

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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POETRY.

From the Churchman.

THE DYING BOY.

"Do not forget me; I would not my name,
As a strange language to your ears became."

'Twas early summer, pleasant June had come,
Flinging her coronals on every bough,
And from the soft southwest, with perfume rife,
The light-winged zephyrs wooed the coy young
flowers.

The brooks like playful children babbled on,
Loosed from their icy bondage, and the birds,
Nature's unwearied choir, tuned their clear notes,
And in the wild-wood shades held revelry.
Earth wore her robes of light and loveliness;
There were no clouds athwart the deep blue heaven,
Nought that might toll of darkness or decay;
But in a cottage home, where the green vines
Clambered about the casement, and the sun
Peeped stealthily amid the clustering boughs,
And the red rose gave her sweet odours forth—
There Sorrow sat, and claimed her heritage
In human hearts.

Upon his lowly couch,
Lay like a broken lily, a fair child,
Just numbering then, his tenth bright summer;
His clasped hands were white as braided snow-
wreaths.

And his silken hair, once waving lightly
In the summer's breath, now wet with death dews,
Lell all heavily on his pure forehead.
There was no rose-tint on his wasted cheek,
It seemed like Parian marble, and his eye,
The lid half drawn, shone faintly, as a star
Mid parting clouds.

Beside him leant, heart-sick
With hope deferred, and worn with ceaseless vigils,
She who had borne him. There was much that told
Of patient suffering in her pallid face,
For she had struggled earnestly, till faith
Could spread its eagle pinions, and soar up,
From the cold bed where she must lay her boy,
To his bright spirit-home. O, only they
Who with a mother's speechless agony,
Have watched the life-blood ebb, and the young cheek
Grow pale; counted each feeble pulse; and seen
The full round limbs shrink in undue proportion;
Only they, can tell a mother's sorrow,
And may own, how hard to bow submissively,
And say, "Thy will be done."

Hush! he is waking,
The dim eyes re-open, and the white lips,
Long sealed as though in death, find utterance.
She had thought he slept, but when he turned
Those soft dark orbs to hers, she saw that tears
Were on their silken fringe, and o'er his face
Passed a deep shade of gloom. "Mother," he said,
And the faint tones were tremulous with grief,
"Mother, I know how soon the time will come,
When I must die; and as I lay but now,
And thought of the sweet spring and summer days,
Which each revolving year make the green earth
So beautiful, and how they all would pass
Over my grave, and I should see them not,
I thought how sad it were to be forgotten.
Will it be so, dear mother? I would care
But little if all others should forget.
But I was thinking, that you too, perhaps,

When you grew older, and your tears were dried,
And I had slumbered long, you might forget
The timid boy who wandered by your side
In the sweet garden-paths at close of day,
Or gathered wild flowers in the shady nooks
Of the old pasture-meadows; he who knelt
Each morn and eve to lip his childish prayers
Low at your knee, and grasped your gentle hand,
When the clear Sabbath bells rang joyously,
To seek our heavenly Father's hallowed house;
You might forget the hour when he was wont
To come with bounding step and gladsome call,
From his wood ramble to your open arms.
Will it be so, dear mother? Must I die,
And you forget your child?"

She pressed her lips
On his cold forehead, and her burning tears
Fell fast with his; but when the first keen pang
Was past, she nerved herself to comfort him,
And told him, in her heart were images,
And gentle names of loved and lost, which ne'er
Could fade from her remembrance, and that he
Would ever live among the brightest there,
Till death should bear her to his arms in heaven.

M. N. M.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

From the United Service Magazine.

A PICTURE OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

COURTEOUS reader, accompany us, I pray you
on board this slave vessel; come and see the
handy works of these blood-thirsty dealers in
human flesh. What a nauseous smell as we
approach; how slippery and dirty the vessel's
side; what a clamour of voices; we are on
board.

Look at that cool, villainous looking scoundrel
pacing up and down the deck, smoking a
cigar; his hands are in his pockets; he ap-
pears totally unconcerned about the number of
murders he has committed and the horrors that
surround him. He is captain of the slave,
and a Portuguese; but he declares that he is
only a passenger, and that the captain died at
sea. He is even now calculating how much
he has lost by this unfortunate speculation.
"Let me see," says he, "I own twenty of
the healthiest, for my blacks never die!"
and he grins,—"that would have given me
twelve thousand crusadoes, and Don Berna-
dino was to have given me four thousand
for the trip,—sixteen thousand clean gone!—con-
fusion take the English picaroons!" and he
mutters "curses not loud but deep." "Well,
well, I must be upon my guard now however.
Santa Maria! I wonder if they will rob me
of these sixty half doubloons fastened round
my waist; if they do, may they never receive
absolution, the miscreants." He grinds his
teeth, lights a fresh cigar, and continues walk-
ing the deck.

Behold that skeleton form! the unfortunate
breathes! her pulse still beats; her heart even
yet utters faintly to the touch of humanity. A
few days since, an infant hung at her breast;
happy innocent, it died—it was starved—and,
she, the poor emaciated mother, has been
starved too! she has existed these last sixty
days on a few handfuls of farina, and two

gills of putrid water per day; she has lived
in the after-hold upon some hard planks
all this time; look at her excoriated flesh!
When she embarked, there were two hun-
dred of her sex stowed with her in Lulk?
—one hundred and thirty now remain. She
might have saved herself, and sacrificed her
child; nature gave her a mother's love for her
offspring: she nourished and hugged it to her
bosom, until the little corpse was taken from
her by force, and thrown into the sea. While
we are looking, she is dying!—she is dead!
—"Oh death! where is thy sting?"

Friend of humanity, turn to that nest of lit-
tle ones, all in the last stage of the small pox
—in the confluent state; their bodies are now
one mass of putrifying sores; their tongues are
lolling out of their parched mouths as begging
for water: they cannot speak; they utter in-
articulate sounds; but in a few hours they will
be quite still,—yes! they will be where the
"wicked cease from troubling, and the weary
are at rest,"—they will die without a groan;
watch them narrowly as you may, you will not
perceive the transition from life to death! The
black glassy eye is half open, and almost trans-
parent. It quivers!—it is fixed in death.

Mark that living skeleton! lying with his
face to the deck: one little month, and that
man was a Hercules; but fearful of his strength,
the villains have kept him in close iron; this
is the first time he has breathed the air of hea-
ven since he embarked. Look at his lengthy
frame—his sunken eyes—his lank jaws—his
attenuated limbs! the bones seem willing to
burst through the frail covering of skin that
surrounds them; you may count every rib.
He was one of the brave men of his tribe;
he was doubtless taken fighting hand to hand,
defending his wife, his children, his home;
even the rude hut in the wilds of Africa; but
he was surrounded and taken prisoner, and
driven with hundreds of others, like flocks of
sheep, to the sea coast. See, he moves,—

He leans upon his head—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low.

He is past all suffering: a few hours, and he
will cease to exist.

Yonder are some suffering from ophthalmia
—all more or less blind; one is totally so; and
every now and then he endeavours to throw
himself overboard, and when he is restrained,
he mumbles something and points to his eyes,
as much as to say, "Why should I live? I
am of no use—can only exist in utter darkness
—let me put an end to my miseries!"

They are serving out the water!—See, what
a rush there is to the after-hatchway; men,
women, children, how eagerly they watch
their turn to grasp the little calabash which is
half filled for each one. It holds just a pint;
with what agony some of the little wreaths re-
gard the process!—afraid, dreadfully afraid,
they shall be forgotten. How they creep be-
tween the legs of the taller ones to get nearer
the tub! A dozen hands are thrust in at once:
with what envy they regard the unfortunate
possessor! and how they watch every drop