

Christian Mirror.

NEW SERIES.

WEEKLY.]

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

[7s. 6d. PER AN.

VOL. III.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1844.

No. 33.—N. S. No. 27.

POETRY.

THE BOWER OF PRAYER.

To leave my dear friends, and with neighbours to part,
And go from my home, it affects not my heart
Like the thought of absenting myself for a day
From that blessed retreat where I've chosen to pray.

Sweet bower, where the pine and the poplar have
spread,
And wove their branches a roof o'er my head,—
How oft have I knelt on the evergreen there,
And pour'd out my soul to my Saviour in pray'r!

The early shrill notes of the sweet nightingale
That dwelt in my bower, I observ'd as my bell,
To wake me to duty,—while birds of the air
Sang anthems of praises as I went to pray'r.

How sweet are the zephyrs, perfum'd by the pine,
The ivy, the balsam, and wild eglantine;
But sweeter, oh! sweeter, superlative were
The joys that I tasted in answer to pray'r.

For Jesus, my Saviour, oft deigned to meet,
And bless'd with His presence my humble retreat;—
Oft fill'd me with rapture and blessedness there,
Inditing in heaven's own language my pray'r.

Sweet bow'r, I must leave you, and bid you adieu,
And pay my devotions in parts that are new,—
Well knowing my Saviour resides everywhere,
And will, in all places, give answer to pray'r.

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

SABBATH MORNING.

THERE is no season more welcome to the Christian than the dawning of the day of rest. None that is ushered in with more reviving associations. The sun drawing up the soft vapors of morning, seems to shine with a more cheering light on the day that saw the rising of the Sun of Righteousness. The moist green turf, spread as a carpet over hill and dale, catches the bright reflection, and returns a grateful smile, while the clustering wild flowers that spring from its shelter show forth the beneficence that did not scorn to fashion their short-lived beauty. The breezy airs seem to breathe messages of gentleness and mercy from forgiving Heaven, and the earth, once smitten with a curse for the sin of man seems to partake in the reconciliation that was completed on the Saviour's resurrection morn. The fields and the woods send up their sweetest incense, and the trees rustle, and the waters murmur praise. Spring, the season of nature's hope, brings not so bright a day as this, the time of peculiar and more enduring hope to the Christian. As his eye rests on each feature of the scene, his heart becomes filled with its serenity, and he exults in the service of so gracious a Master. If he sees love in the coloring of the landscape and the arching of the sky, how unspeakably greater does that appear which rescued him from destruction, and adorned his fallen and polluted soul with the spotless robe of Christ's righteousness. Corrupted and at enmity with God, it was gently drawn back from the brink of ruin, and purified and formed anew, while it wondered, and gave thanks at the mighty work of the divine Spirit.

Of the same love the institution of the sacred day is a rich token. Like the gourd that sprang up to shelter Jonah from the scorching heat, the services of the sanctuary have been prepared for the refreshment of the heaven-bound pilgrim. But not like it, to perish in a night, for ever; as the first day of the week returns, are those solemnities renewed, and their hallowed influence is felt to extend over each intervening day. The prospect of a day spent in the courts of God, sheds a tranquil joy through the soul, and calls forth the fervent exclamation, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!"

Shall the morning contemplation here cease? Shall the Christian, absorbed in his own joyous prospects, forget the multitudes to whom the Sabbath brings no joy? Never does their wretched state come with more energy to his mind, than in that hour of thankful peace. In proportion to the vividness of his own hope, is his conviction of the awful helplessness of the unconverted. He mourns for the many who live like him in the shadow of the cross, but cling not to it; the many who are led to the streams of gospel privilege, but will not drink and live. To them the Sabbath is a weariness; they go up to the sanctuary with indifference, and leave it without profit. Years are rolling on, and soon their places will be vacant; and soon again they will be filled by another generation. Where will they be who have despised the offers of pardon, and refused to hearken to the reiterated calls of mercy? As the Christian muses on these things, he is stimulated to arise, and be doing, while yet it is his privilege to sojourn where work so vast and so important lies before him. Is it time to rest in his own happiness, or to seek his own honor, when souls are perishing? It would be greater joy to him to win one rebel back to his allegiance, than to attract the admiring gaze of nations, or to be boud with the freshest laurels that ever bound the brow of Caesar.

Those too he remembers, more ignorant, but less guilty than the former, who dwell far off on the islands of the sea, or in regions of unexplored darkness; in the burning deserts of Africa, or among the tangled forests of the west. On them the morning sun may arise in his glory, but it is only to light them onward in a course of sin. Spring may spread her most luxuriant wreaths around their rude dwellings, but the desolation of unbroken winter broods on their immortal souls. The trees of the forest, or the caverns that shelter the beasts of the earth furnish them with nutritious food. It was provided by no skill of theirs, but they know not the hand that maintains the ready supply, they see not the traces of Him whose paths drop fatness. In their ignorance they give thanks to dumb idols; and in the deep groves, or by the silvery streams, to them present their offerings; but these cannot hear their cry in the hour of their anguish, or illumine for them the gloom of a dark, unknown eternity. The Sabbath passes and returns, but brings no rest to them. There is no bell to call them to "the house of prayer," no faithful shepherd to collect the flock, who are scattered through the wilderness, an easy prey to the devouring Lion. It is the hour of his exultation, and he deems the empire all his own. Ages have mingled with eternity, and yet, mysterious dispensation! his terrible sway has not been broken down. But the day approaches; for those benighted ones are precious in the sight of Him who feeds the ravens when they cry, and he will come in his might, to make the crooked places straight before them. The Christian has been furnished with a powerful engine to accelerate that day; and he whose bosom glows with heavenly zeal, will never cease to use it. He will offer many prayers on the altar of the covenant, and in due time all shall receive an answer even ten fold more than was sought. Taught by a Saviour's love to pity the perishing, he will intreat the Father for them, and strive to excite in others a corresponding fervor, that all uniting under the banner of the cross, may spread the glad tidings of salvation over the length and breadth of a ransomed, but still unfettered world.

True religion is unselfish. It expands the heart to love, and nerves the frame to action; and the Christian goes forth from the hour of Sabbath meditation, humbled under a sense of undeserved mercies; and while he clings to them more closely than ever, resolves resolve in the divine strength, to spare neither time nor exertion to diffuse them among his furnishing brethren, that the sons of Adam in every land may rejoice at the coming day of rest, and may attain to the animating, the imperishable hope of "rest from their labors," in that "city which has no need of the sun and of the moon to enlighten it."—*Duncan's Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons.*

Dress.—There is not in the world a surer sign of a little soul, than the striving to gain respect by such despicable means as dress and rich clothes; none will depend on these ornaments but they who have no other.—*Charron.*

GENERAL LITERATURE.

THE YOUNG SHOWN WHERE TO FIND HAPPINESS.

"Deceived; they, fondly thinking to allay
Their appetite with dust, instead of fruit
Chew'd bitter ashes."

THERE is something interesting and attractive in the ingenuous frankness of youth; and when amiable and estimable qualities also appear in the young, the interest is enhanced, and, "Oh! that they were the Lord's!" is the fervent desire of the believer in Jesus. But how affecting is it to see these young persons in the families of the worldly, and to know, that these in whom they naturally confide, who are the guardians of their early years, are the most ready to warn them against the way of life, and to lead them in the path that separates from God. We speak not of the pernicious example of the openly wicked, which, it is too evident, must be prejudicial to youth; but we allude to the conduct of worldly minded parents, whose desire it is to warn their offspring against extremes in religion, (of all evils what they most dread) and to initiate them in scenes of vanity and folly, which ensnare and contaminate.

It is possible these pages may be perused by some young persons whose situations are similar to what has been stated, but who have not yet become the slaves of the world. Oh! that they could induce them to reflect ere they enlist themselves among its votaries, who are solely intent on human applause; desirous of decoration and splendour; caring for nothing but their temporal interest; and making self-indulgence, ease, and pleasure their chief concern.

Were there no hereafter, the attempt might warrantably be made, to derive satisfaction from what, notwithstanding, never afforded it. Still, were it our all, it were reasonable to strive to attain something, even where others had failed. But to cast aside the certainty of blessedness for that which, on trial, has ever proved fallacious, is surely madness. We are not aware that a single instance is on record of the worldly having acknowledged that they had found what they had sought,—happiness. But many times has "vanity of vanities, all is vanity," been, at the last hour, the exclamation of men of the world; and having seen, and known, the most this earth can give, they have confessed that its joys are illusive, and its possessions unsatisfying.

The testimony of one individual to the vanity of the world, after having enjoyed its favours in the highest degree, and to whom it was every thing, is so valuable, that, although well known, we make no apology for transcribing it. So devoted was he to his idol, that outside varnish, good breeding, and good manners, constituted his model of perfection! And he enforced to his own son, that the principal objects to which he wished him to devote his attention, were his appearance, his elocution, and his style; to promote which worldly advantages, he cared not to