

described as a work of immense labour and colossal dimensions, containing a chamber sixteen paces square, and about twenty five feet high, crowned with a pediment highly ornamented, and all cut out of the solid rock.—By these splendid monuments, dedicated to the memory of its rulers, the opulence of the city is demonstrated.

The enemies of the Gospel might be admonished by the fate of the enemies of the ancient church, who have been cut off according to the word of the Lord; and whose very land, that especially of the Edomites, for their violence against their brethren of Israel, has been wasted with a curse which shall cleave to it for ever.—*Companion to the Bible, p. 34.*

Judea.—Judea, the country of the Jews, of which Jerusalem was the capital, was so exceedingly fertile that it was ranked by the Greeks and Romans amongst the finest of their provinces.—The land has long since been brought into desolation. The country is overrun by rebel tribes; the Arabs pasture their flocks at freedom. The most fertile plants lie untilled. The art of cultivation is in the most deplorable state, and the countryman sows with the musket in his hands.—*Id.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

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From the Presbyterian.

THE IMMORTAL. Concluded.

I tried the efficacy of social relations. My wife was chosen for her beauty, accomplishments, and mental endowments. For a season I was happy, and as my sons and daughters grew up around me, I flattered myself that I had at length discovered the secret of happiness. Vain hope! many afflictive domestic incidents occurred, but no one to be compared for its painfulness, to that which arose from the fact of my immortality. I was doomed to see the once beautiful partner of my bosom fading into wrinkled age, and second childhood and my once blooming sons and daughters tottering under the weight of years. I was still as susceptible as eve of social enjoyments, but those who were to impart them, and participate in them, were left with affections chilled by the winter of age. Should I repeat the experiment? Nothing could induce me. The recollection of blighted joys was too painful to wish a repetition of the scene. My third century was completed. I had witnessed the death of all whom I had loved. I was in a world of strangers, and bitterly deplored my doom as an earthly immortal. Disgusted with life, I tried to die, but I was doomed to witness the dull monotony of day and night, of summer and winter, of sunshine and storms; to behold generations springing up and perishing; to hear the silly and discordant laugh of the reveller or the loud laments of the broken hearted.

Death seemed to be my only refuge, but I was sternly forbid to enter its portals. I flew to the field of battle, and sought the fate which others vainly endeavoured to shun. My prowess became conspicuous; but my life was charmed against the stroke of the deadly weapon, and I was filled with remorse at the butchery and slaughter, which I had occasioned. I returned sorrowfully to the city. The plague raged—thousands fell victims—consternation was pictured on the face of the living; but in vain did I seek the infection and breath the poisoned atmosphere; my life was charmed, and I wept that I could not be laid with heaps of the slain.

My fourth century was completed. I had lived too long—the customs of society had been undergoing perpetual mutations, and all the

scenes of life had been demonstrated to be a vain show.—Many bitter recollections troubled me, and my soul was deeply humbled. I thought myself, at length of my forgetfulness to God, and in sincere contrition of spirit I turned myself to him. As a Christian, I thought myself happy, and many years were tranquilly spent in the spiritual worship of the most High. But my happiness was remote from perfection; for I was still encumbered with a body of sin. Daily infirmities demanded daily repentance, and the struggles of the Christian warfare seemed to be intolerable when eternally perpetuated. The Apostle's declaration sounded to my soul like a knell—"If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable!" I had seen many Christians, whom I had chosen as my beloved associates, finish their course with joy, and lay hold upon eternal life. I had heard them, when dying, express their joyful hopes and blissful anticipations; and how earnestly did I long to wing my flight to purer regions, where temptation and sin should be unknown, and where my weary soul might rest from its labours, and enjoy a congenial happiness in the presence of its Creator and Redeemer. And thus I completed my fifth century.

In the dawn of a summer's day, extending my walk to the green fields of the country, I became absorbed in serious and sorrowful meditations. Suddenly the Sage, from whom I had obtained the sad secret of my immortality stood before me.

"Son, said he, hast thou learned the import of thy request, and art thou contented with thy condition?" "Venerable father, I replied, a sorrowful experience of five centuries, has taught me the folly of my request, & with unfeigned earnestness, I pray thee to recall thy gift."

"Son my gift is beyond recall. Thou must continue immortal.—The Sage disappeared and the horrible intelligence overpowered my senses."

Is it reality or a dream? Reader, it matters not—the moral is the same. Learn humbly to acquiesce in the allotments of Providence. Imagine not that thou art wiser than thy Maker, whose infinite mind directs the concerns of men, and has wisely ordered that the period of human existence on earth should be brief, that we may learn to extend our views, and aspire after an immortality in Heaven. E.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

"Twice had the sun gone down upon the earth, and all as yet was quiet at the sepulchre; death held his sceptre over the Son of God: still silent the hours passed on, the guards stood by their post, the rays of the midnight moon gleamed on their helmets and on their spears; the enemies of Christ exulted in their success; the hearts of his friends were sunk in despondency and sorrow, the spirits of glory waited in anxious suspense to behold the event, and wondered at the depth of the ways of God.—At length the morning star arising in the east announced the approach of light; the third day began to dawn upon the world, when on a sudden the earth trembled to its centre, and the powers of heaven were shaken; an angel of God descended, the guards shrunk back from the terror of his presence, and fell prostrate on the ground; his countenance was like lightning, and his raiment was as white as snow; he rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre, and sat upon it. But who is this that cometh forth from the tomb, with dyed garments from the bed of death—he that is glorious in his appearance, walking in the greatness of his strength? It is thy Prince, O Zion! Christians, it is your Lord! He hath trodden the wine press alone, he hath stained his raiment with

blood, but, now as the first born from the womb of nature, he meets the morning of his resurrection. He arises a conqueror from the grave: he returns with blessings from the world of spirits: he brings salvation to the sons of men. Never did the returning usher in a day so glorious! It was the jubilee of the universe. The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted loud for joy."

A SCOFFER CONFOUNDED.

A gentleman in a stage coach attempted to divert the company, and display his hostility to the Scriptures, by throwing them into ridicule.—"As to the prophecies," said he in particular "they were all written after the events took place." A minister in the coach who had previously been silent, replied, "Sir, I must be leave to mention one remarkable prophecy as an exception,—knowing this first, that there shall come in the latter days *Scoffers*;" now, Sir, whether the event be not long after the prediction, I leave the company to judge." The mouth of the scorner was stopped.—"A word fitly spoke is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

Faith, Hope, and Love, were questioned when they thought of future bliss, by pure religion taught. Now *Faith*, believed it firmly to be true, And *Hope* expected so to find it too; *Love* answer'd, smiling, with a generous glow "Believe, expect? I know it to be so."

VALUE OF THE BIBLE.

In the year 1274, the price of a small Bible neatly written, was £30. It is said that the building of two arches of London bridge cost only £25, being £5 less than a copy of the Bible, many years afterwards.

SELECT SENTENCES.

Sin received its sentence of death in the death of Christ but it doth not receive its execution till the death of a Christian.

He that will not bear Christ's reproach, shall bear his own; which will be infinitely worse.

P O E T R Y.

DREAMS.

Oh! there is a dream of early youth,
And it never comes again;
'Tis a vision of light, of life, and truth,
That flits across the brain:
And love is the theme of that early dream;
So wild, so warm, so new;
That in all our after years I seem,
That early dream we rue.
Oh! there is a dream of maturer years,
More turbulent by far;
'Tis a vision of blood, and of woman's tears,
For the theme of that dream is war:
And we toil in the field of danger of death,
And about in the battle array,
'Till we find that fame is a bodyless breath,
That vanisheth away.
Oh! there is a dream of hoary age,
'Tis a vision of gold in store—
Of sums noted down on the figured page,
To be counted o'er and o'er;
And we fondly trust in our glittering dust,
As a refuge from grief and pain,
'Till our limbs are laid on that last dark bed,
Where the wealth of the world is vain.
And is it thus, from man's birth to his grave—
In the path which all are treading!
Is there nought in that long career to save
From remorse and self-upbraiding?
O yes, there's a dream so pure, so bright,
That the being to whom it is given,
Hath bathed in a sea of living light,
And the theme of that dream is Heaven.