

offering on each succeeding day; the number in all amounted to 65,000! The heathen of a single city contributed almost as much to support one religious festival, as all Protestant denominations of Christians in the world gave last year to send their religion to the heathen! What a rebuke to the followers of Christ!—*Dayspring.*

To CORRESPONDENTS.—We have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of an excellent communication from the pen of Mrs. J. R. Spooner: which, having arrived too late for this number, will appear in our next.

"A Hymn," from the same pen, is also unavoidably postponed till our next.

To the Editor of the CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

"The harvest is past, the summer is ended."

DEAR SIR,—The following extract, taken from a communication which appeared in the *New York Observer* some time ago, is so very applicable to the state of some of our brethren and sisters at the present time, that I cannot help begging the favour of its insertion in your Miscellany. That it may arouse some to a sense of their duty, who are now loitering in the Plain of Ono, and aid in furthering the glorious period, when the last stone shall be placed on the walls of Jerusalem, with shoutings of grace, grace unto it, is the sincere wish of

Yours, &c.

L. Z.

THE PLAIN OF ONO.

NOT a few Christians are in the Plain of Ono just now. Wearied of the work which was once their delight, they have come down from the walls, and are mingled with the enemy.

The Bible reader will remember, that when Nehemiah and his friends were rebuilding the wall of the holy city, Sanballat and Geshem sent him to come down and meet them in some one of the villages of the plain of Ono. Nehemiah was a very steady as well as a very zealous Christian, and had no idea of working by fits and starts. So he sent word to his tempters, that he was doing a great work, and could not come down. "Why should the work cease," said he, "while I leave it and come down to you?" The plot failed, and the wall was built.

The devil often sends the same flattering invitation to hard-working Christians. As he usually succeeds better by stratagem than by storm, he beguiles good men with the notion, that the work in which they are engaged will suffer no great harm from standing still awhile, and that they may as well suspend operations for a season, and resume them with more strength and renewed zeal at another time. When they first entered God's service, they thought the time for rest would never come till they reached their resting-place in heaven; and they toiled on as if the work must be done, and they might not be longer spared to do it. Where are those hard-working Christians now?

Do you see that worldly-minded professor of religion? In that revival a year or two ago, or in that revival which numbered him among the converts from sin, he was one of the most active, devoted men in the church. No labour seemed too great; duties were privileges, and the service of Christ his highest delight. He was always at the prayer-meeting; he sought to bring others with him; his voice was often heard in prayer, and his resolutions were frequent, that he would spend his life in promoting the glory of Him who died that he might live. Where is he now? In the plain of Ono! The world has stolen his heart. He does not contemplate a final and total abandonment of religion; he has, however, become so much engrossed with business, for the present, that he thinks the world must be attended to in its place, and as soon as the pressure is over, he will work the harder to make up for the time he has lost from the service of God. The world appears very friendly. He is quite unconscious of meditating any thing against the church; he is only spending a little time in the plain of Ono, and will soon be back again at his post on the wall. But so many have followed his example, and resolved on a little resting, that the work in many sections has almost entirely ceased. No new stones are quarried and fitted to their place in the building, even the half-erected wall seems crumbling, and sad signs of dissolution appear—whilst those who ought to be at work are in the plain of Ono.

Do you see that fashionable Christian? A short time since she catemoted it an honour, and her highest happiness, to be numbered among the lowly followers of Jesus. She was willing to deny herself, and actually to go about doing good; and she was so abundant in her labours, and so zealous in her charities, that

she soon required a name for her deeds of love. She was pleased to be seen of men; and presently she learned that she could be a member of the church and conform to the fashions of the world around her. She had always loved the world, and its pomp and circumstances had charms that delighted her heart. By degrees, she has lost her lowliness of mind; her dress and equipage display a returning love for the splendour that once dazzled her eyes; and the fashionable assemblies that throng her halls, are so many witnesses that she has ceased to enjoy the service of the Redeemer. If she is a Christian, (of which we have some doubt,) she does not intend to abandon the work of the Lord; she is in the plain of Ono, and perhaps may, by and by, be brought back.

If all the Christians now tarrying in the plain of Ono would quit the companionship of Sanballat and his friends, and re-enter upon the work of the Lord, the cause of Christ in every part of his kingdom would advance with unwonted power. Perhaps this hint may be taken by some who have gone down, while the work has been suffered to lie still.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DEATH FROM EXCESSIVE JOY.—On Wednesday afternoon, between three and four o'clock, the following awful instance of sudden death, arising from over-excitement, happened in High Holborn:—At about a quarter to three o'clock, an elderly female, neatly attired, entered the Coach and Horses public-house, near Red Lion-street, Holborn, and inquired if the afternoon omnibus from Uxbridge had arrived, a lady that she expected her daughter, whom she had not seen for a considerable time, would come by it. Being answered in the negative, she went to wait its arrival outside the house, when at length the omnibus came up, and the daughter, a fine but delicate female about 22 years of age, proved to be inside. Both appeared in the greatest ecstasy of joy; but the scene suddenly changed to one of the deepest affliction. Scarcely had the daughter alighted from the vehicle, before her countenance became deadly pale; and she would have fallen to the earth had not her mother caught her. She was immediately carried on to the foot pavement, and placed against a shop door, where she became worse, exclaiming, "Oh, mother dear! I wish we were home." These were her last words; for she instantly sank and expired in her mother's arms. It is impossible to describe the poignant feelings of the parent. Mr. Hughes, a surgeon residing in Holborn, was called in directly afterwards; and, upon examining the body, gave it as his opinion that her death was produced from disease of the heart, accelerated by over joy at meeting her mother. The deceased's name is Jane Thomas, and the parents reside in the neighbourhood of Old Kent-road.—*London paper.*

THE GREAT WONDERS IN THE WORLD.—It has, for ages, been a mystery in the minds of men, that such vast quantities of water as are constantly flowing into the Dead Sea, from the river Jordan and many smaller streams, should not fill up this lake and cause it to overflow; and the only manner in which the phenomenon could consistently be accounted for, was by supposing the Dead Sea had some subterranean outlet, through which its water escaped to the ocean. But even this supposition has now become wholly invalidated by the result of observations taken by a committee of English gentlemen, by which this lake is proved to be 1400 feet below the level of the Mediterranean! The plains surrounding this lake are thus proved to be the lowest lands on the face of the earth. We have hopes that as civilization is progressing in that country, this subject will be further investigated, and that even the bottom of this lake will be in some measure explored, by means of the most perfect diving bell, and other sub-marine apparatus.

AN OLD APOLOGUE.—A man going out of his beaten & directed way to gather unlawful fruits, fell into a deep pit. In his fall he caught hold on the arm of a tree growing in it. Thus he hung in the midway, betwixt the upper light from which he fell, and the lower darkness to which he was falling. He looks downward, and sees two worms gnawing at the root of this tree. He looks upward and spies on a branch a hive of honey. He climbs up to it and feedeth on it. But, in the meantime, the worms did bite in sunder the root, and down falls man and tree and all, into the bottom of the dark pit. Man himself is

this wretch, who, straying from the way of God's commandments, fell to eat of the forbidden fruit—instantly he fell. The pit over which he hangeth is the grave; and the tree whereby he holdeth is this mortal life: the two worms are day and night; and the hive of honey is the pleasures and lusts of this world. Thereupon he greedily feeds, until the two consumers, day and night, in their vicissitudes, have eaten sunder the root of life. Then down drops earth to earth; there it must lodge in the silent grave, neither seeing nor seen, blended in the forgotten dust and undistinguished mould, till it be awakened by the archangel's trump in the great day of Christ.—*Old Writer.*

REV. DR. SIMPSON.—This very worthy minister was for many years tutor in the college at Hoxton, and while he stood very low in his own estimation, he ranked high in the of others. After a long life spent in the service of Christ, he approached his latter end with holy joy. Among other expressions which indicated his love to the Redeemer, and his interest in the favor of God, he spoke with disapprobation of a phrase often used by some good people, "Venturing on Christ." "When," said he, "I consider the infinite dignity and all-sufficiency of Christ, I am ashamed to talk of venturing on him. Oh, had I ten thousand souls I would at this moment, cast all into his hands with the utmost confidence." A few hours before his dissolution, he addressed himself to the last enemy, "O death where is thy sting?" Displaying his characteristic fervor, as though he saw the tyrant approaching, he said, "What art thou? I am not afraid of thee. Thou art a vanquished enemy, through the blood of the cross."

WOMAN AT THE COUCH OF SICKNESS.—I love to see her at the couch of sickness, sustaining the fainting head—offering to the parched lips its cordial—to the craving palate its simple nourishment—treading with noiseless assiduity around the solemn curtains, and complying with the wish of the invalid, when he says—

"Let me not have this gloomy view
About my room, about my bed;
But blooming roses wet with dew,
To cool my burning brow instead."

Disposing the sun-light upon the pale forehead; bathing the hair with ointment, and settling upon it from the summer casements that breath of heaven. How lovely are such exhibitions of ever enduring constancy and faith! How they appear to the soul, like the lover in the Canticles, whose fingers, when she rose to open the door to her beloved, were "dripping with sweet smelling myrrh upon the handle of the lock."

HAND-WRITING OF EMINENT MEN.—It is generally believed that men of genius write a very obscure, infirm, and eccentric character, such as Byron, Chalmers, Jeffrey, and Bonaparte. Washington wrote a firm, manly, straightforward line, every letter legible and distinct; Jefferson's hand-writing was bold and masculine; Bonaparte wrote a most unreasonable scrawl; Burke was uneven and hurried; Hamilton wrote a running-hand, sparing ink; Channing's penmanship has a chaste, classical appearance; Brougham writes a hasty hand, but with a good pen full of ink; Peel writes with a stiffness, but with considerable taste and firmness; Dr. Chalmers writes as if he used a feather dipped in ink, a complete scrawl; Washington Irving writes a perfect lawyer's hand, as though he wished no one to read it but himself.

REV. JAMES DURHAM.—This excellent man, when on his death-bed, was for some time under considerable darkness respecting his spiritual state, and said to Mr. Carstairs, "After all that I have preached or written, there is but one Scripture I can remember, or dare whisper: tell me if I dare lay the weight of my salvation upon it? 'Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.'" Dr. Carstairs very properly answered, "You may depend upon it if you had a thousand salvations at hazard."

SINCE we live like grapes, close but in clusters. We usually say, he that will swear will lie; and he that will lie will steal; and he that will do all these will do any thing. Satan is a serpent; if the head be once in, his whole body will not be long behind.