

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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[THE following poetry is copied from an old newspaper. As descriptive of that imperishable form of human affection, "a mother's love," it is exceedingly beautiful.]

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

—He stood alone—a shunn'd and hated thing;
For he had been an outcast on the world,
And every villager had heard the tale
That stamped his brow with stain of infamy,
And knew the guilt that now, with keen remorse,
Knawed at his heart with ceaseless tooth of anguish.
Disease was preying on him; and he came
To lay his wearied and his worn-out frame
Beside his buried father. His glassy eye,
And pale and withered cheek and hollow voice,
Told that his days were numbered. And the pain
Of parting life—the torture of the mind—
Came in a sleepless night and feverish day,
Till wasted life just glimmered ere it died;
And yet none heeded these his racking pains.
The world "passed by upon the other side,"
And left him to his fate. All save one—
And she, in her old age, watched by his couch,
And wiped the clammy sweat from his cold brow.
She alone had watched his return, and now
She sat by her poor boy, to cheer the hours
When chilling darkness came upon his soul,
Nor thought of her own weakness, while she held
His aching brow upon her throbbing breast.
The lamp of life went out. And then she bore
The wasted form of him she once had
And laid him by his father.

There would she wander when the dewy eve
Had spread her sober mantle o'er the world,
And sit and weep alone. 'T was her only son
That lay beneath that mouldering pile of earth,
And she forgot the errors of his life,
And thought alone of what was lovely.
She thought of him, the infant in her lap,
And heard his artless prattle—and she saw
The sunny ringlets, as they sportive played
O'er his bright brow, in childhood's summer hours.
She thought how proudly she had loved to dwell
Upon the opening manhood of her child,
And of the hopes a mother only knows.
She thought of these and wept, and laid her head
On the cold earth that pressed upon her boy,
And wished her aged widowed heart was hushed
Within the quiet grave wherein he slept.
O! if there be within the human heart
A feeling holier than all else beside,
It is the love that warms a mother's breast,
E'en for a sinning child—the only tie
That death alone can sever, and is felt
Till the last throb of feeling is at rest.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

AMELIA V.—; OR, THE BALL.

THE period at length approached in which this young lady was to make her debut into society. It need scarcely be remarked, that not only the days, but the hours, seemed heavenly to move towards the period of her hopes. But it did at last arrive. Another week was to add the handsome Amelia to the already crowded list of candidates for the world's favour and fortune.

"A week, alas, 't was too much time to trust
The fashion of this cheerful world! 't was time
Enough to sicken and to die!"

Two days previous to the expected ball, she complained of a slight cold, and was advised to confine herself, if she expected to recover sufficiently to appear at Lady H——'s on the ensuing night. She did so—was apparently better—went to the party—fainted—and was carried home to her death-bed.

"It was very provoking, mamma, just as I was beginning to enter into the full enjoyment of all that was going forward. I never felt myself better; what could have been the cause of it?"

"Most likely, my dear, it was the agitation and excitement; but it will do you a great deal of good; it will make you less nervous the next time, and it has brought you into notice at once! There were some who would have gladly changed places with you, merely to have attracted attention!"

"Well, perhaps it was not so bad, after all. But I cried with vexation when I got home! I will soon be well, however, and I hope to do better next time, as you say. Whose will be the next party, mamma?"

"You shall go to it on tomorrow week—so make haste and get well!"

The following day, this young lady was evidently worse. Still the fears of her medical attendant were considered to be nothing, beyond the evidence of his great caution in pronouncing a favourable opinion. The ensuing day, she was worse still!

"She had better be made acquainted with her situation," he urged.

"No, no!" cried the mother, "I would not have her alarmed for the world! It is time enough! It would kill her at once! Do you want to destroy her, sir? She shall not be alarmed on any account. It is no reason, because you think fit to indulge unnecessary fears, that you should be allowed to torment the poor child with the idea that she is going to die!"

"It would not be for my advantage, madam, in any respect, that Miss V—— should die so suddenly as you seem to think she would if made aware of her situation; therefore I would not urge it, if I had the most remote apprehension of such a result," replied the doctor. "She *must* know it ere she dies, and the later it is, the greater will be the shock."

"Why do you say, before she *dies*? One would think that you had quite given her up; do you give up all hopes of her recovery, sir?"

"While God permits life to remain in the frail body, no man has a right to despair; but I would recommend her being informed of her situation."

"Certainly not, while it is possible that she may recover," said Mrs. V——.

On the succeeding day her danger was evident to all parties. On entering the room, however, the objects which first attracted attention were her ball dresses, laid before her view, in every attractive and deluding situation. Upon these her eyes were fixed with excited attention.

"Madam," said her physician, and addressing her mother, "this is most unkind to your

daughter, as well as injurious. Setting apart the unhappy tendency of such objects to lead her mind to what is least befitting a state like hers, the effect of such excitement is to increase her danger tenfold."

"I believe, doctor, that there are very few things which can add to her danger, now!" replied she, considerably agitated.

"If that be the case, madam, and you are convinced of it, there should be no time lost in informing her of the fact."

"Doctor, I told you before that I would not permit her to be alarmed by speaking of death to her at all. I am her mother, sir, and I will exercise my own judgment as to what is best for my child; you may think differently, but your opinion is no rule for my conduct! I request that there may be no more said on the subject."

While this conversation was going forward, a third person entered the room unobserved, and fixing his eyes intently on her, he said, with great solemnity, "And what wilt thou do in the end thereof?"

"Mr. W.!" screamed her mother, "what brought you here?"

"A message of life to the victim of death," he replied, still keeping his eyes fixed on the dying girl.

"I wish that you had waited until you were sent for; although you are a clergyman, you are not the person that I consider the best for her to see."

"Mamma—Mr. W.—what is all this?" said Amelia, faintly, "surely there is no danger!"

"No, my darling, no! Mr. W. has come to see you as a friend." Then turning to him—"not a word about death, Mr. W., I implore you, if you have any charity in you."

"Charity!" he replied—"charity, to permit your child to perish throughout eternity? Is that your charity, madam?"

"Mother! mother!" screamed the girl, as loud as her weak state would permit, "What is that? O mercy! mercy! Doctor, am I going to die? O, no, sure I am not!—won't you tell me that I am not? Can't you do anything for me?"

"Amelia," said the clergyman, "do not waste your precious time in seeking for the life of this world; but—"

"Why did you not tell me this before? Why do you let me die without one thought about any other life than this. Mother, do you hear me?" she cried, half frantic; "It was *you* who should have told me! Die!—I will not, I cannot die! I am not prepared to die! Mother, my curse, the curse of your lost child shall rest on your head." Why do you let me die? I won't—I won't—I won't!" she screamed louder and louder; then stretching out her hands, as if to shut out some object from her sight, she groaned—fell back—and died.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

* This may appear exaggerated, but the expressions as well as the scene were those of reality. Language much more repugnant to the feelings, was used towards her parent; but I consider what is here transcribed as enough to prove the awful responsibility which those parents assume, who act the part of such a mother.