

The blood rose to his cheeks, and the glow spread over his forehead: his throat seemed as if filling with something, which rising, almost indeed choking: tears rushed to his eyes; and with mingled feelings of pity and of gladness, he ran on to the school-house. Genuine charity! thou hast the uniform light and heat of the sun.

Children, be kind to the poor, for he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.

AN ESTIMATE OF JAS. MONTGOMERY, ESQ. (CONCLUDED.)

It may with justice be said of Montgomery that we always know where to find him; and accordingly, in his "West Indies," he is found on the side of philanthropy. His muse might have chosen more alluring themes than the slave trade, but elegiac poetry is one important department of the art. Some writers had preceded him, on subjects connected with the traffic in human limbs; Grainger's Sugar Cane, Day's Dying Negro, and passages from the works of Cowper and Hannah Moore, might be cited in proof. But the world needed an uncompromising statement of this traffic, and we have, in the West Indies, a work in which truth has gained the ascendancy over imagination, and odious fact has borne away the palm from embellishment. Africa, deeply-injured Africa! when shall we rise with one consent to redress her wrongs? When will men cease to steal her children, as they play at twilight in her palmy graves? When will divine mercy detach the immense assemblage of cypress leaves from the wreath of her past renown? There was a time when Petrarch sung of her glory—when her generals achieved wonders, and her bishops shed on the Church the light of a holy example—when her pyramids were reared, when her grottoes were the haunts of learning, when her libraries drew inquiring students—the land in which were kindled the beams of astronomical science, and from whence we have drawn the squares and circles of geometry. Will it be believed, in the light of the millennium, that there was a period of the world so dark that man could fetter his fellow-man? But we turn from the world as it is, to the "World as it was before the flood." This perhaps is the most admired of Montgomery's works. The plan is highly poetical, and the poem is constructed on the few hints of the antediluvian world given in Genesis. Other poets have gone into antediluvian scenes. Gossner and Milton visited them with reverence, having taken the sandals off their feet, whilst Byron and Moore dared to imprint their profane steps on the same scenes. Montgomery, of course, cannot be brought into comparison with Milton, his genius being dissimilar; but we have not a doubt that the "World before the Flood" is a poem, the reputation of which is destined to increase. He has described the earth before its fresh gloss had disappeared, animated by patriarchs, whose locks continued gray for centuries. He has stood by the mane of the lion, and led him captive over the lawns of Eden. He has contrasted white altars with the green mounds on which they were built. He has marked the growing wickedness of men, and the portentous signs of that deluge which was to leave the shells of the sea among the mountain flowers of Africa. But of all the poetical writings of Montgomery, his "Pelican Island" is my favorite. It is founded on an insulated passage in the book of a voyager; but the poem is a fine display of invention and soft descriptive power. There is an evenness in his mode of writing, unbroken perhaps by the abrupt flights of genius, but free from that redundant luxuriance which distinguishes Lalla Rookh. Men of letters seem attached to insular situations. This feeling, sufficiently strong among the ancients, has been increasing ever since De Foe threw so much sympathy into Juan Fernandez. But the volumes of prose which Montgomery has published, demand a passing notice; and here we cannot help expressing disapprobation of the part he took in the Life of Sumnerfield. He was no doubt prevented by the ties of devotion to the muses, from writing the memoirs of that distinguished young minister, and in the hurry of his engagements he agreed to set the seal of his approbation to a crude, pell-mell piece of biography, perfectly destitute of taste. Here amiable feelings outweighed his judgment; but a man ought never permit private friendship to warp his intellectual opinions. But among the

prose writings of Montgomery, his preliminary essay to the Life of Mrs. Huntington may be safely pronounced excellent. Its principal fault is its obscurity of style; and the obscurity arises from a desire to be original. One of the most striking instances on record of a great mind struggling with obscurity of expression, is exhibited in a missionary sermon, by Foster. The sermon is full of precious ore, but the ore is guarded by the dragon of a rugged style. These remarks, however, are destitute of force in application to Montgomery's "Prose by a Poet." It is not easy for the professed poet to discard trains of thought peculiar to his temperament, and use that plainness of style requisite in prose. Accordingly, nothing is more obvious in this work than the fact that it is the production of a poet. It makes an addition to religious literature, and is distinguished by a playful ease of execution, and belongs to that kind of writing which originated in England in the reign of Anne, and in which Addison and Steel pre-eminently excelled. To these productions of our poet must now be added his "Lectures on Literature,"—a work in which he has entered a delightful field of criticism. The cultivation of mind is the prerogative of all countries where literature has not broken out into expression: the mind will find employment in mechanic arts—in the contrivance of ornaments—which give the most of the polish it possesses to savage life. But Literature has long held her horn of plenty, and distributed fruits around the birth-place of Hæzæ—the ruins of Iona—the fragments of Melrose—by the brooks of Athens, and by the banks of the Yellow Tiber.

It seems to be conceded that Montgomery is a kind of patriarch in the school of sacred poetry; nor will he suffer in comparison with his contemporaries. He has not Milman's affluence of language, but he is less artificial than the Oxford professor. He does not possess as much versatility of mind as Bishop Heber, but the reputation of Heber's hymns will be evanescent. There are some sweet strains in Keble's Christian Year; but, being satisfied with the Sabbaths appointed, Montgomery is better employed than in imitating odes to the saints of the Romish calendar. Wifon, strictly speaking, is not a religious poet; but his Mungo Park evinces both moral and descriptive power. Barton is a good man; but being a follower of George Fox, the stiffness of his habits impairs his energy as a writer. In the efforts now making to extend the sway of literature the example of Montgomery cannot be too highly appreciated. There are men of mind whose works overflow with infidelity; but his are filled with the pleas of philanthropy. He has carried into Parnassus spoils gathered from Tabor, Carmel and Calvary; and he has lifted his fragrant censor high as the Delphic steeps. He is the poet of such humble scenes as Bethelsdorf, Knadenthal, and Hernhut; and he is enamoured of those moral and oasis-like pictures which simple piety and unwearied zeal are imprinting on the arid deserts of paganism.

He is at home on those spots, where the warm cottage is supplanting the thatched dwelling, and where the Christian hamlet is thrusting the kraal into the background—where the leopard is coming in to dwell with the kid—and where the bugle of the Gospel is overpowering the horn of the savage hunter. Whether sacred things can be used in poetry is no longer a question. Doubtless there are many things in religion, which cannot be taken into alliance with the gay science of poetry, and it is clear that the doctrines which divide sects ought never to be introduced into hymns; but the great outline of Christianity could not be filled even by the genius of Milton. Well may the Moravians rejoice that among them a poet has arisen, allied to them in meekness and fervor.—A beautiful custom once prevailed in Scotland of stationing a musician in some secret place, and, though unseen by the reapers, his strains animated their toils; and the Moravians are not without a poet by whose lyre they are cheered as they ply their task amid the dark corners of cruelty, not for the sake of human applause, but beneath an eye brighter than the sun. And if he who inspires one philanthropic emotion—who sheds balm over one disconsolate heart—or who has indited one ode wherewith to disturb the stillness of the pagan wilderness—has not lived in vain, Montgomery will not lose his recompense. The Moravians will honour him whilst living; and when his days are numbered, they will bury him in the choicest of their sepulchres. T. B. BALCH.

THE TRAVELLER.

From the English Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.

TOWER OF BABEL.

Our horses were saddled soon after sunrise, and we set out on our way to the Temple of Belus, or Tower of Babel, which lies distant about six miles to the south-west of Hillah; crossed the Euphrates by the bridge of boats; and passed through the western quarter of the town. We had proceeded but a little way beyond the gate by which we took our departure from the suburbs, when we got on to the plain of Shinar. The ruin that we came to visit rose upwards in the distance like a great hill. Nine o'clock found us seated at the foot of the vast heaps and accumulations which may be said to form the outworks of the pile.

The height and magnitude of this tower, "whose top should reach unto heaven," are exceedingly great, and convey an impression that, of all the edifices which may have belonged to Babylon, this has been by far the most distinguished. Before we ascended the eminence, or commenced our examination, breakfast was ordered to be prepared; and, whilst the kettle was boiling, I hastened on a voyage of discovery, and strayed about for some time.

The mass rises from the plain in a pyramidal shape, and recedes within itself from the base upwards. The whole of the mound, or body of the ruin, is covered with rubbish, and seems to have been a solid structure, composed in its various stages of different materials: towards the base, sun-dried brick with layers of reeds, has been generally used; whilst, in the higher elevations, burnt brick, cemented with a lime-mortar and bitumen has been chosen. The area of the summit does not occupy any very considerable space; and appearances indicate that the building has never been carried much beyond its present height. The masonry exposed is perforated by numerous lateral and transverse channels, as if to give a free admission to the winds. The uppermost stage of the pile is crowned by the section of a wall of considerable elevation, and which appears to have formed the wing of a turret or watch-tower. This wall is rent in twain by a large crack or fissure: the bricks which compose it are placed between very thin layers of lime-cement; and they are now so decayed that they may easily be broken by the slightest blow; some of them were marked with inscriptions in the arrow-headed character. On the extreme portions of the height are scattered large blocks of molten walls and vitrified masonry. These masses did not appear to have fallen *shivered*, as buildings generally do, but must, whilst standing, have been rendered liquid by fire. They were as hard as granite; and might, if seen near to an English factory, be taken for smelted ore. We found it a work of labour to detach from them the smallest fragment. They bore ample evidence that the pile has been destroyed by fire, and must have been laid waste by a great and most consuming conflagration. Not alone did this part of the ruin bear marks of the flame: the devouring element appears to have passed over the lowest stages of the fabric. A large mound, on which is built the tomb of some Mohammedan peer or saint, runs south-east from the foot of the ruin; and traces of former foundations extend themselves in the direction of the Euphrates. This monument is called by the Arabs *Birs-i-Nimrod*, or "Nimrod's Tower;" and their tradition relates, that it was raised by that "mighty hunter before the Lord." Travellers recognise in it the Tower of Belus, or Temple of Jupiter, which once occupied a position within the walls of Babylon. However, should it not be acknowledged as a portion of the ruins of that city from the appearance of the materials employed in its erection, the *Birs-i-Nimrod* must be allowed, if not antecedent, to be, at least, coeval with the Babylonian age. In the vicinity of the ruins the plain of Shinar is covered with bushes and thorny brambles, which serve as a cover to partridges and wild hogs. The plain is partially cultivated, and loses itself in the adjacent desert. We returned to Hillah in the afternoon, and early the

† Arrow-headed or cuneiform character; rather *outré* but yet true.

† "Behold, I am against thee, O destroying mountain, saith the Lord, which destroyest all the earth; and I will stretch out mine hand upon thee, and roll thee down from the rocks, and will make thee a burnt mountain."—(Jer. li. 25.)