

Christian Mirror.

NEW SERIES.

WEEKLY.]

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

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POETRY.

CHRIST BLESSING THE BREAD.

BY THE REV. T. DALE, A. M.

ONWARD it speeds! the awful hour from man's first fall decreed;
When the dark serpent's wrath shall bruise the woman's spotless Seed;
The foe He met—the desert path triumphantly He trod,
But now a darker, deadlier strife awaits the Son of God!

Soon shall a strange and midnight gloom involve the conscious heaven;
While in Jehovah's inmost sanc the mystic veil is riven!
Soon shall one deep and dying groan the solid mountains rend,
The yawning graves shall yield their dead; the buried saints ascend!

And yet amidst his little flock, still Jesus stands serene,
Unawed by suffering yet to be, unchanged by what hath been;
Still beams the light of love undimmed in that benignant eye,
Nor, save his own prophetic word, aught speaks him soon to die!

He pours within the votive cup the rich blood of the vine,
And, "Drink ye all the hallow'd draught," he cried:
"this blood is mine!"

He breaks the bread: then clasps his hands and lifts his eyes in prayer;
"Receive ye this, and view by faith my body symbol'd there!

"For like the wine that crowns this cup, my blood shall soon be shed;
My body broken on the cross, as now I break the bread:
For you the crimson stream shall flow—for you the Hand Divine
Bares the red sword, although the heart that meets the blow be mine!

"And oft your willing vows renew around the sacred board,
And break the bread and pour the wine in mem'ry of your Lord:
To drink with me the grape's fresh blood to you shall yet be given,
Fresh from the deathless vine that blooms in blest abodes in heaven!"

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

THE AFFECTING FUNERAL.

SARAH is the only woman in the sacred writings whose age, death, and burial, are distinctly noted; and that memorial of the wife of Abraham is adapted to remind us of our origin and home—the dust.

The death of friends with whom we have long associated and loved, is a trying event.—Essential to our comfort, they leave the world to us a barren waste. Their death proclaims the ravages of sin, while it reminds us of our own mortality. Therefore, Abraham well might mourn for Sarah and weep for her.—The Saviour himself sanctified grief for the loss of our friends, when he shed the tear of sorrow over the grave of Lazarus.

But while it is lawful to indulge in sorrow when we are visited by bereaving providences, we must follow the example of Abraham who though he wept over the corpse of his beloved Sarah, remembered that he had important duties to discharge, and he arose to fulfil them.—The land of Canaan had been given by promise to him and he wished to take possession of it; so the

bones of Sarah became the deposit of the cave of a field in Machpelah, which induced him to look upon it as his home, with the confident assurance that his posterity should possess the whole country.

It is equally edifying and remarkable, that the only land probably that Abraham bought was not for a residence and estate, but for a burying place; and that the first time we read of money, is for the purchase of a tomb; as though the Spirit of God would teach us the folly of those who place their affections on that gold and silver which will be used to procure a grave. The interment of Sarah deeply impresses us with the vanity and mutability of all earthly good; for, however lovely, and valued our companions may be, we must soon be separated from them by death. How great is the folly of placing our affections on worldly riches, seeing that if they do not "take to themselves wings and fly away," they cannot ward off death, nor furnish after it a better residence than the grave! How delightful and intimate is the connection between the people of God! It does not end with the present life, but is renewed for ever in the world of eternal glory in closer bands of the purest affection and joy. O that it may be our most anxious concern to enjoy the favour of Christ, which will enable us to smile on the last enemy, to descend to the grave with Christian serenity, and to rise with unutterable joy to the realms of immortal life! "So shall we ever be with the Lord."

THE SICK MAN'S NEED.

Oh, wretched is he, who, in that sick-room, which may be only the ante-chamber of the grave, is yet wholly unfurnished with the medicine of the mind; who has never thought of his nature, his prospects, his duty, his God; who has never applied himself to the enriching his intellect with important truth, to the cultivation of his heart for holy affections, to the formation of his character in righteous habits! Wretched is he, whose religion, however sincere his faith, is but a mysterious and terrific superstition, whose God is robed in the thunder-cloud, and his sceptre the destructive lightning; who gropes for evidence of the merry of heaven in unfathomable speculations, or the wayward changes of frames and feelings; who sees the grave yawning for him, and in that gulf a deeper still of never ending anguish! Wretched is he, who, disgusted with the credulity that devours any absurdity, has flown to the scepticism that admits no truth; who deepens the shades of futurity by the blacker darkness of his own mind; who, because it is not the illumination of noon, quenches the only torch that could light his steps through the gloom; the neglect, the perversion, the rejection of religious principles, alike rob the soul of the best security against that trying season. Then it is that faith triumphs. I mean by faith, not the mere mental act of credence in a proposition, but a firm trust in God, our Creator, our Father. This is the one thing needful for religious consolation. To know that all events are ordered by him, and that he is love, is enough for man for his support and hope. Give us but these principles (and Nature, Providence, and Christianity teach and demonstrate these,) and you give us all.—Death is destroyed, and the grave becomes a passage to a better life.—When Jesus taught us to call God our Father in heaven, he poured a flood of consolation on the world.

THE VALUE OF A GOOD NAME.

THE worth of religious and moral character is more to be prized than the whole honours and wealth of this transitory life. These things, the day of sickness dims and disparages:—these

things, with all the pageantry of state, the day of death turns into a vain mockery. But, on the whole, the precious gold of righteousness comes forth as out of the purifying furnace. We do not, we cannot, for the purpose of deriving consolation, reflect upon our departed friends, merely because they were either rich in earthly treasures, or elevated in earthly rank. That alone, which can soothe in the remembrance of them—that alone, which may serve as a cause of honest complacency and rejoicing to us, in the remembrance of them, is the memory of their worth—is the thought that they were good.—This is the superiority of mind over matter—of intellectual acquisitions over the objects of sense—of moral riches, over all the glitter of gold that perishes. We are ennobled and blessed in the remembrance of our forefathers, not because they could reckon a splendid line of ancestry, or were themselves bright with the stars and ribbons of honour, or had been the chosen companions of princes. But if these our fathers were worthy; if the tears we shed over their memories be embalming their "good name," if we are the children to whom they bequeath their fair reputation, and the many prayers of their piety, and the savour of their many virtues, well may we deem ourselves ennobled by our connexion with them, whatever their riches or their rank.

And, assuredly, in bewailing the death of friends, no small consolation to the survivors arises from the remembrance of these things.—Whilst such, again, is the manner in which the mind is comforted by the remembrance, that the very greatness of the loss, becomes, in fact, the measure of the consolation. All whose departure from us, we have cause to deplore: the companions, to whom we were knit, as it were, in soul; the brothers, who partook with us in one interest, and one joy, and one care; the parents, to whose affection we clung, and whom most eagerly we would have detained a while longer from their heavenly rest, in order that we might have repaid some more of our debt of gratitude, in the cherishing and supporting of them:—these beloved friends leave behind them, in the subjects of our fond remembrance, the sources of our high comfort. Their virtues, the want of whose presence with us we mourn, are yet the very means of drying up our tears.

Who is CHRIST?—Ask Moses, and he shall tell you, "the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." Ask Jacob, and he shall tell you, "the Shiloh of the tribe of Judah." Ask David, and he shall tell you, "the King of Glory." Ask Isaiah, and he shall tell you, "the Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace." Ask the God of the prophets: he hath told you, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Yes, the devils themselves have been forced to say, "I know thee who thou art, the Holy One of God." On no side has Christ left himself without testimony.—*Christian Almanac.*

CHRIST is a pearl, which whoever hath, can never be poor, and which whoever wants, can never be rich. Christ's riches are so many, they cannot be numbered; they are so precious, they cannot be valued; they are so great they cannot be measured.—*Dyer.*

IRRESOLUTION.—In matters of great concern, and which must be done, there is no surer argument of a weak mind than irresolution: to be undetermined where the case is so plain, and the necessity so urgent: to be always intending to lead a new life, but never to find time to set about it; this is as if a man should put off eating and drinking, and sleeping, from one day and night, till he is starved and destroyed.—*Tillotson.*