

THE TORONTO CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.

Vol. III.

TORONTO, APRIL, 1853.

No. 3.

Poetry.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

By Mrs. GILMOUR.

Sweet as the morn, when in the east
Her rosy steps appear,
And softly while ascending breathes,
Ambrosia through the air.

Refreshing, as the dew that's shed,
From her resplendent wing,
And blooms anew earth's sun-parch'd bed,
Which drinks the nectar in.

So, sweet in this benighted scene,
Is friendship's smiling day;
It shouts the opening shades between,
And shines the gloom away.

So gently, to the drooping heart
Friendship's refreshing dews,
A genial influence imparts,
And every form renews.

Softly its fructifying pow'rs,
Wake energies unknown,
And from its peaceful verdant bow'rs,
Is heard the voice of song.

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND

My times are in thy hand!
I know not what a day
Or e'en an hour may bring to me,
But I am safe while trusting thee,
Though all things fade away.
All weakness, I
On him rely,
Who fixed the earth, and spread the starry sky.

My times are in thy hand!
Pale poverty or wealth,
Corroding care, or calm repose,
Spring's balmy breath, or winter's snows;
Sickness or buoyant health—
Whate'er betide,
If God provide.

'Tis for the best—I wish no lot beside:

My times are in thy hand!
Should friendship pure illumine,
And strew my path with fairest flowers,
Or should I spend life's dreary hours
In solitude's dark gloom,
Thou art a friend,
Till time shall end,
Unchangeably the same—in thee all beauties blend.

My times are in thy hand!
Many or few my days,
I leave with thee—this only pray,
That by thy grace, I, every day
Devoting to thy praise,
May ready be,
To welcome thee,
Whene'er thou com'st to set my spirit free.

My times are in thy hand!
Howe'er those times may end,
Sudden, or slow my soul's release,
Midst anguish, frenzy, or in peace,
I'm safe with Christ my Friend!
If he is nigh,
Howe'er I die,
'Twill be the dawn of heavenly ecstasy.

My times are in thy hand!
To thee I can intrust
My slumbering clay, till thy command,
Bids all the dead before thee stand,
Awaking from the dust.
Beholding thee,
What bliss 'twill be
With all thy saints to spend eternity!

To spend eternity
In Heaven's unclouded light!
From sorrow, sin, and frailty free,
Beholding and resembling thee—
O too transporting sight!
Prospect too fair
For flesh to bear,
Haste! haste, my Lord, and soon transport me
there!

Doctrine and Duty.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.]

THE PROPHETIC ORACLES.—No. I.

THE FIRST PROPHECY.

"I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel. (Gen. iii. 15.) Such is the first intimation of grace to man. In the very midst of a sentence of wrath against the tempter, there are strange accents of mercy; and an unexpected purpose of love to the tempted is revealed in obscure and general terms—but though it left most untold, it yet clearly indicated that God had espoused man's cause, and that Satan, now the victor, was to be overthrown—fatally wounded—his head bruised.

We do not stop to enquire how far this prophecy was intelligible to our First Parents. We ask the reader's attention to this brief announcement of conflict and of conquest, as it is unfolded to us in the now-completed canon of Scripture.

The first prophecy foreshadowed that man's deliverer was to be of the woman's seed, Satan's enemy a sufferer and a conqueror. These particulars at once point to Christ. He was born of a woman—a being of flesh and blood, yet supernaturally born; so that while he was the woman's seed he was also Divine. He was truly man—as truly was he God; and as God, enmity to Satan was a part of his very nature, Satan and his seed hated Christ, just because they hated holiness; and in the conflict which ensued Christ was bruised. He suffered, but he never sinned—his heel was bruised, but not his head. He went down into the grave without pollution, and he came forth without soiling corruption. In that accursed death of the cross, man's deliverance was achieved; and Satan's despotism received a death blow. The gate of heaven is open for sinners, the ruined are redeemed, death despoiled of his sting, Satan's power will soon be completely destroyed—and thus the first prophecy has received a partial fulfillment; and soon will be completely brought to pass—that which is written.

We say completely brought to pass; for the victory is not yet secured. The Church, that body of which Christ is the head, is at enmity with Satan and his seed, and the conflict is still going on which is ere long to be consummated in a glorious victory—the God of peace shall bruise Satan under her feet shortly. (Rom. xvi. 20.) As between Christ and the serpent, so between Christ's people and the serpent's brood, there has ever been enmity. This enmity has ever been manifested on the one hand by love to holiness, hatred to sin, and uncompromising opposition to all ungodliness. On the other, it has manifested itself in unceasing efforts to sweep away the church of God from off the face of the earth; sometimes by sowing tares secretly in times of quiet, and again by fierce persecutions in which the blood of saints has been poured out like water. In all this the church is ever victorious. Satan can only bruise the heel—of all that the Father hath given Christ he hath lost none.

Thus it will continue to be up to the very