

# Christian Mirror

NEW SERIES.

WEEKLY.]

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

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## POETRY.

### THE MOTHERLESS.

The following is one of the most touchingly beautiful things we have ever read. The whole scene is one of exquisite tenderness, and its beauty lies in its entire truthfulness. There is no attempt, no effort to make grief—what is written, is written because it was felt—because the heart was full, and was relieved by utterance. It is real, not invented. None can doubt this is the language of a husband and a father, with a spirit stricken by the loss of one fondly loved as a wife, and as the mother of his precious ones. How full of nature is the third verse! How like what we would look for—and how beautiful the fourth!

You're weary, precious ones! your eyes  
Are wandering far and wide;  
Think ye of her, who knew so well  
Your tender thoughts to guide;  
Who could to Wisdom's sacred lore  
Your fixed attention claim?  
Ah! never from your hearts erase  
That blessed mother's name!

'Tis time to say your evening hymn,  
My youngest infant dove!  
Come press thy velvet cheek to mine  
And learn the lay of love;  
My sheltering arms can clasp you all,  
My poor deserted throng!  
Cling as you used to cling to her  
Who sings the angel's song.

Begin, sweet birds, the accustomed strain,  
Come, warble loud and clear;  
Alas! alas! you're weeping all,  
You're sobbing in my ear!  
Good night—Go say the prayers she taught  
Beside your little bed;  
The lips that used to bless you there  
Are silent with the dead!

A father's hand your course may guide,  
Amid the thorns of life;  
His care protect those shrinking plants,  
That dread the storms of strife:  
But who upon your infant hearts  
Shall like that mother write?  
Who touch the strings that rule the soul?  
Dear, smitten flock!—Good night!  
*Halifax Guardian.*

### THE CASKET.

The following eloquent extracts are from the pen of the late Dr. Griffin.

#### WHERE ARE THEY?

Perhaps we scarcely step from our doors without treading on dust that was once animated with life. We are constantly walking up and down in the midst of graves, and moving over skulls which once laid schemes of ambition and gain. Our "fathers, where are they? and the prophets, did 'they live for ever?" Where are now the people who first settled this town? Where are they who filled these streets and composed this congregation and church before we were born? They are swept away, and all that remains of them this side of eternity now sleeps in the womb of yonder consecrated ground. Where are some of those whom my eyes lately beheld in this assembly? But it comes too near.

Where are now the ancient empires of Assyria, and Babylon, and Persia, and Greece, and Rome?

Where are the emperors, statesmen, philosophers, and bards of antiquity? Where is now the immense army of Xerxes, which seemed to darken Asia, and to sink with its weight the land of Greece? Where are the exhaustless hordes of barbarians which issued from the North to overwhelm the Roman empire? Where can you find those stupendous monuments of human art, the glorious cities of Nineveh, Babylon, Palmyra, and Memphis? Where is now the dust which was attached to the souls that lived before the flood? Where are now the many millions who have filled the world with noise and contention, with fame and folly, for a hundred generations? Kingdom has trodden on the heel of kingdom, and nation has followed nation down to the land of forgetfulness. Their dust has long since returned to the common mass, and has perhaps lived and died scores of times. That which sat upon the throne has since sat upon the dunghill, and that which sat upon the dunghill has since sat upon the throne. Here is the dust, but where is their immortal part? Where are the many thousands of millions of souls that in different periods of time have escaped from dying beds, or from the field of battle? They have all stood before their righteous Judge, and received their unaltered doom. Many of them have been transported with the joys of Paradise for four and five thousand years, and have calmly looked down, and have seen kingdom after kingdom moulder to decay, while they stood secure and unchanged in immortal life.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

DEATH OF CHRIST.—Come with us a moment to Calvary. See the meek sufferer standing, with hands fast bound, in the midst of his enemies, sinking under the weight of his cross, and lacerated in every part, by the thorny reeds with which he had been scourged. See the savage, ferocious soldiers, raising, with rude violence, his sacred body, forcing it down upon the cross, wrestling and extending his limbs, and, with remorseless cruelty, forcing through his hands and feet the ragged spikes which were to fix him on it. See the Jewish priests and rulers watching, with looks of malicious pleasures, the horrid scene, and attempting to increase his sufferings by scoffs and blasphemies. Now contemplate attentively the countenance of the wonderful sufferer, which seems like heaven opening in the midst of hell, and tell me what it expresses. You see it indeed full of anguish, but it expresses nothing like impatience, resentment, or revenge. On the contrary, it beams with pity, benevolence, and forgiveness. It perfectly corresponds with the prayer, which, raising his mild, imploring eyes to heaven, he pours forth to God: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Christian, look at your master and learn how to suffer! Sinner, look at your Saviour, and learn to admire, to imitate, and to forgive.

Unless we could ascend into heaven, and see the glory and happiness which our Redeemer left; unless we could descend into the grave, and learn the depths of wretchedness to which he sunk; unless we could weigh, as in a balance, all the trials, toils, and suffering of his life; never, never can we know the immeasurable extent of his love. But these things we cannot do. None but the omniscient God knows what he left, or what he suffered; none but the omniscient God, therefore, knows the extent of his love.

If at any time you have enlargement in prayer and are favoured with access to the throne of grace, do not go away satisfied and self-complacent. Pride says, "I have done very well now;

God will accept this." You perhaps discover that this is the suggestion of pride: it then takes a new turn. Another would not have discovered it to be pride; I must be very humble to detect it. Thus if you continue the search, you will find pride, like the different coats of an onion, lurking one beneath another to the very centre.

#### FRUGALITY IN HUMBLE LIFE.

"Of the extraordinary frugality with which some persons in humble life live, even where prices are high, I may as well in this place as any where, give an example which came under my observation. In Arbroath, near the magnificent ruins of the Abbey of Arbroath, I heard the movements of a hand loom, and I took the liberty, with due ceremony, of going in. A middle-aged Scotch woman, of pleasing appearance and neatly dressed, was weaving. I asked her how much she was able to earn. She replied, if she rose early, at five o'clock, and worked all day through the week, after paying for the use of the loom and the cost of winding her spools, her week's work would amount to four shillings. She received no parish assistance. She paid three pounds sixteen shillings for the rent of her house. Her fuel cost her ninepence per week; and out of the remainder—less than two shillings—she had to support and clothe herself and an aged mother, who was infirm and incapable of helping herself. What the support that either of the poor creatures could have under such circumstances, must be difficult, but she made no complaint; and present an example of true Christian philosophy which would have done credit to a superior education and the highest condition in life."

YOUTH, AGE, AND GOD.—People place youth and age opposite to each other, as the light and shade in the day of life. But has not every day, every age, its own youth—its own new attractive life, if one only sets about rightly to enjoy them? yes the aged man, who has collected together pure recollections for his evening companions, is manifold happier than the youth who, with a restless heart, stands only at the beginning of his journey. No passions disturb the evening meal of the other—no restless endeavours disturb the cheerful gossip of the evening twilight; all the little comforts of life are then so thoroughly enjoyed; and we can then, with more confidence, cast all our care and anxieties on God. We have then proved him.

RELIGION AND MORALITY.—There is no religion without morality: and there is no morality without religion. "This is the love of God, that we keep his commandments." He who loves God keeps the commandments in principle; he who keeps the commandments loves God in action. Love is obedience in the heart; obedience is love in the life. Morality, then, is religion in practice; religion is morality in principle.

THE IMMENSITY OF NUMBERS.—We never hear of the Wandering Jew, (says the spirit of the Times) but we mentally inquire what was the sentence of his punishment? Perhaps it was calculation. Perhaps he was told to walk the earth until he counted a trillion. But, will say some folks, he could soon count that number. We fear not. Suppose a man count one in every second of time, day and night, without stopping to rest, to eat, to drink, or to sleep, it would take thirty-two years to count a billion, or 32,000 years to count a trillion! What a limited idea we generally entertain of the immensity of numbers!