

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 CHRISTIAN'S FAREWELL.

Friend, farewell! though on the morrow
Ours is not the joy of sight,
Parting is a passing sorrow—
We shall quickly re-unite.

Though a mutual joyful greeting
We on earth may never know,
And another happy meeting
Be not given to us below;

Neither time nor space can sever
Those who are in Jesus joined—
They are one and one for ever,
One in heart and one in mind.

Rolling waters may divide us
Till we reach our native shore;
But it will not be denied us
There to meet and part no more.

Go, then—May his love befriend thee,
May his wisdom guide thy way;
May his mighty arm defend thee
Through life's stormy, doubtful day.

In each scene of tribulation
May his voice thy spirit cheer;
May the God of thy salvation
Still in thy behalf appear.

And when angel-bands descending
Bid thy earthly warfare cease,
May the Lord himself attending
Close thine eyes and whisper peace.

May his presence and his blessing
Sweetly tranquilize thy breast,
Till the crown of life possessing
Thou shalt enter into rest.

Farewell, then, though here a stranger
Thou wilt not depart alone—
Christ is near in every danger
To protect and save his own.

We shall soon account the story,
Love's redeeming wonders tell;
We shall soon awake in glory,
Christian friend, till then farewell.

REDEMPTION.

HARK! 'tis the prophet of the skies
Proclaims redemption near;
The night of death and bondage flies,
The dawning tints appear.

Zion, from deepest shades of gloom,
Awakes to glorious day;
Her desert wastes with verdure bloom,
Her shadows flee away.

To heal her wounds, her night dispel,
The heralds cross the main;
On Calvary's awful brow they tell,
That Jesus lives again.

From Salem's towers, the Islam sign,
With holy zeal is hurled;
'Tis there Immanuel's symbols shine,
His banner is unfurled.

The gladdening news, conveyed afar,
Remotest nations hear;
To welcome Judah's rising star,
The ransomed tribes appear.

Again in Bethlehem swells the song,
The choral breaks again;
While Jordan's shores the strains prolong,
"Good-will and peace to men!"

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

THE CHRISTIAN IN DOMESTIC LIFE.

EVERY Christian is placed amid domestic scenes and circles of friendship that will bring out his character. You have a child unrenewed. That child will soon stand at the bar of God. Nay, that child shall tread the deep profound of the eternal world, and live forever. Need we put to a Christian parent, to excite his interest, the question whether that child shall live for ever in heaven or hell? There is a feeling in a Christian bosom that anticipates this question, and there is much in the situation of that child to bring the Christian out and develop his character. You have a parent who has watched over your infancy, and been always kind; but that parent is not a Christian. Can there be any thing among mortal men so fitted to call forth deep feeling in the youthful Christian bosom as the sight of the parent's venerable locks, and the feeling that that parent is going unrenewed before the bar of God? You are a brother, or a sister, or a friend. The leaden, slow-moving ages of eternity are before your unconverted friends; and what in all the universe is better fitted than this to call forth all the Christian within you to humble and holy effort to save those friends from the deep shades of eternal night?—*Albert Barnes.*

THE CONSCIENTIOUS YOUNG MAN.

HE bends not to the watch-word of fashion, if it leads to sin. The atheist who says not only with his heart but with his lips, "there is no God," controls him not, for he sees the hand of a creating God and reverences it—of a preserving God and rejoices in it. Woman is sheltered by fond and guided by loving counsel; old age is protected by experience, and manhood by its strength; but the young man stands amidst the temptations of the world like a self-balanced tower. Happy he who seeks and gains the prop and shelter of Christianity!

Onward, then, conscientious youth! raise thy standard and nerve thyself for goodness. If God has given thee intellectual power, awaken it in that cause; never let it be said of thee, he helped to raise the tide of sin by pouring his influence into its channels. If thou art feeble in mental strength, throw not that poor drop into a polluted current. Awake, arise, young man! assume the beautiful garments of virtue! It is easy, fearfully easy to sin, it is difficult to be pure and holy. Put on thy strength, then—let thy chivalry be aroused against error, let truth be the lady of thy love—defend her.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP may certainly exist in all its strength and in great purity; in minds upon which Religion has not made a due impression. But though this may be, and I doubt not is often the case—though there may be the greatest devotedness, with unity of heart and sympathy of affection—yet Friendship without Religion, is at best a cold and melancholy object. Religion, while it

encourages the greatest purity of sentiment and delicacy of affection, involves no fearful anticipation as to futurity, but extends to eternity itself, and throws over it a shade of bliss and security. It both enlarges and refines the means of friendship; the objects of its contemplation are the noblest and most exalted which can engage the human faculties, or call forth the transports of kindred minds. Its charity enjoins benevolence to all mankind, and its love resembles *His*, who went about continually doing good. Its friendship is that of two beings who while they are knit together by the ties of earthly affection, rejoice chiefly in this, that they each can perceive the infinite goodness of their Maker, and glory in that Divine love, which wrought out the redemption of man. A friendship like this scarcely admits of interruption or separation. No doubt nature must decay, and the grim tyrant must perform his last sad office; but he can only reach the body—as to the spirit, every thing remains to comfort and to cheer.—*Hulifax Guardian.*

THE FAITHFUL PREACHING OF THE PURE GOSPEL will ever be its own certificate; while all other credentials without it, must go for nothing, "To the law and to the testimony, if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." Let a man be loaded with all the honours of all the Universities that ever existed; let him come forth with the highest possible recommendations of his church; give him all the advantages and ornaments that can be supposed to belong to the mere privilege of ordination, whether Congregational, Presbyterian, Episcopal, or Papal; if, after all, he shall preach another Gospel, which is not another; the sheep may be so far deceived by his "tough garment," or his "soft raiment," or his "long clothing," as to give him a hearing; "but the stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him; for they know not the voice of strangers." On the other hand, let the unaccredited itinerant, let even the infamous persecutor, without conferring with flesh and blood, now preach the faith which he once destroyed; the Church will glorify God in him, and they who seem to be pillars, perceiving the grace that is given to him, will be constrained at last to give him the right hand of fellowship.—*Greville Ewing.*

THE DUTY AND PLEASURE OF WOMAN.

GREAT, indeed, is the task assigned to woman. Who can elevate its dignity? who can exaggerate its importance? Not to make laws, not to lead armies, not to govern empires, but to form those by whom laws are made, and armies led, and empires governed; to guard from the slightest taint of possible infirmity the frail, and as yet spotless creature whose moral, no less than his physical being must be derived from her; to inspire those principles, to inculcate those doctrines, to animate those sentiments, which generations yet unborn and nations yet uncivilised shall learn to bless; to soften firmness into mercy, to chasten honor into refinement; to exalt generosity into virtue; by her soothing cares to allay the anguish of the body, and the far worse anguish of the mind. Such is her vocation—the couch of the tortured sufferer, the prison of the deserted friend, the cross of a rejected Saviour; these are the scenes of woman's excellence, these are the theatres on which her greatest triumphs have been achieved. Such is her destiny—to visit the forsaken, to attend to the neglected; amid the usefulness of myriads to remember—amid the multitude of multitudes to bless; when monarchs are angry, when counsellors betray, when justice is perverted, when brethren and disciples fly to remember the weak and unchanged; and to exhibit, on the world, a type of that love—pure, constant, and self-sacrificable—which in another world, we are to receive the best reward of virtue.—*Blackburne's Magazine.*