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## GENERAL LITERATURE.

### THE INFIDEL HUSBAND.

BY MRS. JULIA H. SCOTT.

"Oh! I ask not, hope thou not too much  
Of sympathy below;  
Few are the hearts when one same touch  
Bids the sweet fountain flow;  
Few—and by still conflicting powers  
Forbidden here to meet—  
Such ties would make this life of ours  
Too fair for aught to fleet."

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

"SUNDAY morning is certainly different from all others in the week," exclaimed Irene Bentley, as she drew her husband towards the open window, and gazed out upon the beautiful fields surrounding their pleasant dwelling. "There is a difference in its very air—it hath a balmy freshness and sweetness all unlike other days; and the sunshine seems to fall more reverently upon the meek uplifted flowers and silken grass, and even the little birds, which yesterday sang so gaily upon the sweet briar, hath now a tender melody, and singeth a holier song. Yea, all things seem to remember the Lord."

"You are a sweet enthusiast, Irene," carelessly answered her husband; "and had I not vowed before marriage, never to tolerate a fanatical wife, I know not but I should love you the more for these little bursts of insanity—they are so becoming to one of your peculiar cast of beauty."

"Bursts of insanity!—Herbert!" mournfully rejoined the wife, while a deep sickening pain (the nature of which needs no explanation to those who have bent with crushed feelings over hope deferred) crept slowly through her quivering heart, and drew from her cheek its warm and mellowing tide. "Bursts of insanity!—Oh, Herbert, how can you deem the simple aspirations of a spirit conscious of the entire dependence on its Maker, and alive to the beauties of nature, and alive to the beautiful character of Him who framed their excellencies, how can you deem these at all coupled with insanity? Let me convince you," she continued, eagerly opening the book-case, and taking from thence a much worn Bible—"let me convince you that you are wrong."

"No, no—another time will do just as well. I have a little reading of my own to do. Besides, you know conviction does not flash instantaneously upon my obstinate intellect, and it would be a waste of your precious Sunday moments; therefore, another time will do as well;" and he too advanced with an ironical smile to the book-case, and soon threw himself upon the sofa, though Irene's streaming eyes dared not attempt to discover the book he had taken with him. She thought of an interesting religious work which she had long urged him to peruse. But no—she had been too often disappointed, to hope that he had now turned his attention thitherward, and she bent her eyes close to her Bible; but the words looked dim and wavering.

"What a delightful writer Captain Marryat is, though," exclaimed Mr. Bentley, after a long interim of silence. "The manner of Japhet's taming the royal tiger, is rarely admirable. Ha! where are your responding words, Irene? You sometimes give me three for one. Well! obstinate if you will—is the way of all you pious folks." And the novel-reading husband turned again carelessly to his lightsome pages.

Irene did not reply, for her heart was full—full of sorrow—full of choking remembrances—full of corroding grief-drops of spiritual Marah. "Oh! Father of mercies," she sighed mentally—"must

it be ever thus? Wilt thou leave me always alone—always unblest by the gentle communion of a kindred heart?"

And tears fell faster and faster, as she remembered a visit of happiness which had once opened to her eyes, but closed again just as the light entered her spirit, and told her what a blessed thing happiness must be. "And they do call me blest," she continued, half rejecting, half encouraging the visions which had risen from the oblivious fountain of memory,—

"They call me blest: but did they know  
The grief which this sad heart consumes—  
The deep, the voiceless screams of woe,  
Which gilds with tears soft fancy's plume—  
Would they still call me blest, and bid  
Young roses round my aching brow?  
No! fitter flowers their hands could find,  
And fitter words their lips bestow.

I gaze upon the rising sun  
Ere crimson sleep hath left his eye,  
And my dark thoughts revert to one  
Bright as the pilgrim of the sky—  
I listen to the dreamy note  
Of some wild melancholy bird,  
And youth's bright visions round me float,  
Till all life's feeble strings are stirr'd."

Irene did not repeat the other stanzas, for the contrast of a former blissful but unfortunate attachment, and her present unhappiness, was too painful for long contemplation; and she again bent her eyes on the words of consolation: "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me." "Oh, if he would but search the Scriptures," murmured his wife, bitterly—"if he would search the Scriptures, that he might have life, then indeed might I catch a glimpse of life's sunshine. But oh! to think that we have lived together three long years, and that never once in that time has he voluntarily opened the lids of this blessed book—never once listened with even complacency to a few beautiful chapters which I have dared to read in his presence. Oh God! Oh God! can I look with calmness upon the alienation from thee? Saviour of the dying, can I forgive such contempt of thy cross?" And for this time, the flush of indignation threw its intense crimson upon her cheek, and she forgot for an instant that Herbert Bentley was her husband. "Twas but for an instant—the recollection of her marriage promise, to love, honour, and obey him, flashed across her mind—and she felt that she was wrong. True, she had loved him little when she married him; but he professed a belief in her peculiar and holy sentiments—and she rightly thought that it would be no difficult task to love any one who, like herself, had a heart full of love for the Saviour. But he had deceived her. His profession was a ruse, and instead of the long expected communings of a Christian kindred heart, she had as yet experienced nothing but the cold cavillings, the coarse and bitter revilings of confirmed infidelity.

The iron seemed to enter her very soul at the cruel retrospection; but she asked herself if his depravity had altered in the least the nature of her obligations, and conscience immediately answered her in the negative—her promise was unconditional. Her heart smote her, and she arose and moved, tremblingly and weepingly, towards the sofa. Her husband was asleep. The book had fallen from his hand. She knew that he slept soundly. She knelt by his side—she

took his hand in her own—she lifted her voice to God. The spirit of earnest prayer is like the spirit of mighty winds; it needeth not the controul of man; it rusheth, almost silently, from some pure and humble desire—with scarce a view of expression from some tender half-formed wish—yet soareth aloft, as if upon the wings of the tempest, till space is made vocal with vivid thoughts, and the air vibrates with its deep and importunate petition. The silver voice of the kneeling Irene Bentley, awoke like the first soft worshipper of the breeze upon the mountain stream. But as her feelings became intense, her deep thrilling words reverberated loudly, but to herself unconsciously, along the lofty ceiling:

"Bring him back, O Almighty Father," she cried, "bring him back from his miserable wanderings to thine own dear fold—to the care of one faithful and true Shepherd. His soul is in darkness—shine thou into its benighted recesses. His wishes are against the prosperity of thy kingdom—convert them, oh God, to thy cause. Father of the fatherless—Healer of the broken heart—Smoother of the dying pillow—hear me. By thy great kindness and mercy, hear me. By the misery of his darkened soul—by the groans of this breaking heart—by the oil and blood of thine anointed and bruised One—hear me, and bring him back—bring him back!"

A convulsed hand was thrown round the neck of the fair petitioner, and a low, deep, agonizing sob was in her ear. She gazed around in astonishment—her penitent husband was at her side, and his shaken voice continued her prayer: "take me back, oh take me back!" The long, violently suppressed springs of his soul were awakened to action. Like Saul's was his conversion, sudden but lasting—and his beautiful wife soon learned by experience, that it was indeed an easy task to love one whose heart, like her own, was filled with love for the Father of our spirits, and the Saviour of man.—*Magazine and Advocate.*

### A WATER-SPOUT.

It was during this period of our voyage, that we witnessed one of those grand phenomena, which are occasionally observed, moving over the waters, in tropical seas—a water-spout. Several times, since we had passed within the "horse latitudes," had we looked upon these fluid columns, by which the ocean seems suspended from the heavens—but so far were they in the distance that we could not watch their progress, nor notice them particularly; and they were generally out of sight in a few minutes. But our situation relative to this, afforded us a peculiar opportunity for noting it in all its proportions.

When first observed, it was directly ahead of, and apparently not more than a mile distant from our ship. The water was foaming and lashing about its base, with a noise like that of winds, and spray dancing up on a stony beach; while the naked column, flashing with light, rose through the midst of the showery commotion, till high in the air it became misty, like a dense cloud; and there, majestically curving like the ascending arch of a rainbow, it became lost in the vapour that darkened the heavens. We loaded a cannon, but were in no danger.

In majesty, the glittering body moved over the waters; and though we deviated not in the least from our course, we passed it far to the leeward. In another hour it had disappeared.—*Life in a Whale Ship.*

Sins are like circles in the water—when a stone is thrown into it, one produces another. When anger was in Cain's heart, murder was not far off.—*P. Henry.*