

and accumulated till it forms a large, deep, and triangular lake. This mound is generally faced with marble, covered with sculptures of oriental device, and has a very grand and magnificent appearance. Pipes formed of tiles, moulded into tubes, convey the water along the hills; and when a valley interposes, it is crossed by an aqueduct. Some of the aqueducts are very striking and noble in perspective.

I passed the autumn of 1822 near one of the largest and most important of these reservoirs. The summer had been remarkably dry: and it appeared, from a table that I kept, that it had not rained from the 4th of April to the 2nd of November, with the exception of a few passing showers. The water in the tanks or ponds became low and muddy, and the Turks took the alarm. The water engineers were sent out, and I accompanied them to some of the ponds; they measured the quantity of water, and they found no more than sufficient to supply the city for fifteen days! Judge of the consternation of 700,000 persons suddenly deprived of an element essential not only for domestic uses, but religious also, and having no other possible mode of obtaining it. Prayer was offered up in the mosques, and the sky was anxiously watched. The immutability of things in the east, and the illustrations given to the writings of former times, is not the least pleasure a person experiences in these countries. The approach of rain is always indicated here as it was in Syria, by the appearance of a small, dark, dense, circumscind cloud, hanging over either the Euxine or Propontis. A dervish stands on the top of the giant's mountain; and when he sees a cloud, he announces its approach, like Elijah from the top of Carmel. I one day climbed to the same place, and saw the dervish on the watch, and "I looked towards the sea, and beheld a little cloud rising out of the sea, like a man's hand, and gat me down that the rain stopped me not." In effect, it immediately followed, and the Turks were relieved from a very serious cause of anxiety.—*Weekly Visitor*.

#### EASTERN SERVANTS.

PSALM CXXIII. 2.—"Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress; so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God, until that he have mercy upon us."

Great reverence in these expressions. Servants or slaves in the east, pay the most profound respect to those whom they serve. From their inferiority, they dare not speak in their master's presence. Every command is given them in silence, and the sign is always expressive, and well understood. Hence the mutes in the Turkish seraglio. In Egypt and in Persia the like custom prevails.

Pococke says, that at a visit in Egypt, every thing is done with the greatest decency and the most profound silence; the slaves or servants standing at the bottom of the room, with their hands joined before them, watching with the utmost attention every motion of their master, who commands them by signs. So also De la Mottraye says, that the eastern ladies are waited on even at the least wink of the eye, or motion of the fingers, and that in a manner not perceptible to strangers.

In these illustrations we can then see the expressive beauty and force of the Psalmist's language. The godly man is, indeed, not the slave of his Master, for his service is "perfect freedom;" but as the eastern servant, in silent reverence stands with folded hands, attentive eyes, and ready feet, to do his master's commands, and in all respects submissive to his will; and as the maid, in like manner, regards the motions of her mistress's hand, so does he, with profound reverence, a patient mind, and obedient hands and feet, ever stand prepared to do the commands of his Lord. And those commands he knows are not grievous. They are, however, not always explained to him; "What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter." They are also sometimes difficult; but in keeping them "there is great reward."

The Psalmist wrote this psalm when the Church of God was in great distress. There is a season for the servant of God to wait, and to look for the motion of that hand which can alone afford supply, insure protection, or effect deliverance. "This is our God," can every good man say: "we have waited for him."—*Weekly Visitor*.

#### THE PALACE OF HEROD.

MARK VI. 21.—"Herod, on his birth day, made a supper to his lords, high captains, and chief estates of Galilee."

The palace of Herod stands on a table of land, on the very summit of the hill, overlooking every part of the surrounding country; and such were the exceeding softness and beauty of the scene, even under the wildness and waste of Arab cultivation, that the city seemed smiling in the midst of her desolation. All around was a beautiful valley, watered by running streams, and covered by a rich carpet of grass, sprinkled with wild flowers of every hue, and beyond, stretched like an open book before me, a boundary of fruitful mountains, the vine and the olive rising in terraces to their very summits. There, day after day, the haughty Herod had sat in his Royal palace, and looking out upon all these beauties, his heart had become hardened with prosperity; here, among these still towering columns, the proud monarch had made a supper "to his lords, and high captains, and chief estates of Galilee;" here the daughter of Herodias, Herod's brother's wife, "danced before him, and the proud King promised with an oath to give her whatever she should ask, even to the half of his kingdom." And while the feast and dance went on, the "head of John the Baptist was brought in a charger, and given to the damsel." And Herod has gone, and Herodias, Herod's brother's wife, has gone, and the "lords, and the high captains, and the chief estates of Galilee" are gone; but the ruins of the palace in which they feasted are still here; the mountains and valleys which beheld their revels are here; and oh! what a comment upon the vanity of worldly greatness—a Fellah was turning his plough around one of the columns. I was sitting on a broken capital, under a fig-tree by its side, and I asked him what the ruins were we saw; and while his oxen were quietly cropping the grass that grew among the fragments of the marble floor, he told me that they were the ruins of the palace of a King—he believed, of the Christians; and while pilgrims from every quarter of the world turn aside from their path to do homage in the prison of his beheaded victim, the Arab who was driving his plough among the columns of his palace knew not the name of the haughty Herod. Even at this distance of time I look back with a feeling of uncommon interest upon my ramble among those ruins, talking with the Arab ploughman of the King who built it, leaning against a column which perhaps had often supported the haughty Herod, and looking out from this scene of desolation and ruin upon the most beautiful country in the Holy Land.—*Stephens's Incidents of Travel in the Holy Land, Egypt, Edom, &c.*

#### THE CHURCH STRENGTHENED BY PERSECUTION.

From the Church of England Quarterly Review.

The Church has been assailed for some years past with an unceasing hostility, a rancour and malignity perfectly astonishing, in persons who, as some of her adversaries we suppose profess themselves to be, are called Christians. But in fulfilment of that prophecy, uttered by the Lord of life when speaking of his Church, that the gates of Hell should not prevail against her, so has she resisted every attack, whether directed by her open or more secret foes. Having her loins girt about with truth, having put on the helmet of salvation, being girt with the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God, and having on the breast-plate of righteousness, she has gone forth to the combat against the powers of evil, and the spiritual darkness of this world. The fiery darts of the infidel, and of him who hath denied the divinity of his blessed Lord, have fallen to the ground harmless, when shot forth against the shield of faith, with which our most holy Church hath been invested. She has issued forth from the contest, not only triumphant and victorious, with all her energies and powers unimpaired, but has derived also a vast and extraordinary accession of strength, which we confidently trust, through the blessing of God, will enable her to engage in her spiritual warfare with yet greater success. The assaults of the adversaries of the Church, indeed, instead of effecting the objects which they desired, have, on the contrary, only served to raise up champions in her cause, who, by setting forth the truth of her doctrines, the purity of her practice, and the apostolical character of her forms and disciplines, have given such force to her claims on the affection and support of her followers, as to summon the lukewarm, the irresolute, and the timid, from their slumber of indifference, compelling them to arm themselves for her defence; and in addition to this, have raised up a countless array of new and zealous friends around her banner. And this friendship has not shown itself only in words and professions, but has given the most substantial evidence of its genuineness and sincerity. The friends of the Church of England have given the best possible proof of the respect which they entertain towards her institutions, by endeavouring to extend their influence, and to diffuse the blessed effects resulting from them, as widely as possible amongst their fellow-countrymen: they have come forward with a great, and in many cases remarkable liberality, to aid in the erection and endowment of new Churches. Indeed, it would appear, that it is only necessary for an appeal to be properly made to the benevolence of Englishmen in furtherance of the different objects contemplated by the Church, and it is almost sure to be met by a ready and willing compliance.

#### A PLAY-GOING CHRISTIAN.

A PLAY-GOING CHRISTIAN!—Surely this is the veriest contradiction in terms. Push probability to its remotest verge, and can you conceive a man resorting to the Theatre, there to promote the glory of God in Christ Jesus? Is that the scene in which faith may be enlarged, the affections exercised in love to God, affliction solaced, or death welcomed? Are not all the distinctive features of Christianity studiously banished from the stage? Nay, is not the patch-work morality current there of the most equivocal description?—The stage a nursery of virtue—a school of morals! Why enlightened Paganism has long since scouted the monstrous idea, and infidel Philosophy has not been backward to confirm the verdict, and the homely common sense of general experience loudly proclaims that where iniquity abounds, there theatres do flourish; that the stage is at once an index of prevailing folly, and a pledge to society for its continuance and increase. C. Q.

#### THE CHURCH.

COBOURG, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1838.

We do not often formally advert to our political affairs; but sometimes their aspect is so portentous, that, catching the general anxiety, we cannot refrain from some passing notice of the more striking circumstances by which they are marked. There is at all times a very close connection between our civil and religious interests: at the present moment, therefore, when the very existence of our social polity is threatened, we may well feel alarm for our spiritual condition.

Ever since the period when the French Revolution burst like a strange meteor upon the world, and startled the nations, there has been no cessation of the conflict between anarchy and infidelity on the one hand, and subordination and true religion on the other. Wars have raged and ceased; but the din of battle has been succeeded by a conflict of opinion almost as desolating to the moral fabric of society, as the ravages of war to its political state. The cannon's thunder may have ceased upon the battle-field, and it may mingle no more with the strife of the elements upon the stormy sea; but the artillery of the combatant has not ceased to be levelled at the battlements of order and at the fortresses of truth.

The French Revolution left not, in that unhappy country, even the elements and first principles out of which a stable fabric of civil or religious polity could be framed. The monarchy was overthrown, the peerage annihilated, the Church destroyed; and upon the return of a more orderly and quiescent spirit to the nation, the fragments of each were found to be too scattered and too weak to admit of their formation into a civil or religious edifice that would be seemly or durable. The reverence for the hereditary and legitimate rights of kings was utterly and hopelessly gone; the creations of a despotic reign could ill supply the room of their ancient and honored nobility; and when superstition was hurled from her seat, infidelity—a demon more foul and fell—usurped her place.

In a transatlantic sphere, too, Revolution has had its day of triumph in the abolition of kingly government, and the abandonment of the grand and scriptural institution of a national Church. But the inconveniences of delegating to the many-voiced and unmanageable multitude the supreme authority, are becoming every day more apparent: this investiture and wielding of power is realizing too rapidly and too truly the similitude of the inverted pyramid,—commencing from a point upon the earth, and enlarging its circumference as it ascends,—portending, with every hour of its growth, a greater fearfulness of ruin! And while from the spirit of Protestantism, conveyed from England's shores, which pervaded the scattered principles of their religion, there have been preserved throughout the land the seeds and elements of sound Christianity, yet, from the want of a na-

tional church, the mass of the community are running rampant in the excitements of changing creeds and ever-varying forms and modes of faith.

There are unquiet spirits in every land,—the restless, the reckless, the disaffected, and the unprincipled every where,—and it were strange if the moral convulsions of Europe, and the nearer agitations of the American republic, should leave these infant Provinces unscathed. Here, too, the almost universal diffusion of the elective franchise has begotten its periodical excitements; and amongst us, political and religious adventurers have not been wanting to conjure up phantoms of civil and spiritual grievance to terrify the credulous and unsettle the contentment of the people. They have pushed their devices, indeed, to the daring experiment of a revolution; but where no positive grievance is experienced, where no tangible oppression exists, it is impossible that revolution can be general or lasting. The event has proved that the great mass of our community are not desirous of any political change,—of a transition especially from the mild and enlightened rule of one sovereign to the many-headed tyranny of a mob! But though the country has so unanimously proclaimed its verdict, we have not been allowed to live in peace, nor quietly to enjoy those laws and institutions which our ancestors have transmitted to us, and which ourselves prefer. The discordant elements of society in a republican country naturally leave upon its surface abundance of loose materials, and it required but the direction of some influential impulse to league and link them with the traitorous refuse which our land has cast out.

We could have borne with one season of disquiet and injury, and been content to forget the past upon the guarantee of future immunity from such aggressions; but when the note of preparation is loud and wide for a renewal of these unprovoked and most unjustifiable hostilities,—when we are told by the representative of her Majesty that he "has received certain information that an extensive conspiracy has been formed, by numerous unprincipled and rapacious inhabitants of the neighbouring friendly States, with a view to force upon this Province the domination of the said conspirators, and to visit the loyal inhabitants of this Province with lawless war, plunder, and devastation,"—human patience becomes exhausted.

What we are to do in this crisis is manifest enough:—to arm for the combat, and repel the aggressors. And when the contest is for liberty and life, for all that the heart most dearly prizes,—a little band has the might and strength of a powerful army; and hordes of brigands will melt before the prowess of a dauntless and virtuous few. We fear them not,—we defy them,—but where is all this to end? what is to be the termination of this vexatious system of unprincipled aggression? when are we to repose from our anxieties, and pursue our avocations in peace? Is the anomaly to be much longer permitted that a country professedly friendly should connive at these hostile organizations within their borders, and dismiss from their shores thousands of well-armed plunderers to devastate our fields and rife our abodes? Will our mother-country, the great and glorious land to which we look with children's dependence and love,—will she calmly and tamely regard these outrages upon her own honour and upon the peace of her subjects? Will she behold 30,000 brigands rush from the towns and cities of a "neighbouring friendly power," to overrun and bring desolation upon our homes, and ask for no reparation? Or will she not despatch fifty sail of the line from her invincible navy to the coasts of that "friendly country," and, in an attitude which will be respected, demand that this worthless rabble be disarmed, and that Canada be molested by their offencings no more?

We can hardly believe that our generous mother-country—with whose glory and welfare our hearts' affections are entwined—means to desert us her children, and leave us to the fate which bandits and pirates are preparing for us. We cannot think that she will be content to marshal for a season or two a scanty array of troops upon our frontier—seize the traitor when he can be apprehended—and then virtually recognize the merit of his patriotism by letting him loose again upon the world! We will believe that so weak and heartless a manner of proceeding is to be superseded by sincerer and more determined efforts for our protection. We must and will believe that England will hold the government of the United States responsible for any future aggressions upon our territory; and regard every encroachment upon our soil which emanates from them, as a violation of neutrality which it will be her duty to resent.

Let her assume this becoming attitude, and all will soon be well; but if, through her supineness, these provocations are to continue,—if year after year, we are to be harassed by all the calamities of war under deceitful protestations of peace,—these colonies will soon be unworthy of defence! They will present the aspect of a doomed land which the emigrant will shun, and from which its own inhabitants will fly!

We have proofs daily conveyed to us of the interest which is felt in the mother country for our spiritual wants: we are grateful for this, and we praise the Father of mercies who hath put it into their hearts to feel for our religious destitution; but let those friends whose sympathies are so warmly enlisted on our souls' behalf, not forget that we need and that we demand protection for our persons too. Not only are houses of God yet to be erected, and ministers of the sanctuary supplied; but the few and scattered altars that we have, are to be preserved from desecration—our homes saved from the plunderer—our hearts shielded from the bandit's dagger! While, then, they pour in petitions to Parliament that our spiritual destitution be supplied, let them be loud and instant in the demand that our political existence, our properties, and our lives, be preserved.

A Petition of rather an unusual description has lately been presented to the House of Commons by Colonel LELICESTER STANHOPE, setting forth, that he was one of a body of subscribers to a monumental statue to be erected to the memory of Lord BYRON in some national edifice—that a statue had accordingly been executed by the celebrated Danish sculptor THORWALDSEN,—but that the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, who had previously refused to allow the remains of his Lordship to be interred within the abbey, had also refused to admit the statue of the deceased Poet within the same sacred edifice. The Petition concludes with a prayer that the House would take steps to "induce the temporary keeper of a national edifice to open its doors to the statue of a man who has added lustre to the English name, and whose orthodoxy cannot be fairly judged of in his works of fiction, and whose religious opinions, not being known to his most intimate friends, could not be known to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, or justly subject to condemnation by the censors of the reformed church."

On this Petition the London Times has the following ju-

icious remarks:—"We are disposed to believe, that had Lord BYRON's life been spared, he would in a year or two have been heartily ashamed of his follies and profligacies; he was evidently beginning to feel strong disgust at his reckless and debauched courses. Yet, looking at the avowed opinions of the libertine poet and his notorious misconduct in his domestic relations, we do not see how a functionary in the responsible position of a Dean of a Christian cathedral could, while the offences were so recent as well as universally known, consent to any act which might have the appearance of a sanction, or at least of a disregard, of highly immoral conduct, and most licentious opinions and sentiments. No doubt DEAN IRELAND can appreciate, and therefore admire, the great and extraordinary talents of Lord Byron quite as much as Mr. LEADER or Colonel STANHOPE; but he had as a clerical director, another duty to perform besides showing respect for intellectual power. The folly has been in the friends (qu.?) of Lord Byron stirring this question, while Lord Byron's course of life is so freshly impressed on the public mind." BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, or rather we should say, Professor WILSON,—himself a Poet and therefore likely to be biased in favour of the deceased noble bard,—arrives at the same conclusion:—"And they have refused to admit thy bust into Westminster Abbey! Alas poor Byron! has it come to that at last! Vanitas Vanitatum! All is vanity. And why such exclusion? Because one of the greatest of England's poets reviled the Christian faith, and believed not in the immortality of the soul. Therefore after death, there must not be set up in that House of Fame which is a Religious Temple, the image of the Scoffer."

We need not say how thoroughly we concur in these sentiments of the leading daily journal, and the leading monthly periodical of the English Press,—both conducted by laymen, and therefore not obnoxious to the charge of clerical bigotry. The freethinker and the licentious, indignant at this rebuke of their pernicious principles,—(principles for which they can find ample warranty in Byron's poems) and the youthful and unreflecting,—hurried away by their admiration of his Lordship's genius, will probably regard the conduct of the Dean, as an act of priestcraft, intended to punish him dead, who when living reviled the Clergy, and rejected revealed religion. But he who measures every work of man by the standard of the Bible, and who submits Lord Byron's writings to the same test, will be compelled to admit that had the Dean and Chapter given way to a criminal liberality, and allowed the image of the "Scoffer" to be set up within the walls, which his religious and political doctrines, if carried out to a consummation, would have razed to the ground,—they would most shamefully have betrayed their sacred trust. They would have converted their Abbey into a Pantheon of the French Revolution; and having admitted the statue of Lord Byron, could not have refused a corner to the bust of Thomas Paine, or any other notorious infidel, the tendency of whose writings, unquestionable as were their intellectual endowments, had been inimical to morality and religion.

We publish in another column the letter of the Rev. F. Evans, Rector of Woodhouse, to the Editor of the *Examiner*, containing a full and clear explanation of the circumstance in reference to the church at Burford which that paper chose to style "a most horrible outrage." We were very sure that no foundation in fact ever existed for the representations which have been made of this affair, and we fully understood the causes why circulation was given to so unfounded a slander. We cannot help expressing our surprise that papers so respectable as the *Quebec* and *Montreal Gazette* should have given currency to this alleged outrage, upon authority so very equivocal; yet we feel assured they will rejoice in the opportunity of giving it the fullest and most satisfactory contradiction, by the publication of Mr. Evans's letter.

Our much esteemed co-temporary, the Editor of the *Gospel Messenger*, concludes a notice of the Episcopal acts of the Lord Bishop of Montreal, with the following kindly remarks which we heartily reciprocate:

"It is with great pleasure that we witness from year to year the growing prosperity of the Canadian Church. God in his mercy grant, that the course of the 'world may be so peaceably ordered by his governance,' that this advancing prosperity of our brethren in that interesting Province may not be hindered by the restlessness or venom of an age given to the love of convulsion."

We thank him for the expression of these sentiments at such a time as the present; and we take occasion to express our assurance that strong as our leading article of to-day may appear, there are none who will more promptly accede to its justice than our esteemed fellow-Episcopals of the United States. To them "the restlessness and venom of the age," and the prevalent "love of convulsion," is as distasteful as to ourselves.

We have abundant documents to prove the correctness of the following statement of our co-temporary, the *Brockville Statesman*. The Church of England in this Province only requires that the justice should be extended to her which the Constitutional Act provides, to render her very soon what our co-temporary happily terms "the Established Church of the people's affections":—

"The services of, at the very least, SIX travelling Missionaries, are essential, to supply the greatly increasing wants of the Church people, in the Johnstown and Bathurst Districts; to say nothing of the Eastern and Ottawa. We sincerely hope that ere long, a more extensive system of itinerancy, will be adopted in the Church; and if so, we feel full confidence, that in a few years our venerable Church, would become in reality the established Church of the people's affections."

We regret that the number of communications, &c. on hand, to which the pledge of an early insertion was given, compels us to postpone to our next the publication of the "Valedictory Address of the Deputation in England," to which we alluded in our last number.

#### CHURCH STATISTICS AND INTELLIGENCE.

MISSION OF SHIPTON, MELBOURNE, &C. LOWER CANADA.

These are under the pastoral charge of the Rev. C. B. Fleming, who performs divine service on the morning of each Sunday at Sipton, and in the afternoon alternately at Melbourne and Durham. An occasional week-day service is also given in Kingsley, 17 miles distant.

In 1837, the Baptisms were 64; Marriages 28; Burials 11; whole number of Communicants about 110.

HATLEY AND COMPTON, LOWER CANADA.

Rev. C. Jackson, Missionary. Divine service is regularly performed on Sunday mornings at Charleston, Hatley; and