

# CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF RELIGION AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

"MANY SHALL RUN TO AND FRO, AND KNOWLEDGE SHALL BE INCREASED."—DANIEL vii. 4.

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[We copy the following verses, (says the *Watch-tower*.) written by a youth of sixteen, from the *Baltimore Clipper*. They refer to a circumstance that took place in the neighbourhood of that city, in the autumn of 1839. A little girl, three years old, wandered away into the woods, where she amused herself in gathering fall flowers, in listening to the fairy music of the honey-bees, or the bold humming of the bumble-bees; in stealing upon butterflies as they lighted on flowers, or chasing them with high glee as they rose in their flight; in watching the pert and sportive gambols of squirrels on their nut-trees, and in seeing bright-eyed birds, as they inquisitively peeped down from their coverts of leaves, or perched near the little wanderer upon the lower twigs. Hour after hour passed away, and most anxious search was made for her everywhere, in vain—until at last, just when her mother's heart was sinking within her, the tiny thing was found, happy and fearless, sitting on the limb of a huge oak, and a dog standing by her side as happy as she.]

## THE LOST CHILD AND THE DOG.

Far in the forest depths behold  
A wanderer young and fair,  
No breezes o'er the mighty tops  
Disturb the silence there.  
And by her side a guardian see,  
O'er one so mild and young,  
His watchful ear marks every sound,  
That breaks the woods among.

The anxious mother waited long  
Her absent child to greet,  
And ever and anon she heard  
A sound like coming feet.  
They sought for her in every place,  
In each accustomed way,  
Where she her daily rambles took,—  
Where she was wont to stray.

At last, beneath a giant-oak,  
With "hundred arms outspread,"  
Sitting upon a fallen tree,  
Upraised to heaven her head,  
They find the object of their search,  
And near her guardian true,—  
"My child," the joyous mother cries,  
"What is it here you do?"

"Mother, I wished to see the skies,  
Beneath these mighty trees,  
And hear the bird sing merrily,  
And feel the gentle breeze!  
To view the beautiful forest flowers,  
Decked out so fair and gay,  
To see the leaves chased by the wind,  
As if in joyous play.

"And, mother, when I thought of Him  
Who made the flowers so fair,  
Who caused the mighty forest-trees  
To stand in grandeur there!  
Who gave each bird its tuneful note,  
And made them sing with glee,  
Who fashioned every tiny thing,  
Each leaf, and flower, and tree.

"And as I thought, this pretty dog,  
Close to my side stood near;  
Mother, was he not sent by God  
To chase away my fear?"

"Yes, yes, my child, we always live  
Protected by his care—  
By him we're kept from every harm,  
And He was with thee there."

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

### A STRANGER'S TALE; OR, THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

(CONCLUDED.)

THE ensuing day I resumed my journey, and for several weeks was continually shifting scenes,—now rattling over the craggy, rocky cliff in the tiresome stage-coach,—now, rolling swiftly over the level track of a railway,—now, again upon the crowded deck of a steamboat, gliding smoothly over the bosom of the unruffled waters. But wherever I had been, or in whatever situation, at every interval of reflection, that form, that face and that scene were still before me. Why it was, I know not; but the more I tried to banish its recollections, the more vivid would be its delineations to my mind.

On a Saturday evening, five weeks after the event, as the sun's last declining rays lingered on the hills, I again entered that city, and searched out my old lodgings.

The coming morning was of almost unclouded splendour. The heavens bore much the same appearance, as when, a few weeks previous, I had first viewed them from this place, and I indulged in similar thoughts and feelings, with the exception, that now, there was one, at least, among the vast multitude whom I met, I should recognize, and who, although unconsciously, had awakened the strong sympathies of my soul.

When the hour of public worship drew near, I again bent my steps towards the sanctuary where I had joined in the praises of the Most High. I entered, and seated myself as before. Soon the organ's swell echoed through the courts of the Lord's house,—but it was a requiem strain. The dissonance of its notes produced a solemn feeling upon all. The doors opened, and a train of mourners advanced, clad in the habiliments of sorrow. Then followed a bier, on which was borne a rich mahogany coffin covered with a deep sable pall, that reached the floor. The organ ceased its sound;—for a moment a death-like silence pervaded the house; then the voice of weeping burst forth, which till now had been stifled in the wounded breast, or had found vent in silent tears. A singular sensation came over me. I felt assured that the coffin before me contained that lovely form, which so lately I had seen on that same spot, in magnificence and beauty. This assurance haunted me. I tried, in vain, to make myself believe I was superstitious; I saw in my mind the seal of death upon that brow, and dreaded to have the truth revealed.

A prayer was offered—and the minister began his discourse in the words, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." There was no studied, elaborate eulogy upon the character of the departed—no attempts at display or effect; but a simple recital of her worth and virtues.—When he spoke of the many endearing associations connected with her memory, and her labours of love in the midst of them, the whole congregation seemed melted, and the speaker gave free scope to his own emotions, in audible sobs. He exhorted the young especially, to make wise improvement of this voice of God, speaking directly to them, and showed them, that though called to an early grave, if like her were prepared for the coming of the Son of Man, it would be to them a change of unspeakable joy. A few Sabbaths before, she, who was now a lifeless corpse, had stood up and avowed the Lord Jehovah to be her God, and now, without doubt, her spirit had entered upon an eternal Sabbath of rest in Heaven.

The mourners rose, and slowly moved from the sanctuary. The assembly, one by one, followed, and silently looked upon the face of the dead as they passed. I approached. An awful shivering seized me, and the cold sweat gathered on my forehead. I knew that my darkest fears were about being tested, and I trembled. I raised my eyes, and beheld that countenance;—it was the same! A gentle smile still played upon the features, and no marks of suffering were written there. Those lips seemed on the point of speaking,—but they were closed forever! A space of time elapsed,—but what had passed I know not. I had been lost in reflections forced upon me, by an awful change that had taken place, and had no recollection, till I found myself in the midst of a large crowd in the churchyard. The sculptured urns and monuments, that had been reared to mark the places where reposed the remains of parents, children, and friends, rose on every side. Directly in front was a long range of granite tombs. One near the centre was open, and around it the throng were assembled. I heard the sound of music,—it was the last funeral hymn:—

Sister, like the flower of morning,  
Thou hast gone from us away;  
Brightest hues that flower adorning,  
Withered lie, while yet 'tis day.

Thou shalt rest secured from anguish,  
In thy narrow house below;  
While alone, our fond hearts languish,  
That no more thy smiles we know!

Sleep, then, sister! while above thee  
Flows the sad and silent tear;  
Oft at eve, shall those that love thee,  
Weep and pray unnoiced here!

The last lingering note of that plaintive melody died away upon the breeze, as the procession of mourners departed for their homes. I gazed upon the coffin, until the creaking of the door of the vault, as it was turned upon its rusty hinges, told me that that form was hid from my view, till I should meet it at the judgment seat of Christ. I looked up; the large concourse of spectators had gone, and I was alone in this vast city of the dead. I turned from the spot, and offered up the fervent prayer, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."—*Religious Magazine.*

## MANUSCRIPTS OF THE DEAD.

It is always a sad and terrible task—when there is any human feeling left in the heart—that of examining the papers and letters of those who are gone. The records of fruitless affections, of disappointed hopes, of tenderness perhaps misplaced, perhaps turned by the will of fate to scourge the heart that felt it, are all before our eyes. Side by side, at one view and in one instant, we have before us the history of a human life and its sad and awful moral; we have there the picture of every bright enjoyment, of every warm domestic blessing; while written by the hand of death beneath them is the terrible truth—"These are all passed away forever, and so will it soon be with thee likewise!"

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—The arrows of misfortune pierce the deepest into gentle hearts. The tears of man are the larger and flow the faster, the less earth is able to give him, and the higher he himself stands above her; even as a cloud rising higher than the rest from the globe, sends forth the largest drops.