

# Christian Mirror

NEW SERIES.

WEEKLY.]

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

[7s. 6d. PER AN

VOL. III.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1844.

No. 46.—N. S. No. 40.

## POETRY.

### THE SABBATH.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

It was a pleasant morning, in the time  
When the leaves fall, and the bright sun shone out,  
As when the morning stars first sang together,  
So quietly and calmly fell his light  
Upon a world at rest. There was no leaf  
In motion, and the loud winds slept, and all  
Was still. The labouring herd was grazing  
Upon the hillside quietly, uncalled  
By the harsh voice of man: and distant sound,  
Save from the murmuring waterfall, came not  
As usual on the ear. One hour stole on,  
And then another of the morn, calm  
And still as Eden ere the birth of man,  
And then broke in the Sabbath chime of bells,  
And the old man and his descendants went  
Together to the house of God. I joined  
The well apparalled crowd. The holy man  
Rose solemnly, and breathed the prayer of faith,  
And the gray saint, just on the wing for Heaven,  
And the fair maid, and the bright-haired young man,  
And child of durling locks, just taught to close  
The lash of its blue eyes the while—all knelt  
In attitude of prayer, and then the hymn,  
Sincere in its low melody, went up  
To worship God.

The white-haired pastor rose  
And looked upon his flock; and with an eye  
That told his interest, and voice that spoke,  
In tremulous accent, eloquence like Paul's,  
He lent Isaiah's fire to the truths  
Of revelation, and persuasion came  
Like gushing waters from his lips to hearts  
Unused to bend were softened, and the eye  
Unwont to weep sent forth the willing tear.  
I went my way; but, as I went I thought  
How holy was the Sabbath day of God,

### DEATH.

An unseen, cold, and uninvited visitor,  
Who hustles by the porter at the gate,  
And the loquacious lackey at the door—  
Although it be a palace,—rushes up  
Unceremonious, to the inner chamber;  
Giveth no card of entrance, doth not knock  
Before he enters, though a king be there!  
Undraws the curtains of the princely couch,  
And tips his arrows in the very room  
Where monarchs breathe their last;

### THE CASKET.

**FEAR AND HOPE.**—True religion consists in a proper mixture of fear of God, and hope in his mercy; and whosoever either of these is entirely wanting, there can be no true religion. God has joined these things, and we ought by no means to put them asunder. He cannot take pleasure in those who fear him with a slavish fear, without hoping in his mercy, because they seem to consider him as a cruel and tyrannical Being, who has no mercy or goodness in his nature; and, besides, they tacitly charge him with falsehood, by refusing to believe and hope in his invitations and offers of mercy. On the other hand, he cannot be pleased with those who pretend to hope in his mercy without fearing him; for they insult him by supposing that there is nothing in him which ought to be feared; and, in addition to this, they make him a liar, by disbelieving his awful threatenings denounced

against sinners, and call in question his authority, by refusing to obey him. Those only who both fear him and hope in his mercy, give him the honour that is due to his name.

**CHRIST OUR REPRESENTATIVE.**—Christ "bore our sins" in the same sense in which the Jewish sacrifices under the law were said to bear the sins of him in whose behalf they were presented. The lamb which was offered, did not itself become a sinner, and as little did Christ, our great sacrifice, become sinful by bearing our sins. When therefore, it is said that God laid on him the iniquities of us all, and that he bore our sins in his own body on the tree; the meaning is, that God laid on him, and that he bore, the punishment which our sins deserved. Our sins were, by his own consent, imputed to him; or as the word signifies, laid to his account: and he, in consequence, though innocent, was treated as a sinner.

**THE BIBLE ENTIRELY PRACTICAL.**—We may challenge any man to point out a single passage in the Bible, which does not either teach some duty, or inculcate its performance, or show the grounds on which it rests, or exhibit reasons why we should perform it. For instance, all the perceptive part of Scripture prescribe our duty; all the invitations invite us to perform it; all promises and threatenings are motives to its performance; all the cautions and admonitions warn us not to neglect it; the historical parts inform us what have been the consequences of neglecting and of performing it; the prophetic parts show us what these consequences will be hereafter; and the doctrinal parts show us on what grounds the whole superstructure of duty, or of practical religion rests.

**THE SOUL.**—What makes the soul so valuable? Its immortality. When endless years have run on, the soul will still exist: amazing thought! Will it never tire? Will the ethereal pulsation of sublimated existence never grow heavy? Will the wheel never be broken at the cistern? Never! The soul will endure as long as the throne of God! As heaven's wall shall gather no mosses from age, neither will the soul become decrepit; and in all the multitudes of heaven not one shall be seen leaning upon his staff for very age! What! like the angels never grow old! to be always the same through dateless centuries as when first created! But cannot she annihilate herself? Oh no! the soul's literal suicide cannot be performed! No Judas Iscariot can find a sulphureous tree, or jutting wall, which in Gehenna's cavern, or burning fields, may afford him suspension between life and death. The soul must live on.

You have, doubtless, often observed that when your minds have been intently and pleasingly occupied, you have become almost unconscious of the flight of time; minutes and hours have flown away, with apparently unusual swiftness, and the setting or rising sun has surprised you, long before you expected its approach. But in heaven, the saints will be entirely lost and swallowed up in God; and their minds will be so completely absorbed in the contemplation of his ineffable, infinite, uncreated glories, that they will be totally unconscious how time, or rather, how eternity passes; and not only years, but millions of ages, such as we call ages, will be flown ere they are aware. Thus, a thousand years will seem to them but as one day, and yet so great, so ecstatic will be their happiness, that one day will be as a thousand years. And as there will be nothing to interrupt them, no bodily wants to call off their attention, no weariness to compel them to rest, no vicissitude of seasons or of day and night to disturb their contemplations; it is more than possible that innumerable ages may pass away, before they think of asking how long they have been in heaven, or even before they are conscious that a single hour has elapsed.

Nothing can be more proper for a creature that borders upon eternity, and is hastening continually to his final audit, than daily to slip away from the circle of amusements, and frequently to relinquish the hurry of business, in order to meditate on the things that belong to his eternal peace.

**REFLECTION.**—Reflection, among other advantages, enables men to arrive at the point to which they would go by a plainer and shorter pathway, than that usually trodden. How often have we accomplished undertakings with great labour and pains, which experience has afterwards enabled us to effect, in a much better manner, with half the exertion.

Reflection serves alike the small and great, it smooths the rough, and makes the crooked straight.

But if reflection is useful for regulating the affairs of this life, it is equally useful in directing us in the path to heaven. How many a stumbling-block in the road of Christian duty is removed; how many a rough dispensation has been made plain; how many a crooked providence has been straightened by reflecting on God's goodness, and meditating on his precious word! "Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still." Call to mind the faithfulness of God, the boundless love of the Redeemer, and "meditate therein day and night." "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season: his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." Ps. i.

**A MOTHER'S LOVE.**—What is so firm? Time and misfortune, penury and persecution, hatred and infamy, may roll their dark waves successively over it and still it smiles unchanged; or the more potent allurements of fortune, opulence, and pride, power and splendor, may woo her—and yet she is unmoved! Mother "loves and loves forever." What is so faithful? From infancy to age, "through good report and through evil report," the dew of maternal affection are shed upon the soul. When heart-stricken and abandoned, when branded by shame, followed by scorn, her arms are still open; her breast still kind. Through every trial that love will follow, cheer us in misfortune, support us in disease, smooth the pillow of pain, and moisten the bed of death. "Happy is he who knows a mother's love."

**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, drinking, and sleeping, from one day and night, till he is starved and destroyed.

Were governments Christian, they would not violate the repose of countries. Were people Christians, they would not hire themselves out to kill without knowing why; the military profession would be at an end. There would not be less courage in the world. The first Christian dared to die, but not to fight. They would not kill at Caesar's command, but they submitted to be killed, and dying, overthrew the altars of his gods.

He who knows, and knowing, can acknowledge his deficiency, though his foot be not on the summit, yet hath he his eye there.

It has been wisely observed, that the body cannot be healthy unless it be exercised; neither can the mind. Indolence nourishes grief. When the mind has nothing else to think of but calamities, no wonder but it dwells there.

Those who piously and conscientiously discharge the duties of the closet, generally prosper both in temporals and spirituals.