

The Distant Hills.

“We have before us a little work entitled, ‘The Distant Hills; An Allegory,’ from the press of the General Protestant Episcopal Sunday-School Union, whose Depository is at Number 20 John-street. It is a most touching and tender allegory, and is altogether worthy of its predecessor, ‘The Shadow of the Cross.’ Over the pages of these narratives there is shed an aroma of purity, suited to the pictures which they so exquisitely paint. Indeed, the pictures themselves seem to be rather *breathed* than painted. We know not how to express our sincere admiration, as we believe it would be impossible to meet with works of this kind more charmingly conceived and finished. They ought to be widely circulated among the young, in whose pure hearts they would be engraved indelibly in days when the feverish novel would interest them no more. As allegories they possess the highest merit. The outlines are distinct, the accessories replete with classic grace, and the embodiment of the *truth* palpable. The *Distant Hills*, bedecked with green and rife with melody; the *Crumbling Ruin*, crawled over by the green lizard, and given to decay; these are symbols which a *child’s* heart may interpret, and over which a man’s eyes may weep. And it is delightful to see ever in the foreground of the pictures, whether meandering in the meadow or gushing from the rock, the purifying waters of the flood, over which

——‘The eternal dove
Hovers on softest wing.’

“For the Christian parent, these works, so pure and happy in influence, so exquisite in embellishment, so compressed in compass, are most desirable for *gifts*. They would be received with smiles, and perused with tears, and gratitude would be returned by the intermingling of both.”

[*Knickerbocker*, Oct., 1849