

who found them has contributed the sum offered as a reward for their discovery. We trust a liberal subscription will enable the Committee to put up such a one as will do credit to the good taste and liberality of the Capital and its neighbourhood. A rude Cairn was hastily erected on the hill where the babes were found, but we understand that it is in contemplation to smoothe the front of a huge granite boulder, near at hand, and point out, by a suitable inscription, the spot which will, we venture the prophecy, be a resort of our youth and of strangers, during the summer months, for whose information this simple narrative has been prepared.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE REV. DR. JOHN HARRIS, THE PRIZE ESSAYIST.

BY REV. JOSEPH BELCHER.

A VILLAGE, called Ugborough, near Madbury, in the country of Devon, gave birth to the subject of this sketch, in the year 1804. To wealth or worldly honour his parents had no claim. They were, however, esteemed for their correct, moral and Christian deportment. The father of our friend now resides in the metropolis to enjoy the filial gratitude of his honoured son, and to rejoice as a father and a Christian, in his success and his popularity.

While he was young, John Harris removed with his parents to Bristol, and was admitted to the Sunday-school connected with the Tabernacle in that city. At this period of his life, we have reason to know that his ready obedience, amiable manners, and cheerful sociability, secured for him the high esteem of all who knew him. Nor were indications wanted, even then, of that brilliant genius, and that determined labour in the acquirement of learning, for which he has since become eminently distinguished. We have heard the doctor relate, in his own playful and interesting manner, an account of a visit once paid to the Sunday-school by the distinguished Joseph Lancaster, who, with a happy instinct, singled him out as the first lad of the school. It happened at that time that a Mr. Bird, a popular lecturer on astronomy, who, we believe, still resides in the neighbourhood of Windsor, was then lecturing on his favorite science at Bristol; and Lancaster, by a note still in existence, introduced his little friend to the lecturer, as one who would greatly profit by an attendance on his instructions. The lectures to which he thus listened, opened to his mind worlds, and systems, and facts, which astonished and delighted him, and contributed in no small degree to expand his understanding, and increase his thirst after knowledge.

Having given evidence of the power of religion on his heart, and become connected with the Christian church in whose Sunday school he had been taught the doctrines of the Saviour, he entered the College at Hoxton, to prepare for the duties of the Christian ministry, in the year 1823, when scarcely nineteen. Here his character became more fully developed, and those who best knew him, and who were most fully qualified to form a judgment, predicted that he would attain to no small eminence among his competitors.

Having completed his preparatory studies at the "school of the prophets," in 1827, Mr. Harris became the pastor of a small church of Independents at Epsom, in Surrey. Here, surrounded by an affectionate and increasing congregation, he cultivated his personal religion, and acquired large stores of general and scriptural learning. His mind, equally capacious and clear, is remarkable for its readiness in apprehending truth in all its aspects and connexions; while, blessed with a retentive memory, he never seems for a moment to forget what he has once known.

Beyond a very limited circle around Epsom, Mr. Harris was scarcely known for eight or nine years after his ordination; but all this time the great Head of the Church was preparing him for his present extensive and successful labours. In this secluded situation he wrote the manuscript of his "Great Teacher," which, after several disappointments, he was enabled to present to the world; and which was silently, but certainly, making a deep impression on the public mind, when an event occurred which at once raised him to the pinnacle of fame.

About the time of the publication of "The Great Teacher," Dr. Conquest offered a prize of one hundred guineas for the best essay against the Sin of Covetousness, constituting the Rev. Dr. J. P. Smith and the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel the adjudicators. Mr. Harris, after carefully surveying his subject, determined to become a competitor; and though nearly one hundred and fifty persons were candidates with him, to the delight, but not to the surprise of his intimate friends, he became the victor. Of this work nearly thirty-five thousand copies have been sold in Great Britain, besides a very large impression in the United States. Its influence on the Christian world is already known to have been great, in increasing the funds of benevolent institutions; but we apprehend that its most eminent usefulness has yet to appear; for we have been personally assured by a professional gentleman of undoubted veracity, that he can testify to its mighty influence on the authors of wills, involving property to an amount which, if stated, would scarcely be credited.

To be continued.

THE TRAVELLER.

From the Edinburgh Quarterly Review.

BIBLICAL RESEARCHES IN PALESTINE, MOUNT SINAI, AND ARABIA PETREA, &c. BY EDWARD ROBINSON, D.D. Professor of Biblical Literature in the Union Theological Seminary, New York.

We opened this work with the feeling of weary despondency at the prospect of three more volumes of Travels in Palestine; we closed them with respect and gratitude to the author, not unmingled with a little blameless national jealousy. We are not altogether pleased that for the best and most copious work on the geography and antiquities of the Holy Land, though written in English, we should be indebted to an American divine. The interest of Palestine and its neighbouring provinces is, and must ever be, inexhaustible—the Palestine of the patriarchs, where the pastoral ancestors of the Jews, having been summoned from Mesopotamia, settled with their flocks and herds among the agricultural tribes of its earlier inhabitants—the Palestine of the chosen people, with all their solemn and eventful history—the Palestine of our Lord and his Apostles—the Palestine of Josephus, with the awful wars which ended with the abomination of desolation in the Holy City—the Palestine of the early pilgrimages of Jerome and his monastic companions—the Palestine of the crusades, of Godfrey of Bouillon, of Richard Cœur de Lion, and of Saladin; we may descend still lower—of Napoleon, of Sir Sidney Smith, and of more recent British heroes: in every period, or rather throughout the whole course of time; this hallowed and marvellous country is connected with recollections which belong to the unlearned as well as to the learned, to the simple as to the wise.

Every scene has its sanctity or its peculiar stirring emotions; every name awakens some association of wonder, of reverence, or, at least, of laudable curiosity. We must confess, if it were possible to stay or to quench this ardent interest, it would have breathed its last under the countless volumes of travels which have poured, and still threaten to pour, upon us from all the gates of all the publishers in Europe. We have long been well nigh worn out, and could hardly have pledged ourselves that even our public spirit, our heroic and self-devoted sense of the responsibility of reviewers, would not have failed at the sight of new travels in Palestine.

These two American travellers (for we must not deprive Dr. Robinson's companion, Mr. Smith, of his due share of the common merit), by patient and systematic investigation, have enabled us to satisfy our minds on many points for which we had in vain sought a solution in the whole range of travels and geographical treatises. The authors have brought to their task strong, may we venture to say, English good sense; and piety, which can dare to be rational. With the most profound veneration for the truth of the sacred writings, they do not scruple to submit to the test of dispassionate inquiry, and of comparison with the records of scripture, every legend of which this land of wonders is so inexhaustibly fertile. Dr. Robinson has had the advantage of preparing his journals for the press in Berlin, unquestionably the city of Europe in which at present is centered the most profound erudition: he

names some of its most distinguished scholars as having assisted him with advice; above all, the great geographer, K. Ritter, whose testimony to the importance of these discoveries comes from perhaps the highest living authority. We should mention that Dr. Robinson's colleague, Mr. Smith, having long resided in the East, was intimately acquainted with the vernacular Arabic, so that, instead of depending, in his communications with the natives, on an ignorant, careless, or designing interpreter, he might be perfectly confident that the questions would be fairly and distinctly put, and the answers reported with conscientious accuracy. By this means he has obtained much useful information as to sites of towns and other local circumstances, from the unsuspecting tradition of the names by which they are now popularly known among the inhabitants.

But we must first accompany our travellers to the city of cities. We have not the slightest hesitation in pronouncing the topography of Jerusalem in this work by far the most full, complete, and satisfactory which has yet appeared in any language. The student of Jewish history may find his difficulties resolved, and every remarkable locality assigned, in general, on incontestable evidence; where the subject is more difficult and intricate, with a judicious choice between the conflicting theories. No city, indeed, in the greater part of its outline, could be so unchangeable as Jerusalem. The great outworks and substructions of nature still stand around and support the holy city. Her four hills, Sion, Moriah, Acra, and Bezetha, still rise up, far more distinct and visible than the seven heights of her conqueror on the Tiber. Her deep ravines—the Valley of Kidron or Jehoshaphat on the east—that of Hinnom to the south, curving upwards to the west—mark her unalterable boundaries. Though part of the ancient Sion is without the walls, and covered with fields and cemeteries, yet it required the utmost temerity of paradox to doubt the identity of the hill which has constantly borne that name with that which was crowned of old by the city of David. The valleys which intersected the city; that of the Tyropœon which divided Moriah from Sion, and, for reasons assignable from history, that which divided Acra from the Mount of the Temple, can be traced, more or less distinctly, if not throughout their whole length, in considerable parts. Some fragments of the older works of man, scarcely less imperishable than those of nature, part of the substructures of the Temple, and, according to recent accounts, the spacious excavations beneath it, bear the same undeniable testimony to the perpetuity of the sacred city.—Dr. Robinson has carefully examined, and brought to bear upon his investigations, the whole range of authorities, the scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, Josephus, the fathers who had visited the East, the historians of the crusades, down to the interminable list of modern travellers of every period, and of every nation.—(To be continued.)

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

THE PARTING HOUR.

THE hour is coming, and it is a fearful and solemn hour, even to the wisest and the best; the hour is coming, when we must bid adieu to the scenes which please us, to the families we love, to the friends we esteem. Whether we think, or whether we think not, that body which is now warm and active with life, shall be cold and motionless in death—the countenance must be pale, the eye must be closed, the voice must be silenced, the senses must be destroyed, the whole appearance must be changed by the remorseless hand of our last enemy. We may banish the remembrance of the weakness of our human nature—we may tremble at the prospect of dissolution; but our reluctance to reflect upon it, and our attempts to drive it from our recollection, are in vain. We know that we are sentenced to die, and though we sometimes succeed in casting off for a season the conviction of this unwelcome truth, we can never entirely remove it. The reflection haunts us still; it attends us in solitude, it follows us into society, it lies down with us at night, it awakens with us at morning. The irrevocable doom has passed upon us, and too well do we know it. 'Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.'—Townsend.