

Christian Mirror.

NEW SERIES.

WEEKLY.]

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

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POETRY.

A MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.

FROM THE GERMAN.

ALREADY lies my childhood's home behind me,
Though still I linger on my native ground;
And here must soon be loos'd the ties that bind me,
When moves yon ship, now by her anchor bound.

Yet is it hard from truest hearts to sever
That which has taken there so deep a root?
Fain would the tree on its own soil for ever
Bud, blossom, and yield forth the ripen'd fruit.

Yon distant skies another blue are wearing,
And yonder fields are clad in other green;
This sun with other beams is there appearing,
And other stars there gild the nightly scene.

The lay that here oft lull'd my infant slumbers
Calm on my mother's breast, there's heard no more,
From foreign lips will sound the unknown numbers
That greet the pilgrim's ear on yonder shore.

"Stay—lov'd one, stay," a hundred lips are crying;
"Is not thy home the worthiest of thy love?
Beneath that ocean's breast fierce storms are lying,
And fiercer still the rage of man may prove."

Fain would I stay—were his command not given,
Who bade me serve him as his shepherd here;
Tell me—what brought your Lord from earth to heaven?
'Twas love to guilty man he held so dear.

Fain would I stay—if heathen voices cried not,
And silent these—still cries aloud their need;
I go, that they in sorrow's depths abide not;
They must have life, from death's dark bondage freed.

Then will I go, and onward quickly haste me,
To yon new world, across the wide-stretch'd sea;
Where'er the shore on which its waves may cast me,
'Twill be God's vineyard-ground to me.

And well I deem—with hardest toil to till it,
Early and late—beside my plough to stand;
And should my field have only thorns to fill it,
Lord! I will not look back, or stay my hand.

Friends of my home! then fare ye well—I leave you;
The sail is spread—the hoisted flag I see;
Think, when in prayer, of me—nor let it grieve you;
Mourn not—remember *who* has gone with me.

THANKSGIVING FOR SORROWS.

To care for others, that they may not suffer
What we have suffer'd, is divine well-doing,
The noblest vote of thanks for all our sorrows!
And only thus the good man giveth thanks
To God, and also to humanity,
Which hourly is in need of aid and guidance.
And who has not known misery? dear soul!
Who would not thank God for his sorrows all,
When in their working they become so sweet!
Good for ourselves and for humanity!
'Tis thus the roots of the aloe-tree are bitter
But cast upon the glowing coals, how sweet,
How lasting and diffusive is their fragrance!
Yea, I have seen a lame and halting child
Prop up most tenderly a broken plant;

And a poor mother, whose own child was burnt,
Snatch from the flame the children of another.
So, generous man, return thou constant thanks,
For all thy griefs, to God and to mankind,
And ending grief will make unending joy:
Or, if it end not, it will be pure blessing,
While, in the trying furnace, thou dost good.
And if from *wee* released and happy, spread
Thy happiness all round thee—so doth God.
Suffering or happy, man! be always thankful.

LEOPOLD SHEPHER.

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

THE MINISTRY OF CHRIST.

"The Lord hath appointed me to preach good tidings to the meek."—Isa. lxi. 1.

"THIS was one part of the work Christ did on earth, and this is a great part of his work now when he is in heaven. It is written, 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him who bringeth good tidings—that publisheth peace!' The 'meek' here spoken of are those who are satisfied with God's way—God's way of justification—God's way of pardon. You know that the most of people are not satisfied with God's way—'We preach Christ, to the Jews a stumbling block, and to the Greeks foolishness.' But there are some that are brought to comply with this way; they are willing that Christ should wash and justify them: these are the meek. I believe, if we could see the heart of Christ, we would see that he has peculiar pleasure in the meek. When he sat on the mount, he said in that remarkable sermon, 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.' Again he stood and said, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' And when he went to the cottage of Bethany, he said to Martha, 'I am the resurrection and the life,' &c. In all that, he was preaching good tidings to the meek; and now, when he is ascended up on high, he sends ministers to preach to the meek. Who among you is willing to be justified in God's way? Which of you has been made willing through grace to be justified in God's way? This was the reason why Christ was anointed: it was to preach good tidings to the meek. O my brethren, this is good tidings to the meek. And now, when he is in heaven, he sends his ministers, and the Spirit anoints them, that they may preach good tidings to the meek."—Rev. R. McCheyne.

ACTIVITY.

ACTIVITY is said to be the life of business. It is emphatically the life of the Christian. If he is destitute of this happy trait, how little will he accomplish in his Master's service. The enemies of truth lose not a moment in carrying forward their unrighteous schemes, and why should he? Although the Christian may have laboured long and arduously during the early years of his religious life, he should not feel that it is now time for him to rest. This is a life of toil, and he must not expect to be released from his labours till he arrives at the haven of rest. Arnauld, an eminent recluse of Port Royal, one day desired Nicols to assist him in some new work. 'We are now old,' observed he, 'is it not time to rest?' 'Rest!' remarked Arnauld, 'have we not all eternity to rest in?' So ought every Christian to feel, so long as he sojourns in the flesh.

Aged Christian, hast thou grown grey in thy endeavours to benefit the young? Yield not to the suggestions of thy adversary. Thou art not

too old for service. Thy help is greatly needed. Renew thy strength and come forth to battle with the man of sin. Thou hast a whole eternity to rest in. Be up and doing. And thou mayest yet heal many a soul from the sink of vice to the paths of virtue.

POVERTY.—A fabricator of proverbs once said, 'One half of the world does not know how the other half lives.' This is a literal truth in large and populous cities like London, Paris, and New York. The desert and the rocky mountains are scarcely less known to some who have lived from their birth in this city, than many of the lanes and by-ways, the secret haunts and hiding places of the metropolis. And in these secret and solitary places, before the fading embers of a fire of offal or shavings, sit men and women, and children, upon whose lank forms and sallow cheeks nature has deeply graven her fearful records of suffering and sin. Neither chair, nor table, nor bed, graces the gloomy tenement. Through the leaking roof and broken windows enter the rain and snow, and biting air; and there, through tedious nights and cheerless days, within sight of holy church, and within sound of bell and prayer, the children of one common parent perish of hunger and cold.

THE BIBLE.—A French officer, who was a prisoner on his parole at Reading, met with a Bible. He read it, and was so struck at its contents, that he was converted to Christianity and resolved to become a Protestant. When his gay associates rallied him for taking so serious a turn, he said in his vindication: "I have done no more than my old school-fellow, Bernadotte, who is become a Lutheran." "Yes, but he becomes so," said his associates, "to obtain a crown." "My object," said the Christian officer, "is the same. We only differ as to the place. The object of Bernadotte is to obtain a crown in Sweden; mine, to obtain one in Heaven."—English paper.

NICE HINTS TO YOUNG MOTHERS.

INFANTS suffer from very slight changes of temperature; they should be gradually, with great caution, inured to cold. Keep a young child at first in an apartment temperately warmed. As soon as it is old enough, the child should rather be kept warm by exercise, and by such clothing as will confine the animal heat, and in reality increase it, rather than by the heat of the apartment. Warm feet are essential to health, and they must be kept dry. Better let a child go barefoot than wear damp stockings.

THE PRESENT IS THE ONLY TIME.

If a man will but glance over his yesterday he will at once see how foolish it is to fret one's self about the time to come, for he will find every yesterday a miniature grave, as it were, dug by a too fearful imagination, in which is buried all his little store of daily happiness. Men slight the good they have, in their anxiety for the good to come. They waste their oil for to-day in fruitless attempts to procure a supply for the morrow, forgetting that He who replenished the cresset is inexhaustible. Trust in him and he will never fail you.

All of you are welcome, even now, to salvation, if you are only willing for a whole salvation. Your mincing and mutilating of the testimony of God will do nothing for you, but your entire faith, in his entire testimony, will do everything. The Gospel makes no man an outcast, though many is the man who makes an outcast of himself.—Dr. Chalmers.