

# CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF RELIGION AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

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

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## THE FAMILY BIBLE.

How painfully pleasing the fond recollection,  
Of youthful connections and innocent joy,  
When bless'd with parental advice and affection,  
Surrounded with mercies and peace from on high;  
I still view the chair of my father and mother,  
The seats of their offspring, as ranged on each hand,  
And that richest of books, which excelled every other,  
The family Bible which lay on the stand.

The Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,  
At morning and evening could yield us delight;  
The prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation,  
For mercy by day and for safety by night.  
Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,  
And warm from the breast of a family band,  
Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling,  
Described in the Bible that lay on the stand.

Bless'd Bible, the light and the guide of the stranger,  
With it I seem circled by parents and friends;  
Thy kind admonition shall guide me from danger,  
On thee shall my last lingering hope then depend:  
Hope ripens to vigour and rises to glory—  
I'll hasten and flee to the bright promised land,  
And for refuge lay hold of the hope set before me,  
Revealed in the Bible that lay on the stand.

Hail, rising the brightest and best of the morning,  
The star which has guided my parents safe home;  
The beams of thy glory my pathway adorning,  
Shall scatter the darkness and brighten my gloom;  
As the wise eastern sages, to worship this stranger,  
With ecstasy hastened to Canaan's fair land—  
I will adore Him, but not in the manger:  
He's seen in the Bible that lay on the stand.

Tho' age and misfortune press hard on my feelings,  
I'll flee to the Bible, and trust in the Lord—  
Tho' darkness should cover his merciful dealings,  
My soul is still cheered by His heavenly word.  
And now from things earthly my soul is removing,  
I soon shall shout glory in heaven's bright band,  
And with rapture of joy, be for ever adoring  
The God of the Bible that lay on the stand.

*Boston Galaxy.*

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

### A STRANGER'S TALE;

OR, THE DEATH ON THE RIGHTeous.

THERE is an indescribably pleasant melancholy attendant on the bright sunny morning of a Sabbath in summer, to an individual who is among strangers. A solemn stillness pervades every thing; even the lovely works of nature seem to put on a sacred aspect. The feathered songsters breathe forth their melody in subdued strains, and the distant waterfall, now swelling to a deep bass undertone, and now diminishing, till the listening ear scarcely perceives its sound, as the breeze increases and dies away—breaks the silence, only to make the intervening pause the more deep—the more impressive.

Perhaps this is all imagination; be it so; at any rate, it is a feeling which has, again and again, touched the finer sensibilities of the soul, and mel- lowed down the rough exterior which human nature almost unavoidably assumes by a contact with the numberless perplexities attendant on the tumult and bustle of the week. If ever man is capable of one holy emotion—if ever susceptible

of any feelings kindred to angels, it must be at such a time, and under such circumstances.

I had arrived late on the previous evening, in the city of —, and taken one of the most retired lodgings I could find. Exhausted with the fatigue of travelling, I sought rest, and was not disturbed, until the chiming of the bells from the dome of the neighbouring edifice, announced the dawning of the Sabbath. For the first time, I looked from my window. It opened towards the east, and the clouds upon the horizon for a long distance, were tinged with a golden hue, which, as the eye wandered from the point of the sun's approach, gradually became less and less rich, until they were finally exchanged for the mild blue of the sky beyond. Directly before me, a broad sheet of water rolled majestically, and being calm, reflected from its own bosom, the beauties delineated in the heavens above. Beyond its further bank opened an extensive prospect into the adjoining country, sufficiently near for me to see the birds sporting from bough to bough, and now and then to hear the carol of their morning songs.— About me, the spires from the churches of a populous city lifted themselves, seemingly, as sentries to the numerous habitations below them.— To all these, I was a stranger; not one from the thousands about me, could I call friend—not one was there on whom I could bestow a look of recognition—not one with whom I could exchange the salutation of sympathy. No wonder, then, if my thoughts reverted to the circle at my own home;—no wonder that the scene before me, had produced that melancholy I have before described.

The breakfast bell rang, and I descended to the large dining room, not in a mood to join in the conversation that was introduced. I encountered strange faces on every side, and, except interchanging civilities with those in my immediate vicinity, indulged in my own musings during the meal, and then returned to my room, to meditate unnoticed and alone. Would that I might always enjoy the same communion with my Saviour as then;—would that the "fever of the world" might always be, as then, subdued.

This was but one of the bright spots that light the vale of life, and like every other ravishing pleasure in this world, destined to be but of short duration.

Time passed unheeded, and before I was aware of it, the hour of morning worship had arrived, and I descended to the street. But I could not divest myself of the train of thought I had been indulging. The streets were thronged with passengers, and without knowing whither I went, I followed the multitude. I soon found myself treading the carpeted aisles of a spacious church. I entered a pew which was opened to me, and sat down. The deep swelling tones of the noble organ, as its keys were swept by a master hand, alone roused me from my reverie, and told me I was in the house of God. The voice of song ascended in rich harmony from the choir in the gallery above, and directly behind me, and then arose the holy man of God, who poured forth the desires of his heart, in one of the most soul stirring petitions it ever fell to my lot to hear. One might almost feel himself to be in the presence of the King of kings, and see the bright seraphim bowing before the throne. Another hymn was sung, and the minister of the sanctuary read from Psalm 16, "I will pay my vows unto the Lord now, in the presence of all his people, in the courts of the Lord's house." The accents of his voice, as he expatiated on the character of God, falling upon the ears of his hearers, at once prepossessed them in favour of the speaker, and convinced them that he uttered the language of a warm and generous heart, while at the same time the infinite greatness of the subject he advocated, was

brought home to the mind, with an unwonted force. He exhibited the law of God in all its holiness and purity, and thundered forth its awful denunciations to the ungodly, while, at the same time,

"—in strains as sweet as angels use,  
The Gospel whispered peace."

He looked back upon the little band that were led by the Saviour, tracing the history of the church down to the present time, and showed that God had never left himself without a witness. He pointed to the sacred emblems before him, as a memorial of the covenant into which his own flock had entered, and entreated them to "be wise as serpents, and harmless as doves;" to walk worthy of the high vocation wherewith they had been called, "redeeming the time, because the days are evil." He closed the book, and descending the steps of the pulpit, requested the candidates to offer themselves for the baptismal rite. For a moment a breathless silence pervaded the assembly, when the door behind me opened, and looking round, I saw the form of a maiden slowly walking up the aisle. Such a countenance I had never before seen. A modest blush, occasioned by the agitation of the scene, was diffused over her lovely features, while the expression of her dark eyes seemed almost unearthly. Is it possible, thought I, that this young and beautiful creature, can forsake the gay circles of pleasure, and put on the sanctity of religion? Can it be true, that she has so far triumphed over the vanities of the world, as to be willing to identify herself with a band of Christians, often calumniated—often made the by-word of the votaries of pleasure?—Ay, it was true. She had tasted the cup of earthly bliss. She had drunk deep of its alluring tempting flow,

"—till presently it turned  
Bitter within her, and her spirit grew  
Faint for undying waters.  
Then she came  
To the pure fount of God, and was athirst  
No more."

She stood before her spiritual guide; he read to her the confession of faith, to which she assented; then raising the silver chalice in one hand, with the other he impressed upon her fair forehead the seal of the promise. The worshippers arose; and taking her right hand, he welcomed her to the fellowship of the saints. The ceremony ended. She retraced her steps, and I again saw the expression of that face! Never does woman appear half so lovely as when her soul is warmed by the influence of piety. Of all things in nature, the irreligious female appears the most inconsistent. To woman we look for all that can beautify and adorn the character,—for the cultivation of the social sympathies of our nature,—for all that is generous and ennobling. And we are seldom disappointed; but, if to all these is added the glowing flame of piety, a tenfold charm is diffused over the whole character. Such were my reflections.—And now once more the voice of prayer ascended to heaven, and the congregation dispersed. I returned to my lodgings, and spent the remainder of the day in solitude.

*(To be continued.)*

PLEASURE is no rule of good, since when we follow pleasure merely, we are disgusted, and change from one part to another, condemning that at one time, which at another we earnestly approve, and never judging equally of happiness whilst we follow passion and mere humour.