

minds entertained an opposite opinion, and believe that the several kingdoms of creation, which, though "they groan in anguish, sighing to be renewed," yet also have their ways of praise; and even if they have no peculiar voice or language, yet "their voices are heard among them."

Such is the noble opinion, finely expressed, which a recent author of celebrity has put into the mouth of Milton, upon this subject:

"It would be desolating," says he, "to believe that all the holy music of organ and of harp, of dulcimer and of psaltery. * * It would be horrible to imagine, that all the sounds thus sent up into the air from the beginning of time, had died away in the unconscious abysses of space, unheard, unnoticed, unregarded. Far from us be such unhallowed misgivings! I would rather deem that even the voice of unintelligent matter, is not altogether so abjectless as we are apt to decide, and that the perpetual music of the winds and running waters, with the deep bass of the never-silent sea, are but the hallelujahs sung by the adoring earth, as it rolls before the footstool of its Creator."

In this generous and praiseworthy opinion, Lamartine cordially unites; and in the fine outset of his poem above alluded to, he represents all the cedars of Lebanon raising their magnificent chorus, and pouring it into the ever-open ear of the Almighty.

Holy! Holy! Holy!
Lord whom the hills adore!
Behind those glorious suns,
Towards which we humbly look,
When the odorous wind of night
Doth bow our branches hoar
Beneath thy hand we bend,
As the flowers beside the brook.

But why do we bow down?—
In lowly prayer to HIM!
We feel his presence present,
And as his soft winds go
We tremble through our long arcades
And through our alleys dim.
Our pillars' strength is shaken—
Our lofty domes bend low
As when his storms in anger
Do rdden every bower,
And the lion's mane stiff waxeth
That clothes his neck of power.

In the time of King Solomon, this superb forest, of which no doubt the members of the above chorus were progenitors, was called by the name of *Domus Saltus Libani*. At the present day it bears the title of *Eb Herze*.—Scarcely anywhere, indeed, than at Lebanon, does the cedar please; it is there one sees it in all its original majesty. One circumstance, as much as any other, has rendered it precious in eastern estimation, which is, the incorruptibility of the wood. The conservation of this forest at the present day, is under the protection of the patriarchal Maronites.

The altitude to which these proud cedars attain, is oftentimes prodigious. Their superb heads are not unfrequently elevated to the height of a hundred feet.

Like giants combining into a formidable body, these trees combine towards the multiplication of themselves, and in the junction of three or four of themselves together; these, in the course of time, form, by the union of their massy trunks, a tree of tremendous girth.—Some are thirty and forty feet in circumference, and it would require the extended arms of many men to span its hugerotundity. It was, no doubt, from the sight of this stately spectacle, that caused the poet David to write down "*Justus at Palma florebit, sicut Cedrus Libani multiplicabitur*."

It is, indeed, a splendid sight to behold these cedars, thrusting the lower part of their boughs towards the firmament, and lowering them towards their extremity, to the earth. These trees, so especially majestic, whose verdur is perennial, whose branches are immense, tufted, smooth, and horizontal, have each, as regards them singly, the attitude of command which belongs to the King of the Trees. The position of its boughs to which we have just alluded, resembles that of an arm lifted in air, of which the hand is inclined. The trees thus have their monarchy and their monarch. This order, wisely established, everywhere manifests itself in the cedar, gifted as it is with strength