

Christian Mirror.

NEW SERIES.

WEEKLY.]

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

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POETRY.

For the Christian Mirror.

TEMPORARY PLEASURE & ENDLESS PAIN.

A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT.

I saw a fly, one fatal night,
First feel the force of candlelight.
I trembled as it nearer came,
Lured by the splendour of the flame.
It hadn't learned, poor stirring fly,
Pleasures oft charm with danger nigh.

It might have fluttered many a day,
Had it kept out of danger's way.
But round the flame it gaily flew,
And nearer still, and nearer, drew.
O, had it known, what all should learn,
The flame that warms may also burn.

I stood, a moment, looking on,
And, in the flame, both wings were gone!
Down on the table and the floor
It suffering fell, with insect roar!
Dread moment's pleasure!—What a cost!
Both wings forever—EVER—LOST!

It was enough to make one weep,
To see a FLY thus doomed to CREEP;
Doomed by its own unguarded play,
Which threw its only wings away;
Doomed, till the tread of instant death,
Or spider's fangs, should end its breath!

Thus, oft, in some alluring flame,
The youth consumes an honoured name!
Noon acts in night, the fairest sun,
When sinful pleasure's course is run!
Prospects of promise cease to last,
When character away is cast!

To lose fair fame, by shameful deeds,
Oft the most direful doom precedes.
One single step may lead below
To grovelling crimes, and groaning woe!
Nor will the tears of time suffice
To tell THE COST of pleasing vice!

Avoid, loved youth! the charming snare.
Let JEUU'S service be thy care.
He gives the quick-discerning eye
Which sees the sin and danger nigh.
His servants here to honour rise,
And mount at length beyond the skies!

FATHER.

Near Lake Champlain,
January 8th, 1844.

THE TRIALS OF THE CHRISTIAN.

BY BUNYAN.

THE trials that those men do meet withal,
That are obedient to the heavenly call;
Are manifold, and suited to the flesh;
And come, and come, and come again afresh;
That now, or sometime else, we by them may
Be "taken," "overcome," and "cast away."
O, let the pilgrims—let the pilgrims, then—
"Be vigilant," and quit themselves "like men!"

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

TO THE UNCONVERTED.

Consider your mortality!—Your breath is in your nostrils. You are not certain of another moment. The concerns of your immortal soul, the means of grace, the opportunities of salvation, the interests of eternity, ever hang off the passing instant, are all suspended upon the brittle thread of human life, and are dependent upon the frail tenure of a beating pulse. Now if death, which is ever following after you, were the end of your existence, there would be no room for anxiety; at any rate, none for the anxiety which prompts to preparation; whatever reason there would be for dread and dismay. But death is not the end, it is but the gate into eternity. "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." Annihilation would be fearful enough: to plunge into the gulf of oblivion, to cease to be forever, how horrible! But how much more horrible eternal consciousness attended with pain? Did you ever weigh the import of that most awful of all words, HELL? Death is a terrific monosyllable: from the cold touch of this last enemy all sentient beings recoil with horror. But death is only as the dark, heavy, iron covered door of the prison, which opens to, while it conceals, the sight and sounds of the dungeon. O, that first moment after death! what disclosures, what scenes, what feelings come with that moment! And that moment must come—may come soon. Should you not be anxious? Rev. J. A. James.

"MAN PROPOSES, GOD DISPOSES."

A REMARKABLE illustration of the old proverb, "man proposes, God disposes," was afforded on board the ship by which the Bishop of Zealand proceeded to his far distant diocese. After an exceedingly fine voyage, the whole distance being performed in 110 days, unattended by a single accident, a general feeling of gratitude to Almighty God was naturally excited in the minds of the passengers and crew. When the vessel arrived off Sydney, his Lordship deemed it right that expression should be given to this feeling by a thanksgiving service, and the "church bell" was sounded for that purpose. Just before the period for its celebration, an alarm was given of a "man overboard." It appeared that a seaman in the excess of joy at once more beholding land, had become intoxicated, and unfortunately fallen into the sea. A boat was instantly lowered, but the unhappy man sank almost immediately. On returning, the boat struck against the side of the vessel and instantly capsized. The bishop, who happened to be leaning over the bulwarks, threw a life preserver to the mate, who was struggling in the water, and by its assistance he succeeded in reaching the ship. A lady passenger threw a rope to another of the crew, who was also saved. A third seaman managed to scramble up the companion ladder in safety, but the fourth shared the fate from which he had just endeavoured to rescue his shipmate. It is needless to say that in a few short minutes the feeling of joy was turned to that of sorrow: the muffled bell was tolled as the signal of death, and the thanksgiving was superseded by the deeply solemn service of the burial of the dead.

THE RAINBOW.

How often has the young soldier fallen in the first of his fields! How often has the sun gone down at noon! Yet more frequently do the young die. We remember to have read the following anecdote, which was translated, I think, from the German, of a young boy and his early death:—One beautiful morning in summer, a little boy was playing on the green before his

father's door. The dew, which had fallen thick during the night, was hanging in large drops upon the long grass, and on the flowers, and shining like little globes of pearl in the sun. The little boy was greatly delighted with the drops of dew. He was called into the house. On coming out, the dew was dried up and gone. He asked his father whither it had gone. His father told him that the sun had chased it away. "Father," said the little boy, "was the sun angry with the dew-drops?" "No," replied his father. Shortly after there was a cloud, and a rainbow was seen reflected from its dark bosom. "My dear child," said the father, "you see yon rainbow? In that glorious bow are the dew-drops you admired.—There they shine the jewellery of the skies, and the foot of man shall trample on them no more. Now learn, my dear child, that what withers on earth shall bloom in heaven."

A CONTRAST OF THE FIRST AND THE SECOND ADAM.

Did the progenitor of the human race dwell in the happy plains of paradise? We beheld the second Adam in the desolate wilderness. Did the first man, who was of the earth, earthy, (1 Cor. xiii. 47) live amidst lovely trees and delicious fruits in the garden of Eden? The second man, who is the Lord from heaven, must endure hunger in a wilderness, amidst stones and rank weeds, where not an ear of corn grew to relieve the extreme necessity of His nature. Did our forefather enjoy the most delightful communion with God and the holy angels, and the society of his spotless wife? Jesus, on the contrary, with the wild beasts, as St. Mark informs us, and with the old serpent, with Satan and his angels. O, how great the contrast! But thus it was ordained of God.—Krummacher. (Christ in the Wilderness.)

THE UNIVERSE.

It is calculated that there are eighty millions of suns, twenty billions of miles apart from each other. Each of these suns has assigned to it a circular dominion in space, ten billions of miles in diameter, and within which wide domain revolve, in harmonious array and order, a retinue of at least thirty worlds, "all differing from each other" in symmetry of construction. Hence forming an aggregate of two hundred and forty millions of worlds, governed by eighty millions of suns! And it certainly cannot now be doubted, that these vast multitudes of worlds are peopled with myriads of intelligences, capable of understanding and adoring the wisdom and goodness of Him who alone can "count the stars."—E. Henderson.

TAKE CARE OF THAT TONGUE.

1. It is your tongue.—You have not the care of your neighbours' tongues. Theirs may need care; but it is with yours only that I am now concerned, and about which I am anxious deeply to interest you.

2. It is you only that can take care of it.—If your neighbours could have done it, they very likely would have done it long ere this with a vengeance. They have thought about your tongue, and used their own about it, beyond question, and would be well pleased with dominion over it. But they cannot have it. You are the only ruler.

3. It needs care.—Whose tongue does not? "The tongue is an unruly member." Not a Greek or a Roman tongue only. Not a Jewish or a Gentile tongue merely. The tongue.—Here is universality of application, and the appellation is "unruly." This net is large enough to catch all the birds. Your tongue therefore needs care.