LEILA ADA

[*Continued.*]

Our travellers now continued their journey to Italy. Here they visited Milan, Verona, Venice, Ferrara, Bologna, Florence, Rome and Naples. Leila's reflections upon the various scenes witnessed, display power of no ordinary strength, as well as deep seriousness. We quote a paragraph or two. "Passing Nami" says she "and its picturesque but ruined bridge, and the beautiful Civita Castellana, we entered the dreary solitude of the campagne di Roma. The aspect of this desolate waste, combined with a recollection of the scenes of grandeur and tumult to which it had been witnesss, filled me with a deep melancholy. To feel that you are treading upon the ashes of a nation, whose sway once governed the world, of an empire which once existed in the greatest earthly splendour, the cultivation of whose intellect had attained to a high degree of perfection, and then look around and witness this majesty humbled to the dust and silence and desolation, seated upon its ruins how impressive! The air, which I am this moment breathing, once resounded with the loud notes of the martial trumpet; mighty legions and trium phant cars have coursed upon this very ground; the victor and the vanquished have trod its surface, the regal diadem has on this spot been led captive at the conqueror's victorious charriot; the mightiest princes of the earth have here licked the dust and rendered the most submissive homage to their proud mistress. I ask to see the monuments of this grandeur and I am pointed to some stunted shrubs, a few mutilated columns and broken statues, which here and there lie buried in the soil, the dissevered and ruined arches of an aqueduct, or, at intervals, some melancholy tower."

"How clear to my mind, even if it be but little accustomed to reflect, is the superintendence of Providence over the creation. Dreadful are the effects of the unrestrained passions of men. Nations, which have filled the measure of their iniquities, are hauled from the pinnacle of power, their country given to ruin and desolation; but all work together for good, in the wisdom of him who governs the universe, and sees from beginning to end."

From Italy, Leila and her father pursued their way to Greece, where they visited Athens and witnessed all that remained of what was once the famous city of Lycurgus. From Greece, they sailed through the romantic and wildly beautiful isles of the blue Ægean, to Constantinople Here there was much to excite the interest of Leila. We quote from her notes "I know no wealth in the whole city of Stamboul which I prefer to that by its decayed walls. That triple line of immense battlements is now in ruins and covered with ivy. It is four miles in length and surmounted by 218 towers. From the historical scenes connected with it, and which have been so beautifully described by Gibbon, every step along it is full of the deepest interest. On the other side of the road are the Turkish burying grounds, full of lofty and luxuriant cypresses, and interspersed with the choisest flowers of the East. In them I spend many hours, I love to visit every repository of the dead wherever I go. Meditation upon death and eternity, are with me favorite ones, and no means shall be neglected, which have the effect of making the mind familiar with that solemn event, which must soon arrive and through which we must pass to heaven."

"Oh, that when it comes, it may find me prepared to meet it. O that at that season I may have that divine support, and that blessed hope of heaven which shall encircle my brow with composure, and my spirit with calmness and delight."

We have already seen that Leila had begun to read the New Testament. While she was earnestly seeking divine direction in regard to the way of salvation, while she was unreservedly submitting herself to divine guidance and determined to follow the leadings of the Lord, whatever it might cost her, she seems still to have been in some uncertainty, in regard to the right way. Her perplexity, however, seems to have been only temporary and speedily dissipated. She seems to have arrived at the conviction that Jesus of Nazareth was the promised Messiah.

Leaving Constantinople, our travellers proceeded to Smyrna, thence to Antioch, after a short stay, at which place, they pursued their way to Jerusalem. Leila's reflections upon the Holy Land are beautiful and deeply pathetic. "How languid is that land which once thrilled with animation and warm delight! How silent those groves and valleys, which were wont to echo the notes of softened and joyous music. How desolate and solitary those plains, which were the garden of the Lord, a land of fountains, springs and murmuring streams, of wheat and barly and grapes and olives and fig trees and pomegranates, of oil and milk and honey. These hills and dales which ever still repose on placid and sunny beauty are the Jewish fatherland; those smiling plains their home—alas! how could I say their home: Poor

"Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest,
The wild dove has her nest, the fox his cave,
All mankind their country, Israel but the grave."

They are homeless wanderers—exiles.

For what was it, asks Leila, that the Jews had been so long exiled from their land. They had been consigned to a captivity of seventy years for idolatry, one of the greatest crimes of which they could be guilty; but now they had been banished for twenty-five times that period. For what crime could this be? It must be for one that was very atrocious, committed before their dispersion, and persisted in, until the present time. There was only one mentioned in their records, upon which she could fix, which was the crucifixion of Jesus of Nazareth. That he was the Messiah she no longer doubted. The Old Testament and the New agreed. But she was still in much darkness. She longed to get back to England, where she could enjoy the teachings of some servant of Christ.

At Jerusalem, she was visited with prostrating disease. "I am just recovering" says she from the most severe illness I ever had, through my indisposition I received much divine support, yet I have not the indwelling peace which I desire to have, and which it is clearly my privilege to possess. I want the evidence that I am what God would have me to be. Although I earnestly seek for this evidence, all seems dark and mysterious. Lord, arise and scatter my darkness for the Redeemer's sake. O let me, unworthy, miserable, sinful me, obtain thy promised salvation. Amen.

"It is a solemn scene! From my windows I see the Mount of Olives, the deep ravine that forms the bed of the brook Kedron, and the valley of Jehoshaphat, where my fathers lie buried. Beneath me lies most of the Holy City. With a slight turn of my head, I see the Mount Moriah and the enclosure where once stood the Temple of the Lord. Again shifting my view, I see the few thin-leaved olives which are supposed to mark the garden of Gethsemane—the scene of the agony of the divine Redeemer. A solemn calmness hover every where around me. My spirit harmonizes with the time and scene."

From Jerusalem, Leila and her father returned by the way of Alexandria, Malta and France to England, to their beloved residence in Cornwall. Her first solicitude was to find a company of simple earnest Christians, as she herself expressed it. At a chapel about three miles from her father's house, there worshipped such a congregation as she desired. To avoid the displeasure of her father, which she knew would fall upon her, she attended by stealth and mostly in the evenings. At first she kept herself closely veiled, so as not to be known by the congregation. But, as the Holy Spirit applied to her the truths declared, she by degrees cast off reserve, and at length sought an interview with the minister, by whom she was baptized, in presence of the congregation and partook with them the ordinance of the supper. At that time, she attained to that peace which she had so long earnestly sought.

Her next solicitude was in regard to her father. Not only did she feel herself bound by the near relation in which she stood to him, but by a regard to Christian principle, to attempt his conversion from Judaism to Christianity. But how this was to be effected cost her much anxious thought and many earnest prayers. She at length determined to leave a letter on his dressing table. The night on which this was done, was spent in prayer for a blessing upon it. This letter is replete with a sound sense and the most touching filial affection.

The meeting with her father in the morning was deeply affecting. He expostulates with her on her renunciation of Judaism, endeavors to reclaim her from what he considered her apostasy, while, on the other hand, she respectfully and affectionately pleads the cause of Christianity. He then informs her, that she must be excluded from his presence for a week, when, if she renounce not the religion of Jesus, she must be sent to her uncle's. All this is painful to her in the extreme, but her religion supports her in this trial; she finds strength at the throne of grace. The week having elapsed, the faith of Leila in the Christian religion is as firm as ever and therefore she is sent to her uncle's. Here we must leave her in the mean time.

R.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Giving Like an Emperor.—Galignani, describing a passage in the Emperor's tour, says: On his return from the Charpennes, where nearly three-fourths of the district had been nearly destroyed by the floods, the Emperor, pale with emotion, and with tears in his eyes, approached the groups of victims, and calling to him more particularly the poor women surrounded by their weeping children, distributed to each of them, from a bag which hung at the saddle bow, money to provide for their first and more urgent wants, and accompanied with a promise of further means of alleviation. The sentiments excited in the breasts of these poor people, receiving so unexpectedly such liberal assistance, dealt out to them in sums of 50f., and 100f., from the hand of their sovereign, cnanot be described.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mrs. Partington on Saturday.—I don't like statutes, especially in a state of crudity. I wonder what you see about your Appolyan Velveteens and Venice de Medicines. I declare they look as cold as marble this torrid freezy weather. It would be an act of malevolence for some good human parson to give them sung investments, so it would not to speak of the decencies of fossilised life.

Making Free with the Commandments.—The late Dr. Lockhart, of the College Church, Glasgow, when travelling in England, was sojourning at an inn when the Sabbath came round. On entering the public room, and about to set out to church, he fouud two gentlemen preparing for a game of chess. He addressed them in words to this effect:—"Gentlemen, have you locked up your portmanteaus carefully?" "No. What! are there thieves in this house?" Answer: "I do not say *that*, only I was thinking that if the waiter comes in and finds you making free with the Fourth Commandment, he may think of making free with the Eighth Commandment." Upon this the gentlemen said, "There was something in that," and so laid aside their game

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Rogers and Campbell.—Madame de Stael one day said to me, "How sorry I am for Campbell! his poverty so unsettles his mind that he cannot write." I replied, "Why does he not take the situation of a clerk! he could then compose verses during his leisure hours." This answer was reckoned very cruel both by Madame de Stael and Mackintosh; but there was really kindness, as well as truth, in it. When literature is the sole business of life, it becomes a drudgery; when we are able to resort to it only at certain hours, it is a charming relaxation. In my earlier years I was a banker's clerk, obliged to be at the desk every day from ten till five o'clock, and I never shall forget the delight with which on returning home, I used to read and write during the evening.—*Samuel Rogers.*

Effects of too much Wine.—Wine heightens indifference into love, love into jealousy, and jealousy into madness. It often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric man into an assassin. It gives bitterness to resentment, it makes vanity insupportable, and displays every spot of the soul in its utmost deformity.

Industry and its Blessings.—People may tell you of your being unfit for some peculiar occupations in life, but heed them not. Whatever employment you follow with perseverance and assiduity will be found fit for you; it will be your support in youth and comfort in age. In learning the useful part of any profession, very moderate abilities will suffice; great abilities are generally injurious to the possessor. Life has been compared to a race; but the allusion still improves by observing that the most swift are ever the most apt to stray from the course.

—o—

Gleaming Poetry.—The first attempt of a poetic fledgeling, made in a fine frenzy, runs thus:—

The gleam of her eyes was bright
The gleam of her gold was brighter;
The first was a beautiful sight,
The second a beautiful sighter.

Loss of an Arm.—When Nelson visited the Royal Naval Hospital at Yarmouth, after the battle of Copenhagen, he went round the wards, stopped at every bed, and to every man said something kind and cheering. At length he stopped opposite to a bed on which was lying a sailor who had lost his right arm close to the shoulder-joint, when the following short dialogue ensued:—Nelson: "Well, Jack, what's the matter with you?"—Sailor: "Lost my right arm, your honour." Nelson paused, looked down at his empty sleeve, then at the sailor, and said playfully, "Well Jack, then you and I are spoiled for fishermen; cheer up, my brave fellow."

Why is an egg like a colt?—Because it is not fit for use until it is broken.

TO BE SOLD.

THE Farm at present in the occupation of Mr. Andrew Smith, at the Cross Roads, Belfast. For particulars apply at the office of T. HEATH HAVILAND, Esq. Barrister at Law.

Charlottetown, April 25th, 1856.

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STREETLY & COUCHMAN

BEG respectfully to inform the inhabitants of Charlottetown and its vicinity, that they have taken the store lately occupied by MR. NEIL RANKIN, and have opened it under the above title with a magnificent and

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By the aid of a microscope, we see millions of little openings on the surface of our bodies. Through these, this Ointment, when rubbed on the skin, is carried to any organ or inward part. Diseases of the Kidneys, disorders of the Liver, affections of the Heart, Inflamation of the Lungs, Asthmas, Coughs and Colds, are by its means effectually cured. Every housewife knows, that salt passes freely through bone or meat of any thickness. This healing Ointment fare more readily penetrates through any bone or fleshy part of the living body, curing the most dangerous inward complaints, that cannot be reached by other means.

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No remedy has ever done so much for the cure of diseases of the skin, whatever form they may assume, as this Ointment. Scurvy, Sore Heads, Scrofula, or Erysipelas, cannot long withstand its influence. The inventor has travelled over many parts of the globe, visiting the principal hospitals, dispensing this Ointment, giving advice as to its application, and has thus been the means of restoring countless numbers to health.

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Some of the most scientific surgeons now rely solely on the use of this wonderful Ointment, when having to cope with the worst cases of sores, wounds, ulcers, glandular swellings, and tumours. Professor Holloway has dispatched to the East, large shipments of this Ointment, to be used in the worst cases of wounds. It will cure any ulcer, glandular swelling, stiffness or contraction of the joints, even of 20 years' standing.

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These and other similar distressing complaints can be effectually cured, if the Ointment be well rubbed in over the parts affected, and by otherwise following the printed directions around each pot.

Both the Ointment and Pills should be used in the following cases:—

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Bad Breasts	Contracted and Stiff Joints	Skindiseases
Burns		Scurvy
Bunions	Elephantiasis	Sore-heads
Bite of Mosquitoes and Sand Flies	Fistulas	Sore-nipples
	Gout	Soft Corns
	Glandular swellings	Tumours
Coco-bay	Lumbago	Ulcers
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Sold at the establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, 244, Strand, (near Temple Bar,) London, dan 80, Maiden Lane, New York, also by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicines throughout the Civilized World, at the following prices:—at 1s 3d; 3s 3d; and 5s each Pot.

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