

# Christian Mirror.

NEW SERIES.

WEEKLY.]

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

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## POETRY.

### HUMAN WISHES.

"BECAUSE YE ASK AMISS."

I asked amid the Summer's heat,  
That cooling rain might fall.—  
The answering storm impetuous beat,  
Loud thunders shook the hall;  
The tree that graced my evening bower,  
Was shattered by the lightning's power.

I wished for wealth;—for it I toiled,  
Till ran my coffers o'er;—  
Luxurious Ease my pleasure soiled,  
Disease pressed on me sore;  
Then from my couch of pain, I cried  
For Health—to luxury denied!

I sighed for Love:—a beautiful bride  
Gave me her heart and hand;  
When Autumn leaves in faded pride,  
Showed the destroyer's hand,  
She sickened as they seared—and lay  
On mother Earth as well as they!

I called for Fame;—the trumpet rang  
My praises to the crowd;  
But in each pause Detraction sang  
My sins in cadence loud;  
So close, that Echo swept along  
The twain, commingled in her song!

I asked for Peace:—the mountain wave  
Swelled widely o'er the sea;  
Loud did the lashing billows rave,  
And thus they cried to me;  
"Here seek not Peace—she is not given  
Short of the port—she dwells in heaven!"

I asked Religion's aid;—there came  
No answer to my cry;  
In hourly prayers I named the name  
Of Him who reigns on high;—  
And vainly deemed in my own might  
I could direct my prayers aright.

Then came Remorse:—she brought to view  
Sins of forgotten date,  
Around my pathway troubles flew,  
That ever on her wait—  
Till Pride was prostrate;—Sát in dust,  
Had not a hope on which to trust!

Amid the darkness of that hour  
Was seen a glimmering light,  
And there was felt a hand of power  
Uplifting by its might—  
Then thoughts and wishes, one by one  
Were centered in, "Thy will be done!"

## THE CASK & T.

### A TEST OF CHRISTIANITY.

A christian gentleman had occasion to travel through a new and thinly settled part of the western country; his companion was a man of intelligence, but of infidel principles, who was fond of discussion, and tried to beguile the way by urging arguments against the truth of the Christian religion. The thinly peopled section of the country through which they were passing was inhabited by people of bad reputation, and it had

been rumoured that travellers had suffered fatal violence from them when they were within their power.

As regular inns were unknown, our travellers were compelled to trust to the hospitality of those of whom they could not but entertain a secret fear. On one occasion, as the evening closed in, they sought a lodging-place in a log cabin far remote from other habitations. They anticipated but little comfort, and were induced to believe that it would be a measure of safety to watch alternately through the night.

As they were about to retire to their beds, their host, whose exterior had excited their distrust, proceeded to a shelf, took down an old and much worn Bible, and informing his visitors that it was his custom to worship God in his family, he read and prayed in so simple a manner as to secure the esteem of the travellers. They retired to rest, slept soundly, and thought no more of alternate watching.

In the morning, the Christian requested his infidel companion to say whether the religious exercises of the preceding evening had not dispelled every particle of distrust of their host's character, and had not enabled him to close his eyes in the most confident security. He was evidently embarrassed by the question; but at last he candidly acknowledged that the sight of the Bible had secured him a sound night's rest. Here was a testimony extorted from an infidel, in favour of the influence of that religion which he skeptically assailed. He could not harbor a fear of violence from one who was in the habit of daily bending his knee before God. The very erection of the family altar, rendered the house a secure asylum. Who would not be a Christian? Who can be an infidel?

### A LIFE BEYOND THE GRAVE.

Among all the fine and beautiful figures and modes of reasoning that the universe in which we dwell has to offer for the illustration of the bright hope that is within us, of a life beyond the tomb, there is none more beautiful or exquisite than I know of, than that which is derived from the change of the season from the second life that bursts forth in spring in objects apparently dead; and from the shadowing faith, in the renovating of everything around us, of that destiny which Divine Revelation calls upon our faith to believe shall yet be ours. The trees that have faded and remained dark and gray through the long dreary lapse of winter, clothe themselves again with green in the spring sunshine, and every hue speaks of life. The buds that were trampled down and faded, burst forth once more in freshness and in beauty; the streams break from the icy chains that held them, and the glorious sun himself comes wandering from his far journey, giving summer, and warmth, and fertility, and magnificence to everything around. All that we can see rekindles into life.

### DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE UNTO.

The horse of a pious man living in Massachusetts happening to stray into the road, a neighbour of the man who owned the horse, put him into the pound. Meeting the owner soon after, he told him what he had done; and if I catch him in the road again, said he, I'll do it again. Neighbour, replied the other, not long since, I looked out of my window in the night, and saw your cattle in my meadow, and I drove them out, and shut them in your yard—and I'll do it again. Struck with the reply, the man liberated the horse from the pound, and paid the charges himself. A soft answer turneth away wrath.

### THE ORANGE GROVES OF MEXICO.

The orange trees were covered with their gold-fruit and fragrant blossom; the locust trees, bending over, formed a natural arch, which the sun could not pierce. We laid ourselves down on the soft grass, contrasting this day with the preceding. The air was soft and balmy, and actually heavy with the fragrance of the orange blossom and starry jasmine. All around the orchard ran streams of the most delicious clear waters, trickling with sweet music, and now and then a little cardinal, like a bright red ruby, would perch upon the trees. We pulled bouquets of orange blossoms, jasmine, lilies, dark red roses, and lemon leaves, and wished we could have transported them to you, to those lands where winter is now wrapping the world in his white winding sheet. The garden or coffee planter—such a gardener!—Don Juan by name, with an immense black beard, Mexican hat, and military sash of crimson silk, came to us; some orangeade; and, having sent to the house for sugar and tumbler, pulled the oranges from the trees, and drew the water from a clear tank overshadowed by blossoming branches, and cold as though it had been iced. There certainly is no tree more beautiful than the orange, with its golden fruit, shining green leaves, and lovely white blossom with so delicious a fragrance. We felt this morning as if Altacamilco was an earthly paradise. But when the moon rose serenely without a cloud, and a soft breeze, fragrant with orange blossoms, blew gently over the trees, I felt as if we could have tald on for ever, without fatigue, and in a state of the most perfect enjoyment. It was hard to say whether the first soft breath of morning, or the languishing and yet more fragrant air of evening, are more enchanting.—*Mulame Calderon de la Barea.*

**A PAINED BROW.**—An invalid sent for a physician, (the late Dr. Wheelman,) and after detaining him for some time with a description of his pains, aches, &c., he thus summed up:—"Now, Doctor, you have humbugged me long enough with your good-for-nothing pills and worthless syrups; they don't touch the real difficulty. I wish you to strike the cause of my ailment, if it is in your power to reach it." "It shall be done," said the Doctor, at the same time lifting his cane, and demolishing a decanter of gin that stood upon the sideboard.

**THE BELIEVER.**—Well, choose you; but all reckoned and examined, I had rather be the poorest believer than the greatest king on earth. How small a commotion, small in its beginning, may prove the overturning of the greatest kingdom! But the believer is heir to a kingdom that cannot be shaken—that will exist to all eternity.

We live in the New Testament dispensation, and have the privilege of praying in *Christ's name*; that is to say, as though we were ourselves Christ and keeping firm to the only conviction in the presence of the Father, viz. that all that makes Christ dear and recommends Him in the sight of the Father has been wholly transferred to ours-ives. We may, therefore, commune with the Father as Christ. Christ, however, is not afraid. He throws himself on his Father's bosom as a well-beloved Son. Christ speaks in full confidence. Christ asks cheerfully and unabashed for whatever he wishes to have, and doubts not that he will receive it.

Willows were described by the Rev Robert Hall as nature hanging out signals of distress.