

# Christian Mirror.

NEW SERIES.

WEEKLY.]

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

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## POETRY.

### THE CHILD'S DESIRE.

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How he called little children like lambs to his fold,  
I should like to have been with them then;  
I wish that his hand had been placed on my head,  
That his arms had been thrown around me,  
And that I might have seen his kind look, when he said,  
"Let the little ones come unto me."

Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,  
And ask for a share in his love;  
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,  
I shall see him and hear him above,  
In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare  
For all who are washed and forgiven;  
And many dear children are gathered there,  
For "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,  
Never heard of that heavenly home;  
I should like them to know there is room for them all,  
And that Jesus has bid them to come.  
I long for the joy of that glorious time,  
The sweetest, and brightest, and best,  
When the dear little children of every clime,  
Shall crowd to his arms and be blessed.

### LOSS IN DELAYS.

SHUN delays, they breed remorse,  
Take thy time while time is lent thee;  
Creeping snails have weakest force,  
Fly their fault lest thou repent thee;  
Good is best when soonest wrought,  
Lingering labors come to nought.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last,  
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure;  
Seek not time when time is past,  
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure.  
After-wits are dearly bought;  
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time wears all his locks before,  
Take thou hold upon his forehead;  
When he flies he turns no more,  
And behind his scalp is naked.  
Works adjourned have many stays,  
Long demurs breed new delays.

## CHOICE EXTRACTS.

### TRUE ELOQUENCE OF THE PULPIT.

ELOQUENCE is not that ornate, pompous, gaudy, metreticous thing which it is often supposed to be. It is not declamation, however splendid. It is not multiplication of tropes and figures. It consists not, nor can it consist, in an effort to be eloquent. It is not found while sought; it is found when forgotten. Eloquence, especially on great and momentous interests, is simple; eloquence is direct; eloquence is condensed thought in condensed expression. It is a thrilling and absorbing sense of the subject, which makes us impatient to impart the like impressions to others, without respect to ourselves or our mode of doing it. Eloquence, therefore, in its sublimest forms, is brief, abrupt, impassioned—deeply impassioned. It finds its last and more perfect expression, perhaps, in a sentence—perhaps in a word; a word, but that word has a world of meaning—a word, but that word is a spark that inflames the soul—a word, but that word is "a nail fastened in a sure place by the Master of assemblies."

Resolve, it has been repeatedly said, to be a good preacher. Resolve, we would rather say, to be a useful preacher. The one will turn your attention on yourself, and will produce either despondency or self-complacency, the other will assist you to forget yourself, and to think only of your subject and your hearers. Choose the more excellent way. Have large sympathy with man in his misery; with God in his perfections; with Christ in his love; with eternity in its majesty; till yourself and all beside is forgotten. You shall then have hope in the fruit of your labours. Oh, believe it, grace is here; tone is here; power is here; life is here! Without this you may study your gestures at the mirror; regulate your voice to the best inflexions; and prepare your sermon after the most approved models; but, though a crowd may admire you, your words shall die away from the heart, and sinners shall not be converted unto God. In one word, *be in earnest. Feel, and you shall be felt.* What comes from the heart, goes to the heart.—*Dr. A. Reed's Advancement of Religion.*

### FREENESS OF THE GOSPEL.

THE admission is free. I have often crossed a bridge, which none went over without paying so much passage-money. The penniless traveller pleads in vain for leave to cross. On this side there is no shelter for him—all is houseless & dreary. On that side there is a warm hearth, at which he would be a welcome guest. But this gate, which only gold can unlock, keeps him back. There is no other way. Below there is nothing but the roar and the roll of the dark waters, deep, deep down, which the stoutest and the boldest tries at his peril. And across that bridge way he may not go; for he has nothing to pay. Alas, for the hapless wanderer! He cannot reach you kindly resting-place, whose cheerful light he sees twinkling pleasantly through the gloom, as if to invite him thither. Be glad, dear children, that you can enter the gate of heaven without money and without price. You have nothing to give. If anything were demanded, like the penniless beggar, you must be refused admission; for your best deeds would not pass current there. But the door which leads to heaven is free. Christ by his blood has purchased a free passage for you. Behold the gate flung open free. Come, ye that have no money, enter in.—*Rev. A. Gregory.*

### THE CRADLE.

LITTLE Philip is laid aside to die, almost as soon as born; but the sheltering wing of Providence is spread over him, and he gains the cradle, that refuge of the weak, who cannot take care of themselves. He is nourished and cherished, trained and guided by his faithful mother, who associates the pleasures of the fireside with the acquisition of divine knowledge, and makes sure that her son never shall forget the "Dutch tiles." This woman bestows, in Doddridge, a gift on the Church of God inestimable and inconceivable. Could she have known what there was in embryo in that household cradle—how much pulpit eloquence—what strength of sacred emotion—what power of setting forth the excellence of Scripture—what sanctified poetry—what ability to delineate the Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul—how would her maternal heart have leaped for joy! The fable of Hercules in his cradle strangling the serpent, like many other fables, points to a great truth. It is one of those truths of which no particular age can claim the honor of discovery, for it belongs to all.

It was said of Pindar, that, as he lay in the cradle, "the bees swarmed about his mouth," that is, he was to be a sweet poet. Pope says of himself, that he "slipped in numbers," and that he could not remember the time when he began to make verses. Such is the power of infancy on maturity.

Come with me into this dwelling. Here is the parlor. There is the cradle. The mother who is watching that infant son is impatient. He has never been consecrated to God, but the fire of genius is in his eye, the sweetness of eloquence is on his lips. As he lives and grows, he is all enthusiasm, all life and animation. Grace seeks him—Grace saves him. He preaches the grace he once scorned—and there is still the impatient Mother, proud of her high-minded and high-gifted son, whose presence and preaching in the pulpit throws a sort of enchantment over the mul-

titudes that hang on his lips. The little Chrysothom has become a mighty one. In the midst of all, he is unhappy for his mother. He weeps for her impatience. The repose of midnight is disturbed with the image of his lost mother. They meet *in a dream*, that was her cradled child bears the message to her heart. The convicted mother rushes into the arms of her son, and embracing him exclaims, "My son, my son, must your Mother come to you? My boy, pray, pray for me." It was a scene beyond the touch of a mortal pencil. That night witnessed the birth of this mother into the kingdom of Christ, and great was the joy of that house. The son of her love was her spiritual father. Why need we resort to fiction? Facts are more impressive. And that is a fact which I have just related. Mother, remember that no prayer offered in faith over that cradle is in vain. Thou wilt think so if thou shalt ere long be called to dress thy child for the coffin and the grave.—*DANFORTH, Mother's Magazine.*

### GOODNESS OF THE DEITY DISPLAYED IN THE BEAUTY OF CREATION.

WERE all the interesting diversity of form and colour to disappear, how unsightly, dull, and wearisome would be the aspect of the world! The pleasures conveyed to us by the endless varieties with which these sources of beauty are presented to the eye, are so much things of course, and exist so much without intermission, that we scarcely think either of their nature, their number, or the great proportion which they occupy in the whole mass of our enjoyment. But were an inhabitant of this country to be removed from its delightful scenery, to the midst of an Arabian desert, a boundless expanse of sand, a waste spread with uniform desolation, enlivened by the murmur of no stream, and cheered by the beauty of no verdure; although he might live in a palace, and riot in splendour and luxury, he would, I think, find life a dull, wearisome, melancholy round of existence: and amid all his gratification, would sigh for the hills and valleys of his native land, the brooke and rivers, the living lustre of the spring, and the glories of the autumn. The ever-varying brilliancy and grandeur of the landscape, and the magnificence of the sky, sun, moon, and stars, enter more extensively into the enjoyments of mankind, than we, perhaps, ever think, or can possibly apprehend without frequent and extensive investigation.

This beauty and splendour of the objects around us, it is ever to be remembered, is not necessary to their existence, nor to what we commonly intend by their usefulness. It is therefore to be regarded as a source of pleasure gratuitously superinduced, upon the general nature of the objects themselves; and in this light, as a testimony of the divine goodness, peculiarly affecting.—*DWIGHT.*

HOW TO PRAY.—Many children think they cannot pray without being taught what to pray. The following little story will show them how to learn to pray:—

A little girl about six years old, came to her mother one evening and said to her,—Mother, I want to pray to the Lord for a new heart; what shall I say to him? "Why, ask him just as you would ask me for anything." She went away and appeared very sad—soon she began to cry. "Do tell her what to say," whispered a sister to her mother. "No, she will soon find out what to say." Directly she came and knelt by her little chair, and said, "O Lord, take away this hard and stony heart, and give me a heart of flesh." Having found access to the throne of grace, she then prayed for her little cousin, the family, her Sabbath School teacher, her playmates, and closed with the petition, "and O Lord, bless this whole town." Sometime after, her mother awoke in the night, and found little Jane's arms around her neck. "Mother," said she, "I love you, but I love the Lord far better."

LET parents read the following paragraph, and mark it well—"Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images from all around it. Remember that an impious or profane thought, uttered by a parent's lip, may operate upon a young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, covering it with rust no after scouring can efface."