

# The Church.

"HER FOUNDATIONS ARE UPON THE HOLY HILLS."

STAND YE IN THE WAYS, AND SEE, AND ASK FOR THE OLD PATHS, WHERE IS THE GOOD WAY, AND WALK THEREIN, AND YE SHALL FIND REST FOR YOUR SOULS.—JEREMIAH VI. 16.

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## Poetry.

### A WIFE'S APPEAL TO HER HUSBAND.

From the Cabinet of Sacred and other Poetry.

You took me, Henry, when a girl, into your home and heart,  
To bear, in all your after fate, a fond and faithful part;  
And, tell me, have I ever thought that duty to forego,  
Or pined there was not joy for me, when you were sunk in woe?

No; I would rather share your grief, than any other's gloom;  
For though you're nothing to the world, you're all the world to me;  
You make a palace of my shed—this rough-hewn bench a throne;  
There's sunshine for me in your smile, and music in your tone.

Look upon you when you sleep—my eyes with tears grow dim;  
I cry, "Oh, Parent of the poor, look down from heaven on him!  
Behold him toil from day to day, exhausting strength and soul!  
Look down in mercy, Lord, on him, for thou can't make him whole!"

And though, at times, relieving sleep has on my eyelids smiled,  
How oft are they forbid to close in slumber by my child!  
I take the little murmur that spoils my span of rest,  
And, feeling it a part of thee, I hallow it to me.

There's only one return I crave—I may not need it long,  
And it may soothe thee when I'm where the wretched feel no wrong:  
I ask not for a kinder tone—for thou art ever kind;  
I ask not for more dainty fare—my fare I do not mind;

I ask not for more gay attire—if such as I have got  
Suffice to make me fair to thee, for more I murmur not;  
But I would ask some share of hours that you to "clubs" bestow;  
Of knowledge that you prize so much, may I not something know?

Subtract from meetings among men, each eve, an hour for me;  
Make me companion of your mind, as I may surely be!  
If you will read, I'll sit and work, and think, when you're away,  
How happy I shall find the time, dear Henry, of your stay.

A meet companion soon I'll be, 'ere on your studious hours;  
And daily teach our little ones, you call our cottage flowers;  
And if we're not rich or great, we may be wise and good,  
And as my heart can warm your heart, so shall your mind my mind.

### THE LIFE OF HANNAH MORE.

[Continued from our last.]

The irreligion which prevailed in the higher classes of society had long afflicted the mind of Hannah More; and she steadily cherished her purpose of invading with the battery of religious argument this great and growing evil. She published accordingly in 1790, anonymously, "An Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World, by one of the Laity." Though not the avowed, she was the well-known author of this work, which was bought up and read as eagerly as had been "Thoughts on the Manners of the Great." In this work, she showed how much society had degenerated from the principles of pure religion, and traced it to the absence of express religious training from the systems of instruction that were then prevalent. "The Spectator," says Mr. Roberts, "had the address, beyond all the works that went before it, to gain an audience for religion in the societies of the vain, the unthinking, and the unstable; but then it was religion in a compromising form, modified, at least, if not unchristianised, to please the trifling and conciliate the unbumbled; but the challenges of Hannah More penetrated the proudest and gayest resorts, and surprised and shamed the votaries of fashion in their full career, without giving to truth either dress or disguise to conceal its awful realities. Hers was the solitary case, in the whole history of man and his anomalies, in which severe and noble truth was enabled to make its way through all the obstacles of habit, interest, and prejudice, without art, stratagem, or machinery. She went forth with her sling, and her pebbles from the pure brook, and fought and triumphed. Her clear understanding had no other ally than the sanctity of her cause; and by her honest and vigorous efforts, the whole reading world, and a large part of the idle world, were constrained to listen and confess while she told them in fearless language the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The manner in which one half of the Sunday was spent, even by many who made a conscience of going to church on the other, was an evil which she saw increasing, and which, from the example of the great, had more and more infected the lower orders. Within two years from its publication, the 'Estimate' had reached a fifth edition."

In the course of the year 1792, when the evil spirit seemed to have been let loose in the spread of French revolutionary principles, and when "violence and rapine under the names of liberty and equality, and atheism and blasphemy, called, by a like perversion, philosophy and reason, were preached and published among the peasantry of England through the agency of clubs and emissaries," letters reached Mrs. More from numberless persons of eminence, calling upon her to produce some plain little work which might tend to stop the progress of these mischievous notions. She looked upon the evil as so gigantic, that she decided that no powers of hers were equal to combat it; and accordingly she publicly declined the proposals. However, she resolved to make a secret effort, which shortly appeared in the form of a dialogue; its title being, "Village Politics, by Will Chip, a Country Carpenter." Its success was incredible; it reached every part of the kingdom: the government sent great numbers to Scotland and Ireland; and many persons of the soundest judgment went so far as to affirm that it had essentially contributed, under Providence, to prevent a revolution. In 1793 she was again made the instrument of much public benefit. Early in this year appeared the famous atheistical speech of M. Jacob Dupont to the National Convention, the object of which was to recommend the exclusion of religion from the national systems for the education of youth. This blasphemous proposition having found its admirers even in this country, Mrs. More resolved to wield her pen in its exposure of it. She was additionally impelled to this effort by a wish to aid the cause of the French emigrant clergy; and accordingly the whole profits of the publication, amounting to about £240, were appropriated to the fund raised for their relief. For this, thanks were noted to her by the committee of management, "at a meeting of the united committees of subscribers for the relief of the suffering clergy of France, refugees in the British dominions, held at Freemasons' Tavern, April 5, 1793."

The institution of Sunday-schools, which originated with the excellent Robert Raikes of Gloucester, had enabled multitudes to read; but this was an engine for evil as well as for good. Mischievous tracts as well as useful ones were circulated; and the friends of insubordination and of vice were so determined in their diabolical purpose of diffusing religious and moral poison, that denunciations laden with their abominable tracts were driven about the country, and their fiendish pamphlets were dropped not only in cottages and highways, but into mines and coal-pits. To stem this evil, she undertook to produce every month three tracts, consisting of tales, ballads, and Sunday-reading, written in a lively and po-

pular manner. These came out under the title of the "Cheap Repository;" the idea of which, it is thought, was first suggested by Bishop Porteus, taken probably by him from Mrs. Trimmer's "Family Magazine." Of this excellent work, two millions were sold in the first year; a result which rewarded and animated the writer, though there can be doubt that the task of producing three tracts a month for three years (though she had some help) greatly undermined her health. The keeping up of this work must be regarded as nobly disinterested in Mrs. More, since she might have employed her pen in a way that would have swelled her income, which had been largely drawn upon by the expenses of her schools.

The "Cheap Repository" was closed in 1798, the labour of it being under any circumstances excessive, and proving quite incompatible with an attention to those other duties in which she had for several years been engaged. Besides parochial and Sunday-schools, she had for a long time been preparing "Strictures on Female Education," a work which she had begun early in the French Revolution, to meet the serpent brood of infidel principles which that unhappy era had hatched into being, and whose most fatal, darksome feature was the avowed abandonment of religion from the training of the minds of youth. This great work appeared in 1799, and was met by the congratulations of all the great and good in the nation. Thirteen editions appeared of this work, seven of which were printed in the year of its publication. It received the very singular honour of being recommended by Bishop Porteus in a charge to his clergy. He says of it—"It presents to the reader such a fund of good sense, of wholesome counsel, of sagacious observation, of a knowledge of the world and of the female heart, of high-toned morality and genuine Christian piety, and all this enlivened with such brilliancy of wit, such richness of imagery, such variety and felicity of allusion, such neatness and elegance of diction, as are not, I conceive, easily to be found combined and blended together in any other work in the English language."

When the school system had been now for several years beneficially working, the curate of Blagdon, the parish in which Cowslip Green was situated, waited on the sisters, and requested they would open one of their schools in his parish. The want of health, time, and funds led them to decline; but the solicitation was pressed, and they yielded. The school was established; nearly two hundred children were introduced into it; and in the course of two or three years, it appeared from a letter written to Mrs. More by the wife of the clergyman of Blagdon, Mrs. Bere, that "the two sessions and the two assizes were passed, and a third was approaching; and neither as prosecutor nor prisoner, plaintiff nor defendant, had any of that parish (once so notorious for crimes and litigations) appeared. Warrants for wood-stealing and other pilferings were becoming quite out of fashion."

Her residence at Cowslip Green, though very pretty, was in many respects inconvenient; and she purchased a piece of ground, about half a mile from the village of Wrington, whereon she built the residence known by the name of Barley Wood. Here the sisters took up their abode, parting with their house in Bath. Her mind was now directed, by the advice of friends, among whom was Dr. Gray, then Prebendary of Durham, and afterwards bishop of Bristol, to the execution of a work which should comprise the outline of a complete education for an heir presumptive to the British throne; the Princess Charlotte of Wales, though then an infant, being before the minds of the English people as their future sovereign. This work came out in the spring of 1805, under the title of "Hints towards forming the Character of a young Princess." When she had nearly finished the work, finding that Dr. Fisher, bishop of Exeter (afterwards bishop of Salisbury), had been appointed preceptor to the princess, she resolved for a time to desist from the work; but deriving confidence from the mildness of the bishop's character, she consented to publish it anonymously, dedicating it to the bishop. This work is perhaps less known than any other of Mrs. More, although it passed through six editions of 1,000 copies each, and was, when first published, highly popular.

The next production of Mrs. More's fertile mind was "Cæcilia in Search of a Wife." It appeared in December 1808, and excited a degree of public notice altogether unprecedented. The first edition was sold in less than a fortnight, and in twelve months, twelve editions were printed; it has since gone through five more, comprising in the whole 21,000 copies. In America thirty editions of 1,000 copies each were printed during the lifetime of Mrs. More. It was rapidly translated into the continental languages; and from Switzerland Mrs. More received a painting of considerable merit, representing one of the most interesting scenes in the narrative,—"a subject not unworthy of Raphael." Not long after this, she received from her intimate friend Bishop Porteus a letter soliciting her prayers for him in "a situation of great difficulty." In a few days after, she received another note, informing her that the difficulty was past. The whole was a mystery to her until, in about ten days, she was apprised of the death of the bishop, and learned that he had been much distressed in mind, in the midst of his bodily weakness, at discovering that a Sunday club was about to be set up under the patronage of a very exalted personage. He knew that he ought to remonstrate; but his infirm health would not allow him to gather resolution to do so in person. He, however, summoned resolution; and in a dying state was supported to the presence of royalty, and gained his object, the club-day being at his instance changed to Saturday. No incident in the life of Mrs. More can show more vividly how singular was the position in which she stood in her day and generation, than this fact, that the holy Porteus, holding the high station of bishop of London, and surrounded therein by "righteous men," whose prayers he might well hope would "avail much," yet selected this female, as the individual whose intercessions he valued above those of all others in an hour of critical trial. Mrs. More erected a monument to the bishop in the grounds at Barley Wood, with this inscription:—

"TO BELBY PORTEUS,  
Late Lord Bishop of London,  
In grateful memory  
Of long and faithful friendship.—H. M."

In 1811 she produced a work of two volumes entitled "Practical Piety," the results of the publication of which were most gratifying to her mind. The great demand for it showed that it had been made, in the hands of God, the instrument of touching and awakening many hearts. After the lapse of another year she began a kind of sequel to the above, which she entitled "Christian Morals," a work which "may be styled the completion of Mrs. More's code of practical and devotional Christianity."

though it was not the last of her performances. In the summer of 1813 she visited her friend Lady Olivia Sparrow at her seat in Huntingdonshire, though ever since her severe illness she had not ventured upon any great exertion. Thence she was proceeding on her way to Barham Court in Kent, to visit Lord Barham, when the news of his death put an end to this plan. She spent a few days with Mr. Wilberforce, but did not venture to London.

At the end of two years from the publication of her preceding work, she descended upon the lustre of the actions and writings of the great apostle of the Gentiles, in a work called an "Essay on the Character and Writings of St. Paul," in two volumes. This was scarcely completed, when her life was threatened by the circumstance of her shawl catching fire while she was in the act of reaching across the fireplace to a bookshelf in her apartment. She was in a moment enveloped in flames; but owing to her self-command, and with the aid of servants, whom her cries had brought to the spot, she was extricated without material injury. Her mind was deeply impressed with the mercy of this deliverance; she was frequently heard to repeat the words of the prophet, "When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame be kindled upon thee."

An alarming increase of illness in 1824 led her physician and friends to fear that her valuable life was near its termination. She believed herself to be dying; but even in this situation she was bent on again speaking the words of important truth. In her eightieth year she wrote the "Spirit of Prayer," with this affecting preface: "From a sick, and, in all human probability, a dying bed, the writer of these pages feels an earnest desire to be enabled, with the blessing of God, to execute a little plan which has at different times crossed her mind, but which she never found leisure to accomplish till the present season of incapacity." This work has gone through eleven editions; and 17,500 copies have been printed; it was immediately translated into French, and was widely circulated in Paris.

The latter days of this admirable woman were rendered sadly unquiet by the misconduct of her servants. Though she had shewn to them every species of kindness, yet they required it by a system of disgraceful fraud, robbery and revelling marked the proceedings of the domestics for the last three years of Mrs. More's residence at Barley Wood. These iniquities being at last discovered, she yielded to the advice of her friends to dissolve her establishment, and retire to Clifton. From this time, the spring of 1828, her health was never otherwise than in a very precarious state; and for the five years and a half that she lived at Clifton she was subjected at various times to violent inflammatory seizures; and on the 7th of Sept., 1833, she delivered up her spirit to that God who gave it to be the active instrument of more important religious benefit to the age in which she lived than ever fell to the lot of any one of her sex, and probably of her species.

"Such," says Mr. Thompson, "was Hannah More. Few words will suffice to point the moral of so eloquent a life."

"These pages will not have been written in vain, should they engage one heart to remember solemnly that 'the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.' Do agreeable society, worldly celebrity, the homage of the distinguished and the gay, compose a scene of such enchantment and attraction that the soul would almost hesitate to exchange it for a crown which must be cast before the throne, and would actually revolt from the steep and narrow path of self-denial and diligence, by which alone it can climb to the eternal prize? Does death, which must prostrate all earthly pleasures, seem distant, and time enough in hand for the enjoyment of this world and the procurement of the next? Be it remembered that the life of Hannah More was prolonged far beyond the ordinary date of human existence; yet she never regretted that she withdrew so early from worldly pleasures to active and useful exertions, or lamented that she had given more time to fashionable society, before she became seriously convinced that the life of a candidate for heaven must be a life of energy and beneficence. When the hour shall come which shall lay the reader's dust with Hannah More's, which course would he prefer to have run?"

## THE TESTIMONY OF PAGANISM TO THE TRUTH OF REVELATION.

NO II. THE DELUGE.

If the last subject we examined, the Divine Hero, or slain God, afforded us a wide field of research and observation, what shall we say of the present? It is indeed almost overwhelming, for there is scarcely any nation without a deluge, either historic or mythological; and, if we are to receive all their traditions exactly in the letter of them, we shall find ourselves called upon to believe in as many different deluges as there are countries to be inundated, and as many Noahs as there are nations on the earth; for every people has appropriated to itself the great flood, or at any rate, its commencement and its hero.

From the ancient Egyptian down to the modern Chippewa Indian, and from China all round the world to the South Sea Islands, we find, among all nations, clear and striking narratives of a great deluge; with various differing details, as to its circumstances, according to the situations, pursuits, and customs of each country.

Among the old Egyptians we find a deluge commonly believed; and disputes arising as to whether some persons had escaped from the waters, or whether all had been created anew.

But we have a much clearer and very circumstantial account of a flood, in the Chaldean Annals of Berosus, which profess to be more ancient than any other book extant, save the Pentateuch. We have here the history of Noah, under the name of Xisuthrus; his warning from God of the coming judgment,—the command to build an ark, with its execution,—the preservation of himself, his family, and various animals,—the sending out of birds, which returned twice with mud on their feet, but the third time did not return at all,—the resting of the ark on a mountain,—and the final egress of those preserved within it. The only differences are that Berosus saves his hero's friends, as well as his family, and that he sends out several birds together, instead of a dove, which return with muddy feet, instead of an olive leaf. This, as it is the oldest, is also the purest and least embarrassed account of any that we can find. The Hindoo tradition which we may suppose to be of equal antiquity, is enmeshed with a good deal of extraneous matter. The warning of Vishnou to Menu or Satyawata, is given in the form of a fish; and although the warning itself, the building of a large vessel, and the sheltering of Menu in it, with seven saints, who subsequently landed on a

\* From the Christian Lady's Magazine.

mountain, are very accurately recorded, yet the ark is made fast by a cable to the peak of Nan Bandia, and according to the Buddhists, it floats many years on the water, the seven saints are all men, and the time for preparation is only seven days.

The ancient Persians, with the Syrians, had also preserved traditions of this event in their mythology; and the Phœnician Dragon had some reference to it, being made in the form of a fish with human hands and head. The Assyrian Venus was of the same figure, at least she was half human and half fish-shaped.

Neither were the Scandinavians without their deluge. This savagely wild form of tradition represents it as a deluge of blood, flowing from the wounds of the giant Hymer, when slain by the gods; in this all the other giants perished, save one, who escaped, with his family, in a boat. They also speak of the wise Bergelmer, or "the old man of the mountain;" who was embarked by the gods in a ship, and safely preserved. This strangely agrees with a story of the Jewish writers, that Noah and his family lived a holy and separate life, on a mountain, before the flood.

The earliest Greek tradition of the flood is the deluge of Agæes, the most ancient of all the kings who governed Greece. Some writers consider this to have been a partial inundation, from a river of Attica; but Varro expressly says that it was from the sea, and Mr. Fabes seems to prove, from various authorities, (Disert. l. p. 180.) that this is no other than the great deluge.

The flood of Deucalion has also been considered partial by some authors; but we find Lucian expressly stating that it extended over the whole earth. It is singular that, in the Hindoo records, the Greeks (or Ionians), are called the subjects of Deucal-Yun, which is evidently Deucalion spelled in the Eastern fashion. This flood is represented by the Greeks, as sent from heaven to punish the sins of mankind, and Deucalion and Pyrrha only are saved, in an ark, with two of every animal; through some writers say that a few persons escaped on the tops of mountains. Pindar and Ovid assert that Deucalion was thus preserved, and omit the *larvaka* or ark entirely. A dove here figures prominently, being sent out as a spy, and returning to the ark again. Deucalion also lands upon a mountain, but that mountain is Parnassus.

Xenophon enumerates five deluges in all; but Plato evidently believed only one, and that one universal. Pliny also records a general deluge, and he is not the only Latin writer who so mentions it; Melas and others describe it as an "inundation of the world." The Koran is so much like a parody on the Old Testament, that we need not be surprised to find in it many details of Noah's history; but a great deal of absurd matter is, as usual, added to the truth, such as the wickedness of his son and of his infidel wife. I know not whether the old Popish Christmas plays were hence derived, which represented Noah's wife as "drinking with her gossips," and jesting upon her husband's call to enter the ark.

Among modern Pagans, we find varied legends of the same stupendous destruction, but we can always trace the national peculiarities interfering to alter the circumstances. Thus in Mexico, the preserved pair are painted as floating in the hallowed trunk of an *Ahuate* tree; in Cuba and other places, they escape in a canoe; in Japan, a large island sinks to the bottom of the sea, with all the infidel inhabitants, and "a large quantity of porcelain ware: the king and his family only escaping, divinely warned, in a boat."

The North American Indians have many traditions of the flood, but have diversified the legend with beavers, musk-rats, Indian corn, rats, and others; while the South Sea Islanders have used dogs, canoes, pigs and fowls for the same purpose. In Mr. Sharon Turner's valuable Sacred History, (vol. ii. let. 15 to 18.) whence I have abridged some of the foregoing notices, my readers will find detailed and highly curious accounts of the Duvian traditions preserved by the various classical writers; of those prevalent among the ancient Egyptians, Babylonians, Medes, Syrians, Armenians, Persians and Indians; and of those still current with the Chinese, Parsees, Turks, Darfurians, Araucanians, Cholonians, Chiampanians, the various tribes of Mexico and Brazil, the South American nations, the Chilians, Peruvians, Guanees, the Iroquois, Arawak, Cree, Red River, and other Indians, the Kollouges, Californians, New Caledonians, Kamtschatkans, Otaheitanes, and the people of Hawaii, Eimeo, and Raiatea.

All these legends, however differing, (and they do differ widely,) as to the place, time and circumstances of the great flood, yet all concur in representing it as universal, and as a penal infliction of the Deity for the sins of mankind. They all save two or three persons from destruction, and most of them have a boat, or ark, a messenger dove, or other animal, and a mountain where the preserved beings land or remain.

This is indeed an invaluable and over-pondering mass of evidence, which the modern sceptic—(although he has declared, in the *Mémoires Géologiques* of Paris, that the idea of an universal deluge is not sustainable, but is totally absurd, and as such is and must be abandoned, even by the clergy,)—will labour in vain to remove or annihilate; and must for ever stand as an unconscionable and involuntary, but irrefragable testimony, borne by many-tongued Paganism, to the truth of the inspired word.

## MOUNT LEBANON AND THE CEDARS.

Starting from Deir el Akhmar, at a quarter-past four in the morning, and ascending through woods of prickly oak and valonid, we reached, in three hours, the ruined village Ainnet, from which begin the steep ridges of Lebanon. All the trees ceased now, except a species of dwarf cedar, emitting a delicious fragrance, which replaced them, and continued, though diminishing in number, almost to the summit. The rocky slope of the mountain is covered with yellow, white, red, and pink flowers, affording delicious food to the bees of Lebanon: their honey is excellent. At eight, we came in sight of Lake Leman of the East, or Yemoni, as every one pronounced it, lying to the south, embosomed between the upper and lower ridges. An hour afterwards, we reached an immense wreath of snow, lying on the breast of the mountain, just below the summit; and from that summit, five minutes afterwards, what a prospect opened before us! Two vast ridges of Lebanon, curving westwards from the central spot where we stood, like the horns of a bent bow, or the wings of a theatre, run down towards the sea, breaking in their descent into a hundred minor hills, between which—unseen, unheard—and, though as deep and dark and jagged a chasm as ever yawned, the Kadisha, or Sacred River of Lebanon, rushes down to the Mediterranean,—the blue and boundless Mediterranean, which, far on the western horizon, meets and mingles with the sky.

Our eyes coming home again, after seeing over this noble view, we had leisure to observe a small group of trees, not larger, apparently, than a clump in an English park, at the very foot of the northern wing or horn of this grand natural theatre; these were the far-famed cedars. We were an hour and twenty minutes reaching them, the descent being very precipitous and difficult. As we entered the grove, the air was quite perfumed with their odour, "the smell of Lebanon," so celebrated by the pen of inspiration.

We halted under one of the largest trees, inscribed with De La Borde's name on one side, and De La Martine's on the other. But do not think that we were so sagacious enough to wound these glorious trees; there are few English names comparatively, I am

happy to say: I would as soon cut my name on the wall of a church.

Several generations of cedars, all growing promiscuously together, compose this beautiful grove. The younger are very numerous,—the second-rate would form a noble wood of themselves, were even the patriarchal dynasty quite extinct: one of them, by no means the largest, measured nineteen feet and a quarter in circumference, and, in repeated instances, two, three, and four large trunks spring from a single root; but they have all a fresher appearance than the patriarchs, and straighter stems—straight as young palm trees. Of the giants, there are seven standing very near each other, all on the same hill,—three more, a little farther on, nearly in a line with them,—and, in a second walk of discovery, after my companions had lain down to rest, I had the pleasure of detecting two others low down on the northern edge of the grove;—twelve therefore, in all, of which the ninth from the south is the smallest, but even that bears tokens of antiquity coeval with its brethren.

The stately bearing and graceful repose of the young cedars contrast singularly with the wild aspect and frantic attitude of the old ones, flinging abroad their knotted and muscular limbs like so many Laocœons, while others, broken off, lie rotting at their feet; but life is strong in them all,—they look as if they had been struggling for existence with evil spirits, and God had interposed and forbidden the war, that the trees he had planted might remain living witnesses to faithless men of that ancient "Glory of Lebanon,"—Lebanon, the emblem of the righteous,—which departed from her when Israel rejected Christ; her vines dropping her trees few, that a child may number them, she stands blighted, a type of the unbeliever! And blighted she must remain till her second spring, the day of renovation from the presence of the Lord, when, at the voice of God, Israel shall spring anew to life, and the cedars and the vines, the olive of Carmel and the rose of Sharon, emblems of the moral graces of God, reflected in his people, shall revive in the wilderness, to "beautify the place of His sanctuary, to make the place of His feet glorious"—to swell the chorus of Universal Nature to the praise of the living God!

We had intended proceeding that evening for Psherré; but no, we could not resolve to leave those glorious trees, so soon,—the loveliest, the noblest, the holiest in the world. The tent was pitched, and we spent the rest of the day under their "shadowy shroud." Oh! what a church that grove is! Never did I think Solomon's song so beautiful, and that most noble chapter of Ezekiel, the thirty-first. I had read it on the heights of Syene, Egypt on my right hand, and Ethiopia on my left, with many other denunciations, how awfully fulfilled! of desolation against Psherré, and judgments upon No.—but this was the place to enjoy it; lying under one of those vast trees, looking up every now and then into its thick boughs, the little birds warbling, and a perpetual hum of insect life pervading the air with its drowsy melody. Eden is close by,—these are "the trees of Eden," "the choice and best of Lebanon";—these are the trees (there can be none nobler,) which Solomon spoke of, "from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall," the object of repeated allusion and comparison throughout the Bible,—the emblem of the righteous in David's sabbath hymn,—and, honour above honour,—the likeness of the countenance of the Son of God in the inspired Canticles of Solomon.—From "Letters on Egypt, Edom, and the Holy Land," by Lord Lindsay.

## THE CHURCH IN NEW ZEALAND.

The Liturgy of the Church of England, as translated into the language of New Zealand, has been, next to the preaching of the Gospel and the use of the Holy Scriptures, one of the most efficacious means of Christian instruction.

It is so simple—expresses so well the wants,—both temporal and spiritual—of the people,—and, like the Bible, from whence a large part of it is derived, it so exactly meets every case, that it comes home to the experience, the heart, and the conscience; tends to awaken the unconverted; and is a source of comfort and consolation to the distressed sinner under his convictions, while the more advanced are edified by the spirituality of its petitions. My mind is more than ever convinced, from my ministerial experience in New Zealand, of the essential value of a Liturgical Service, to a people so uneducated, so unused to prayer, as the New Zealanders.

The introduction of this incomparable "form of sound words" among them might be noticed by a great variety of extracts from my journals: I shall content myself with the following, in reference to the administration of the Sacraments, and the solemnizing of marriage.

In the afternoon of September 26, 1830, I baptized Tana and Bangi, Waipua, and Anne, married natives,—and Wakahibi, and Waikari, unmarried. Their deportment during the time of administering the ordinance was very solemn and pleasing; and the conduct of all the natives in the chapel was such as we could wish to see. Some of the baptized were affected to tears; and all were evidently under the influence of strong religious feeling.—May God of his infinite mercy grant, that this impression may remain! we look to Him for the blessing, and we feel assured that it will not be withheld.

In our Liturgy, as well as in Scripture, we are led to place our whole dependence upon a reconciled God, through a crucified Redeemer! Christ, and Christ alone, is there made the foundation of our hope of pardon, and of everlasting blessedness: and I believe that the sacred truths found in our Book of Common Prayer, which are constantly sounding in the ears and falling from the lips of the natives, have been one of the grand means of bringing them to their present state of mind.

Translated into the New Zealand language, our Liturgy is most strikingly beautiful. When any strange natives come to the chapel, and hear it, they say, "Ah! those are not native prayers; if we did as those persons pray for us to do, we should be very different from what we are: we should cast away all our sins; we should believe in their God, and be made like them in all their doings."

On the evening of Sunday, 8th June, 1834, I baptized 38 adults, and 16 native infants; the adults have been all of them, for many months, candidates for this Christian ordinance; and as this is the last Sabbath but one, which I shall in all probability spend, for a length of time in this part of the world, ("Bay of Islands,") I appointed this day for its administration.

The greater portion of those admitted this day are chiefs: one named *Atua-hære*, (that is, "the walking God,") is the great man of *Kaikohi*. He, and several of his slaves, from some of whom he first heard of the Gospel, stood side by side, as brethren; and all their distinction of rank was merged at that moment in the name of Christian. Not that his dependents will consent of their duty to their earthly master, in acknowledging a heavenly one; nor that they now think themselves his equals: such is not the design of the Gospel; it will place all ranks of men in their just relation, it will make servants obedient and faithful, and masters kind and tender, thus enabling every one to fulfil his relative duties in that station of life in which it has pleased God to call him. The chapel was crowded to excess: the attention of all was rivetted during the whole service, and a solemn awe seemed to pervade every bosom, as though each one was saying to himself, "Surely the Lord is in this place!"

\* From a late work on New Zealand, by the Rev. W. Yates, of the Church Missionary Society.