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WEEKLY.]

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

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POETRY.

THE BRIGHTER GLORIES OF THE CROSS.

We copy from the Church of England Magazine the following beautiful poetry, founded principally on the 18th and 64th verses of the 119th Psalm. "The earth, O Lord, is full of thy mercy; teach me thy statutes." "Open thou mine eyes; that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law."

The golden orb whose glance is day,
Night with her pearly hosts' array,
The music of the ocean's swell,
The mountains hoar, the mossy dell,
The stream that rolls its murmur by,
The meadow like an emerald sky,
The air that breathes, the trees that wave,
The flowers whose tints thy finger gave,
All heaven, all earth, O God, declare
How numberless thy glories are.
Open mine eyes, that I may see
The wonders they reveal of thee.

The comforts that around me teem,
And make my home as happy seem;
The food that many a clime affords,
The raiment which thy care secures,
The friendship that lights up my way,
The love that smiles even night to day,
The fruit that gladdens wine that cheers,
The voice whose tones would hush my fears,
The hand unseen that shapes my path,
And fields the helpless free from death—
All, all that smooths life's thorny road,
Declare thy providence, O God!
Open mine eyes, that I may see
The goodness it reveals of thee.

But more than these, and more than all,
The love that binds me most in thrall,
That claims my very heart to thee,
Glews in a Saviour's agony.
I turn me from this happy home—
From lights that gild yon sapphire dome;
From all the varied hues that dye
Bright flowers, bright birds, bright sea and sky;
From all that gladdens life—away!
I turn to ghastly Golgotha.
There, in that place of skulls, appears
The sight that wakes, yet lulls my fears.
There Justice stands with brow severe;
But heaven-sent Mercy, too, is there.
See! as they bend above the form
That braves the fury of the storm,
Pity's blest balm their cheeks has wet;
Their hands are joined; their lips have met.
True, nigh her horrors round has shed;
True, sackcloth shrouds day's shrinking head;
And rocks rush shuddering from their bed;
But, hark! that cry, "'Tis finished!"
Rejoice, O earth! for light again,
And heaven are purchased back for men.
Rejoice, O heaven! for man once more
May seek and tread thy tranquil shore.
Oh! dimmed is noon's meridian ray;
Earth's beauties fade like mist away;
Or do they not more glorious shine,
Blest Saviour, gilt by love like thine?
Might I but know thee as thou art—
But be as thou, all pure in heart!
Wouldst thou but manifest to me
Myself, thyself, thy sympathy!
Still, when thy love would seem most bright,
Fix on the cross my raptured sight;
Open my eyes, that I may see
The wonders Calvary tells of thee.

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

THE WAITING SAVIOUR.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock!"
He seems to expect that the door will at once
be swung open, and he be received with rever-
ential homage and grateful joy! And is it too
much for him, who has bestowed on us life,
and all its blessings, and whose watchful care

preserves us every moment; and who when
by our rebellion against him we had incurred
his righteous displeasure, descended himself
from his everlasting throne, and veiling his
Godhead under a garb of flesh, dwelt among
us a man—even a man of sorrows—that in the
nature which had sinned, he might offer an
all-sufficient sacrifice for sin, and thus open
a way, by which we might be reinstated in
his favor, and instead of being cast out as we
deserve, might be exalted to heaven; is it too
much for him, who has manifested such love
for us, to expect that when he is heard knock-
ing at the door of our hearts, and calling to us,
we will, the very moment we hear his voice,
run, with delighted eagerness to open the door,
and receive with grateful adoration our cele-
stial Guest?

THE CLOSED DOOR.

Earth affords another sight yet more calcu-
lated to fill heaven with astonishment. It is
man refusing to listen to God; it is the crea-
ture turning a deaf ear to the Creator; it is the
sinner leaving the Saviour knocking at the
door, and not merely neglecting to open it, but
keeping it fast closed, and with cold contempt,
or scornful pride, refusing to receive him.
And how this insult is aggravated, by the readi-
ness with which the door of the heart is
opened to every other guest! First, the ob-
jects of our earthly love, all that have a just
claim on our affections, knock at the door of
the heart; and it is at once opened, and they
enter and dwell there. Then the world
knocks, and the door is at once opened, and
the world comes, with its train of lying vani-
ties, and cheating promises, and disappointing
hopes, and unsatisfying joys, and they enter
and dwell there. And then sin knocks, and
the door is opened, and sin comes, with
its train of polluting thoughts, and vile affec-
tions, and unhallowed tempers, and abominable
lusts, and they all enter into the heart, and
dwell there. And then Satan knocks, and the
door is opened to him, and he comes, with
his train of impure and accursed spirits, and
they all enter into the heart, and dwell there.
And then Jesus comes, attended by a train of
holy and heavenly tempers and affections,
hopes and joys; he comes, in his glory, and
his Father's glory, and his holy angels with
him, bearing in one hand a divinely wrought
robe of righteousness, and in the other a blood-
bought crown of glory; and he stands at the
door and knocks, but the door is not opened to
him, and he stands there, day after day, wait-
ing and knocking, but still the door is not
opened; that door which was opened at once
to every other guest from earth or hell, is kept
closed, barred as with bars of iron, against
him; and he is left standing and knocking,
and knocking in vain! How justly has the
human heart, in its natural state, been com-
pared to the inn of Bethlehem, where every
guest could find room; and every guest was
welcome, except the Saviour of mankind!

THE CALL OF TRUTH.

Have you never heard him knocking at the
door of your heart? Can you remember no
occasion on which the ambassador of Christ

solemnly pressed on you the Saviour's claim,
expatiated on his love and preciousness, ex-
hibited him as wounded for your transgressions,
crowned with thorns, and crucified for the
salvation of your soul? Heard you then no
knocking at your heart? Was there no voice
within that echoed the voice of the preacher,
upbraiding you for having so slighted the love
and spurned the salvation of the Son of God?
Or in that hour, amidst the stillness and dark-
ness of the night, before deep sleep falleth up-
on men, have you never felt as if there was
one looking on you, on whom you feared to
look? an eye before whose glance you quail-
ed? a voice, at whose sound you trembled,
while it cried, "Ungrateful sinner, why slight-
est thou me?"

THE CALL OF AFFLICTION.

Have your earthly hopes been blighted, your
earthly prospects clouded? Have riches fled,
or friends forsaken you? Has health declined,
strength failed, and spirits drooped? Have
days of weakness and weariness, and nights
of suffering and sleeplessness been appointed
unto you. And have you heard no voice,
amidst the ruins of your earthly happiness, or
beside your bed of pain, calling on you in so-
lemn, tender accents: "Behold I stand at the
door and knock: I have sent these trials as
messengers to prepare the way before me;
open thy heart, and I will come in, and thou
shalt find for thy soul rest in my love on earth,
and eternal rest with me in heaven!"

THE CALL OF BERFAYEMENT.

Have you ever sat beside the dying bed of
one, round whom your heart-strings were
closely twined, and watched the herald-symp-
toms of approaching dissolution crowding in
quick succession over the face and form you
so loved through life to look upon, till the last
sigh ceased, and all was still? Have you ever
been alone in the room with the dead, and
amidst the oppressive silence which reigns in
the chamber of death, felt your inmost soul
bowed within you, before the appalling majesty
of the king of terrors? Or have you ever
stood beside the grave of some beloved one,
and heard that fearful sound which strikes at
least a momentary death-chill into the hardest
heart, the sound that rises from the coffin lid,
announcing the return of dust to dust, earth
to earth? And have you in moments like
these heard no knocking at the door of your
heart?

THE CONTINUED CALL.

Listen! is there no voice this moment
pleading with your soul? no voice that asks
whether you have not spent sufficient time in
barring the door of your heart against its right-
ful sovereign, in shutting him out from that
place in your affections, which he has pur-
chased at no less a price than his own blood!
If you now hear his voice, I conjure you by
all that is endearing in his love, and terrible
in his wrath, by the heaven of his smile, and
the hell of his frown, do not, by refusing, or
delaying to open the door, and receive him,
virtually say: "Go thy way for this time:
when I have a convenient season I will call
for thee."—Hugh White.