

effect of it for two years afterwards; and he says, 'We were all persuaded that another passage of the purple meteor over us, would be attended with our deaths.' The poisonous wind was preceded by another curious Phenomenon; prodigious pillars of sand were seen by Mr. Bruce, moving about with great velocity; eleven of them appeared at once, but did not approach nearer than two miles. The rays of the sun, shining through them to appearance of pillars of fire; nor are they less destructive than the Simoom, as whole caravans have been buried under them.

We find in the scripture frequent allusions to the dangers which abound in the eastern deserts; and the terrors of the Divine vengeance are illustrated by a reference to these destroying winds.—Of the wicked it is said, 'By the blast of God they perish, and by the breath of his nostrils they are consumed.' 'This wrath passeth over them suddenly, irresistibly, like the poisonous and fiery Simoom, and they perish.' 'The winds are the messengers' of Jehovah, and 'the flaming fire his servant.' Probably the Simoom was the messenger of the Lord, employed to destroy in one night the host of Sennacherib, agreeably to the prediction of Isaiah:—'I will send a blast upon him, and he shall return to his own land.' In Jer. xxii. 23. 'The wind shall cut (or devour) thy pastors'—there is evidently an allusion to this destroying wind. The Psalmist has beautifully illustrated the sudden approach of death by the effect produced on vegetables by the scorching blast:—'As for man, his days are as grass, as the flower of the field,—the wind passeth over it and it is gone.'

The stalking pillars of sand (as Bruce calls them) which threaten to bury alive the traveller who beholds them, and the purple meteor, are not more terrific than those spiritual dangers which they who set their faces towards Sion have to encounter in their passage through this

world. Let the difficulties of the way lead us to look upward for direction, support, and comfort, and to desire more earnestly 'a better country, even a heavenly one. Thus, by the exercise of faith in the power and grace of the Lord Jesus, let us daily go up out of the wilderness, leaning on our Beloved.'

T. P. B.

[*Evangelical Mag.*]

## POETRY.

### THE CRUCIFIXION.

By James Montgomery.

[We should feel some difficulty in pointing out any sonnet in the English language possessed of so much real power and sublimity.]

[*Port Folio.*]

I asked the heavens—"What foe to God  
hath done  
This unexampled deed?"—The heavens  
exclaim,  
" 'Twas man; and we in horror snatched thee  
sun  
From such a spectacle of guilt and shame."  
I asked the sea; the sea in fury boil'd,  
And answered with his voice of storm—  
" 'Twas man,  
My wave in panick at his crime recoil'd,  
Disclos'd the abyss, and from the centre  
ran."  
I asked the earth; the earth replied aghast,  
" 'Twas man; and such strange pangs my  
bosom rent,  
That still I groan and shudder at the past."  
To man, gay, smiling, thoughtless man, I  
went,  
And asked him next;—He turned a scorn-  
ful eye,  
Shook his proud head, and deigned me no  
reply.

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