

GENERAL LITERATURE.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

BY THE LATE REV. JAMES KIDD, D. D.

THE habitation originally provided for man by his gracious Creator is in general called *Paradise*. As to this terrestrial paradise there have been many theories formed in reference to its situation. It has been placed in the third heaven, in the orb of the moon, in the moon itself, in the middle region of the air above the earth, under the earth, in the place possessed by the Caspian Sea, and under the arctic pole. The learned Huetius places it upon the river that it produced by the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates, now called the river of the Arabs, between this conjunction and the division made by the same river before it falls into the Persian sea. In this he is followed by Wells, who wrote the Geography of Scripture. Other geographers have placed it in Armenia, between the sources of the Tigris, the Euphrates, the Araxes, and the Parais, which they suppose to be the four rivers described by Moses. But concerning the exact place, we must necessarily be very uncertain, if indeed it can be thought at all to exist at present, considering the many changes which have taken place on the surface of the earth since the creation.

"Learned men," says Mr. Maue, "have laboured to find out the situation of Paradise, which seems to be but a vague and uncertain inquiry; for the Mosaic description of it will not suit any place on the present globe. He mentions two rivers in its vicinity, the Pison and Gihon, of which no vestige are to be found; the other two still remain, viz., the Hiddekel, supposed to be the Tigris, and the Euphrates, whose streams unite together at a considerable distance above the Persian Gulph; in some part of which it is highly probable the happy garden once lay. But even this must be hypothetical; for the flood must, in all likelihood, have deranged the rivers originally on the earth. This gulph is eastward both of the land of Midian and the wilderness of Sinai, in one of which places Moses wrote his history. But since the formation of this earth, it has undergone great changes from earthquakes, inundations, and many other causes. The garden, however, seems to have been a peninsula; for the way or entrance into it is afterwards mentioned. We are told that a river went out of it; which, according to some, should be rendered ran on the outside of it, and thus gave it the form of a horse shoe; for had the Euphrates run through the middle of the garden, one half of it would have been useless to Adam without a bridge or boat wherewith to have crossed it."

The learned authors of the *Universal History*, in the account of rarities natural and artificial in Syria, mention a spot which is still shown as the place where once stood the garden of Eden, or terrestrial Paradise. And indeed it is in all respects so beautiful and rich, and yields so delightful a prospect from the adjacent hills, that there is hardly another place in the world that has a fairer title to the name it bears. Its proximity to Damascus, the capital of Syria, near the fountain head of the Jordan; its situation between the Tigris or Hiddekel, the Euphrates, the Phasis or Phason, the Araxes or Gihon, which last has three names derived from its rapidity above all other known rivers; its bordering upon the land of Chus, famed for its fine gold—all these, and many other marks specified by Moses, together with its charming and surprising fruitfulness, and constant verdure, have induced a great number of commentators to settle that celebrated and so much sought

after spot here, and to deem it the most valuable of all the natural rarities of this country.

The Hebrew word which designates this delightful spot signifies a garden inclosed with a fence, an inclosed garden. Gen. ii. 8, "And Jehovah planted a garden eastward in Eden?" surely not for the purpose of a mere Mahomedan paradise, but as a school of religious instruction to our first parents.

From the garden of Eden we have the true origin of sacred gardens among the idolaters. Thus God, in Isaiah lxx. 3, calleth the apostate Jews, "a people that provoketh me to anger continually to my face, that sacrificeth in gardens;" and chapter i. 29, the prophet had threatened them, "they shall be ashamed of the oaks which ye have chosen;" and in Isaiah lxxvi. 17, are mentioned not only those idolatrous gardens, but we find an allusion to the tree of life, or rather of knowledge, both of which were placed in the midst of the garden of Eden: "They that sanctify themselves and purify themselves in the gardens behind one tree in the midst, eating swine's flesh, and the abomination, and the mouse, shall be consumed together, saith the Lord."

The gardens of the Hesperides, of Adonis, of Flora, were famous among the Greeks and Romans. Mr. Spence, speaking of the East, says, "This garden of Flora I take to have been the Paradise in the Roman mythology;" and in a note upon the place, "these traditions and traces of Paradise among the ancients, must be expected to have grown fainter and fainter, in every transfusion from one people to another."

The Romans probably derived their notion of it from the Greeks, among whom this idea seems to have been shadowed out under the stories of the gardens of Alcivous. In Africa they had the gardens of the Hesperides, and in the East those of Adonis, or the Horti Adonis, as Piny call them. The term Horti Adonidis was used by the ancients to signify gardens of pleasure, which answers very strangely to the very name of Paradise, or the garden of Eden, as Horti Adonis does to the garden of the Lord.

THE MISSIONARY'S GRAVE.

[From Travels and Researches in Caffaria. By Stephen Kay.]

IMMEDIATELY adjoining Albany to the north-west lies the tract of country lately allotted to the scattered aborigines, within the colony.—As this was actually occupied by the Kaffers up to a very recent period, it naturally falls within the range I, in the beginning, marked out to myself; and the circumstances of this newly-established settlement render all apology for particular notice of it unnecessary.

Several of the natives belonging to one of our stations, having availed themselves of the overtures of Government, and removed thither, I had occasion repeatedly to visit them, and to acquaint myself fully with their situation and prospects; and, as some of the parties were composed of individuals who had enjoyed the benefit of Christian instruction at different mission stations, whilst the lives of others had been spent entirely with boors in the interior parts of the country, where labour, and not learning, had constituted their lot; the real capabilities of the native, together with the degree in which religious knowledge prepares him for usefulness, were here set forth in the fullest point of view. Surely no one, after visiting a settlement like this, would ever again talk of "first civilizing, and then evangelizing the barbarian."

Having to pass through Beaufort, one of our principal frontier forts, to which the Kaffers, from the neighbouring hamlets, frequent-

ly resort, I stopped to preach there. Within a mile or two of this place, lie the remains of the late Rev. Mr. Williams, of the London Missionary Society; who, after labouring hard in the vineyard of his Lord, for somewhat more than two years, died on the 23d of August, 1818. Having with me one of the Christian natives which had lived with him, witnessed his death, and assisted at his burial, I was enabled to collect various particulars respecting him, which, to my own mind at least were deeply interesting.

No other Missionary was engaged in Kafferland when this excellent man commenced his work; and the secluded corner which embraced his sphere of action is now no longer inhabited. His grave is distinguished from several others by a large pile of stones; one of which, larger than the rest, is placed in an upright position at the head, and forms his only tablet. This rude mark of distinction, though bearing no inscription, and therefore unintelligible to the passing traveller, was pointed out to me by the old Kaffer, with manifest affection, and considerable emotion. He then added, whilst directing my attention to other graves round about, "Here lies an *umfazi*, (woman), who sat under his words; and there are some of the *amakwinkwe* (boys) whom he taught in the school." Not many paces distant was one which appeared to be comparatively new. "That," said he, "contains the body of an *tsombi* (young woman) who was killed by lightning from heaven, about two years ago."

From the burial ground he led me to the tree under which Mr. Williams usually preached to them; to the field he had ploughed, preventing furrows still visible; and the garden he had cultivated; then to the dam he had formed for the irrigation of his grounds, and to the precipice whence he had rolled many a huge mass of rock, with the view of turning the course of the river. This was quite an Herculean scheme; in prosecuting which he lost one of his fingers: a large stone one day falling upon him, almost severed it from the hand. We next proceeded to the building designed for a place of worship, and also, to the dwelling house; both which were but partially completed. "In that corner," said Cota, "our *Umfand's* expired; and here did I assist in making his coffin!"

An imaginary view of the circumstance composing the scene on that occasion, could not but deeply affect the mind of a fellow-Missionary, while thus standing on the spot where it transpired. As already intimated, this good man had no fellow labourer, excepting his pious wife, to aid him by counsel or to comfort him amidst suffering. Anxious to finish the roof of his habitation that his family might have a covert from the heat, he fearlessly exposed himself to the overpowering rays of a mid-day sun, until nature at length sunk beneath the burden. Surrounded by natives only, who fear even to touch the dead, his partner was therefore obliged to close the eyes of the corpse herself; to prepare it for interment; to give directions respecting the form, the making, and the dimensions of his coffin! This done, with an infant at her breast, and another by her side, she followed his earthly remains to the tomb. Her feelings then, doubtless, were unutterable: an attempt to describe them would therefore be folly. She returned to her half-thatched cottage, whither he accompanied her no more; to the place where prayer was wont to be made, but he is not there; and then to the couch whereon he lay, but, alas! he is gone, and gone for ever! Here, and thus situated, this good woman remained under the gracious protection of Him who is as a husband to the widow, and a fa-