

# The Sword of Truth,

## AND HARBINGER OF PEACE.

"Truth Crushed to Earth will Rise Again, The Eternal Years of God are Hers."

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### THE LOST DIAMOND.

#### CHAPTER I.

It is an humble abode to which we conduct our readers; an old, dilapidated building, fast falling to decay, situated in an obscure and not very reputable part of the city; but humble as it is, the old house had never in its best days held nobler or purer beings than those who tenanted it at the time our story opens.

Mr. Melchoir, he who paces the floor of that scantily-furnished room with such rapid steps, was once a man of wealth and influence, but having, though the dishonesty of a partner, failed in business, he had been obliged to become an assistant in a mercantile house, and as misfortune rarely comes alone, an accident, shortly after he had entered upon his new duties, deprived him of the use of his right hand, and compelled him to resign his situation. Sickness in his family added to his embarrassment, and, after struggling for years, he was fain at last to remove to the uncomfortable dwelling in which we find him, in a neighborhood better known to the police than respectable citizens.

Friends he had among his co-religionists, who came forward with offers of assistance; but Daniel Melchoir was a proud man, proud and sensitive, and shrunk from the idea of eating the bread of charity. By patient perseverance he learned to use his left hand, and earned a trifle from his former employer at copying, but even this miserable pittance gradually decreased, and at length ceased entirely.

The room in which the family was assembled was a large, bleak looking apartment, bearing unmistakable marks of poverty, but scrupulously clean. The uncarpeted floor and the deal table and chairs were spotless, and the linen of the little bed that had been drawn near the stove, was white as drifted snow. Mr. Melchoir's gaze frequently rested on that bed and its feeble occupant, and at such times his chest heaved and his lip quivered, for there lay his youngest born, the most beautiful of the bright group that had once gladdened a happy household. She had been a picture of health and beauty, until her third year, when, without any apparent cause, she began to droop and decline, and now lay helpless as an infant, but patient and wise beyond her years, and so gentle and loving, that Miriam's smile, and Miriam's soft, clear voice made the light and music of that miserable dwelling.

Seated near the window, at a small table, was his wife, who, with her two girls, was busily engaged in labelling boxes. The work was trivial, and the group showed by their rapidly moving fingers, how slightly remunerative it was, and how necessary to take advantage of every moment of daylight.

Anna, the elder of the daughters, had been

beautiful; but her large brown eyes had now a hollow look, and her once full lips had lost their ripe freshness. She was pale, too, almost as pale as her invalid sister, and she sometimes raised herself for an instant from her task, with a short, quick gasp, as if in pain. But she uttered no complaint, and her fingers moved as rapidly as those of her mother and her sister Esther. The latter was a pretty brunette of fifteen, whose mirthful spirits, in spite of their gloomy surroundings, often found vent in some lively sally, that almost raised a smile on the face of the patient, long tried mother who toiled beside them.

"How soon will you be ready to send them?" Mr. Melchoir asked, pausing before the little group.

"Very soon, my dear," replied his wife. "I think we can finish them before dark."

"He made no reply, but took two or three impatient turns up and down the room.

"It is time Simeon was here," he observed, petulantly, as he stopped before a window.

"He will no doubt, soon be here," returned his wife. "It may be that our prayers have been answered, and he has succeeded in getting employment."

"I doubt it," he replied, in the same petulant tone. "More likely he will come back as he has done for the last month, helpless and depending. Hark! he is coming."

As he spoke, the door opened, and a handsome boy of about fourteen entered, and going up to his father, saluted him respectfully, then bending over his mother's chair, kissed her forehead, and threw himself wearily on a seat. His mother raised her eyes for a moment from her work, and glanced at the desponding young face; it sent a pang to her heart; so young, so beautiful, and yet so sad.

"So you come back as you went," said his father. "No work?"

"No, sir," replied the boy. He held up his feet and showed his almost soleless shoes. "I have been walking ever since I left here, and this is all I have to show for it."

The patient, toiling mother could not suppress the tears that came into her eyes, for one of the most poignant pangs that poverty inflicts is that of witnessing the privations and sufferings of those most dear to us. For herself, she was content to go half fed and poorly clad, to toil early and late, to sit whole nights beside her sick child, and resume her labors at day dawn; but to see those to whom she had given life daily battling with the hard cold world, and growing weaker in the conflict, seemed a trial almost greater than she could bear.

"Where have you been? what places did you try?" demanded his father.

"I went everywhere," responded the lad, "and everywhere I got the same answer: the season was dull, no business doing, and more applicants than they cared to answer. I fanci-

ed two or three times that I was about to succeed, but when people found where I lived, I was told I would not suit. I believe," he added bitterly, "they think we are all thieves and pickpockets, because we live here."

"What has the neighborhood to do with it?" said his father.

"I assure you, father, the neighborhood has much to do with it," said Anna. "The last time we took our work home, there was a very lovely lady in the shop who took quite a fancy to Esther, and said she would come and coax mother to let her live with her, as a companion to her daughter, but when she heard where we lived, she grew quite cold, and observed to Mrs. Brandon, that people living in such a den could not be decent."

An angry flush rose to her father's brow. "Good or bad," he said, "it is the only one we are likely to have in this world. Deborah, are you not ready to send those things? That child is growing weaker; she has had no nourishment since noon; she must have something; a little port wine and biscuit would strengthen her so much."

"I am hurrying, dear Daniel," replied the patient wife, well knowing that the utmost farthing of all they earned would barely suffice to furnish the much needed nourishment, and supply the family wants.

"I see but one chance left me," said Simeon. "Everything else has failed; I have no alternative but the sea."

"Now, God in his mercy forbid," ejaculated his mother, hastily. "Oh! Simeon, my child, never propose that."

"Why not?" asked his father. "The boy is right; that is his only chance."

"Dear husband," said the wife, trembling with excitement, "it would separate our little household, and he would be obliged to desecrate his Sabbaths and holy days, and eat forbidden food. Oh! no, beloved child, do not think of it; we will toil and live sparingly, and have faith, and it may be that our Father will one day visit us with mercy; but let us not forfeit our integrity—let us not forsake our religion."

Before her husband could answer, the door was thrown violently open, and the twins, Levi and Seth, ran into the apartment.

"It is mine; I found it," vociferated the former. "I saw it shining first; it is mine."

"I picked it up; it is mine," said Seth, equally excited. "Look, father, is it not a pretty stone? See how I have soiled my clothes in getting it out of the gutter. I say it is mine."

"Silence!" said the father, sternly. "What bone of contention have you now? Give it to me this moment."

The boy sullenly relinquished his prize; for past experience taught him to expect no favor from his father, who generally ended their childish disputes in a summary manner. He

crouched down by Miriam's bed, fully expecting to see his pretty bauble thrown into the stove, and for a while was insensible to her soothing, caressing tone, as she tried to divert his thoughts. Presently an exclamation of surprise from his father made him spring from the bedside, and hurry to the window, at which Mr. Melchoir stood.

"Where did you find this?" demanded the latter.

"Just before our door, sir," replied Levi. "It was lying in the mud, and I——"

"Father, I saw it first," broke in Seth.

"Be quiet, both of you," said their father. "It is likely to give us all more pain than pleasure."

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Melchoir, noticing the troubled look of her husband.

"A diamond," he replied, in a low tone, "and one of the finest water."

"Heaven be praised," she exclaimed, clasping her hands.

"What do you mean?" he said. "The bauble is not ours. Poor we are, but may God preserve our integrity."

"Nay, no dishonest thought prompted me," she replied. "I was but thinking that the loser would offer a handsome reward for it."

"And then we shall be able to get wine, and perhaps grapes, for our dear Miriam," said Esther.

"And shoes for Simeon, and a warmer dress for mother," said Anna.

"And a coat for papa," said the invalid, warming up in the general joy.

At that moment a loud knocking at the door startled them. The children were terrified lest it should be an officer of justice come to demand their prize, and perhaps carry them all to prison. And even Mr. Melchoir turned pale, and thrust the hand that contained their new found treasure into the bosom of his vest.

#### CHAPTER II.

The intruder was only an acquaintance, one whom the family did not care to entrust with the secret, and his visit, though short, was far from welcome. The incident harassed them exceedingly, nor could they wholly divest themselves of the tremor his abrupt entrance had thrown them into. It was fearful to think of keeping such an incubus in their house, yet what to do with it, that was the question.

"The owner may advertise it; yet how are we, who seldom see a paper, to know it," said Mr. Melchoir. "I am half tempted to throw it into the street again, and have done with it."

"That would hardly be wise," returned his wife. "Some dishonest person might find it and it would never be restored to its owner. We cannot afford to buy a paper, it is true, but Simeon can go every day to Mr. Brandon's, and look over the advertisements. And in the meanwhile we must keep quiet, and let our neighbors know nothing about it."

"Quiet!" petulantly exclaimed her husband; "I should like to know how you will keep it quiet with Seth and Levi here, ready to spread the news as soon as they get out."

Mr. Melchoir was not an unkind husband or father, as his hasty expressions might lead one to suppose. On the contrary, his very irritability was caused by witnessing the privations and struggles of his family. During the years of his affluence he had been a fond, affectionate husband, gentle and generous, and when misfortune overtook him, and soured his temper, Deborah did not forget it. Ever patient and unrepining, she tried, by every means in her power, to lighten the load which pressed so heavily on her husband. Nor was he unmindful of her sacrifices, her

tearful vigils by the sick-bed, her patient labor, and, above all, her pious resignation to the will of One in whose mercy she placed her trust. Never, in their darkest moments of poverty and sufferings, had that faith wavered or grown weak.

After various proposals from the little conclave, Mr. Melchoir finally concluded to carry the valuable waif to the Mayor, as the most responsible person to take charge of it. The family acquiesced, as they were accustomed to do in all his decisions, and he had already reached the door of the apartment, when Miriam's voice arrested him.

"What is it, my darling?" he asked, in those gentle tones to which she had ever been accustomed.

"Papa, I would not give it to the Mayor," she said. He smiled.

"Why not, my dear?" he asked.

"Anna says people think we are not good because we live here. And he might think so too," said the child.

"Very likely, my child," returned the father; "but that shall not deter me, from doing what is right."

"I would take it to Mr. Cohen," she continued. "He is rich and good too, and he knows you."

"He is not in the city," said her father.

"Well, then, papa, I would take it to Mr. Cargill; let him advertise it, and then the owner would not find out where we lived."

Her father seemed struck with the wisdom of the child. Truly, it had not occurred to him, that the finder being traced to such a disreputable part of the city, might lead to unpleasant results.

"You are right, my angel," he said, kissing her pale cheek. "I will take it to Mr. Cargill."

"Papa," she said, catching his hand as he was about leaving her, "what made you come into this ugly street!"

"My poverty," replied her father, bitterly. "Papa was too poor to be fastidious; besides, it was more respectable when we came here. Now we have no choice."

Mr. Cargill was the senior partner of the firm by whom Mr. Melchoir had formerly been employed, and when the latter placed the jewel in his hands, he breathed more freely, conscious that it was in safe keeping. The merchant assured him he would spare no pains to discover the loser, and immediately sent an advertisement to the leading paper.

"He will turn up, Melchoir, he will turn up," he said, cheerfully. "Such a gem is sure to be sought after, and I shall take good care that the reward is worthy of the gem. But," glancing at the threadbare dress of his visitor, "how are you getting along now? Your children are surely old enough to do something for a living, are they not?"

"Old enough, yes," returned the father, sadly; "but they have no trade, and have been unsuccessful in obtaining employment."

"That is wrong, decidedly," said a full, rich voice at his elbow. Mr. Melchoir turned; it was Mrs. Cargill, the wife of his employer.

"That is one of the crying evils of the day," continued the lady.

"Every father in humble circumstance should give his children some trade, whereby they might earn a living."

"Madame," replied Mr. Melchoir, "my children were reared in the lap of luxury. The first blast of adversity brought with it prostrating illness. That, together with my misfortune," he held up his maimed hand, "has taught them a bitter lesson. But we are no beggars; we only ask of our more fortunate fellow-men the leave to toil."

There was a proud humility in his look and

tone, which somewhat disconcerted the lady.

"Give me your address, if you please," she said. "I think I understood from Mr. Cargill you have daughters. I have no doubt I shall be able to get them some employment."

Mr. Melchoir was loth to comply with the request, for he had more than once been witness to her officious and pompous charities; but knowing that she was influential, and might possibly procure better employment for his daughters than that in which they had been engaged, he gave it, and felt relieved when she swept from the counting house, and stepped into her luxurious carriage.

It was almost dark when he entered his poor home; the street lamps were lighted, but there was no light in the room, nor any of the usual signs of the evening meal.

"How is this, Deborah? why have you no light?" he asked.

"Esther will soon be home, and then we shall have a light," she replied. "She has taken the work home, and should have been here before now."

"Something has happened to the child," exclaimed the father. "Why did not Simeon accompany her?"

"The poor boy was so worn out with his long walk, he had fallen asleep," she replied. "Besides, she started before dark, and has so often gone there. She will soon be here now."

But in spite of the mother's hopeful words, a fear was gathering round her heart. Esther, the swift-footed, merry-hearted girl had never before loitered, and now that the money was needed for so many things, above all, for darling Miriam, how could it be possible for her to linger so, if no accident had happened. Simeon and Anna had started to look for her just before Mr. Melchoir's return, and the mother's thoughts had been sad enough, as she sat there in the dark, chill room, waiting for her return.

Seth and Levi had crept to Miriam's bed when it grew dark, and lay listening to hear her repeat the beautiful little stories she had learned, and both they and their little preceptress had fallen asleep. There was no sound in the room but the low, deep breathing of the little sleepers, and the swift though light tread of their father, who paced rapidly up and down the room.

#### CHAPTER III.

A feeble light gleamed through the rich drapery which shrouded the windows of an elegantly furnished room, and fell on the pale countenance of a young girl who lay with closed eyes and rigid features on the luxurious bed. She had evidently been injured in some way, for the linen cloth which bound her head was saturated with blood, and the arm which rested on the cover was mashed and splintered as if broken.

Her sleep seemed like that of death. Not a muscle moved as the door opened and an elderly lady entered and approached the bed. She leaned over the sleeper, and put her ear close to her mouth, but could detect no signs of life; and when she placed her own warm palm upon the hand which lay outside the cover, she started back with affright. It was death-cold.

"Doctor, there is no life her," she exclaimed, as a tall, handsome man entered. "Feel that hand—it is like ice; and I cannot perceive the least signs of respiration."

The physician placed his finger on the wrist. "Not only life, my dear Mrs. Eldridge, but an improvement," he answered, cheerfully.

"I am glad to hear it," she said. And drawing back the curtains, so that a stronger light was admitted, she returned to the bedside.

"How beautiful she is!" she resumed. "I

have been in several times to see her, and have watched her for a long time. Beautiful, and yet peculiar. I never saw, except in paintings, anything that resembled her. She does not seem to be a common person—certainly not a coarse one. Her hands are soft and delicately shaped as those of a lady, although her clothing was of the plainest and cheapest kind."

"You could glean nothing of her name and family?" questioned the doctor, who, like his friend, saw something in the countenance of the beautiful sleeper that interested and puzzled him.

"Nothing," she replied. "When the accident occurred, Mr. Eldridge made every necessary inquiry of by-standers, but no one knew her. I sometimes feel selfish enough to wish no one would claim her. I am childless and lonely, and she seems to have been sent me in this strange way by a higher Power, to comfort and solace my declining years. I feel almost certain we shall love each other, if her life is spared."

Mr. Eldridge came in while they were speaking.

"Do you think there is any room for hope, doctor?" he asked. And then, without waiting for a reply, he exclaimed: "What a singular style of beauty! It is Jewish, is it not, doctor?"

"You have hit it," returned the doctor. "I have been puzzling myself to account for that peculiar countenance. Yes; it is a pure Jewish type."

"Doctor," ejaculated Mrs. Eldridge, recoiling, "you do not think so!"

"She is undoubtedly a Jewess, and a most beautiful specimen of Oriental beauty, too," replied her husband.

In the meantime, all was gloom and despair in the household of Daniel Melchoir. A stillness like that of death brooded over them.—Deborah's pale face seemed almost corpse-like, and bore an expression of untold agony.—Anna glided, tearful and nervous, through the darkened room, and Miriam, no longer the pale, quiet Miriam she had been, grew feverish and restless. Her white cheek was scarlet now, and her large, melancholy eyes grew wild and eager. Simeon and his father were rarely at home. Their time was spent in fruitless endeavor to gain some tidings of their lost treasure. The afflicted family were not left to bear their grief alone. Kind friends hastened to offer words of consolation and sympathy, and for a time the wants of the invalid and the rest of the family were kindly attended to. They felt and appreciated this kindness, but they also felt that human sympathy could not heal the wound so mysteriously given.

"Had it been death," moaned the wretched father, "had it been the hand of God, I could have bowed to his decree, who gave and has a right to take her. But this—this agony, who can remove?"

"It is the hand of God, my husband, and he alone can deliver us out of this black despair. His will be done," said Deborah, striving to give words of comfort, although her own sick heart needed it so sorely.

"No, no!" he exclaimed wildly, "it is not God's hand. It is the hand of man. My child, my priceless treasure, so beautiful and so pure, has fallen a victim to man's villainy; and her father's poverty chains him, hand and foot. None stir in the matter, because a poor man has no bribes to urge them on. No one cares that a child of poverty is dragged to infamy."

"Oh, not that, not that!" cried Deborah, imploringly, covering her face with both hands.

"Death, death a thousand times rather to my darling child."

In vain were words of consolation and religion offered to the distracted father. He was deaf to everything. His brain reeled, his frame was worn out with anxiety and loss of sleep, and as his family looked on his haggard face and bloodshot eyes, they shuddered.

"Hark!" exclaimed Miriam, raising herself in the bed, "that is Simeon's footstep. How he is running! He must have good news."

Her excitement was so great that when her brother burst open the door and came in panting and almost breathless, she would have thrown herself from the bed, if Anna had not held her.

"Father, father, see here!" Simeon gasped, holding up a piece of an old newspaper, and pointing to a paragraph. "In all our searching we never saw this paper. See, mother, that was the very day our dear Esther left us. Read it, Anna."

And Anna read: "Last evening, about twilight, as a young girl was crossing—street, near — street, she was knocked down and severely wounded by a pair of runaway horses. We were unable to learn her name or any of the particulars."

That was all. An incident fraught with so much anguish to them was thus lightly touched upon and dismissed. But the paragraph, unsatisfactory as it was, gave them hope to recover their beloved Esther.

Happiness seemed once more restored to the affectionate hearts that had so long mourned a loved one's uncertain fate, Esther was found, and although insensible to their great joy, it was a consolation to know that her injuries were not of a dangerous character.—Doctor Lascelle assured them that in a few weeks she would be able to leave her room, and the expectation of soon having her once more with them infused new life into their drooping spirits. In compliance with Miriam's urgent request to be taken to her sister, Mr. Melchoir had carried her there, and, once installed in Esther's bed, she could not be induced to leave her; and Mrs. Eldridge, seeing the devotion of the child, judged it best that she should remain, so that when consciousness returned to Esther her first glance rested on a well-known and beloved face.

It was a source of great comfort to her, when she grew convalescent, to sit propped up with cushions in her luxurious chair, and, holding Miriam's hand in hers, listen to the child's words of delighted affection, and the recital of every trifling detail of home affairs.

After a few weeks, however, we find Esther and her little sister Miriam in the poor dwelling of their parents in — street, and it matters little by what or whose means Esther was restored to her family. Her presence brought joy and happiness to them, although the cold hand of poverty pressed heavily upon them. Doctor Lascelle accompanied her to her humble home, and when he looked on the bare walls and naked floor, and on the careworn and hunger pinched faces of the Melchoirs, he wondered more than ever at Esther's fortitude.

"Tell me candidly, now, Esther," he said, a few days afterward, (for he still visited her,) "do you not regret the step you have taken? do you not hunger for the flesh pots of Egypt?"

Esther looked around her. Her mother's wan face, more wan and thin than she had ever seen it; her father haggard and prematurely gray; Anna's bowed form and pale cheek; yes, there was something in all this to cause regret. But the mother's dim eyes brightened when they rested on her, the father's look was one of pride when he turned to

her, and Anna's sweet smile grew sparkling, as she lifted her pale face from her work to look at her for a moment.—Miriam nestled on the bed near where she sat, her beautiful, spiritual countenance grown more beautiful, more spiritual in the long night of sorrow that had rested like a cloud on them, but beaming with such unutterable love upon her, that Esther, for her answer, caught her in her arms and rapturously kissed her angelic face.

"You are right," said the doctor; "you have not forfeited your claims to happiness. Child, I envy you!"

"I only regret Mrs. Eldridge's displeasure," she said; "it makes me sad to think I have offended her."

"But you would not return?" he asked.

"Return, oh! no," she replied drawing her sister closer to her. "I could not be happy anywhere but here."

"I never thought of asking about the diamond, Anna," Esther observed, as she and her sister sat one day at work; "has no one claimed it?"

"Ah! that unfortunate diamond," returned Anna. "Mr. Cargill was about to leave for Europe, and he sent for father to take it. I believe he was a little offended at the way in which father rejected Mrs. Cargill's charities: at all events, he gave it to him, and just as papa was carrying it to the Mayor for safe-keeping, some rude man ran against him and threw him down, and when he got up his diamond was gone!"

"Oh! Anna, lost?" asked Esther.

"Yes, lost. Papa immediately reported the case to the Mayor; but I am afraid, from what he said, his story was not believed."

"This unfortunate street, how it tells against us," said Esther. "And now if the owner should come forward, what would we do?"

"I tremble to think of it. Let us dismiss the subject, dear; it is terrible to think of the consequences," said Anna.

A knock at the door interrupted them: Anna opened it, and a stranger of prepossessing appearance inquired for Mr. Melchoir. "I am that person," said the latter coming forward.

The stranger entered and took the seat offered him.

"My name is Hermann," said the gentleman. "I have been unfortunate enough to lose some valuable jewels, and, by mere accident, heard you had found one of them. That is my apology for this visit."

Had the speaker been looking at his hearer, he would have been astonished at the change in his countenance; but his attention, while speaking, was directed to the corner in which Deborah and the girls sat at their work, and his preoccupation, gave Mr. Melchoir a little time to collect his thoughts and conceal his confusion.

"It is some time since the jewel was found. I advertised it at the time," he said, slowly.

"I have no doubt you think it strange that I have not claimed it sooner," said the stranger, "but the facts of the case are these: The jewels were stolen from me as I was about leaving Paris for the West Indies, and I did not discover my loss until I arrived at the latter place. Business of a peculiar nature compelled me to remain, but I immediately sent on to Paris an account of the theft and a description of the articles stolen, and have been fortunate enough to discover all but this, the most valuable one."

"You are sure that this is the one you lost," said Mr. Melchoir, wishing to gain time, he hardly knew why.

"Not having seen it, of course I cannot say it is," returned the other. "But Mr. Cargill, whom I met on my return to Paris, and to whom I spoke of my loss, informs me that a stone, apparently answering my description, had been found here, and he gave me your address. The

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## The Sword of Truth, And Harbinger of Peace.

"If the Truth make you Free, you shall be Free Indeed."

ADAMS & McKENZIE, Publishers

G. J. ADAMS, - - - - - EDITOR.

S. L. WASS, Agent and Assistant Editor.

INDIAN RIVER, ME., NOVEMBER 1, 1865.

### JERUSALEM AND THE HOLY LAND.

#### Editorial Journeying.

In our last, we continued our notes by the way until Wednesday, July 2d, on the evening of which day we came on board the Austrian steamer. Having paid our passage to Jaffa, and obtained our tickets for the same, we were the only passengers in the cabin, consequently we had the whole cabin to ourselves. We had quite a large number of deck passengers; I should think nearly three hundred, mostly Turks, and Arabs, they were dirty, very dirty.

On Thursday morning, bright and early—that is long before sunrise—we left Alexandria expecting to be in Jaffa early on Friday morning, and in Jerusalem on Saturday morning. But oh! how uncertain are human affairs. We did anchor in the harbor of Jaffa, early on Friday morning; but only long enough to look at Jaffa and its beautiful gardens, but not to enter therein, for as our steamer had come from Alexandria, and as the cholera had been raging at Alexandria, the authorities would not let us land, although the cholera was worse in Jaffa than it was in Alexandria, but you cannot reason with a Turk; no, Turk will be Turk. So we were very politely told that we must go on to Beirut and were informed that when we got to Beirut, there we might be quarantined, which means to be taken to the Lazaretto, and kept ten days in a kind of Turkish prison, among dirty Turks, and fleas. Well, that was rather a different prospect from being in the City of Jerusalem on Saturday morning!

Late on Friday night, we weighed anchor, and started for Beirut some 130 miles from Jaffa; taking us directly from Jerusalem, which was just the way, we did not want to go; but we made up our minds if it was the Lord's will that we should be so disappointed, it must be for some wise end and purpose, so we quietly submitted without much murmuring. In passing up the coast, nearly north we had a fine view of Aszuf, Cesarea, and the beautiful plain of Sharon, by moonlight, a full account of which, we purpose to give at some future time, the Lord willing. After coming as far as a place called Haifa a small town and harbor, close to Mount Carmel, the Capt. cast anchor, and remained until daylight. As the sun arose clear and bright the next morning we had a grand view of Palestine. Its distant hills arose in grandeur. The steamer passed so near that we could see its orange, and lemon groves, and the beautiful villages, all clothed in green, after passing by Acre, and two or three other small towns, we came in full view, of Tyre standing out in the Sea, a small insignificant town, so much so that scarcely any vessels now call at Tyre. And remember, Tyre was once the greatest commercial city of the world, its greatness and its glory has forever passed away, and it has fallen for sins, in fulfilment of the declarations of the prophets; but I shall have more to say about Tyre at some future time.

We passed by two other small towns and came to Sarepta, a city of some importance in the days of Christ, and the apostles. After which we soon passed Sidon, the once great Sidon; now reduced to a Turkish fishing town, where they literally spread their nets in fulfilment of prophecy. We passed by other towns, cities and mountains, as well as green fields, orchards, and vineyards; one after another until we cast anchor in the bay of the beautiful city of Beirut; which presented a sight splendid

to behold; new clean houses, trees, vines, shrubbery, and orchards, all met the delighted view at once; as we came to anchor. We were now soon informed that we must be quarantined ten days before we could land and enter the city. There were ships and steamers in quarantine. Those ships that did not wish to go into quarantine could leave, but the passengers must go on shore some three miles out from the city and go through some ten days quarantine, in a place called the Lazaretto.

A kind of a half hospital, half prison of small buildings on shore. The cause of quarantine here is that cholera exists, more or less around the sea ports, and although there was none on our steamer yet all must submit to the law of quarantine. Well friends, we have had a good view of the western side of Palestine; and we expect to try what the American consul can do for us before we submit to the quarantine. We have a faint hope of getting clear, but let us say cheerfully, the Lord's will be done. Brethren pray for us.

We have been in quarantine at the Lazaretto, and after remaining there some five hours, through the kindness of his Highness the Pasha, orders came for our liberation, for which we most sincerely thank his Highness. We are now in the city of Beirut, Palestine, under most comfortable circumstances, just ready to commence our explorations, of this wonderful land, this land of promise and future glory and greatness.

Beirut, July 7th, 1865.

G. J. ADAMS.

DEAR FRIENDS,—Here we are after a long journey of some five thousand miles, safely landed in the blessed land of promise. We landed at Beirut on Sunday, July 6th, just forty-six days after we left Boston. The Lord has blessed us and brought us in peace to this wonderful land, this land where great David's greater son—King Messiah soon will reign, "King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."

After landing in Beirut, we had the happiness to find ourselves comfortably situated at the Grand Hotel de la Universe, kept by a Greek christian. It is a hotel kept in the very best order, and we take pleasure in recommending our American friends, who may come to Beirut, to be sure and put up at Le Grand Hotel de Universe, for let me say that they will be sure to feel as much at home as it is possible for them to feel when away from home.

Beirut is situated in northern Palestine. The city contains eighty thousand inhabitants. The city presents a beautiful view on entering the bay or harbor. The streets are clean, the storehouses look clean and are quite large. The water is pure, sweet and good. The city has an English, French, and an American appearance. It is far beyond Alexandria in beauty and cleanliness. It is true the streets are narrow, but yet they are very clean, and the city is healthy. Beirut is the seaport of Damascus, which yet remains an Oriental city, in all its primitive greatness, splendor, and glory. The harbor of Beirut is the best in Palestine. The coach runs every morning from Beirut to Damascus; the fare for first class passengers is \$5.00; second class, \$3.50; third class \$2.50. There is a good Macademised road from Beirut to Damascus.—Grain, wine and fruit is constantly shipped from there to Europe, and also to the United States. It seems strange to me that travellers, one after another, should visit Palestine and write books and travels, and never even name Beirut, a city full four times as large as Jerusalem; a city that has increased in the number of its inhabitants, over sixty thousand in the last seven years; a city where you can obtain all the business of New York, or London. I have only time in these journeyings to give a brief notice, but when we come to publish our work on Palestine, we shall be sure to have one chapter on Beirut and its environs.

In the Grand Hotel de la Universe, the rooms are large, and well furnished; the table bountifully supplied; the meats, fowls, and birds are fresh and good; not less than six courses are served at dinner, and four at breakfast, and all for about 90 cts. each per day, which would cost from three to five dollars per day in Boston or New York.

The weather is as warm as in New York or New Jersey in summer. And oh! the beau-

tiful starlight and moonlight evenings! The thousands of fragrant flowers wafting their perfume on the air, and the thousands of birds, of beautiful plumage, singing most delightfully, is perfectly charming. Such things can only be seen and heard in this wonderful land.

Wednesday, Aug. 9th. We have now been here four days. We purpose to start for the Holy City and commence explorations of this Heavenly Country to-morrow, the Lord willing. May Heaven direct us in the great work which we have now entered upon. Our dear brother, A. K. McKenzie, joins in love with me to the church, and all the friends at home. Most truly yours in hope of peace on earth, and good will to men.

G. J. ADAMS.

On Thursday, Aug. 10th, we left Beirut, northern Palestine, for Jerusalem. After two days travel, we arrived at Jaffa, the Joppa of the new testament, the city where Peter lodged with one Simon, a tanner, whose house is still standing; a full description of which we purpose to give at an early date, also a description of the various towns that we passed on our way from Beirut to Jaffa. But our friends must have patience, for we cannot travel all day, and visit places and take notes, and then arrange our notes and descriptions for publication the same day. And we now say, once for all, that we are now only sending short sketches for the time being, which will serve as an introduction to our future work on Palestine.

In Jaffa we make our home at the Franciscan Convent, and we must say, and we do so with pleasure, the monks are very kind, and treat us in a most gentlemanly and hospitable manner. Pilgrims and strangers, travellers rich and poor, in this convent find a home and friends; even if they have no money they receive the same kind attention. When they leave no charge is made, but they can make a present according to their several abilities and disposition.

Jaffa is a walled city, and thought to be the oldest city in Palestine. The city is built very compactly, the streets are narrow, crooked, and in many places dirty. The houses are built of stone, roofs, floors, walls and steps. The steps outside and inside are of stone. In fact I may say the houses in this land are mostly built of stone; for two reasons, first, wood is scarce and stone is plenty; in the second place, stone houses are more adapted to the country and climate; and another reason I might add is, that but little lumber is brought into the country, and there are no good carpenters here. A number of good carpenters could get instant and constant employment in Jaffa, and likewise shoe-makers, and cabinet makers, and it would be a great place for boat-builders, as everything has to be brought from vessels in small boats and lighters, there being no wharves on this coast. In fact it is the very place for industrious people to come, to make a living, and a good living, and make it easy after the first two or three years. And as for farmers no better place can be named. The land requires no dressing—only plow the ground, then sow and harrow in the wheat or barley. Only think of a crop of from fifty to eighty bushels to the acre without any dressing. Where can you find such another fertile country?

But dear friends, I must now close. To-day, Sunday, Aug. 13th, I preached in this city by invitation, on the gathering of the people of God in this age. Yes, I preached here in the vicinity of where Peter had the great vision of the beasts and creeping things. The Lord blessed me abundantly on the occasion. Brother McKenzie joins in love to all the friends.—Truly and sincerely yours in love and truth.

G. J. ADAMS.

On Monday, Aug. 14th, Bro. A. K. McKenzie and myself started early in the morning on horseback from the convent, in company with Allah Solomon our Arab guide, for our first grand exploration of the land of Ephraim. We rode north some five miles, passing through orange groves, lemon orchards, and gardens loaded with pomegranates, grapes, and other delicious fruits and vegetables.

We then came to the farming land; that is, the land for raising wheat, barley and millet.—After which we came to the never failing river

Ogee, a river some five miles from Jaffa, running from the east and passing through the south end of the plain of Sharon. Turning east as soon as we reached the river, we passed through field after field of mulberry trees. Keeping close to the banks of the river, after riding two or three miles, we came to a place where an Arab was working his well, and watering his garden. We alighted from our horses under the shade of some mulberry trees, and partook of a good lunch which had been prepared by our guide Allah Solomon. After lunch we remounted our steeds and followed the river some two or three miles until we came to a Turkish or Arab grist mill, with eight run of stone for grinding wheat and barley; and such a mill! Oh! how we wished to see one good American mill on such a good stream; a river that never fails.

From the mill we rode South, and passed through much very fine farming land which now lies unoccupied. On our return we came back by way of the American burying ground. The mission is a complete failure. They could not make it go among Turks and Arabs, and their whole operation has proved a failure.

We next visited the English Consuls new gardens, after which we visited a beautiful location for a village containing some 300 acres of improved land, which is now for sale. This land adjoins the gardens of the English Consuls.— We then passed through various gardens and orchards, and soon found ourselves entering the city. We immediately entered the convent and found our noon repast all ready prepared by the kind hearted monks. After our noon repast, or breakfast was over (for here we take breakfast at 12 o'clock, noon,) we once more visited our kind friend Mr. Hermon Lowenthal, to council with him in relation to our future movements. And I wish here to say that during our stay in Jaffa, that we received much kindness from Mr. Loewenthal, and his kind lady and sister; also from Doctor Phillips, for which they will please receive our warmest thanks.

On Tuesday morning, Aug. 15th, after a fine night's rest, and after we had taken our coffee, we made up our minds to visit the old house of one Simon, a tanner by the sea-side. We drank out of the same well which Saint Peter had drank out of eighteen centuries before. We saw the place where he went up on the housetop to pray, and where God gave him that glorious vision which was to open the Gospel to the Gentiles. We obtained a small stone from that building which has stood so many centuries, on the top of which was given one of the greatest revelations that Peter, the great Apostle ever received. After thoughtfully viewing this ancient and notable building, we made arrangements with our guide, Allah Solomon to take us to Jerusalem. Allah soon prepared three fine horses and a mule for the baggage, and precisely at four o'clock we started for the Holy City, with no guard, guide or protection but Allah Solomon, and the Lord of Hosts. We carried no weapons of any description. But Allah carried his dagger which is always carried by Arabs. It was now after four P. M. and we had to travel as far as Ramlah, before supper. Ramlah is ten miles from Jaffa, on the Jerusalem road. Now commenced scene after scene of the beauty and grandeur of nature. Orange groves, lemon groves, pomegranite orchards, groves of Apricots, and immense olive orchards; also large fields of millet. When we were about half way to Ramlah on a beautiful plain, we perceived six armed Arabs bearing down upon us from the right hand side of the road. Allah waved his hand to us, and said "stop," and in an instant putting spurs to his steed, and giving a terrific Arab yell, he dashed off with almost lightning speed, towards the approaching party of armed Arabs. On the instant one of the men who rode the noblest steed of the party, and who seemed to be the leader, gave an answering yell, and left the rest of the party to meet Allah. It was a splendid sight, a grand display of horsemanship, such as I never before beheld, and such a sight as I never expect to witness again. After three or four terrific dashes at each other, the rest of the party perceiving that Allah was getting the advantage of their leader, two more of the party made a dash at Allah, in order to assist their friend; in an instant

Allah's fine features grew more dark and terrible, his eyes seemed to flash fire; his steed also seemed to catch the spirit and fury of his rider, and with what appeared to us almost superhuman strength and agility, Allah kept the whole party at bay, until by a quick movement he seized the leaders, cap or turban, and they instantly came to a pause. The rest of the party then came up, and they shook hands. Allah then returned the leader his cap, they saluted us gracefully, and rode off much to our relief and joy. Allah cried out in good English, "come on friends." Allah laughed, and said, "you was a little frightened, but there was no danger; they were friends, and we only had a little fun." I asked him what he took his cap for; he said that it was a disgrace for an Arab or a Turk to have his cap or turban taken off.— Said Allah, "You saw that all three tried to take mine off, and they could not do it; but I took his cap off, so I was not disgraced, but he was." I said "Allah, suppose these Arabs had been enemies, coming to kill us, what would you have done?" his eyes flashed, and he exclaimed, "I would have killed more than six before they should have touched you." And friends I believe it.

After the above adventure, we rode on enjoying all the glory of the setting sun; yes, the glory of a setting sun in Palestine, the land of patriarchs and of sages, prophets and apostles. We passed through vast fields of olive trees, also fields of millet. These millet fields were the second crop this year, and they had already commenced to reap the millet. I will now explain in relation to the wheat and millet and the other crops, also the rains; as they now come since the restoration of the latter rain. The former or first rain commences in the latter part of October, and closes in December. Here I will say that it does not rain all of the time.— No, nor half of the time, but comes in copious showers for a day or two; then there will be five or six days of fine clear weather, then rain again for a few days. No matter how hard it rains, in three or four hours after it stops raining, you can plow and plant.

The latter rain commences in April, and continues about six weeks; it is this rain which ripens the wheat and barley. The wheat and barley is sown in December, and the first part of January. They reap it in the first part of May. Immediately after harvest, they sow the same land with millet, for millet will grow well in the dry season. They sow the millet in June, and reap it the last of Aug. or the first of September. The land then rests about six weeks or two months, or until the first rain, when they sow turnips and peas, potatoes and every kind of vegetable they please to plant. These ripen in time to put the wheat crop in for the next season, making three crops a year on the same land, and giving the land a rest of about three months during the year. And please bear in mind all this without dressing; dressing is an injury to the land; everything grows better without it. Where on earth can such land be found? we answer nowhere else but in Palestine. Shall this land continue a land of misrule and oppression? Our answer is no! for the time of restitution is nigh at hand; but more of this in the future. I must now resume our journeyings.

At early candle-light we entered Ramleh and stopped at the Russian Convent, where they soon prepared a good supper. Supper over we rested about one hour, and again prepared to start, having resolved to travel all night. At eleven o'clock we were again in our saddles, ready for a start. We shall postpone a description of Ramleh until some future time. As it was now dark, we could only discern orchards, groves of oranges, lemons, grapes, all kinds of trees, millet fields, and various things too numerous to mention. We soon found ourselves ascending the mountains of Judea. The air began to grow cool, and we found that we were inhaling a fine mountain breeze. We soon came to a place called the half-way house, kept by an Arab. Here we made a halt to rest the horses, as well as ourselves. At five o'clock we were again aroused by Allah, and were soon on our way again, ascending the hills of Judea, occasionally passing an olive grove, and also passing two small towns, a full description of which must be reserved for the future.

As we journeyed on we passed through defile after defile, and over mountain after mountain, until we came to Callonia, the last town on the route until we were to enter the city of the great King; this town we were told was only two and a half miles from Jerusalem. Our hearts beat high in anticipation of soon seeing the Holy City, when up stepped a Turkish officer and said, "Stop. Quarantine five days."— We felt a little rebellious, but it was no use, for even the Russian Consul had to submit. We were soon visited by Mr. Thiel, the gentlemanly landlord of the Damascus Hotel, Jerusalem, for having letters of introduction to him, and some half dozen others in Jerusalem, we sent him a note to which he soon responded by making his personal appearance. After some conversation we gave him our passports to take to the American Consul at Jerusalem. After some three hours we received a kind note from the Consul, stating that he had seen the Pasha, and the Pasha would do all for us that he could, but he was sorry that the circumstances were such that he could not let us pass, as his own officers were not allowed to pass. We were now perfectly satisfied. With the note came mats, bedding, chairs, table, and an abundance of good things to eat, sent by Mr. Thiel. We soon made our tent everyway comfortable. We had the largest and best tent on the quarantine, and all Turkdom around there, tried to do us honor, for we were understood to be the great American travellers, who had come to buy land, and that we were not missionaries; and that also their great Pasha was our friend; for we found that our fame had gone before us.

The Turks hate sectarian missionaries, so does every one here. And every mission thus far has proved a complete failure. The mission in Jaffa has completely gone down, and their mission farm lays waste, and the missionaries have left for parts unknown. In fact Jews, Arabs and Turks know that sectarians do not preach or practice the doctrines of the Nazarine.

Well to return to our journeyings, being now nicely settled in our tent, we have an opportunity to look around and view the land. We are in a valley completely surrounded by high mountains. Within less than a stone's throw of our tent is a grape vineyard, loaded with grapes, just getting ripe. Our tent is erected under two olive trees full of olives about half ripe.— In the distance we behold a young orchard of olives which covers more than twenty acres of ground. On the sides of the mountains, in full view of our tent, arises terrace after terrace, full of grape vines loaded with grapes. This is the second crop of grapes this year.

There are some thirty Jews in quarantine with us, and any quantity of Arabs. Our French friend is still with us. His wife and family are in Jerusalem. Well, three days of the quarantine are passed.

On Sunday morning, bright and early, we expect with the blessing of the Lord to enter the Holy City, after which we expect soon to explore the mountains of Ephraim, having already explored the valley of Ephraim on the beautiful plain of Sharon.

Sunday morning, Aug. 20th. We are now in Jerusalem. We arrived here this morning, at 8 o'clock. We are stopping at the Damascus Hotel. We have a full view of the Mount of Olives, and the Mosque of Omar.

Sunday afternoon. We have just had a long walk upon Mount Zion and viewed the tower of David, also the tower of Hippicus. The tower of Hippicus is the present citadel of Jerusalem. In our walk we also visited the Jewish quarter of the city, and went through one of their Synagogues, the oldest one in the city is under the control of the Spanish Jews; and was recently repaired by Baron Rothschild.

Monday, Aug. 21st, we this day visited the entire outside of Jerusalem, from the Jaffa gate, to the gate of St. Stephen. We passed through the valley of Gihon first, and next came the valley of Hinnom, then Joab's well which now supplies Jerusalem with water. In full view from Joab's well are the gardens of Solomon, again brought under the highest state of cultivation. Near by the gardens is the old mulberry tree, under which Isaiah sat and repaired his torn garment. Next to the valley of Hinnom, comes the valley of Jehosephat, the place of judgment in the last days. We visited the pool of Siloam, and passed by the village of Siloam,

and then on to the tomb of Zacheriah, next to it stands the tomb of St. James, and then the tomb of Absalom, David's wicked and rebellious son. Just as St. Stephen's gate was about to close for the night we entered the city, quite weary, after our long journey.

In our fourth coming work on Palestine we shall give a full description of all the places and scenes here noticed.

In conclusion let us say, it is beyond the power of man to describe the improvements, made and the beauties of Jerusalem and its environs, in the last twenty-five years. We are now about to visit the Mount of Olives; a place sacred in the past, and now looked to with the deepest interest in the future, as the place where the Messiah will make his next appearance on this earth. Brother McKenzie joins in love to all. I remain most truly yours in hope of the new and glorious age of peace on earth,  
G. J. ADAMS.

## The Sword of Truth, And Harbinger of Peace.

"If the Truth make you Free, you shall be Free Indeed."

ADAMS & MCKENZIE, Publishers

G. J. ADAMS, - - - - - EDITOR.

S. L. WASS, Agent and Assistant Editor.

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### JERUSALEM AND THE HOLY LAND.

#### Editorial Journeying.

On Tuesday Aug. 22d, we visited the Mount of Olives; on our way we entered the garden of Gethsemane. At the garden we were treated in kindest manner by the Franciscan monks, who have charge of it. On the top of Mount Olives is the church of the ascension, a description of which we will give at some future time. After we had passed the highest point, we came in full view of the Dead Sea, and all the desolation which surrounds it. On our return we made a stop at the place where Jesus stood and wept over Jerusalem. We also visited the tomb of Mary on our return to the Holy City.

We now wish to correct a false impression in relation to the number of Jews in the City of Jerusalem. They now number 25000, beyond a doubt.

Wednesday Aug. 23d, this day we devoted to visiting the city, also in preparing to visit Bethel. We likewise visited Mr. Ducat, and had some talk with him in relation to his land in Jaffa, or near Jaffa.

Thursday, Aug. 24th, a day which will ever be memorable in the annals of the history of the Messiah. Quite early in the morning we started for ancient Bethel, the place where Abraham, the great patriarch, first raised an altar to the living God in this land, and the place where Jacob saw a ladder reaching to heaven, and dreamed of angels. Mr. Abraham Mordecai, a true Jew, that is a true descendant of Father Abraham, was our guide, and dragoman, and never have we spent two days, of such true comfort in Palestine. His tent, beds, and bedding, were all that could be wished for. His table was well furnished, and the entire arrangement was to us perfectly satisfactory. And we can cheerfully recommend him to all travellers who may visit the Holy City, as a man faithful, honest and true. He is just such a man as you want and need for a guide. He is very reasonable in his charges.

On our way out we had a fine view of Ramah, and the tomb of the prophet Samuel. About 2, P. M., we encamped near the pool of Bethel, our tent was soon raised, and we partook of a good dinner. We had a fine view from our tent, of the fig trees, and grape vines, with which we were surrounded. After dinner, in company with Abraham Mordecai, I explored the surrounding country for the place on which to erect an altar of twelve stones for the whole

house of Israel. I then read from the 26th and other chapters of Ezekiel, and silently prayed, after which I returned to the tent for brother McKenzie, who had remained behind by my advice on account of being unwell. I found him ready to accompany me. At just one hour before the sun went down, we commenced our ascent of the hill of Hope, we soon reached the altar, and there with the Lord's host around us in a most solemn manner we offered the following PRAYER:—Oh! Lord God of Israel, thou great Jehovah, God of Abraham—of Isaac—of Jacob and of the prophets,—thou great I-AM, who doest thy will in the armies of heaven, and among the children of men,—Oh! thou who raised Messiah from the dead, and give unto him the key of David, and named him the Lion of the tribe of Judah, and hast declared that He shall sit upon the throne of David and reign over the house of Jacob forever. Lord of Hosts, unto thee we call, in the name of Him who will come to dash the Gentile nations to pieces, and grind their dominion to powder. We come unto thee, oh Lord! in His name who will come suddenly to that temple which will soon be built where he will sit as a refiner's fire and purify the sons of Levi, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness. O Lord! thy hand has been heavy upon thy land and people. Now oh Lord have mercy upon this land, which thou didst give unto Abraham and his seed, remove the curse oh Lord from this land, and restore the land for thy people Israel. We praise thy name that thou hast restored the former, and the latter rains in fulfilment of the testimony of the holy prophets. We now oh Lord! beseech thee to restore the former dews from heaven, and the showers of rain, in the midst of the seasons; that this land may again produce plenteously and in great abundance for thy people Israel. And now O Lord, in the name of the Messiah, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, we rebuke the curse which has long hung upon this land and we bless the land, in the name of the Lord, the Anointed, the Messiah. O Lord of Hosts! we have seen the afflictions, witnessed the abuse, and heard the groanings, and seen the oppression of thy covenant people. O! Lord have mercy upon them, pity their low estate, and deliver them from oppression and sorrow. O! Lord turn all nations in their favor and let the set time to favor Zion speedily come and turn the glory of the Gentiles like a flowing stream to Jerusalem. And let Queens, become their nursing mothers; and Kings, their nursing fathers. O Lord we have heard the wailing, and witnessed the sorrow of thy people, have mercy upon them, and deliver them from their low estate. Remember thy oath unto their fathers and deliver them as thou hast sworn unto Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, and also unto David, and O! Lord bless the land as they come in to possess it. O! Lord bless all nations and kings and rulers of the earth and all churches, and societies who are friendly to and will help down trodden and oppressed Israel.—But O! Lord those nations, and churches, who oppose and oppress Israel, let confusion, darkness and destruction come upon them; for in thy word, thou hast said that the nation and kingdom which will not help them shall perish; yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted. And now oh Lord! we pray for thy church, the church of the Messiah, the church of the ever living and only true God, that church which thou art calling from the wilderness, calling out of Babylon, or confusion—that church unto which thou hast committed the keys of the dispensation of the fullness of times—and the authority to gather thy people in the last days. O Lord! remember and have mercy upon thy servants, the watchmen of Ephraim, whom thou hast called by direct revelation, in this age, to warn the nations, to gather Israel, and to make the midnight cry; "the bridegroom cometh, go ye forth to meet Him." And when thy servants the watchmen of Ephraim, go forth to push the people together to the ends of the earth, give them favor with thy people Israel and may they see that thy servants, the watchmen of Ephraim are their true friends. And now oh Lord! we pray for thy true followers who are scattered abroad among the entire religious world, that religious world which forms the great mystic Babylon, of this age. O Lord draw them by thy spirit out of Babylon, out from the mother of Harlots, and her daughters; may they come to

the faith once delivered to the saints, to the commandments of God, and the faith of Messiah. And now O! Lord of hosts have mercy upon thy servants who have come this long journey to perform this work, forgive our sins, and purify our hearts; give us faith and courage to persevere and hold out to the end, and never falter or deny the faith. That faith which we profess to believe on this day, on this ground, made sacred by Abraham and Jacob, and by angels, and by thy hosts who now surround us; and in whose presence we now feel to renew our covenant to be faithful, with all we have, and all we are, and all we hope for, God being our helper.

O Lord, if thy people sin and speedily turn from their sins, and forsake their sins, and turn their faces towards this thy land, and towards the city where thy holy temple shall be builded in this age, then, O Lord, have mercy upon them, and pardon their sins. All this, O Lord, Jehovah, we ask in the worthy name of the true Messiah, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, and the Prince of the House of David. And now, O Father, in thy presence, in the presence of angels, in the presence of the hosts which surround us, we pour this oil upon this altar of twelve stones, to be a witness forever that we have done as thou hast directed us. We now, O Father, invoke thy mercy, and the angel of thy presence, to go with us to our home and friends, and give us power to bear a faithful witness of all which thou hast caused us to do this day. And thine, O Lord, is the kingdom and power, the glory and dominion, now and evermore. We pray thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Amen.

I then bowed myself three times prostrate, with my face to the earth, and prayed unto the Most High, which prayer shall be written with the blessing of the Lord hereafter.

Thus closed the most eventful day of my life. The sun had set before we left the hill of Hope. We returned to our tent and partook of a good supper. The tent for that evening was left entirely to ourselves. Thus we had it during the evening as a place of worship. Our dear brother A. K. McKenzie, who had been sick some days, after evening worship, had a good night's rest notwithstanding the day's exertion, I spent much of the night in prayer and other religious devotions, all of which will be made known at the proper time.

In the morning we found that a very heavy dew had fallen, of which we will speak hereafter, the Lord willing.

On Friday morning, Bro. McKenzie being much better, after we had partaken of a good breakfast, we rode out and viewed the country. We returned to Bethel about nine o'clock and found all in readiness for our return to Jerusalem. On our return, about three miles from Bethel, we filled a bottle with water from a well out of which prophets and patriarchs had refreshed themselves. We then rode on to the holy city, passing through Ramah and other small towns, or villages, having a grand view of Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives from the north. We reached the city in time for a late dinner, after which we visited the wailing place of the Jews, a full description of which, with many other interesting matters we must reserve for our next letter. Bro. Abraham joins in love to all the friends. Yours in peace and love,  
G. J. ADAMS.

#### English Church News.

PROPOSED EXPLORATION.—A very large and influential Meeting was recently held at Willis's Rooms, St. James's, under the presidency of the Archbishop of York, with a view of forming a society or fund for the systematic exploration of Palestine. On the platform with His Grace were many gentlemen whose names are well known in connection with Eastern exploration and discovery.

His Grace the Chairman, in opening the proceedings, explained that it had been thought by many interested in science and art that the state of our knowledge of Palestine was very far from being what it ought; and so he considered it was, for almost every branch in inquiry relating to the past history of the Holy Land remained to be carried out. For example, exploration by means of excavation had scarcely taken place

in Palestine, though it was known that under the sacred city would be found monuments and other works of the deepest interest, as well as in nearly every other part of the Holy Land.—It was boasted that England took a very great part in the circulation of the Bible among all peoples; but in this particular matter it could not be boasted that England had done all it could to make the Bible better known and understood; for there was no doubt that the exploration of the Holy Land would throw light upon the Holy Text. He was obliged to allude to this, but he would only allude to it, as doubtless the point would be gone into fully by those who were to speak, as there were around him many who were able by their personal experience in Palestine to give some important information. The object of that meeting was for those present to embody themselves into a society; and in order to bind together persons differing in important points of opinion, in order to work together for the carrying out of one common object, it was intended to adhere to the principle—that no one was to launch into controversy; but that the rule of science was to be applied in an inductive inquiry as to the archaeological, topographical, and geological history of the Holy Land. He was glad to state that, because it would be seen by the list of names he should read of the gentlemen forming the Committee that there were many glad to forego their opinions for the purpose of working with others in one common object, so that they would work together in what they agreed and put aside that about which they differed.—By private canvass the support of some eminent names had been obtained, and he was happy to state that Her Majesty the Queen had consented to become the patron of the Society. Palestine belonged to us, and its history should not be neglected. It was said to the Father of Israel, "Walk through the land, in the length of it, and in the breadth of it; for I will give it unto thee;" and so it could be said to us "it is given unto thee;" it was the land whence came all the blessings which we enjoy,—it was the land of our hopes, and we should look upon it with as much patriotism as we look upon old England, and endeavor by a new crusade to rescue it from oblivion and ignorance.

The Bishop of London, who on rising was received with applause, moved the first resolution, to the effect that a fund be formed for the purpose of promoting the exploration of the Holy Land, and that certain noblemen and gentlemen should form the Committee. He expressed the great interest, which in common with the Clergy he felt in this measure. The Clergy felt, he said, that they belonged to a Church which was always anxious to promote education in every department, and they would be strangely deficient in their duties if they did not support this great purpose, which was intended to throw much light upon Biblical history. He went on to urge that the exploration of Bible lands would bring facts to light which would strengthen the faith of people, and he expressed his deep regret that he had never visited those lands.

The resolution was seconded by Viscount Strangford and adopted, and among the names read as of the gentlemen forming the Committee, besides those already given as present, were the Duke of Argyll, the Duke of Devonshire, the Earl of Derby, Earl Russell, the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Bishops of Oxford, Ely, and Ripon, the Speaker, Baron Lionel de Rothschild, Sir S. M. Peto, M. P., Mr. W. Morrison, M. P., Mr. J. A. Smith, M. P., Mr. Tite, M. P., the Dean of Christ Church, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Dr. Pusey, Mr. Beresford Hope, Dr. Norman McLeod, Dr. Hooker and Mr. Panizzi.—*London Churchman.*

**LOVE WISELY.**—To love is one thing, but to love wisely is another. No man would go out in a storm of rain without his coat, yet love has its rainy days as well as its sunny ones, and too many persons are found without provision against the former.

The water that flows from a spring does not congeal in winter, and those sentiments of friendship which flow from the heart cannot be frozen by adversity.

From an Exchange.

### THE LOST DIAMOND.

CHAPTER I.

*Continued from page 3.*

gem is doubly valuable to me, as it has been an heirloom in my family for several generations. This is the ring to which it belongs."

As he drew an antique and strange looking ring from its box, Mrs. Melchoir uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"I have seen it before, surely I have seen it before," she exclaimed in an agitated tone, taking it in her hand and turning it to the light.

"If you ever saw it, you must have seen the one to whom it belonged; for my grandfather and father, while it remained in their possession, never took it off their finger. There was some superstition connected with it which, they fancied, obliged them always to wear it," said the gentleman. "I imagined myself above such absurdities, and have paid the penalty."

"When I was quite a young girl," said Mrs. Melchoir, "an uncle of my mother's paid us a visit. I remember well how my curiosity was aroused by that singular looking ring, and the strange legend told us of its early history."

"The name of your uncle?" impatiently asked the stranger.

"Marx Hermann," she replied.

"Welcome me, then, my cousin," he exclaimed, taking both her hands in his own. "Marx Hermann was my grandfather. He died in Kingston scarcely twenty-four hours after my father's marriage. Are you not glad to welcome me? I, for my part, am rejoiced to meet such relatives."

Glad to welcome him! yes. Not only because he was their kinsman, but to know that the owner of the ill-fated gem was one who would not push matters to extremities. Their new found relative saluted them all cordially; but when he bent above Miriam, she clasped her arms around his neck and drew his ear to her lips.

"Oh! cousin," she whispered, "don't be angry with dear papa. He has lost your diamond."

Mr. Hermann started, and freeing himself from her embrace, turned to her father.

"How is this?" he said. "Your daughter informs me that you no longer have the diamond."

"Unfortunately she speaks the truth," he replied, and proceeded to detail the circumstances of its loss.

"What sort of a police have you, that it has not yet been found?" inquired Hermann. "Such a barefaced robbery as that would be detected in a few days in Paris. You lodged information against them, of course, and could identify the thieves."

"I informed the police," answered Mr. Melchoir; "but my poverty, my religion, and the locality in which you find me, all militate against me. I am afraid my story was not credited. With you the case may be different. I throw myself upon your generosity, and trust you will not exact payment from me. You may imprison me for the remainder of my life, but that would not bring back your diamond."

"Just so," said Mr. Hermann; "but you will find me a harder creditor notwithstanding."

The faces that had been before so radiant with hope changed instantly at the thought of danger to the beloved husband and father.

"Oh! sir," exclaimed Esther, coming forward as if she would throw herself at her kinsman's feet, "have mercy on my poor papa. Do not drag him to prison. We will all work, day and night, if you will let us pay you in that way, and never taste a pleasure until you are paid."

"Child," said Hermann, "do you think your exertions, work as you will, can repay me for such a treasure? No, I told your father he would find me a merciless creditor, and he shall. He, too, possesses a treasure which, no doubt, he values, even more highly than I do mine; let him give me that jewel, and I shall be content to lose the other." Then taking her hand, he turned to her father: "She is very young," he said, in answer to the looks of astonishment depicted upon their faces, "very young, and I give you three years before I claim her; but if you really desire to compensate me for the loss of my diamond, let her be betrothed to me, and I shall bless the chance that led me here."

Esther shrunk back, blushing and bewildered, to her father. He, scarcely less astonished, passed his arm around her, and drew her blushing head upon his breast.

"This is so sudden, sir, that you will pardon me if I desire time to decide upon it. She is indeed an inestimable treasure; but you have not known her long enough to find out her value. And perhaps when you think calmly over what has transpired, you may feel disposed to change."

"Trust me for that," replied Hermann. "I am no longer a very young man, and believe me when I tell you, that the first moment my eyes beheld your daughter my heart assured me she would be mine. Let time show how true a prophet I am."

After Esther's betrothal, the family removed to a more eligible neighborhood, and the world, which had so long frowned upon Daniel Melchoir, once more smiled on him. Through the influence of his future son-in-law, he obtained a lucrative post. The female portion of the family were no longer obliged to assist in earning a living, and Miriam, thanks to nutritious food and fresh air, was rapidly recovering her health. Hermann found much fault with the stubborn pride he was forced to encounter, and often threatened to shorten his engagement that he might have his own way in pecuniary matters, but was forced to yield to the majority and content himself with the planning for the future.

To complete the happiness of the Melchoir family, Dr. Lascelle revealed to the old gentleman that he was, by birth and education, a Hebrew, but circumstances compelled him to keep it a secret and live as a Christian. But now, he loved Anna, and if Mr. Melchoir would accept him as his son, he would publicly profess his Jewish origin, and henceforward live as a true son of the Synagogue.

Anna Melchoir became Mrs. Lascelle, and Esther, Mrs. Hermann; but the lost diamond was never found.

**DISTURBING SCHOOLS.**—A case of violation of the Statutes protecting schools from disturbance, which recently occurred in this village, deserves notice for the information it conveys to those who do not know how far their rights extend in this direction. The mother of a Miss in one of our schools—Miss Nye's—felt grieved by reports she had heard relative to the teacher's treatment of her child, and entering the school while in session, she 'freed her mind,' in good round terms, such as most women who had entered upon such a job would be in danger of using before they got through.

No words passed between her and the teacher, and the offender claims that she addressed her speech only to the pupils, and retired quietly when she had "said her say." The offence was reported to the committee who addressed to her a note demanding such a written apology as would admit a violation of the rights of the school. She replied in terms that aggravated rather than mended the offence; and the case was given to the grand jury, and by them to the S. J. Court, at their late session in Augusta.—With the best legal counsel she could procure, the offender was advised to plead guilty; the Court judged her to pay a fine and costs of suit.

This ends the controversy, but thus should not end the lesson. These disturbances, and others of various character, are too frequent in our common schools, and the injury is important. They should never be suffered to pass without proper rebuke; and our committee have set a good example.—*Waterville Mail.*

The New Bedford Mercury says that as a gentleman, now a distinguished merchant of Boston, but formerly a resident of Nantucket, was one day engaged in planting potatoes on his farm in that town, a dry old fellow stopped to watch the operation. The merchant, more enthusiastic than skilful in his farming, was dropping five seed potatoes in each hill. "Ah! planting potatoes Squire," remarked Uncle Jerry. "Yes," replied the merchant, "and if the rot does not take them I expect to have a good crop. What time do you think is best to dig potatoes, Uncle Jerry?" The old fellow looked into a hill, and replied, "Dig 'em now; you'll never get a bigger crop."

### Jerusalem and the Temple.

Translated for *The Israelite* Indeed from Dr. Jost's of the Jews.

SEPARATED from the populous plains by sterile deserts towards the south and west, by a chain of mountains on the north and east, secluded, as it were, and apart from all connection with the temporal world, on a rock in the midst of the land of Judea, the old and sacred city, Jerusalem, raised its lofty head.

The name still fills every hearer with veneration, and with regret that the details of its grandeur have not been better preserved.—Notwithstanding the numerous researches directed toward ascertaining its topography, the veil which time has spread over its former glories can be but partially removed; so that what we now relate is probable rather than certain.

Jerusalem stood on several hills. Mount Zion, on which the *upper town* was erected, occupied the entire south of its site. North-east thereof lay Mount Moriah and the temple; northwest, on the hill Accra (as a part of Zion), stood the *lower town*. North of both these the city was enlarged by the *new town*, on the hill Bezetha. Between the hills, the windings of a deep valley were called the "vale of the cheesemakers." The upper town was encompassed by a high wall, on which sixty towers were raised. The western part, or the lower town, was likewise surrounded by a wall with fourteen towers, which adjoined the first-mentioned one, and extended to the temple. This likewise was enclosed by several walls. The third wall surrounded the hill Bezetha; but it was never completed.—The entire circumference of the city was thirty-three stadia, or 19,800 feet, about three and a half English miles. Mount Zion joined the temple by means of a stone bridge, which led over the deep ravine that separated the two hills. Another stone bridge and a secret path connected the temple, on its northern side, with the strong fortress Baris, afterward called Antonia. This path served for the security of the rulers. For the nation, according to law, assembled on the mount of the temple every feast-day. How easily could the bold multitude become tempted, from the lofty and scarcely accessible site of the temple, to dictate to its rulers, and, in case of refusal, to compel by force a compliance with its wishes! The rulers, therefore, took care to preserve a means of access for their armed followers, in order to awe and oppose the tumultuous arrogance of the mob.

Large and splendid, the high-enthroned temple was visible at a great distance. Its white marble walls—in many places inlaid with gold—reflected the blinding rays of the sun, and gave to the mountain, when the solar light was obscured, the appearance as if eternal snow rested on its height. Mount Moriah had at an early period been devoted to the sacred building. There Solomon erected his temple. Zorobabel renewed it; and Herod, whose love of building exceeded even that of Solomon, embellished the splendid pile, and enlarged its extent. The site of the temple was at first but small; but the increasing number of the nation required a larger space. Formerly the mount of the temple stood isolated, surrounded by deep valleys, and only connected with Mount Zion on the south, by means of a bridge. But in latter times these valleys became inhabited, and Mount Moriah less isolated. In the days of Herod its condition was as follows: Four perpendicular walls of large hewn stones separated the mount from its environs at the equal distance of a stadium (six hundred feet) on each side. Within, the hollow space between the walls and the rock

was completely filled up with earth. Their height from the valley was at first three hundred feet. But gradually, and in process of time, mounds of earth were raised outside the walls, which lessened their apparent height, although they still towered above those outward mounds. One ascent in the east, one in the north, one in the south, and four in the west, led to the summit of the walls. This was covered by a hall, directly adjoining which stood a second. The respective width of each was thirty feet. The inner one was a piazza, formed by double rows of equidistant pillars, each twenty-five feet high, and cut out of one block of white marble. On these rested a flat roof of cedar wood. No painting or sculpture interrupted its simple but uniform beauty. Adjoining this piazza was an open space, or fore-court, access to which was permitted to all, even to Heathens. This court was paved with parti-colored stones, in Mosaic. A flight of fourteen steps led, on three sides of the square, to a second open space, which, at the width of ten feet, was bounded by a wall twenty-five feet high. The way to the steps was through narrow railings three feet high. Pillars, at equal distances, bore tablets with inscriptions in Greek and Latin, which cautioned every one who was impure or who was not a Jew, against ascending, under forfeiture of life.

The square wall which enclosed the inmost space had on the north and on the south, respectively, four gates, close to each other. The eastern side had one gate; the western had none, as it would otherwise not have been sufficiently protected from the city. Each gate was formed by two folding doors, hung on pillars, and richly inlaid with gold and silver. The height of the folding doors was thirty feet, their width fifteen feet each, the height of the portal forty feet, and within the gates the entrance was thirty feet wide, to correspond with the portal. An ascent of five steps led to the northern and southern gates. Within, the guard-rooms of the priests and their adjoining refectories reached the whole length of the walls, from gate to gate. These rooms had but one entrance from the inner space. In the gates were placed benches for the Teachers of the Law, who there conversed with each other, and instructed their disciples: Doubtless, several of the rooms were used for the same purpose. The eastern entrance led to the court of the women, which, according to the accounts yet extant, must have been somewhat lower than the rest of the court. This space, in which females performed their devotions, occupied the whole eastern side of the square, and was thirty feet wide: so that the first gate, on the northern and on the southern side, likewise led to the women's place by means of a descent of five steps. It was bounded by a low wall, or rather partition, to separate the men from the women. In this partition, exactly opposite the eastern gate, stood a splendid portal, fifty feet high, with folding doors of Corinthian ore, forty feet high, ornamented and inlaid more richly than any of the other gates. A covered flight of fifteen steps,—but not higher than the five steps which led to the other gates,—formed its ascent. This gate, like the three remaining ones on the northern and the southern sides respectively, led into the space of the men called "the Court of the Jews." The whole square, including the place of the women, was surrounded by a piazza, or hall of pillars, similar to that of the outer court. The Court of the Jews was bounded by a stone partition, rather low, but beautifully ornamented, which encompassed the temple itself at a distance now unknown, and parted the priests from the

people. Within this partition, directly opposite the eastern gate, stood the great altar of burnt-offerings, fifteen feet high, thirty feet long, and thirty feet wide, with a convenient ascent from the west. The inner space before the temple appertained solely to the priests. The temple itself consisted of an ante-room, the holy, the most holy, and the treasuries.

The width of the temple toward the east was a hundred feet; the length of the whole was likewise a hundred feet; as was the height. But the width did not continue throughout the whole extent of the length; but after twenty feet in the length it became narrower by forty feet (twenty on each side), so that the width of the nave was only sixty feet. The principal entrance (which probably was the only one) was in the centre of the eastern side. An ascent of twelve steps led to a splendid portal, without doors, seventy feet high, and twenty-five wide, the sides of which were most richly inlaid with gold. As it always remained open, the inner wall and gate, completely overlaid with gold, was visible from without. Over the inner gate, a golden vine, with its grapes of the size of a full grown man, excited the admiration of all beholders. The ante-room was fifty feet wide, twenty feet long, and ninety feet high. A rich tapestry concealed the entrance to the holy place; which also was not so lofty as the ante-room, as at the height of sixty feet a rich ceiling separated the upper room from the nether space. The entry was fifty feet high and fifteen feet wide. Within the tapestry there was a space twenty feet wide, forty feet long and sixty feet high. Here stood the candlestick with the seven lamps; the table for the shew-bread, and the golden altar for incense. A second tapestry or veil divided the interior awful place, called "the most holy;" a space of the same width and height as the former, twenty feet long and entirely empty—the seat of Jehovah. The use to which the upper space was appropriated is not exactly known; it was probably known to the high-priest, only. The three external sides of the nave were joined by a series of small rooms, in three floors above each other. The entrances to these rooms were in the ante-room, at each side of the inner gate, and all these rooms had interior communications. Their width throughout was twenty feet and so their height. In these rooms the treasures of the Temple were deposited. The roof was covered with heavy gold plates and cornices, to prevent the birds from soiling the holy building.

The whole was constructed of large white marble blocks; and when recognized from afar afforded a most splendid prospect, such as the imagination of the reader cannot easily depict.

DR. FRANKLIN ON PRIDE.—Pride is as great a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more that your appearance may be all of a piece; but poor Dick says, 'it is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.' And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich as for the frog to swell in order to ape the ox. 'Vessels large may venture more. But little boats should keep near shore.' It is, however, a folly soon punished; for as poor Dick says, 'pride that dines on vanity sups on contempt. Pride breakfasted with plenty, dined with poverty, and supped with infamy.' And after all, of what use is this pride of appearance for which so much is suffered? It cannot promote health nor ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person; it creates envy, it hastens misfortune.