

Christian Mirror.

NEW SERIES.

WEEKLY.]

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

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POETRY.

RICH AND POOR.

BY T. POWELL.

I reasoned with a friend one day,
And he was rich and vain,
He rode in a lordly chariot,
And he wore a golden chain;
I told him that the poor were ground
To earth and sore oppress,
And that they looked on the churchyard
As their only place of rest.

There were proud scornings in his eye,
When I named the weary slave,
But his glances rolled unquietly
When I talked about the grave:
Said he, "I tire of this complaint,
Methinks the poor do feign."
"Come forth," quoth I, "I'll show thee why
The poor do so complain."

We met a poor child in the street,
(The day was wet and cold,)
She roamed along with bleeding feet;
She might be ten years old;
"Why do you wander here poor girl?"
Said I to the child of woe:
She looked up with trembling look,
"I've nowhere else to go."

I said, "Where is your father, child?"
She shivered in my sight,—
"My father sir," she wept, and said,
"Was killed in a great fight.
The king, sir, tore him from his home,
And left us all in pain,
My mother heard that he was killed—
He never came again.

"My mother, sir, worked night and day,
And kept us just alive,
But she grew sick, and what could I,—
The oldest of the five?
And then there came the man who comes
For taxes from the king
My mother had no money, sir,—
She sold her wedding-ring.

"'Twas not enough, the dark man said,
'The king must have his right';
And so they seized my mother's bed—
My mother died that night.
We had no bread that night to eat;
My sisters sorely cried;
Some cried for bread, and some because
Our mother dear had died.

"The youngest one was little Jane,
And she was three years old,
She kissed her mother's cheek, and cried
'Dear sisters, 'tis so cold!'
I wander in the streets all day,
And beg to get some bread,
And though I know 'tis wicked, sir,
I wish that I were dead."

I look'd upon the rich man's face,
He twirled his golden chain;
This is one reason why, quoth I,
The poor do so complain;

They're drugg'd away to murder those
Whom Jesus died to save,
And thousands of our slaughtered poor,
Like dogs hung to their grave.

THE CASKET.

CUVIER'S DISCOVERIES.

Before Cuvier's time, history and tradition, and stern reason, had indicated to man but one creation, and one period for its duration. The stary heavens disclosed to us no prospect of their passing away. But, now that it has been proved that our globe has been the theatre of such transcendent movements—the seat of so much revolution and change—the birth place and the grave of so many by a magic stroke, a beautiful form has been transformed into a witch. It requires a great deal, under such circumstances, to keep friends warm and unchanged—a great demand of goodness, a great demand of clearness of vision, is made from any one, when, under these circumstances, he is required to remain true in the same love, to persevere in the same faith, to wait patiently for the time when the magic shall loose its power, when the changed one shall come back again; and yet he, all the time, be able only to present himself by quiet prayers, mild looks, and affectionate care! I say great purity of vision, because the true friend never loses sight of the heavenly image of his friend, but sees it cycles of organic life—may we not expect to find analogous laws in the planetary system of which that globe forms a part? Launched on the boundless ocean of space, the ark of human reason has no pilot at its helm, and no pole-star for its guide; but an authority which cannot err, has issued the decree that the heavens themselves shall wax old as a garment, and as a vesture shall be folded up; and that while they shall perish and pass away, a new heaven shall arise—the abode of happiness, and the seat of immortality. What this change is to be, we dare not even conjecture; but we see in the heavens themselves some traces of destructive elements and some indication of their power. The fragments of broken planets—the descent of meteoric stones upon our globe—the wheeling comets welding their loose materials at the solar furnace—the volcanic eruptions on our satellite—the appearance of new stars, the disappearance of others,—are all forshadowings of that impending convulsion to which the system of the world is doomed. Thus placed on a planet which is to be burnt up, and under heavens which are to pass away—thus treading, as it were, on the cemeteries and dwelling in the mausoleums of the former worlds—let us learn from reason the lesson of humility and wisdom—if we have not already been taught it in the school of revelation.—*North British Review.*

CHRISTIANITY.—Like a child, goes wandering over the world. Fearless in its innocence, it is not abashed before princes, nor confounded by the wisdom of synods. Before it the blood-stained warrior sheathes his sword, and plucks the laurel from his brow, the midnight murderer turns from his purpose, and like the heart smitten disciple goes out and weeps bitterly. It brings liberty to the captive, joy to the murderer, freedom to the slave, repentance and forgiveness to the sinner, hope to the faint hearted and assurance to the dying. It enters the hut of the poor man, and sits down with them and their children; it makes them contented in the midst of privations and leaves behind an everlasting blessing. It walks through the cities amid all their pomp and splendor, their imaginable pride, and their unutterable

misery, a purifying, ennobling, correcting, and redeeming angel. It is like the beautiful companion of childhood, and the comfortable associate of age. It ennobles the noble; gives wisdom to the wise; and new grace to the lovely. The patriot, the priest, the poet, and the eloquent man, all derive their sublime power from its influence.

GOD AND HIS WORKS.—All the worlds live for one another, and operate on each other, although in an invisible manner; silently work they all at the web of beauty and happiness, which the All-good from eternity to eternity has unfolded before all created beings.—Great is the Creator, worthy of all adoration,—yes! but even on this account, because he reveals himself also in the very smallest thing and because the smallest feeling and thinking being is of as much value to him as the greatest of his heavenly bodies. The earth on which the Saviour walked, he was overarched with her canopy of stars, that his children may behold that he is as mighty as he is full of love. Ah! glance freely and full of confidence up to heaven, for it is also created for thee!

BRIGHT HOURS ON EARTH.—There is on earth much sorrow and much darkness; there is crime and sickness; the shriek of despair—and the deep, long, silent torture! Ah, who can name them all? the sufferings of poor humanity in their manifold pale dispensations! But God be praised, there is also affluence of goodness and joy—there are noble deeds, fulfilled hopes, moments of rapture, decades of blissful peace—bright marriage days, and calm, holy death-beds.

IS IT NEVER TOO LATE.—"Ah! that I could be heard by all oppressed, dejected souls! I would cry to them—'Lift up your head, and confide still in the future! and believe that it is NEVER too late!' See! I too was bowed down by long long suffering, and an old age had, moreover, overtaken me, and I believed that all my strength had vanished—that my life and my sufferings were in vain; and behold, my head has again been lifted up, my heart appeased, my soul strengthened; and now, in my fiftieth year, I advance into a new future, attended by all that life has of beautiful and worthy of love.

"The change in my soul has enabled me better to comprehend life and suffering, and I am now firmly convinced that there is no fruitless suffering, and that no virtuous endeavour is in vain. Winter days and nights may bury beneath their pall of snow the corn; but when the spring arrives, it will be found equally true that there grows much corn in the winter night.

THE CHANGED.—It not unfrequently happens that people, whether it arises from physical or moral causes, become wonderfully unlike themselves. Irritability, violence, in discretion, and unkindness, suddenly reveal themselves in a hitherto gentle and amiable character; and as if through every veil of casualty, even when it is concealed from all, nay even from the faulty one's self. He has faith in it, he loves it, he lives for it, and says 'Wait, have patience! it will go over and then he (or she) comes back again!' And whoever has such a friend comes back indeed!

SHORT BUT GOOD.—Let young people remember that good temper will gain them more esteem and happiness, than the genius and talents of all the bad men that ever existed.

Happiness, absolutely taken, denotes the durable possession of perfect good, without any mixture of evil.