

# Christian Mirror

## AND GENERAL MISSIONARY REGISTER.

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

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### CONTENTS OF NO. 1.

	PAGE
POETRY.—Jesus—Justice—Sinner, . . .	1
GEN. LITERATURE.—The Profligate's Career, . . .	2
Charlotte Elizabeth, . . .	2
THE TRAVELLER.—An Interesting Diary, . . .	3
REL. LITERATURE.—The Resurrection; . . .	4
The Resting Place, . . .	4
A Great Discovery, . . .	4
"I give myself unto Prayer," . . .	4
THE SABBATH SCHOOL.—Look to the End, . . .	5
REL. INTELLIGENCE.—Letter from Rev. G. . .	5
Scott, . . .	5
Power of the Written Word, . . .	5
EDITORIAL.—The Church's Duty, . . .	5
Horse Racing, . . .	5
CORRESPONDENCE.—"The Jews," by J. H. . .	6
"The Conversion of the Jews," Letter III. . .	7
MISCELLANEOUS.—George IV. and Bishop . . .	8
Porteous, &c. . .	8
The Neglected Apprentice, . . .	8

### POETRY.

#### JESUS—JUSTICE—SINNER.

"Enter not into judgment," &c.—Psalm cxlii. 2.

Jesus.—Bring forth the prisoner. Justice.—Thy commands  
Are done, just Judge: see there thy prisoner stands.  
Jesus.—What has the prisoner done? say, what's  
the cause  
Of his commitment? Just.—He hath broke the laws  
Of his gracious God! conspired the death  
Of that great Majesty that gave him breath,  
And heaps transgression, Lord, upon transgression.  
Jesus.—How know'st thou this? Just.—Even by  
his own confession.  
His sins are crying—and they cry aloud,  
They cry to heaven—they cry to heaven for blood!  
Jesus.—What say'st thou, Sinner? hast thou aught  
to plead.  
That sentence should not pass? hold up thy head,  
And show thy brazen, thy rebellious face.  
Sinner.—Ah, me! I dare not; I'm too vile and base  
To tread upon the earth; much less to lift  
Mine eyes to heaven; I need no other shrift  
Than my own conscience; Lord, I must confess,  
I am no more than dust, and no whit less  
Than my indictment styles me; Ah! if thou  
Search too severe, with too severe a brow,  
What flesh can stand? I have transgress'd thy laws,  
My merit pleads thy vengeance; not my cause.  
Justice.—Lord, shall I strike the blow? Jesus.—  
Hold, Justice, stay:  
Sinner, speak on: what hast thou more to say?  
Sinner.—Vile as I am, and of myself abhorr'd,  
I am thy handy work, thy creature, Lord;  
Stamp'd with thy glorious image, and at first  
Most like to thee, though now a poor accurs'd  
Convicted catiff and degenerate creature,  
Here trembling at thy bar. Justice.—Thy fault's  
the greater:  
Lord, shall I strike the blow? Jesus.—Hold, Justice,  
stay:  
Speak, sinner, hast thou nothing else to say?  
Sinner.—Nothing, but mercy, mercy, I ord: my  
state  
Is miserable, poor, and desperate:  
I quite renounce myself, the world, and flee  
From sin to Jesus, from myself to thee.  
Justice.—Cease thy vain hopes; my angry God has  
now'd  
Abused mercy must have blood for blood.  
Shall I yet strike the blow? Jesus.—Stay, Justice,  
hold;  
My bowels yearn, my fainting blood grows cold  
To view the trembling wretch, methinks I spy  
My father's image in the prisoner's eye.  
Justice.—I cannot hold. Jesus.—Then turn thy  
thirsty blade  
Into my side; there let the wound be made:  
Cheer up, dear soul; thy life's redeem'd by mine;  
My soul shall smart, this heart shall bleed for thine.  
Sinner.—O boundless grace! O, love beyond  
degree!  
The offcaded dies, to set the offender free!

### GENERAL LITERATURE.

#### A PRODIGAL'S CAREER AND END.

PASSING up the East River from the city of New York, just before the traveller enters Long Island Sound, he may be tempted to enquire the name of a fine house and spacious grounds, that attract the eye, and by their elegance and neatness appear to be in the hands of a man of wealth and taste. His name is not known to me, but the spot, now the abode of strangers, is full of deep and painful interest as the early home of one whose story I am about to tell.

Charles L.— was the son of a wealthy man of business in the city of New York. His parents were neither of them Christians, but their associations were among religious friends, and their social and domestic relations were governed by a rigid regard to sound morals.

Charles was an only son. Nursed on the lap of luxury, and in infancy and childhood freely indulged by the fondness of a tender mother and a father who doted on his boy, it is not to be wondered at that he soon displayed a will of his own and a disposition to have it gratified without much regard to the feelings or wishes of those around him. But Charles was not what is called a bad boy. In very early life he discovered some traits of character that endeared him to those who loved his parents and who mourned at that parental and mistaken tenderness, which was leaving his will unshdud and preparing the son and the parents for future pain.

It was the kind suggestion of these more judicious friends that led Mr. L.— to resolve and Mrs. L.— to consent to place their son, now a fine boy of ten years of age, under the roof of an uncle in a quiet New England village. A few months after this plan was agreed upon, Charles found himself in the family of a country pastor, whom he was to look upon in the light of a father, and whose word was to be his law.

Here the sweet influences of the religion of Jesus Christ were felt in the hearts and shown in the lives of a well-regulated Christian family. The morning sun saw them always with the word of God before them, and after a portion of its sacred truths was read, they were led to the throne of grace in fervent prayer by the head of the pious household. The evening was closed with the same hallowed exercises, and then too there was singing that went up from hearts full of gratitude and love. The Sabbath was remembered to be kept holy. Modern conformity to the world may think it too severe, but the Sabbath was regarded there as the Lord's day, not man's. There was no light or vain conversation, no reading of worldly books, no walking the streets or fields except to go to the house of God, or to do an act of kindness to an afflicted neighbour. Religion—the religion of the Bible—not a weak and cold system of morality that philosophy may teach without a revelation from heaven, and which makes no more of Christ than a martyr or a hero;

but *that* religion which owns and teaches the sinfulness of the heart and the sinner's need of forgiveness through the merits of another, that brings out the necessity of Christ's death as the only ground on which God can be just when he pardons; *that* religion was the power that reigned by love in the family of the New England pastor.

I am thus particular, that it may be seen how changed must be the circumstances with which Charles was now surrounded. Placed in such a family, and required to conform to the same rules that all obeyed, he was not slow in showing out the natural aversion of his heart to every thing that was good. If he gave a decent attention to the religious exercises of the house, if he treated the Sabbath and the institutions of religion with respect, it was too plain that he yielded a reluctant tribute to that which he could not avoid. But the good pastor loved the boy, and tenderly and faithfully sought to impress the principles of divine truth upon his soul. Charles spent some four or five years under this instruction, visiting his parents two or three times in the course of the year, at which seasons he enjoyed again the sweets of indulgence, and learned to hate the restraints of a religious family and the dulness of a peaceful village. He had, however, at the village school, pursued his studies preparatory to college, and at the age of fifteen he was glad to take leave of his best friends in the country, and enter the university.

I have said there were some traits of his character that endeared him to his parents and friends. Grown up to youth, full of spirits, and fond of pleasure, Charles was the life of the young companions that gathered around him. Generous to a fault and supplied too freely by his father with spending-money, he had both the disposition and the means to indulge himself and others in those amusements that lay the foundation for future vice, and spread flowers in the pathway to eternal ruin.

Long before he left college, he had distinguished himself in the ball-room far more than in his class; and he was far more ambitious to obtain conquests in the halls of fashionable folly than in fields of learning, or the world of fame. Passionately fond of dancing, he pursued it with enthusiasm, at the risk of health and reputation; and regardless of the kind advice which reflecting friends wasted upon him.

While Charles was in college, his father purchased the beautiful place on the East River, to which I have already referred, for a summer residence. His winters were passed in the city, and when Charles came home, with no taste for the drudgery of professional life, and no fitness for business, he was installed in his father's counting-room as a clerk, spending his days in the forms of business, and his evenings in the pursuit of pleasure.

The theatre was his favourite resort. Its glare and glitter, its thrilling excitements and wild amusements caught his heart, and night after night he revelled in ideal scenes of passionate interest, till he learned to look with