

# Christian Mirror.

NEW SERIES.

WEEKLY.]

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

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## POETRY.

### "HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

GRAHAM'S Magazine contains the following beautiful lines, a poetical comment on the foregoing sentiment of inspiration. They are from the pen of Miss E. B. Barrett, a new and distinguished competitor for literary fame, who has recently appeared in England. Of this lady the Magazine gives the ensuing notice:

"Miss Barrett's productions are unique, in this age of lady authors. They have the 'touch of nature,' in common with the best; they have, too, sentiment, passion and fancy in the highest degree, without reminding us of Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Norton, or L. E. L. Her excellence is her own; her mind is colored by what it feeds on; the tissue of her flowing style comes to us from the loom of Grecian thought. She is the learned poetess of the day, familiar with Homer and Æschylus & Sophocles; and to the musings of Tempe she has added the inspiration of Christianity, 'above all Greek, all Roman fame.' She has translated the Prometheus, to the delight of scholars, and has lately contributed a series of very remarkable prose papers to the London Athenæum. Her reading Greek recalls to us Roger Ascham's anecdote of Lady Jane Grey; but Lady Jane Grey has left us no such verses.

"We cannot here do justice to Miss Barrett's volume of Seraphim, or to her other poems. We cannot here fully illustrate the lofty tone of her conceptions, which in grandeur and human interest belong to the highest and most enduring of lyrical strains. She has thrown aside sentimentality, the fluncky without thought—the cheap eloquence that marks a certain school of lady poets—for the genuine language of emotion, the fire-new currency of speech, forged in the secret chambers of the heart. From two volumes of her poetry before us, we quote one poem, perhaps not the most brilliant of all, but inferior to none of the rest, in the pathos, the tenderness, the deep Christian sympathy with human life, which dwell in the soul of this rare poetess."

Of all the thoughts of God that are  
Borne inward into souls afar,  
Along the Psalmist's music deep—  
Now tell me if that any is,  
For gift or grace surpassing this—  
"He giveth his beloved sleep!"

What would we give to our beloved?  
The hero's heart, to be unmoved—  
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep—  
The Senate's shout, to patriot vows—  
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?—  
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?  
A little faith, all undisproved—  
A little dust, to overweep  
And bitter memories, to make  
The whole earth blasted for our sake!  
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,  
But have no tune to charm away  
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;  
But never doleful dream again  
Shall break the happy slumber, when  
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!  
O men, with wailing in your voices!  
O delved gold, the waiters heap;  
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!  
God makes a silence through you all,  
And "giveth his beloved sleep!"

His dew drops mutely on the hill;  
His cloud above it saileth still,  
Though on its slope men toil and reap!  
More softly than the dew is shed,  
Or cloud is floated overhead,  
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

Ha! men may wonder while they scan  
A living, thinking, feeling man,  
In such a rest his heart to keep;  
But angels say—and through the word  
I ween their blessed smile is heard—  
"He giveth his beloved sleep!"

For me, my heart that erst did go,  
Most like a tired child at a show,  
That sees through tears the juggler's leap,  
Would now its wearied vision close,  
Would childlike on His love repose,  
Who "giveth his beloved sleep!"

And friends!—dear friends!—when it shall be  
That this low breath is gone from me,  
And round my bier ye come to weep—  
Let me, most loving of you all,  
Say, not a tear must o'er her fall—  
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

## CHOICE EXTRACTS.

DO YOU ATTEND THE PRAYER MEETING?  
CHRISTIAN reader, do you profess to be a child of God, and yet habitually neglect the meetings appointed by your brethren to pray for God's blessing? If so we would propose for your consideration a few plain questions. Is it because you do not believe that God hears and answers the united prayers of his people, when they are offered in faith? We presume, if you believe in the truth of the Bible, it is not. Is it then that you feel that you have no blessings to ask of God either for yourself or for the Church to which you belong? If you have any proper appreciation of your own condition, this cannot be the reason. The Saviour tells us of some "who thought they were rich, and had need of nothing; but they were poor, and miserable, and blind and naked;" but we would fain hope that you are not of that unhappy number. If, then, you believe that God hears and answers the united prayers of his people, and that you and the Church of which you are a member, greatly need his blessing, and must perish without it, we again repeat the question,—Why is it that your seat is always found vacant when your brethren meet to pray? We fear that we should give the true reason, if we were to say it is because you have no spirit of prayer, and consequently very little of the savour of vital piety in your heart.—The state of piety in a Church may generally be tested by the attendance upon the prayer meeting; and you may generally ascertain who are spiritually minded in a congregation, by ascertaining who are in the habit of attending them. Let each one ask himself at the next meeting for this purpose, why am I absent?

BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.—A humming bird once met a butterfly, and being pleased with the beauty of its person and glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship.

"I cannot think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned me, and called me a drawing doll."  
"Impossible," exclaimed the humming bird, "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you."

"Perhaps you do now," said the other; "but when you insulted me, I was a caterpillar.—So let me give you this piece of advice: Never insult the humble, as they may one day become your superiors."

EARTH is but little, compared with the heavens, and only one mere mote in the sunbeams. But a great, manly heart, remains great even in the light of Heaven.

## THE JOYS OF PRAYER.

EVER in those parts of prayer that might seem only painful, there is a pleasure that would be ill exchanged for this world's most boasted bliss. In the bitterness of repentant sorrow for sin, there is a sweetness in the agony of fervent supplication for pardon; there is a joy, much superior to the best the world can boast, as the heavens are higher than the earth—

The broadest smile unfeeling folly wears,  
Less pleasing far than prayer's repentant tears.  
Oh! what a happy, heaven-foretasting life might the children of God enjoy on earth, if they would live a life of prayer!

How calm might they be in the midst of the wildest storms! How composed and cheerful while all around was agitation and alarm—the smile of heaven sparkling around their path, the peace of heaven dwelling within their hearts.

They say that travellers in Alpine regions are encompassed with clear atmosphere, and cloudless sunshine, while traversing the summits of those lofty mountains, at the very time that the world below them is all wrapt in mists and darkness, and thunder clouds are bursting at their feet. Even thus prayer lifts the believer to a loftier and sorer region, far above the clouds and storms that darken and distract the world below. In that region of purity and peace the atmosphere is clear and calm; and the light of God's countenance shines brightly on the believer's soul, while he sees the thunder-clouds of earthly care and sorrow rolling beneath his feet; thus realizing the beautiful illustration of the poet,—

"As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;  
Though round its base the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on his head!"—Watts.

HOW TO RUIN A SON.—Let him have his own way—allow him free use of money—suffer him to rove where he pleases on the Sabbath day—give him access to wicked companions—call him to no account for his evenings—furnish him with no stated employment. Pursue any one of these ways, and your experience will be most marvellous, if you have not to mourn over a debased and ruined child. Thousands have realized the sad result, and have gone mourning to their graves.

FORBEARANCE.—When we see the birds at the approach of rain anointing their plumage with oil, to shield off the drops, should it not remind us, when the storms of contention threaten us, to apply the oil of forbearance, and thus prevent the chilling drops from entering our hearts?

CHRISTIAN CHOICE.—I am frail, and the world is fading; but my soul is immortal, and God is eternal. If I place my affections on earthly enjoyments, either they may take wings like an eagle that fieth toward heaven, or my soul may take its way with the rich fool and go to hell; but if I choose God for a portion, then mercy and goodness shall follow me whilst I live, and glory and eternity shall crown me when I die. I will, therefore, now leave what I shall soon lose, that so I may embrace that which I shall always enjoy.

EDITORS.—No class of men should be more particular what they say than editors. If ministers advance an erroneous idea, and give wrong impressions, it is confined within the walls of the church; but if an editor propagates incorrect sentiments, they fly on the wings of the wind through the length and breadth of the land and live forever.—How important then that every thought in a public journal should be chaste—every sentiment pure, and every paragraph strictly true; so that the influence exerted may have a tendency to do good, and advance sound morality and undefiled religion.

A WIFE.—The poorest of all family goods are indolent females. If a wife knows nothing of domestic duties beyond the parlour or the boudoir, she is a dangerous partner in these days of pecuniary uncertainty.

CONSTANT OCCUPATION prevents temptation, and begets contentment; and contentment is the true philosopher's stone.