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REV. E. D. VERY,

BY PURENESS, BY KNOWLEDGE—BY LOVE UNFEIGNED.—ST. PAUL.

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MORAL ON THE LAST STANZA OF CAMPBELL'S MOHENLINDEN.

Many, we are assured, will be gratified by the perusal of the following lines, composed by the late Rev. Dr. Macdonald, of Ferintosh.

Few, few shall part where many meet,
The snow shall be their winding sheet;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a Soldier's sepulchre.

CAMPBELL.

MORAL.

But happy he, when thus laid low,
Whether in sea, or earth, or snow,
Who finds that all his scenes of woe
Have disappeared rapidly;

Who wafted on angelic wing,
Enters the palace of the King,
To dwell with Him, and there to sing
The glory of his victory;

To dwell with Him, removed far
From hateful strife and din of war—
Where sin and sorrow never mar
The streams of their felicity!

Where many ransomed sons shall meet
Never to part—the scene complete—
Hence, then! far hence, thou winding sheet!
Give place to immortality!

Let rising glory chase away
The shades of night and nightly sway,
And usher in the brilliant day,
That measures long eternity.

[From the Courier and Enquirer.]

SCENES IN THE EAST.

JERUSALEM, June 1st, 1849.

General Description of the City—the church of the Holy Sepulchre—wailing of the Jews over their lost temple—view from the Mount of Olives—Mount Zion, Mount Moriah, the via dolorosa, the Garden of Gethsemane—Jehoshaphat, Hinnom, the pool of Siloam, Aceldama.

I have now been more than a week in Jerusalem, and have become quite familiar with all its features. The city is about two miles square, and is surrounded by a thick wall of gray limestone, about 25 feet in height, built in the Saracenic style. The population amounts to about 15,000, of whom one third are Christians, one third Mahometans, and one third Jews. The people, except the numerous monks and a few resident Europeans, dress in the Oriental costume, and all the native women, of every religion, go closely veiled. The houses are of stone, and present externally the same blank tomb-like appearance of all Eastern cities. The streets are narrow and uneven, and are extremely slippery, since the stones with which they were so long ago paved, have been worn by the feet of innumerable pilgrims to a marble-like smoothness. The bazaars are poorly built, ill-supplied, and thinly frequented. The pavements, instead of rattling with wheels or ringing with hoofs, or echoing with the tramp of a busy multitude, hardly hiss with the pedestrian's sandalled step, and the camel's muffled tread. The hum of business and the voice of merriment are nowhere heard. A strange melancholy stillness reigns over the once "tumultuous and joyous city."

The first object of the stranger's attention, of course, is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is closely hemmed in by other buildings, and for the first time can hardly be found without a guide. Its front is of pointed architecture, but of a mixed and corrupt style,

and is ornamented by a few bas-reliefs much injured by time. The church is jointly occupied by the Roman Catholics, the Greeks, and the Armenians, and, almost daily, service is performed in it in one of these rituals.— Admission, however, may be obtained at any time on the payment of a small fee. The first object shown to us on entering, was the marble slab said to cover the stone on which the body of our Saviour was anointed for burial. This is situated in the vestibule of the church, and is regarded with great reverence. Passing into the body of the building, we at once recognized the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre. It is an oblong structure of plain white marble, some 20 feet in length, 10 broad, and 12 high, and situated directly under a lofty dome, through whose open top the bright blue sky looked lovingly down. The thick walls of this chapel are perforated with two large holes, through which the Armenian and Greek priests on Easter Sunday miraculously receive fire from heaven in the presence of a pilgrim throng, frantic with excitement. The Roman Catholics despise and denounce the exhibition as a base imposture. The chapel is divided into two small compartments, in the first of which are the tombs of the heroic Godfrey de Bouillon and his brother Baldwin, and in the second the Holy Sepulchre itself. The exterior of the latter is simply a white marble platform elevated about 20 inches above the floor, 7 feet long and 3 feet wide. Its upper slab is broadly cracked through the middle. Around it were ranged many vases of flowers, and above it were dozens of splendid lamps, belonging to the different churches, kept constantly burning. The priest who attended us gave us each a flower after having first devoutly laid it on the sepulchre and sprinkled it with holy water. Leaving this sacred place, we were afterwards shown the family tomb of Joseph of Arimathæa, cut from the solid rock; the stone on which our Saviour stood when he was tried, the pillar to which he was bound, when flagellated, and the grotto in which the Empress Helena found the three true crosses. In the Greek place of worship, which was highly gilt and ornamented with the most tawdry finery, a marble globe, inserted in the floor, was pointed out to us as the centre of the world! Ascending a flight of some twenty steps, cut from the solid rock, we stood on calvary. Here was a large chapel, splendidly decorated, near the altar of which were the three identical holes, chiselled out of the solid rock, in which the crosses were originally planted. Hard by was the rock which was rent? Many other places and objects associated with the last scenes of our Saviour's life were also exhibited, but were too palpably spurious for sober mention.

After a personal survey of the spot, and mature consideration of all the evidence, I confess that I cannot implicitly adopt the general conclusion of the Protestant world, that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre does not cover the site of our Saviour's Tomb, and has usurped its distinction. No arguments tending to show that the locality of this church was anciently, as it is now, within the city walls, have been strong enough in my mind to invalidate, with anything like decisive effect, the firm assertion of tradition to the contrary.— But whether this spot was or was not hallowed by the death and burial of the Incarnate Son of God, the church that is built upon it is venerable for its extreme antiquity, venerable for its awful traditional claims, and venerable as having been for ages the earthly centre of all Christian love and reverence, where millions have knelt with bursting hearts, after enduring battle, and toil, and fever, and want, and every earthly suffering. The man who can stand here unmoved, has a heart harder than a nether millstone!

The Mahometan Mosque of Omar occupies the site of the ancient Jewish Temple, and is surrounded by a lofty massive wall, which none but Mahometans are allowed to enter. The Jews have purchased the privilege of repairing on Friday afternoons to the exterior of a very ancient portion of this wall, there to bewail the fate of their Temple. I was present on one of these occasions, and a more impressive scene I have seldom witnessed. I found collected a large number of both sexes, and of all ages and conditions. Most of them were seated on the pavement in the shadow of the wall, and were engaged either in reciting from the Book of Law, or in repeating to themselves prayers and ejaculations. The sorrow of desolate hearts was depicted in every countenance. Soon they all joined in a dirge of indescribable mournfulness, after which they rose, and, leaning against the wall with their faces inwards, they read from the Law, repeated another dolorous chant, and then motionless and silent all remained absorbed in their own prayers and meditations. The matron and the maid, the boy and the gray-headed man, the rich in sumptuous robes and the poor in filthy rags, all alike seemed oppressed with a sense of desertion, and burdened with misery. I turned from the spot and left them alone with their sorrow, struck as I had never been struck before, by the history and fate of the chosen people of God.

The Mount of Olives, situated just east of the city, has been my favorite resort, not only on account of its intensely interesting historical associations, but as commanding the best of all views of Jerusalem. The city lies on a shelf, gently sloping towards you, and all its main features are discernible at a glance.— On the east side of the city, nearest you is the Mosque of Omar, covered and faced throughout with blue porcelain, and standing on a broad marble esplanade, in the midst of an immense area, shaded with trees, and ornamented with praying chapels. Though the eye perceives little elevation, this is Mount Moriah, and the Mosque stands on the very spot once occupied by the Holy of Holies.— How different is the dull dusky fane of the False Prophet from the Temple of the Living God, that used to glitter there, like a shrine of beaten gold! High upon the south side of the city, partly within and partly without the walls, is Mount Zion. But in those vile hovels where Jews hide their wretchedness, and lepers their despair, or in those terraced and ploughed slopes, where the poor Arab desperately struggles with the scanty mould for a few grains, who can discover the seat of that royal city, which was once "beautiful for situation, and the joy of the whole earth?"— Away to the western extremity of the city, is the spot they call Mount Calvary, and still leading to it is the long way up which the "Man of Sorrows" bore his heavy cross.

At the foot of Olivet, directly between you and the city, is the Garden of Gethsemane, enclosed by a wall 20 feet in height. It contains eight olive trees of the greatest antiquity, the very scions, it is said, of the trees which shaded that fearful mysterious passion of the Messiah. The valley of Jehoshaphat stretches its dismal length above and below the Garden, entombing in its dark cliffs untold generations of the sons of Abraham. "Siloa's brook that flowed fast by the oracle of God" is dry and silent now, but the pool of Siloam, encased with time-worn stones and draped with vines and flowers, still yields its pure sweet waters. Sweeping round the base of Zion is seen the deep rugged glen of Hinnom, where were perpetrated the "dark idolatries of alienated Judah," overhanging it is the traditional Aceldama, whose scanty herbage bespeaks the wages of iniquity and the price of blood. On the north-west of the city is the

high rocky plain where the Assyrians, the Romans, the Persians, the Saracens, and the Crusaders successively pitched their hostile standards, and with irresistible onset dashed against the ramparts of the devoted city. Towards the eastern horizon, the eye ranges over a dreary desert waste, then spans a broad murky abyss which conceals the slimy waters of the Dead Sea, till finally the vision rests on the distant ridge of the Moab Mountains, on which the Israelites hovered before entering the Promised Land. Above you, and you can hardly think it an illusion, the "brave overhanging firmament" swells fuller and broader than elsewhere, and looks down more majestic and solemn.

The closing day is my favorite time for visiting Olivet. The city at that hour always wears a sad and almost sepulchral appearance. Not a voice is heard save the Muezzim's cry of prayer from the distant minaret, and not a figure is seen, except that of some solitary wanderer hurrying through the half-shut gates away to his humble home. The evening breeze is just beginning to sigh over the tombs of the valleys and rustle among the hoary olives around me, and the sun is casting its last dying beams athwart spire and dome, and canopying the sunken bed of the Dead Sea with one vast pavilion of crimson and purple, and enveloping the whole landscape with a lurid glow that contrasts most strangely with the cold gray mass of the city, and the deeper shades of the valley around it. If there is one spot on earth suited to pensive musings or a thoughtful mood, it is the Mount of Olives at an hour like this.

COLONY OF NATAL.

PORT NATAL, SOUTH AFRICA, July, 1849.
Native locations — Immigrants — Cotton — Dutch Missionaries — Colonial Government — Gold Fever — The Zulus — Umpandi.

MESSRS. EDITORS:— Things are moving on in this colony with their accustomed quietness. The work of locating the natives, which was commenced some years ago, is still unaccomplished, and many of the white settlers are grumbling that the natives "squat" on their land and yet refuse to assist them in their labours. In the mean time, one Location has been diminished, and a portion of land which had been assigned to the natives and pledged to them by the government, has been taken from them and sold to a white farmer for raising cotton. True, the land thus taken away was not extensive, but it was large enough to involve a violation of pledges, and to give the natives occasion to fear a repetition of the deed on a larger scale.

Colonists from England and Germany are beginning to come into the country—seventy-six having arrived only a few days since. Many of these immigrants are introduced by companies formed for the cultivation of cotton.

Samples of Natal cotton have been sent to England, and pronounced by manufacturers to be of a good quality. The experiment, however, of making cotton a profitable production, has not yet been fully tried. Time will show whether this country can be made valuable for growing cotton or not. To give an impetus to this and to other agricultural enterprises, a society has been formed which offer prizes to the most successful producers of cotton, indigo, and other productions adapted to the climate.

The self-expatriated Dutch generally refuse to return. Neither promises nor threats can induce them to abandon their semi-barbarous migratory habits, and come back to the colony, where they think they have been oppressed and abused.

Missionaries from America, England and Germany are pursuing their appropriate work