

# Christian Mirror

NEW SERIES.

WEEKLY.]

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

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## POETRY.

### TRUE PIECY.

A pious man, a devotee,  
His evening prayers had said;  
His Bible lay upon his knee,  
And in it he had read,  
"Christ had no place whereto to lay his head"  
"O Jesus! had I lived," he cried,  
But in that barbarous age,  
I would have wandered at thy side,  
Thy sorrows to assuage,  
And in the work of love and truth engage.

"My house, it should have been thy home;  
My money have been thine;  
When thou abroad wast forced to roam,  
I would have spent my time  
In aiding thee; thy work should have been mine."

A low faint rap upon the door,  
Disturbed his train of thought;  
There stood a man, whose garments wore  
In many a patch were wrought;  
And for a piece of bread he humbly sought.

"Get thee to work," the saint now cried,  
"And earn enough to eat."  
"I'm sick and faint," the man replied,  
"And bleeding are my feet;  
My fire has been the sun, my bed the street."

"Away, thou wretch, nor longer dare  
Approach a man like me;  
Thy very words pollute the air,  
Thy face no'er let me see;  
Thanks, Father, I am holier than he."

The devotee then closed the door,—  
He sought his downy bed,—  
A dream crept over him once more,  
And Jesus came and said,  
"What gavest thou to him who asked for bread?"

"Empty thou turn'dst him from the spot,  
Thy works do not agree,  
For as to him thou didst it not,  
Thou didst it not to me—  
O strive henceforth a better man to be."

Before his Saviour's piercing eye,  
He gladly would have fled;  
But whither from him could he fly?  
He lay upon his bed  
So self-condemned, he dare not raise his head.

And with the morning's breaking light  
He rose an humbled man,  
And in the path of new-found right,  
His works of love began:  
To feed the poor, to tend the sick, he ran.

How many are there who would give  
Their life to please the Lord,  
Who daily 'mid the suffering live,  
Nor think they can afford  
A piece of bread, a garment, a kind word!

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

### THE STREAM OF LIFE.

THE following beautiful and impressive illustration of life is from the celebrated Bishop Heber's farewell sermon, delivered many years since, upon the eve of his departure for India, to his parishioners at Holnet, in England:

"Life bears us on, like a stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides swiftly down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and the windings of its grassy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, and the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries us on, and still our hands are empty.

"Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper floor, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry passing before us; we are excited by some short-lived disappointment. But our energy and our dependence are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs alike are left behind us; we may be shipwrecked, but we cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened, but cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home, till the roaring of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our keel, and the lands lessen from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and the earth loses sight of us, and we take our last leave of earth and its inhabitants, and of our further voyage there is no witness but the Infinite and Eternal!

"And do we still take so much thought for the future days, when the days which have gone by have so strongly and uniformly deceived us? Can we so still set our heart upon the creatures of God, when we find, by sad experience, that the Creator alone is permanent? Or shall we not rather lay aside every sin, which does most easily beset us, and think of ourselves henceforth as wayfaring persons only, who have no abiding inheritance, but in the hope of a better world; and to whom even the world would be less than hopeless, if it were not for our Lord Jesus Christ, and the interest which we have obtained in this matter?"

### GENUINE MISSIONARY SELF-DENIAL.

It was about two years ago, that at one of the religious meetings at Exeter Hall, a resolution had been put into the hands of one who had been long a stranger to his native land. He was a man of middle age, whose sun-burnt countenance and foreign air bore witness to his abode in the scorching deserts of southern Africa. And when he stood up before the thousands of his countrymen, he could not help, he told them, calling to mind how, for many years, his audience had been hundreds and thousands of sable countenances, and he

was often at a loss for English words to express himself; for he had forgotten, and even tried to forget his native language, that he might make himself more intelligible to the people among whom he laboured. He had tried, he said, to speak and think their language, that he might plead more powerfully his Master's cause, and entreat them, for their Lord and Master's sake, to believe and be saved. Nothing could be more plain than his statements, or more natural than his affecting eloquence; reality was stamped on every expression, and he evidently spoke out of the abundance of a heart overflowing with kind and warm affections for the whole human race. He had come unexpectedly to England, he had never thought to return, and it had never occurred to him that he should ever be called upon to give an account of his various labours in Southern Africa. Those who heard him speak felt that his statements carried with them the internal evidence of their truth. This remarkable man was Robert Moffatt, who had gone forth as a missionary some three and twenty years before, and the principal sphere of whose labours had been among the Bechuanas. He would have returned to his work in the autumn of last year, but it was thought advisable that some account of his missionary life should be drawn up by his own hand, and published before he left England. His book is now before us; it is full of interest, but he might have given it tenfold greater interest. He has rightly preferred, however, in this, his first volume, commencing with a sketch of the history of the gospel mission in Southern Africa, which, though but a sketch, takes up several chapters of the volume, and necessarily keeps us back from more affecting details. The book is a thick volume, containing about six hundred pages; but, thick as it is, we know that he has been compelled to keep back whole chapters from the over-abundance of his materials. We miss statement after statement which we have listened to with rapt and delightful attention from his lips; and when we feel that we have at length arrived at that portion of the narrative that is full of the most sustained interest, the volume itself comes suddenly to a close. We venture to express our hope that at no very distant period, those journals of Mr. Moffatt which have not been printed may also be given to the public. It was at first intended that Mr. Moffatt should be appointed to labour in the islands of the South Sea, as the companion of the martyred Williams; but, though they went forth at the same time, and received their parting address from the venerable Dr. Waugh on one and the same occasion, Moffatt's destination was changed, and he was sent to South Africa. "Brother," said Williams to him, as they took one another farewell, "I had hoped that we were to labour together, but God has appointed you to Africa and me to the South Seas. We shall meet in heaven." "Yes," replied Moffatt, "we shall meet in heaven." And on earth they never met again.—*Churchman's Monthly Review.*

THE BIBLE.—Wherever the Bible is unfurled, there freedom finds a champion, humanity a champion, Christianity an altar, the soul a Saviour, and the orphan a father.