

nity begin to stream over the hills of time. In an hour like this can our infidel brethren rest?

Should we approach their bed, would we find them happy? would the sweet smile of Christian rest and joy light up the face, as with closed eyes they look far up the channel of time, and behold a host of angels, emerging from the gates of the Heavenly City, coming to bear them to the skies? We have only to look to the history of the past for an answer.

Come with me to the death-bed of Wilmot.—“Mr. Wilmot, an infidel, when dying, laid his trembling, emaciated hand upon the sacred volume, and exclaimed solemnly, and with unwonted energy, ‘The only objection against this book is—a bad life.’”

Paine, in his low and vulgar language, once said, “I have gone up and down through the Christian Garden of Eden, and with my simple axe I have cut down one after another of its trees, till I have scarce left a single sapling standing.” Yet the proud and haughty blasphemer exclaimed in remorse and terror before he died, “I would give worlds, if I had them, that the ‘Age of Reason’ had never been published.

The Sceptic, on the bed of death, “conscience, his only companion, approaches that futurity, that unknown land from which no traveller has ever returned, where he knows not whom he shall find, nor what awaits him; that futurity, that fathomless abyss, in which his mind is lost and bewildered, and into which he now must plunge, ignorant of his destiny; that futurity, that tomb, that residence of horror, where he must now occupy his place amongst the ashes and carcasses of his ancestors; that futurity, that incomprehensible eternity, even the aspect of which he cannot support, that futurity, in a word, that dreadful judgment, to which, before the wrath of God, he must now appear, and render account of a life of which every moment almost has been occupied by crimes:—alas! while he only looked forward to this terrible futurity at a distance, he made an infamous boast of not dreading it; he continually demanded, with a tone of blasphemy and derision, ‘Who is returned from it?’ He ridiculed the vulgar apprehensions, and piqued himself upon his undaunted courage. But, from the moment that the hand of God is upon him; from the moment that death approaches near, that the gates of eternity open to receive him, and that he touches upon that terrible futurity against which he seemed so fortified—ah! he then becomes either weak, trembling, dissolved in tears, raising suppliant hands to