

Missionary Society commenced this work, in which other societies have engaged, and their operations during the last twenty-five years have had some important influence on the New Zealand character. The island has also become an active scene of commercial enterprise, and as the Australian colonies increase in wealth and population, New Zealand will be brought into still closer connection with the habits and wants of civilization.

In the silent changes which are taking place, attention should be directed to the best means of preserving the just rights of the New Zealanders, of which they might be unwarily deprived, without some protecting power. The establishment of a political authority in the island, which should protect the natives without encroaching upon their national independence, seems to be demanded in their present circumstances, and will become still more urgent as those circumstances lead them into a new social state.

The physical geography of New Zealand, its natural productions, the manners, habits, and customs of its inhabitants, their industry, and social economy, demand a separate notice.

A VISIT TO JERUSALEM.

BY AN AMERICAN.

(Concluded.)

IN the evening we mounted our horses, and, conducted by a guide, took our way without the city walls; passing through the northern gate, whilst the Muezzins from the minarets, in clear and impressive tones, were bidding Mahomet's children come to prayer—"Mahoma, Alla! ij Alla Mahoma Alla ackbar!" We descended the hill down a rugged path to the valley of Jehosaphat, through which still flows, though shrunk and wasted, the brook of Cedron, upon whose once flowery bank flourished the garden of Gethsemane; thousands of Jewish tombstones covered the hill side, and among the many broken fragments which strewed the ground, the sepulchres of Absalom, of Zachariah, and of Jehosaphat, were conspicuous; while to the left of the bridge a flat stone marks the place where Stephen the martyr was stoned to death. Retracing our steps under the shade of some venerable olive trees, we stood in the garden of Gethsemane. Beyond an old fence, a carved stone marks the site where Christ in his agony prayed to the Father, that, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." A little farther on is the place where he sweat great drops of blood, and beyond that, where he returned and found the disciples sleeping.

After wandering about, and dwelling some time amid the interesting locations of our Redeemer's grace, we ascended the opposite hill, directly in front of the city. The mount of Olives, the vales and the plains of Judea rose, sunk, and extended far around me, one gloomy picture of barrenness and sterility; the mighty curse of Jehovah hangs yet terribly over this once blooming land, redolent with nature's choicest blessings. On every side, in every direction, blasted ruin reigned supreme. "Hear, O Earth: behold I will bring evil upon this people, because they have not

hearkened unto my word, but rejected it; therefore will I cause to cease from the cities of Judea and from the streets of Jerusalem, the voice of mirth, and the voice of gladness; the voice of the bridegroom and the voice of the bride; for the whole land shall be DESOLATE."

From beneath the shade of an olive tree, I stood calmly looking on Jerusalem; the once magnificent city of kings David and Solomon, with all its recollections, was before me; the winding brook of Cedron glides through its sepulchred banks; the garden of Gethsemane stands to the right within the valley, where the olive waves its branches over the place of betrayal; there is the hill of Zion, and the scene of the Last Supper; on Mount Moriah, where once existed that gorgeous temple of the living God, stands the mosque of Omar, wherein no christian foot dare enter; the standard of Mahomet, and the green banner of David are preserved within the walls, which are handsomely sculptured, and the spacious court tessalated with black and white marble; far in the distance, the Dead Sea, still and lifeless, covered those guilty cities of Sodom and Gomorrah; while the Jordan, through banks of sand, rolled on towards the stagnant waters of the lake. The mountain, whence the kingdoms of the world were temptingly exhibited to the Son of God, rose its desolate and craggy head high among the clouds; whilst, beneath, the distant plains of Jericho, wild and uncultivated, stretched far away in the north.

The sun went down in glory and gold, as the shades of evening settled on the sterile and stony fields. I cast another glance upon the once chosen of God; the red banner of the heathen was yet waving over its lofty walls; camels and asses, as in times of yore, with skins of water, were passing to and fro; the Syrian soldier guarded the city gates, and the drums of the Pacha resounded from within. As I turned to descend, my eye caught the river of Jordan and the blue waters of the sea of Galilee. Descending, we stopped at the decayed monastery erected over the spot where our Saviour weepingly foretold the destruction of the temple, and the ruin of Jerusalem.

On the next morning, we rode to Bethlehem; winding down the hill from Jaffa gate, we passed the field of blood, the potters field, and entered the great plain beyond the city. We paused at the pool of Hezekiah, and the tomb of Rachel, who was buried by the road side. We drew up on the fields, where those celestial messengers, the angels of heaven, appeared by night to the shepherds, declaring the birth of a Redeemer; that blazing star which guided the wise men of the east, lighted the path we were pursuing, as meek in spirit, we entered the gates of the city where in the Lamb was born. "And he shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest; and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David, and of his kingdom there shall be no end."

Beneath the floor of the great church erected by the devout Empress Helena, and supposed to have been originally a stable within a cave, was born the Saviour of mankind.—Conducted by the monks, and holding lighted tapers, we descended and stood where