

Christian Mirror.

NEW SERIES.

WEEKLY.]

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

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POETRY.

(From the Dundee Warder.)

WARNING.

A NEW-YEAR'S APPEAL.

Time's sun is fast setting,
Its twilight is nigh,
Its evening is falling
In cloud o'er the sky.
Its shadows are stretching
In ominous gloom:
Its midnight approaches—
The midnight of doom.
Then haste, sinner, haste, there is mercy for thee,
And wrath is preparing,—flee, lingerer, flee!

Rides forth the fierce tempest
On the wing of the cloud;
The moan of the night-blast
Is fitful and loud;
The mountains are heaving,
The forests are bow'd,
The ocean is surging,
Earth gathers its shroud.
Then haste, sinner, haste, there is mercy for thee,
And wrath is preparing,—flee, lingerer, flee,

The vision is nearing,
The Judge on the throne!—
The voice of the Angel
Proclaims "it is done."
On the whirl of the tempest
Its ruler shall come,
And the blaze of his glory
Flash out from its gloom.
Then haste, sinner, haste, there is mercy for thee,
And wrath is preparing,—flee, lingerer, flee!

With clouds he is coming!
His people shall sing,
With gladness they hail him
Redeemer and King.
The iron rod wielding,
The rod of his ire,
He cometh to kindle
Earth's last fatal fire!
Then haste, sinner, haste, there is mercy for thee,
And wrath is preparing,—flee, lingerer, flee!

"I HAVE NO FATHER THERE."

I saw a wide and well spread board,
And children young and fair
Came one by one, the eldest first,
And took their stations there.

All neatly clad, and beautiful,
And with familiar tread
They gather'd round, with joy to feast
On meats and snow-white bread.

Beside the board the Father sat,
A smile his features wore,
As on his little group he gazed,
And told their portions o'er.

A meagre form arrayed in rags,
Around the threshold stood;
A half-starved child had wander'd there
To beg a little food.

Said one, "Why stand'st thou here, my dear?
See there's a vacant seat
Amid the children, and enough
For them and thee to eat."

"Alas! for me," the child replied,
In tones of deep despair;
"No right have I amid yon group,
I have no Father there."

O solemn hour, when from the skies,
With notes of deepest dread,
The far-resounding trump of God
Shall summon forth the dead.

What countless hosts shall stand without
The heavenly threshold fair,
And gazing on the blest, exclaim,
"I have no father there!"

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

DEATH DISARMED.

AN eminently devotional man in humble life, being asked why he prayed so constantly, emphatically answered, "Because I must die." Truly if death were brought home to our bosoms, as an event which can by no possibility be averted, we would pray more. Some reflect not on the subject at all, others transiently, while most studiously exclude the thought from their minds, and hence they live without prayer.—Were a realizing sense of our mortality universal, the aspect of society would at once be changed. The giddy, thoughtless multitude would be sobered, and anxiety would be substituted for their joyous hilarity. The fact is often strikingly illustrated. The gallant ship, while proudly breasting the waves, and prosperously sailing on her course, may resound with many a loud laugh and profane oath, and be unused to the voice of prayer. Its living freight may often have been warned that there was but a step between them and death, and yet have been totally unmoved. In the midst of fancied security, however, a hidden danger is disclosed; the storm pours out its fury, the vessel strikes upon the iron-bound coast, the timbers are startled; human skill no longer avails; and then every face gathers paleness, the heart throbs with dread, and bitter cries for mercy are heard from lips which never prayed before. Death is now realized. That makes the difference, and although each and all were liable to be called out of life in a moment, they did not realize their mortality until now. We have heard, too, of the gay assemblage in the theatre, feasting their eyes with the mimic scene before them, and perhaps applauding some caricature of sacred things, to whom the thought of God or eternity would have been a most unwelcome intruder; but in a moment the alarm is raised that the building is on fire, and as the mingled volumes of smoke and flame curl along the roof, the panic shriek is heard, amusement is no longer thought of, and as the tumultuous crowd vainly endeavor to escape, the most obdurate are not ashamed to cry to that God, whom they had always insulted, for mercy for their souls. Death is realized, and the thoughtless are thoughtless no longer. Such scenes show the effect which would be produced if the dying race could but realize that they were dying. Yet death is always imminent; it lurks in every avenue of life; its shaft is directed against every bosom, and we know not what a day, or even an hour, may bring forth. It is wise, then, to cultivate an acquaintance with this great foe, to familiarize our minds to his approach, and, if possible, to be prepared for his sudden coming. What men do in sudden panic, should be done by wise men at all times; they should realize death, and pray to the God of salvation. Death is terrible, not merely from the pain produced by the act of dying, but chiefly because it introduces us into the presence of a holy and just God, and into the endless retributions of eternity. The friendship of this God, therefore, is to be obtained, and the assurance of a happy eternity is to be sought. This is not to be done without prayer, much heartfelt prayer. Christ has disarmed death of his sting, and deposited him of his victory; He therefore should be our advocate, through whom we may approach with confidence to God. Prayer, when it proceeds from a devout heart, familiarizes the

thoughts with God, dissolves our attachments for sinful pleasures, brings down upon the soul heaven's richest blessings, and enables us to regard death, our formidable adversary, as a friend who is to introduce us into our unspeakably glorious inheritance. The word of God, therefore, imposes no irksome service on us, but is our truest friend, when it tells us to "watch unto prayer," to "pray without ceasing," and in all things to make known our wants and desires to God in prayer. If prayer be most suitable for the sick and dying, it is most suitable for all; for we have the seeds of death in us, which may be matured in a moment.—*Presbyterian.*

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

COME, O Almighty Saviour!—in the infinite sympathies of thy boundless compassion. Come, O Almighty Spirit of all grace!—in the plenitude and overflow of thy soul-reviving and comforting influence. And may the blighting of once fondly cherished hopes, and the consequent prostrations of all high thoughts and lofty imaginations, be in this and all other lands, the discipline and the preparation for that night of storms, which is now so ominously brooding over the nations. And when the gloom is thickest, and the tempest of human passion loudest, and the rage of Satan, who cometh down in great wrath, fiercest,—may we have faith to discern in these the signs and presages of that hollowed morn which shall chase away the long dark night of ages,—the heralds and precursors of the speedy approach of Him, whose "coming like the morn shall be, like morning songs his voice." Then, then,—amid the dawnings of millennial glory, and the jubilee of a once fallen but now renovated universe,—shall we find fresh emphasis in the words of inspiration,—that "the hope of the righteous shall be gladness; but the expectation of the wicked shall perish."—*Rev. Dr. Duff, India.*

I AM.

Who ever conceived a more beautiful illustration of this sublime text than the following by Bishop Beveridge?

I AM. "He doth not say, I am their light, their guide, their strength, or tower, but only, 'I AM.' He sets his hand, as it were, to a blank, that his people may write under it what they please, that is good for them. As if he should say, are they weak? I am strength. Are they poor? I am all riches! Are they in trouble? I am comfort. Are they sick? I am health.—Are they dying? I am life. Have they nothing? I am all things. I am wisdom and power. I am justice and mercy. I am grace and goodness. I am glory, beauty, holiness, eminency, super-eminency, perfection, all sufficiency, eternity! Jehovah, I am. Whatever is amiable in itself, or desirable unto them, that I am. Whatsoever is pure and holy; whatsoever is great or pleasant; whatsoever is good or needful to make men happy, that I am."

MEMORY.—If men possessed the faculty of consigning every event of their past lives to oblivion, how many in old age would there be, that could give even a sketch of their own history? The prominent acts and events in every man's life are co-existent with the immortality of the soul, and can no more be forgotten than its identity destroyed.

TRUTH is immortal; no fragment of it ever dies. From time to time the body dies off, but it rises to a more perfect form, leaving its grave clothes behind it, to be perchance worshipped as living things, by those who love to watch among the tombs.