

Christian Mirror

NEW SERIES.

WEEKLY.]

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

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POETRY.

"IS IT WELL WITH THE CHILD?"

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

"Is it well with the child?" And she answered,
"It is well."—2 Kings iv. 27.

"Is it well with the child?" And she answer'd,
"Tis well;"

But I gaz'd on the mother who spake,
For the tremulous tear, as it sprung from its cell,
Bade a doubt in my bosom awake;
And I mark'd that the bloom in her features had fled,
So late in their loveliness rare,
And the hue of the watcher that bends o'er the dead,
Was gathering in pensiveness there.

"Is it well with the child?" And she answer'd,
"Tis well."

I remember its beauty and grace,
When the tones of its laughter did tunefully swell
In affection's delighted embrace;
And thro' their long fringe, as it rose from its sleep,
Its eyes beam'd a rapturous ray,
And I wondered that silence should settle so deep
O'er the home of a being so gay.

"Is it well with the child?" And she said, "It is
well."

It hath tasted of sickness and pain,
Of the pang, and the groan, and the gasp it might
tell—

It never will suffer again.
In my dreams, as an angel, it stands by my side,
In the garments of glory and love;
And I hear its glad lays to the Saviour who died,
'Mid the choir of the blessed above.

SEASONS OF PRAYER.

To prayer, to prayer—for the morning breaks,
And earth to her Maker's smile awakes;
His light is on all below, above,
The light of gladness, the light of love.
Oh, then, on the breath of the early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer;—for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on.
Like a curtain from heaven's high hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose,
Then kneel while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night!

To prayer:—for the day that God has blest,
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest:
It speaks of creation's early bloom;
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb;
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to heaven the hallowed hours.

THE CASKET.

HOME AFFECTIONS.

The heart has memories that cannot die. The
rough rubs of the world cannot obliterate them.
They are memories of home—early home. There
is a magic in the very sound. There is the old
tree under which the light hearted boy swung on
many a summer's day—yonder the river in which

he learned to swim—there the house in which he
knew a parent's love, and found a parent's pro-
tection! now there is the room in which he
romped with brother and sister—long since, alas!
laid in the grave to which he must soon be ga-
thered, overshadowed by yon old chu. ch, whither
with a joyous troop like himself he has o'ten fol-
lowed his parents to worship with and hear the
good old man who gave him to God in baptism.
Why, even the very school house, associated in
youthful days with thoughts of fable and task,
now comes back to bring pleasant remembrance
of many an attachment there formed—many an oc-
casion that called forth generous exhibitions of
the traits of human nature. There he learned
some of his heart's best emotions. There, per-
chance, he first met the being, who, by her love
and tenderness in after life, has made home hap-
pier even than that which his childhood knew.
There are certain feelings of humanity—and,
those too, among the best—that can find an ap-
propriate place for their exercise only by one's
own fireside. There is a sacredness in the
privacy of the spot, which it were a species of
desecration to violate. He who seeks wantonly
to invade it, is neither more nor less than a vil-
lain; and hence there exists no surer test of the
debasement of morals in a community, than the
disposition to tolerate, in any mode, the man who
disregards the sanctities of private life. In the
turmoil of the world, let there be at least one
spot where the poor man may find affection that
is disinterested—where he may indulge a con-
fidence that is not likely to be abused.

ETERNITY.—The following striking passage is
published in the Memoir of Leigh Richmond, as
taken from one of the discourses of that eminent
divine.

What a scene does Eternity present!—the
years of life past—early connections dissolved—
the secrets of all hearts laid open—souls saved or
lost—Christ a frowning Judge or a welcome Sa-
viour—all mistakes and errors in religion at an
end—every false foundation undermined—a world
in flames, and consumed as though it had never
been—time itself no more—eternal ages of ages
rolling on in eternal bliss or woe. Who is suf-
ficient to speak even on these things?"

God is the source of every thing excellent or praise-
worthy in the intellectual world. To him angels and
men are alike indebted for all their faculties. Rea-
son, memory, wit, prudence, invention, and imagina-
tion, are only his gifts. The statesman, the warrior,
the mathematician, the poet, the orator, the historian,
the astronomer, the painter, and the sculptor, all
were formed, instructed and directed by him. By
his assistance, all the great enterprises, achievements,
and admirable works, which the world ever saw, were
performed. It is he, says David, who teaches my
hands to war, and my fingers to fight. It was he
who guided Columbus to the discovery of the new
world. It was he who inspired our fathers with wis-
dom and courage to cross the ocean and settle in the
wilderness. And while we admire the gifts of God
in men, shall we not admire the Giver? While we
admire the achievements, enterprises, and works of
men, shall we not admire him who enabled men to per-
form them! Shall we rest in streams, and admire
them only, without praising the fountain! Surely
this is highly unreasonable.

CHILDHOOD.—Why does childhood seem the
happiest portion of most men's lives? Because
it has no regret for the past, no fear for the fu-
ture. Wiser than the wisest, it enjoys the pres-
ent.

WISDOM.—The chief properties of wisdom are
to be mindful of things past, careful of things pre-
sent and provident of things to come.

INSUFFICIENCY OF HUMAN REASON.—Viewed
through any other medium than that of revelation,
man is a riddle which man cannot expound; a being
composed of inconsistencies and contradictions. Which
unassisted reason must for ever seek in vain to re-
concile. In vain does she endeavour to ascertain the
origin, object, and end of his existence. In vain does
she inquire in what his duty and happiness consist.
In vain does she ask what is his present concern and
future destination. Wherever she turns for informa-
tion, she is soon lost in a labyrinth of doubts and
perplexities, and finds the progress of her researches
interrupted by a cloud of obscurity, which the rays of
her feeble lamp are insufficient to penetrate.

When adversity assails you, don't grow cross
it prevents not only all sympathy for your mis-
fortune, but also all offers of assistance. People
of benevolent feelings are repulsed by your snap-
pishness.—They are obliged to stand afar off, lest
you bite them. Take the matter coolly, and like
a Christian, and then God will help you—and
your fellow-men, also.

THE SELF-CONFIDENT.—We see many who bid
high, and seem to promise fair for heaven. They act
out as if they would carry all before them, and say to
Christ's people, as Orphan did to her mother-in-law,
surely we will go with you. For a time they appear
to run well. Like a flower plucked from its stalk,
and placed in water, they look fair and flourishing.
Many of their sins seem to be subdued, and many
moral and religious duties are diligently practised.
But at length a day of trial comes. Temptations as-
sault them, the world opposes them, the sins which
seemed to be dead revive, the effect of novelty wears
off, the tumult of their feelings subsides, their little
stock of zeal and strength, and resolution, is exhaust-
ed, and they have never learned to apply to Christ for
fresh supplies. Then it appears that they had no
root in themselves. They begin to wither—their blos-
soms fall off without producing fruit—they first grow
weary, then faint, then utterly fall.

"Waste not a moment of your time, for a
moment of time is a moment of mercy.

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

IRRESOLUTION.—In matters of great concern, and
which must be done, there is no surer argument
of a weak mind than irresolution: to be un-
determined 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.—Tillotson.

DOMESTIC LIFE.—All the virtues of domestic
life are lessons which are taught in the Christian
school. It is like the sun, who though he regu-
lates and leads on the year, dispensing life and
light to all the planetary worlds, yet disdains not
to cherish and beautify the flower which opens its
bosom to his beam; so the Christian religion,
though chiefly intended to teach us the know-
ledge of salvation, and be our guide to happiness
on high, yet also regulates our conversation with
the world, extends its benign influence to every
circle of society, and peculiarly diffuseth its ble-
ssed fruits in the paths of domestic life.—Hogg.

If, while thy little bark rides on the ocean of this
world, rough storms and contrary blasts alarm thy
fears, yet remember, the voyage is short, and the
danger will soon be over: and though the skies may
darken, and the lowering aspect of the heavens terrify
and surprise thee, yet be assured, that bright scenes
will soon bless thy eyes, and more serene prospects
ravish and delight thy soul.