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WEEKLY.]

"MANY SHALL RUN TO AND FRO, AND KNOWLEDGE SHALL BE INCREASED."—DANIEL XII. 1.

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POETRY.

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THE STRICKEN FAMILY.

A SABBATH SCHOOL TALE.

THE storm had passed, and earth, robed in her green,
Smiled on as if no sin or sorrow marr'd
Her beautiful face. The sun looked out and tinged
The rainbow. Lustre to the drops that decked
The cottage vines he gave, and bathed in gold
The city spires and whitened distant sails.
Yet e'en amid such loveliness, came Death!

Our friendly host obeyed the sufferer's call,
And soon we found a widow bending o'er
Her lone, sick child.

Mid Scotland's happy hills,
She little dream'd that she would e'er be left
So desolate in a far distant land.
She spoke of first acquaintance,—He had found
Their door in former years, as through the streets
He searched to bring young souls to Christ. He
sought
Their infant son and daughter, and he pled
So kindly that each hand soon led a prize.

Ere long the mother followed them, and found
In that frequented place of prayer, sweet peace.

Months passed;—and then the blight of sickness
blanched
The daughter's features. "Mother, I shall die."
She faintly said, "Send for the teacher soon;"
And sweet discourse still cheered the mourners round.
The father, long a stranger to his God,
She then besought to kneel beside her bed
That she might pray for him; and then she clasped
Her tiny hands upon her breast, and closed
Her eyes; and long, when voice had fail'd, she pressed
With moving lips, her fervent suit on high.

At length she whispered, "Mother, when you see
Death near—and I am silent—sweetly talk
Of Heaven till I am gone—for I may HEAR
E'en though I cannot speak." Like Innocence
Upon its mother's breast, without a groan
She softly fell asleep.

A year roll'd round,
And waned by disease the father lay
Without a hope of heaven. Yet even then,
His child's last look—her dying prayer for him,
And the soft pressure of her chilly hand
Were fresh as yesterday—and he betimes
Would weep;—She bore the message sent by God
To ransom him. He also died in peace.

Yet to that widowed heart ONE EARTHLY JOY
Remained—her gentle boy;—and as the vine,
That wreathes its tendrils round a lovely flower,
To shield it from the blast, and share its fate,
She fondly clung to him. He only shared
Her loneliness; and he was all the world
To her. And oft she sought his bed at night
To see if his young limbs were chilled, or watch
His breathing,—it might be to steal a kiss—
A mother's kiss, warm from her sleeping child.

Anon she gazed with look of love, and dream'd
Of happy days, when he, to manhood grown,
Might be her stay;—And yet his thoughtful look,

And features delicate reminded her
Of his lost father—and so well he caught
The mantle of his sister's loveliness,
That something seemed to whisper, that frail form
And sweetness were not long for this rough world

Just fear! We came to view her dying child
The sting of death was gone,—His look was calm
As sunset; and his placid eye, seemed fixed
As if it dwelt upon some vision blest
Of hovering angels. From his falling lips
There came sweet words:—"Jesus is precious—all
Is well."—He asked what hour the clock had struck—
Then whispered, "I am ready." As the sound
Of distant music faintly dies away
He gently breathed his last.

No pageantry
Adorned the burial. Gracefully there came
A lengthened train of youth and little ones
All neatly clad; and child like forms sustained
Their classmate's bier. With kindest care the ranks
Were marshalled by an aged form, who seemed
The worthy shepherd of the lovely flock.
They gathered round the grave, and brightest eyes
And aired faces in the youthful throng
Were met with gushing tears;—and when the shock
Was past, they sang a sweetly plaintive air,
And infant voices chimed in harmony,
As though they had been training for the clime
Where death and tears are not. Oh, surely praise
From such young guileless hearts is heard on high!

Strange eloquence was in that scene! It seemed
To tell us that the anxious toil of years
Was not in vain, and plead with us afresh
To point these heirs of mercy to the Lamb!

The mother dwells alone—yet not alone—
She has a CONSTANT FRIEND—the Widow's God;
Her pale, thin form still totters to the house
Of prayer. Her speech is all of heaven. She longs
Not for her home across the deep—but one
Above—and deems that ere the flowers of spring
Shall come, she will have joined the company
Of loved ones gone before.

Oh who can tell
The rapture when that band at last shall meet
Their teacher in the land where Death no more
Shall sever—and shall greet this messenger
Of mercy known on earth before the Throne!
J. W. CORSON, M.D.

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

THE CHILDREN OF LIGHT.—Well may it be
said, "the children of this world are in their genera-
tion wiser than the children of light." Should not
their endeavours stimulate you to exertion to obtain
the object of your desires? Is it not an object infi-
nitely more worthy of all the zeal and energy that can
be expended on its behalf, than all the gold that mis-
er ever dreamed of, or all the glory that ever ambition
aspired after, or all the happiness that the tenderest
earthly love ever poured into the human heart? What
are all the riches of the earth, compared with the un-
searchable riches of Christ? What is all the glory of
the world compared with the crown of glory which
fadeth not away? What is all the happiness of
earthly love, compared with that which flows from the
love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy
Ghost: with the fullness of joy in his presence in
heaven, or with the foretaste of that fullness, which
conformity to his will and character on earth supplies.
—N. Y. Christian Intelligencer.

THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

It is truly amazing the multitudes that die.
"Thou carriest them away as with a flood."
Seventy thousand die every day, about fifty
every minute, nearly one every second, passing
over the verge. Life is like a stream made up
of human beings, pouring on, and rushing over
the brink into eternity. Are all these blessed?
Ah, no, "Blessed are those who die in the Lord."
Of all the vast multitude continually pouring in-
to the eternal world, a little company alone have
savingly believed on Jesus. "Strait is the gate
and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life and
few there be that find it." It is not all the dead
who are blessed. There is no blessing on the
Christless dead; they rush into an undone eter-
nity, unparadised, unholy. You may put their
body in a splendid coffin, you may print their name
in silver on the lid; you may bring the well at-
tired company of mourners to the funeral in suits
of solemn black; you may lay the coffin slowly
in the grave; you may spread the greenest seal
above it; you may train the sweetest flowers to
grow over it; you may cut a white stone, and
grave a gentle epitaph to their memory;—still it
is but the funeral of a damned soul. You cannot
write blessed where God has written "cursed."
"He that believeth shall be saved, he that be-
lieveth not shall be damned."—Ib.

FASTIDIOUSNESS IN THE CHURCHES.

THERE is a growing disposition to say, "I am of
Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Cephas." There is
an increasing demand for fine preachers; for popular
men; that is, popular as orators, not as preachers.
When David listened to Nathan, all his admiration
of the prophet was changed to penitential sorrow.
Probably Felix anticipated an intellectual feast when
Paul was to be brought before him. He knew that
the apostle was learned and eloquent, and as he was
a prisoner, probably would not dare to meddle with
the conscience of his judge. But when "Paul rea-
soned of righteousness, temperance, and a judgment
to come, Felix trembled." All his admiration was
forgotten, while conscience was aroused. It is a
doubtful compliment to a minister, that he is admir-
ed. The praises of his hearers may be his condem-
nation. Men should forget the preacher in the aw-
fully solemn circumstances of their condition. The
eternal truth, which the preacher communicates,
should occupy all their thoughts. The adorable Re-
deemer should be the noontide sun, in which the
preacher's light, like that of the star, is lost. My
brethren, we ought to make the sacrifice of personal
feelings, and commend ourselves to the consciences
of our hearers.—Rev. B. Almon.

THE SUN AN EMBLEM OF THE RESURRECTION.

—When I see the heavenly sun buried under earth in
the evening of the day, and in the morning to find re-
surrection to his glory, why, think I, may not the
sons of heaven, buried in the earth, and in the even-
ing of their days, expect the morning of their glorious
resurrection? Each night is but the past day's fun-
eral, and the morning his resurrection; why, then,
should our funeral sleep be other than our sleep at
night; why should we not as well awake to our re-
surrection as in the morning? I see night is rather
an intermission of day than a deprivation, and death
rather borrows our life of us than robs us of it.

A QUERY.—Were any of Walter Scott's readers
ever made better men or women by his fictions? We
rather fear, on the contrary, he has done great in-
jury, by ridiculing the simple, but fervent piety of the
Puritans; always representing them as ignorant fan-
atics, or as downright hypocrites. Experimental god-
liness, in Scott's view, is always cant; while the
cavaliers, who really scoffed at all religion, are his
gentlemen Christians.—N. Y. Advocate.

Thou mayest as reasonably expect to be well and
at ease without health, as to be happy without holi-
ness.