

and the Almighty, raised them infinitely above all surrounding countries. While all the other nations of the earth were sitting in darkness, they were walking in the light of God's countenance; while the voluptuous Egyptians, the fierce and intractable Chaldeans, the polished Greeks, and the invincible Romans—while these were bowing down to stocks and stones, the workmanship of men's hands, the posterity of Abraham were worshipping the only true God, who is before all things, and by whom all things consist. THEY were God's chosen inheritance—and all the rest were strangers and aliens; THEY were "the city of the Great King," built upon "the mountain of his holiness"—and all the rest were "a waste howling wilderness," "without form and void." But now their sun has gone down—their glory is departed—and the people among whom Jehovah delighted to dwell, are sitting by the rivors of Babylon, weeping; and their oppressors insultingly ask them to sing them one of the songs of Zion: "For they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion." We see them raise an imploring look; and while we behold them endeavouring to awaken tenderness in the hearts of their revilers, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land," the spirit of interceding grace is poured forth upon us, and we are constrained to cry out,—"Remember them, O Lord, with the favour that thou bearest unto thy people."

AMICUS.

For the Christian Mirror.

ETERNITY.

THE thought of "an hereafter," whether acknowledged or denied, is undoubtedly a subject of much importance, and one so evidently influencing our lives and actions, and so surely productive of good in the one case, and of evil in the other,—that, to effect the destruction of all government and morality in a nation, we have but to inculcate the latter belief, as, with an opposite view, we would make use of the former.

Of the several systems of infidelity which have been propagated from time to time, and stand recorded in the history of the world, it may be truly said, that none of them had the good of mankind at heart, but were all the instigations either of those of undoubtedly abandoned principles, with the worst of motives; or of those whom reason could no longer guide through the labyrinth of folly their pride had entangled them in, and who consequently fell into the most deplorable errors; or, perhaps, we may reckon a third class to include those who, pursuing a course of vice and impiety, take this method of stifling the reproaches of conscience, and of altogether obliterating (if possible) the thought of future punishment. But can any one in a healthy undisturbed state of mind, and in the full exercise of those faculties which distinguish a rational creation—can he for a moment entertain such a limited view of his existence, nor see that there must be a futurity beyond the grave, and that we came not into the world to perish like the brute creation, and be no more seen?

Were man intended for no other sphere, would not his spirit rest satisfied in the acquisition of all that earth can afford him? But is he?—Do the stores of learning offered to him in the book of nature, vast as they are—the wealth of nations, the power of monarchs, the adulation of millions—leave him without a wish ungratified? No.—He can truly answer, there is something beyond all this—something within him that demands a wider sphere, more boundless knowledge, and higher

enjoyments—something that points to ETERNITY, and tells him he is not the child of time. Should he not, then, prepare for this change?

J. D. M.D.

For the Christian Mirror.

"LAZARUS IS DEAD."

THE effect of this announcement on the disciples of our Lord is not recorded; but it may not be improper to suppose that the amiability and one-heartedness of Lazarus which had won upon the affections of the Man Christ Jesus, had produced a like effect upon his unsophisticated followers—for they were not incapable of social love. They anticipated that his visit to Judea at this time would result in his death, and yet Thomas—unbelieving Thomas—proposed that they should go, "that they might die with him." And though, when on his apprehension this same danger closely threatened them, they all forsook him and fled; yet, among the many who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth, where is the man who is bold enough to assert, "so would not I?" The spirit indeed was willing; but when death was to be accompanied with ignominy and excommunication from the people whom they had been taught to view, and whom they still viewed, as the peculiar people of God; can we marvel that, in their then unestablished state, the flesh should prove weak? They had shewn themselves capable of sincere and ardent attachment, some by the abandonment of all their worldly goods, that they might enjoy the constant society of their Master; and it cannot be doubted, that when the death of Lazarus was announced to them, sorrow filled their hearts—nor that they would sympathise with the bereaved sisters who were the more immediate sufferers in this dispensation of Providence. But, however they were affected, or whoever were affected, the doom is pronounced—the fiat of justice is gone forth: "It is appointed unto all men once to die;" and nothing can avert the execution of the sentence—every moment of time brings it nearer, and soon the stroke must come not to be parried. The cold, dark grave—the loathsome worm—the awful stillness—the abhorrence of our lovers,—these are some of its accompaniments. Who but shrinks from such a condition? Who? He who believes the declaration: "I am the resurrection and the life;" he looks from death to death's conqueror, and knows, that though he may sojourn for a night in the dreary region, the resurrection morn shall call him forth purged only of what he has long been weary—the physical, moral, and spiritual frailties of his nature.

December, 1841.

C. R.

For the Christian Mirror.

THE DEATH BED OF AN INFIDEL.

SCENE.—A young man extended on a couch, apparently dying, surrounded by his companions.

INFIDEL.—Ha! infidels and brother wretches, art thou come to see me die—to see me meet my fate—to see the last struggles of him whom thy pernicious doctrines have destroyed?—or comest thou to harden me in my iniquity, and add fresh fuel to the fire that rages in my bosom? Speak, for what dost thou come?

COMPANION.—How now—what's this? Brother wretches didst thou call us? Thou, who erst did take such part in our proceedings, and made thyself the captain—leader of us all! Thou who didst boldly avow, and tried to propagate, our principles by such arch reasoning, that all the world could scarce withstand! And now, dost thou effeminately recant those principles, and

make thyself a miserable wretch, because thou'rt dying? Why this weakness?—be assured there is no God—no future punishment. Thy soul is not immortal: thou diest—that's thine end.

INF.—Ah! well thou sayest—it is my end—my end on earth—the end of all my sinful pleasure. Yet, oh! 'tis but the commencement of that dread eternity, wherein all hope is lost—wherein the souls of infidels and scoffers, by Heaven's greatest anathema, are thrust down to the bottom of a burning hell. By saying there is no God, dost thou intend to mock me? There is a God, though thou wouldst fain believe there was none—a sin-avenging God; a God before whom devils fear and tremble. Even now, his searching eye pierces my inmost soul, and would make even hell itself desirable, could it but hide me from his presence. But, oh! it cannot. There it will follow me, and make hell dreadful—a thousand times more dreadful than it is. Long have I trifled with his mercy, and now his hand of justice lays hold upon me, and not all in earth or hell can save me.—O God! what mortal mind can know, without they feel, the horrors of a guilty conscience—these bitter knowings, the dread precursors of a dreaded hell! Yet, I deserve it all. I little thought, while raising my arm in impious rebellion against the Majesty of heaven, it would have come to this—to be so shorn of all my imaginary power and wisdom, and, like my great prototype, Satan, who aspiring to be as thee, from the most exalted seat in heaven, was cast down to the lowest depths of hell. His fault was pride—mine also—full of false and impious pride. I would be as a god—to rule and act as might best please myself; and oft, in my imaginary greatness, have I dared thee, the God of heaven, to strike me dead!—But now, how changed! if I had worlds to give, how freely would I give them, to be allowed sufficient length of time to expiate my many crimes, and live a life devoted to the service of that God whom I've despised, and whose existence I've denied. But, alas! 'tis useless—God is not mocked—my sentence is irrevocably fixed—hell is open to receive me. See you not the waves of that eternal lake of fire and brimstone, rolling up to receive my apostate soul, laden with infernal beings, exulting o'er my fall? O, horror of horrors! See how near they come! Where can I fly—where escape from such companions? Mark the hellish malice in their looks, as with eagerness they wait to take my soul to endless torments! See, they advance! Oh God! they take me—Farewell, companions—friends on earth, farewell! Ere long, thou wilt augment the company of hell—fit company for such wretches. But I must go—go—go—he said, and with one agonizing groan, expired.

December, 1841.

G.

The Christian Mirror.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1841

IN conformity with the usual custom, we have much pleasure in sincerely and most heartily wishing all our respected friends and patrons, in the very best acceptance of the term, "A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

SOME time since, we directed the attention of our readers to the important duty of self-examination, and took occasion to remark, that there were seasons which were peculiarly adapted to the profitable performance of this scriptural requirement. The present season of the year especially calls upon us to examine ourselves solemn-