance, shall stand forth in its real odiousness, to the confusion and dismay of those who delight in it. "Then shall the righteous shine as the sun, in the kingdom of their Father."

In *Edin* seems to be springing up in England, which requires to be immediately and firmly resisted. It is a plan for raising funds for benevolent institutions, by "Public Religious Excursions," "Public Religious Tea and Coffee Parties," accompanied by "select Music." This is considerably in advance of the dinner, which in some in-

stances has long accompanied an annual meeting, and which occasioned one to say, in writing to a friend, "we have imported the custom of having set speeches; and it is to be hoped that may suffice for us." A writer in the Baptist Magazine raises his voice against the "parties," and hopes they may be arrested, before they lead on to "a public religious play, or ball, or masquerade."—*Rec. & Tel*

Wakes.—A missionary in Cornwall writes, "The last week has been one of riot and dissipation in the town and suburbs of St. Austle, in consequence of the 'fast,' or annual wake, as it is called in some counties, being held. I am sorry to say I have not only seen more of it this year than last, but have been made to feel more, as several, of whom better things might be expected, were induced to attend the games, &c., and one was on the wrestling ground in a state of intoxication, nor was he the only instance by many. The influence and effects of these annual feasts are truly astonishing, and deeply to be deplored; their approach is dreaded by the pious, and especially by young converts, as much as that of a pestilence; to the latter it is peculiarly a time of trial, and to the former a time of sorrow. The crowds which throng the town, and the scenes which abound remind us of the annual festival of Juggernaut; it is true there are no human victims offered, nor is the number of cut-throats so great, but they appear as devoted to the service of Satan." Wakes are also held in many villages in Warwickshire, even on the Sabbath; but the influence of the gospel had thinned the number and diminished the atrocity. *Ed.*

MORNING STAR.

LIMERICK:

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1827.

General Baptist Missions—And salutes schools in India.

It is presumed that any information relative to the prosperity of the General Baptists Foreign Missionary Society, will be interesting to our readers in general, and peculiarly so to our brethren. It is heart cheering and soul animating, to be informed that the gospel of Christ and the doctrine of the cross, as understood by us, is indefatigably preached and attended with a good degree of success in that hitherto exceedingly benighted country, where such vast multitudes suffer themselves to be crushed to death beneath the stupendous wheels which support the immense car of Juggernaut.

In Nos. 9 and 10, Vol. 2, of the Star, we gave a general account of the progress and state of this Missionary Society, at their principal stations, Orissa and Pooree, which we obtained from the annual report of the Society for 1826. We have recently been favored with the General Baptist Repository and Missionary Observer up to July 1827, which, with other miscellaneous and interesting matter is fraught with intelligence relative to their missionary operations in India, the West Indies, &c. It appears that the missionaries by unremitting exertions are gradually gaining ground, and their opportunities of getting an audience among the people are increasing. Their journals are long and minute. We can only remark upon some of the most prominent parts.

It appears that the daily preachers of the Hindoos are restricted within the narrow bounds of selfishness. Mr. Sutton observes, that "Perhaps there is no precept whatever more incompatible with a Hindoo's ideas than that of *loving our neighbor as ourselves*." As an example of this, he mentions the circumstance of a fire which broke out in a town where, he was, when in company with his Missionary brother, Mr. Baunton. Knowing the apathy of the natives, they repaired to the spot, and found four or five houses on fire, with only about as many people attempting to stop the progress of the flames; while their neighbors were setting quite at their ease, eating their suppers. The two Missionaries made a stir, and with much exertion rallied a sufficient number to restrain the progress of the fire; by which means those houses only were consumed which were on fire, when they arrived. But Mr. Sutton observes that no one appeared to express any thanks for those exertions which saved their dwellings. This was the second fire which he helped to extinguish under similar circumstances.

On the 24th Nov. 1826, Mr. S. gave a New Testament to a Brahmin to carry

with him to the Cashmere country. With this Brahmin he had several interviews. He appeared to be intelligent, and had some very good views respecting the gospel. He reads very fluently and affects to worship Naralar, (the invisible God), and to despise the deotas. Mr. S. thus closes his remarks concerning him: "O that the heaven which is in him may continue to operate! Perhaps, by and by, we may meet some such inquirers in the kingdom of our Father."

Dec. the 3d in the evening Abraham, the native preacher publicly described the birth of Christ in a very feeling and sensible manner. The people listened with the utmost attention. He is a very eloquent speaker of the Orija. It appears that he succeeds better generally in gaining the attention of the natives than the Missionaries. This is no cause of wonder, for he is every way calculated to meet their arguments. He labors under the patronage of the Society, and belongs to one of the churches which have been established in India.

The people often say, "Shew us Jesus Christ, and we will worship him." The Missionaries, however, easily silence them on this head by reminding them that they worship many deotas which they never saw. I gave, says Mr. S. the driver of a hackery, who came down from the Pochim country to see Juggernaut, a Gospel, in Hindostanee, to take back with him, about 1500 miles. What a distance they circulate some of their tracts and gospels among the poor Heathen!

We have gleaned the foregoing observations from several pages of closely printed matter, comprising the principal part of Mr. Sutton's journal from Oct. 15th, to Dec. 18th, 1826, and have come to the account of his visit and success to Berhampore, which was by the way of Narsingpattin, and up by the side of the Chilla Lake, through Molo, &c. On examining this account, the whole of it is so gratifying to us, that there is no part which we are willing to leave; and as the account of this journey seems to be separate from the other part of his journal, and concludes the whole that he has forwarded to England, we have thought proper to give it entire in his own words next week, as continued from these editorial observations.

Native schools.—It appears in the judgment of the Missionaries that the establishment of native schools is calculated to be highly beneficial to the interest of morality and christianity. "The state of the rising generation in India," says an appeal to the General Baptists, "calls for your pity! Girls are not taught to read nor to use a needle, nor to do any thing scarce, if, except cook food, fetch water, clean the house, &c. Boys, though pretty generally taught to read and write a little, yet have their minds filled at school with foolish impure tales of the gods, goddesses, &c. It would be better if they never learnt to read, than for them to read what they do. The propriety of the prevailing practices is taught at their schools." It is no uncommon thing to see a girl, (we so call her because of her tender age,) of 12 or 14 years of age, burnt alive with the body of her dead husband. An only son is taught to set fire to the heap of wood which is to burn his father's dead body and his living mother.

It appears that they are already about 20 native schools established. These, it seems, are mostly taught by the wives of the Missionaries, who are very laborious in the employment. Mrs. Lacy, in a letter to her friends, says of the schools; "Mrs. Sutton and I shall divide our schools in Cuttack as we think fit. Baptist's and Nimsye are now very flourishing." There are about 20 in each that read the gospel tolerably well, and some geets, (Poems,) which Mr. Lacy has translated from the Bengali, and got written upon the talpatra, (leaf,) the lads say these very nicely."

It appears by a letter from Mr. Lacy, dated Oct. 24th, 1826, that they have a good number of girls in several schools, but they are very small and low, and cannot go to school without boys. "Perhaps," says he, "we only have about 60 or 70

girls in the schools belonging to the Cuttack station. Baptisto (this is the friend by whom the school room was built) is better attended, the Kate much as usual, Nimsye very much improved. Twenty-four read the gospel well, and have committed poems to memory, and advanced in scriptural knowledge surprisingly. There are about ten girls here who have committed a poem to memory, and, though very small girls indeed, can write the characters." Surely God will bless these children, and make many of them wise into salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus.

"Who," says Mr. L. "is on the Lord's side? Who will help to destroy Juggernaut?—To prevent pilgrimages—to preserve widows from the flames—to direct 'wandering wanderers after rest' to Christ—to prepare the way of the Lord, 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings to ordain praise, to still the enemy and the avenger?' Teachers, children, friends of education, friends to humanity, lovers of perishing souls, help. 'Men of Israel, help.'"

We noticed a few weeks since that a religious revival had commenced in the east parish is Shapleigh. The work is principally in what is sometimes termed the Presbyterian Baptist Society. We have now the privilege of announcing, from the statement of Dr. Goodwin who is in the work, that a revival of religion is taking place on the west part of the town, in the Freewill Baptist Society. About 20, we understand, already give evidence of a hopeful conversion to God.

With respect to the state of religion in this place, the reason is more joyful and encouraging, than it has been at a former period. The revival here compared with some others, is small; but we "despise not the day of small things." Several give good evidence that they have obtained a pardon of their sins, and are now rejoicing in the Lord.

Elder John True of Montville, and Elder Daniel Green of Pawtucket, R. I. are Appointed Agents for the Star.

HOLLAND PURCHASE YEARLY MEETING.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y. Sept. 3, 1827.

To the editors of the Morning Star.
Dear Brethren,—Having been appointed by the Elders' Conference of the Holland Purchase yearly meeting, to give some sketches of our minutes, and of the state of Zion in this country, for publication in your paper, with pleasure I improve the present opportunity.

Agreeably to appointment the elders and brethren of the Holland Purchase Y. M. association at Bethany, Greene county, N. Y. on Friday the 24th of August, late at 1 o'clock, P. M. Messengers were present with letters from Bethany, Erie, Benton and Ontario quarterly meetings, and the reports received by them in general were very refreshing. The following table will exhibit the state of our yearly meeting.

BETHANY QUARTERLY MEETING.

This quarterly meeting is held on the Saturday and Sabbath after the third Wednesday in January, May and October.

<i>Ordained Preachers.</i>	<i>Churches, No. of mem.</i>
Rufus Cheney,	Attica, 35.
Alexander 21.	
do.	Bethany, 32.
Nathaniel Brown,	do.
Herman Jenkins,	Duron, 49.
do.	Groveland, 63.
Joseph Fowler,	do.
Benjamin Blakey,	Clarkson & Sweden, 50.
Ed Hamblin,	Clarkson & Parma, 70.
Jonathan N. Hinckley,	Albany, 60.
do.	Sheldahl, 12.
Francis Tanner,	Gaines, 12.
Daniel Lyon,	Ontario, 99.
Jesse Graham,	do.
Adon Aldrich,	2 Ontario, 11.
Thomas Carlton,	Pennfield, 25.
do.	Danwick, Canada, 18.
do.	London, do. 23.

Licensed Preachers.—Sidney Riley, Attica. Smith Rogers, Alexander. Thomas Hocking, London, Canada.

ERIE QUARTERLY MEETING.

This Quarterly Meeting is held on the 3d Saturday and Sabbath in February, June, September and November.

<i>Ordained Preachers.</i>	<i>Churches, No. of mem.</i>
Richard McCarey,	Boston, 43.
Nathaniel Ketcham,	Pike, 16.
Amos C. Andrus,	Port Jervis, 17.
Thomas Grinnell,	Hanover, 10.
do.	Eden, 41.
do.	Walton, 31.
do.	Concord, 31.
do.	China & Yorkham, 41.
do.	Ashford, 44.
do.	Little Valley, 21.
do.	Concord, 28.
do.	do. 20.

Number of churches, 12. — Do. members, 210. Elders, 6. Eld. William Gray resides in Canfield.

Licensed Preachers.—James L. Wiant, Lemaux W. Leo. Freeman Carey, Standing Creek.

THE PENITENT'S OFFERING.

BY MISS HEMANS.

Thou, that with pallid cheeks,
And eyes in sadness meet,
And faded locks that humbly sweep the ground,
From their long wandering won,
Before th' all-healing roe,
Dost low thee to the earth, oh low and found!

When thou would'st bathe his feet,
With odors richly sweet,
And many a shower of woman's burning tears,
And dry them with that hair,
Brought low the dust to wear
From the crowned beauty of its festal year.

Did He reject thee then,
While the sharp pang of men?
On the one bright and steadily head was cast?
No, from the Savior's men,
A solemn light serene,
Bore to thy soul the peace of God at last!

For thee, thine smiles no more
Familiar were,
Voices, ere kind, had smitten the stranger's tone:
Who said of thee up and bound
Thy silent spirit's wound?
He, from all grief, the stainless, He alone!

But which, oh, offering child!
From home no long beguiled,
Which of these offerings was those words of
Heaven,
That o'er the buried reed
Comfited of tears to bleed,
In music paid,—"Thy sins are all forgiven!"

Was it that perfume brought
With calm and serene brow,
From the sweet words of Arab's libel:
Or that fast flowing rain
Of tears, which no in vain
To him, who seemed no man, thy woes confessed?

No, no, by thee restored
Under the Father's love,
Thy face, that knelt upon in Heaven, was made
But restful in His eyes,
By that best sacrifice,
Thy heart, thy full deep heart, before him laid.

* St. Luke, chap. vii. ver. 37 and 38.

MISCELLANY.

THE PAST.

"I cannot but remember, such things were,
And was most dear to me."

It is not from the promised joys of the future, that we can derive our happiness. Anticipation may rob them in her gaudiest colors, and array them in her brightest smiles, yet disappointment will cast her clouds over them and their bright hues will fade away like the tints of the rainbow before the shadows of evening. Neither can we enjoy the present—the moment of enjoyment is a sensual gratification. We must turn to the past. It is a kindly Providence, that, while it seems to bear us swiftly over the ocean of life, wafts us unconsciously back by a reluctant tide to the scenes of other days, whose

Distance lends enchantment to the view!

If those scenes have been innocent, they must be happy: every hour adds a new tint, every day a new charm to them, and every year increases their value. Like objects to the good eye, as they become more distant, they appear more distinct. While we approach the winter of age, they flourish in the verdure of spring, and while age blanches our locks, they bloom in eternal youth!

Do not objects placed too near the vision, we like to see our enjoyments at the moment they are in our possession—we do not know we have realized, till we have lost them. There is a transport that blinds us—there is an ecstasy that deprives us of consciousness. When the enjoyment is torn from our embrace, we awake as from a trance, and when reflection returns, we behold happiness at a distance! it is then that it glances on the dark mirror of the heart.

O! not till time has calmed the ruffled breast,
Are those fond dreams of happiness confessed;
Not till the rushing winds of fate to raze,
Th' heaven's sweet smile reflected on the wave!

There is no enjoyment like that of memory; there is no felicity like the recollection of other days, that come before us with all their deeds. Even those things that were painful to suffer, are pleasing to remember.

The past! the past!—How fondly do we look back upon it! How gladly do we fly from the shades which doubt casts upon the future, and the clouds that reality throws around the present to catch one sunny glimpse of the past! To rest the eye on the bright scenes of our pilgrimage, and refresh the soul at the fountain of recollection! To turn back his wistful glance upon the glimmering taper of the distant cottage; and the shipwrecked mariner bends back his anxious eye upon the last lingering rays of the setting sun.

How bright are the charms of bye-gone days! how enchanting the images they impress upon the heart!—As age approaches we recent events come to wither in his grasp—their characters are blotted out, like the traces on the beach, by the returning tide. But the scenes of other days, becoming more remote, are engraven in the memory—they seem to grow young, vigorous and vivid, as we grow old and feeble and infirm. Happy, happy illusion! to recollect us to the days of age, that we might revel again amidst the enchantments of youth, and more than realize their innocence and their felicity!

How potent do the recollections of the past, like the enchanter's herbs of Aëdon, restore to the autumn of age the effluence of youth—rekindle the extinguished flame of feeling—make the feeble heart throb wildly again with the long abandoned thoughts of its early ambition, and the eye glow with untainted lustre as it calls up the image of its young idoliol!

How dark and cheerless would be the prospect of life, if the light of memory were closed upon the mind; if he could not constantly look back to the land of his happiness, which the soul like the diamond has treasured up in the morning of youth, to illumine our pathway in the evening of age!

She goeth unto the grave to weep there.
John xi. 31.

How natural and how touching is the description of this tender scene of sorrow. A family of children left orphans—they are pious—they live in harmony and love—they form an acquiescent and blessed home. He loves them—the brother, the stay and support, and comfort of the sisters, is taken sick and dies. Mysterious Providence! He, whom the Savior loved, is dead. The sisters are sorrowing mourners.—Daughters of sorrow, your friends will comfort you—your Savior, though absent, thinks of you, and will shortly visit you. Oh, why did He not hasten to relieve the sufferers and prevent the death? He intends greater good—the glory of God is to be displayed.—Sorrowful, sympathizing friend hastens forward to carry the welcome tidings that their Lord and Master was coming. When their friendly neighbors saw Mary arise to go forth, they followed her, saying, she goeth to the grave to weep there. They well knew that the broken heart seeks occasions to renew its sorrows—they see the dear departed in every object and situation around them.

"This is the chamber where my parent slept"—and the sluice of grief opens and flows.—"That in which my brother used to sit"—and the tears flow more copiously—"This is the last place of needwork my sister wrought"—and the sobs of sorrow prevent the utterance of the rest. They often go to her grave to weep there. At the sight of the grave the sisters of Lazarus wept—their friends wept—Jesus wept! Behold how He loved him! 'Tis no affected grief. 'Tis the testimony of sincere regard, of undiminished friendship, of generous sympathy. Stand now in solemn and recollected silence, and meditate on the grave—the resurrection—on Him who is the resurrection and the life. Hark! hear His voice—Come forth!

'Tis a profitable exercise for youth to go to the grave-yard, to walk among the tombs, and converse with the dead. Here they will see that all sexes and conditions are brought down to the silent lodgings of the tomb. Now and then they will find an expression of faith in the resurrection, and triumph hope in the moment of dissolution. They will learn that the sting of death has been taken away, and a victory over the grave has been experienced, even before the dying saint had fallen into his narrow limit. They will here see the end of all terrestrial things, and feel the vanity of worldly pleasures. Looking around they may behold something on the monuments near them to bring thoughtfulness and conviction.—Read—

In this monumental glass,
See the rapid moments pass;
Scize them, and prepare to die;
As on noiseless wings they fly.

Read further the breathings of plaintive sorrow and tender affection,

Sofly ye sighing tapers blow,
And modest violets early spring,
Roses of fairest colors grow,
And above us flowers of beauty bring:
Here let the earliest daisies bloom,
Casting their sweetest odors down;
Ethereal beauties deck the tomb,
And consecrate the sacred ground.
Scarcely shall here their vigils keep,
The pious charge to them is given,
O'er her to watch, and guard her sleep,
Nor shall she wake till call'd to heaven.

Is your sister gone? Then prepare to follow her.—Do your parents sleep in dust? Remember dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return. Is your mother dead, who was so dear to you as was Lazarus to the orphan sister and the lifeless child? He will raise you to immortality and glory to live with Him eternally.—Zion's Har.

Musing.—What is death? a release from toil and labor; a state of quiescence; a dreamless sleep; or a change of our restless and unjoyous existence here for an active and conscious existence elsewhere? Whither does the eternal spirit go, when it leaves its cold clay? To a temporary rest? It is the animal part of man which requires rest: it is the body which is fatigued by exertion, not the mind: how can that which is immaterial suffer fatigue? What can we mean by the rest of the soul? What do we know of death? It strikes down friend and father, and mother, and sister; their earth is commingled with earth; but where is the spirit? Does it inhabit another body, or does it sleep in unconsciousness until the great day of doom? We know not; living man can never know. The sepulchre hath no

secrets to disclose: the tenantless corpse hath no voice to tell us

What vast regions hold
The immortal soul which hath forsook
Its mansions in this fleshy nook.

But what does bland religion tell us about death? Whatever change of existence it may bring, it is one of joy to the pure, sainted, and the upright. Life's thousand trials, and pains, and anxieties, and sorrows, the pure spirit finds a realm of purity, where all is light and peace; the sharp arrow of envy, the web of cunning, the snare of falsehood are not there. Let man, then, whatever be his trials and toils, so guide himself that he can, with an approving conscience, wait the great teacher, death.

And what is life? Why is it hugged with fondness, and yielded with reluctance? Is it for the pleasure which we know not of it? What is there in life, that we should cling to it so fondly? What are its enjoyments? Do they overabundance its pains? Let experience answer.—N. Y. Cour.

MOUNT SINAI.

On the third morning we set out early from the Convent for the summit of Mount Sinai, with two Arab guides. The ascent was, for some time, over long and broken flights of stone steps, placed there by the Greeks. The path was often narrow and steep, and wound through lofty masses of rock on each side. In about half an hour, we came to a well of excellent water; a short distance above which a small mountain chapel. About half-way up was a verdant and pleasant spot, in the midst of which stood a high and solitary palm, and the rock rose in a small and wild amphitheatre around. We were not very long now in reaching the summit, which is of limited extent, having two small buildings on it, used formerly by the Greek pilgrims, probably for worship. But Sinai has four summits; and that of Moses stands almost in the middle of the others, and is not visible from below, so that the spot where we reached the law, must have been hid from the view of the multitudes around; and the smoke and flame, which the Scripture says, enveloped the entire of Mount Sinai, must have the more awful appearance, by reason of its many summits and great extent; and the account delivered, gives us reason to imagine that the summit or scene where God appeared, was shrouded from the hosts around; the seventy elders only were permitted to behold, as "the feet of Sapphires," &c. But what occasions no small surprise at first, is the scarcity of plains, valleys or open places, where the children of Israel could have stood conveniently to behold the glory of the Mount. From the summit of Sinai, you see innumerable ranges of rocky mountains. One generally places in imagination round Sinai, extensive plains, sandy deserts, where the camp of the hosts was placed; the family of Israel stood at the foot of their tents, and the line was drawn round the mountain; which no one might break through on pain of death. But it is not thus; save the valley through which we approached Sinai, about half a mile wide, and a few miles in length, and a small plain we afterwards passed through, with a rocky hill in the middle, there appear to be few open places around the mountain. We did not however, see the mountain from the summit, as the questions to the superior of the convent, where he imagined the Israelites stood: every where, he replied, waving his hands about: in the ravines, the valleys as well as the plains. St. Catherine's, supposed by some to be Mount Horeb, is the highest mountain in all the region around; but from its summit, as far as the eye could reach, nothing was to be seen on every side but ranges of naked mountains succeeding each other, like waves of the sea.—Between these rocky chains there are in general no ravines or narrow valleys. We at last began to descend, and with great pleasure reached the well again; and having climbed to the rock beneath which it stood, we kindled a fire and boiled some coffee, which drank like nectar: the cold was quickly banished from our frames, and we got into excellent spirits.—Were my fancy stored with eastern imagery, I should exhaust it all in praise of this most excellent beverage, which is the real life and nerve of the desert, and the source of our fatigues and all sorts of hardships and privations. We now descended to the desolate monastery in the glen, and taking an Arab guide, soled ourselves in the abodes of the fathers, till the sultry heat was passed, and then proceeded for about two hours, till we came to the celebrated rock of Meribah. It still bears striking evidence of the miracle about it, and is quite isolated in the midst of a narrow valley, which is here about 200 yards broad. There are four or five fissures, one above the other, on the face of the rock, each of them about a foot and a half long, and a few inches deep. What is remarkable, they run along the breadth of the rock and are not rent downward, and there is a channel worn between them by the gushing of the water. The Arabs still reverence this rock, and stuff shrubs into the holes, that when any of their Camels are sick, they may eat of it and recover.

* This solves the difficulty.

or. Two of the holes at this time, were filled with reed for this purpose, and they believed it to be endowed with a peculiar virtue. The rock is of a beautiful granite, and is about five yards long, five in height, and four yards wide. This narrow valley soon opened into a plain, capable of containing large numbers of camels, where they probably stood, as well as around the rock and in the valley, to receive the water that poured down.

Letters from the East.

How RELIGIOUS IS TO BE APPLIED TO THE DISEASE OF THE MIND.

To cure the disease of the mind, there is required that intimate knowledge of the human heart, which must be drawn from life itself, and which books can never teach; of the various disquiies under which vice recommends itself to the imagination; of the artful association of ideas which vice forms there; and of the many names which nature has given to soften the heart and render it accessible. It is necessary to have a knowledge of the arts of insinuation and persuasion, of the art of breaking false and unnatural associations of ideas, or inducing counter-associations, and opposing one passion to another; and after all this knowledge is acquired, the successful application of it to practice depends, in a considerable degree on powers, which no extent of understanding can confer.

Vice does not depend so much on a persuasion of the understanding, as of the imagination and passions, and on habits, originally formed on these.

A vicious man is generally sensible enough that his conduct is wrong; he knows that vice is contrary both to his duty and to his interest; and therefore, all labored reasoning, to satisfy his understanding of these truths, is useless, because the disease does not lie in the understanding. The evil is seated in the heart. The imaginations and passions are engaged on its side, and to the same must be applied. Here has been the general defect of writings and sermons, intended to reform mankind. Many ingenious and sensible remarks are made on the several duties of religion, and very judicious arguments are brought to enforce them. Such performances may be attended to with pleasure, by pious and well disposed persons, who likewise may derive from thence useful instruction for their conduct in life. The wicked and profligate, if ever those of this sort of writing may very readily allow, that what they contain are great and eternal truths; but they leave no lasting impression. If any thing can reform, it is the power of lively and pathetic description, which traces and lays open their hearts through all the windings and disguises, makes them see and confess their own characters in all their deformity and horror, impresses their hearts, and interests their passions; and all the motives of love, gratitude and fear.

Gregory.

Hints for young ladies.—If young women were their time in trivial amusement the prime season for improvement, which is between the ages of sixteen and twenty, they will hereafter regret bitterly the loss, when they come to feel themselves inferior in knowledge to almost every one they converse with; and above all, if they should ever be mothers, when they feel their own inability to direct and assist the pursuits of their children, they will then find ignorance a severe mortification. A small will, and a small mind, are no inducement to a moderate opinion of their capacities; but a discouragement to their endeavors after knowledge.—A moderate understanding, with diligent and well directed application, will go much farther than a more lively genius, if attended with that impatience and inattention which too often accompany quick parts. It is not for want of capacity that so many women are so trifling, insipid companions, so ill qualified for the friendship and conversation of a sensible man, for the task of governing and instructing a family; it is often from the neglect of exercising the talents which they really have, and from omitting to cultivate a taste for intellectual improvement; by this neglect they lose the sincerest of pleasures, which would remain when almost every other forsook them, of which neither fortune nor age can deprive them, and which would be a comfort and resource in almost every possible situation in life.

Mrs. Chappone.

Real Friends.—When Socrates was building a house at Athens, being asked by one who observed the smallness of the design, why a man so eminent should not have an abode more suitable to his dignity? He replied, that he should think himself sufficiently accommodated if he could see a narrow habitation filled with real friends. Such was the opinion of this great master of human nature, concerning the unfrequency of such an union of minds as might deserve the name of friendship, that among the multitude whom vanity surrounded, civility or veneration would mislead him, he did not care to select a few spacious apartments, which would be necessary to contain all, who should regard him with sincere kindness, or adhere to him with fidelity.