

Christian Mirror.

NEW SERIES.

WEEKLY.]

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

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POETRY.

THEY THAT SOW IN TEARS SHALL REAP IN JOY.

There is an hour of hallowed peace
For those with cares distressed,
When sighs and groans and tears shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest ;—
Tis then the soul is free from fears,
And doubts that her annoy—
And they, who oft have sown in tears,
Shall reap again with joy.

There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more ;
The stream of endless pleasure flows
Along that heavenly shore ;
There smiling peace with love appears,
And bliss without alloy ;
And they who once have sown in tears
Now reap eternal joy.

When the revealing hour is near
That sunders every tomb,
And on our way of doubts and fear
We pass the valley's gloom—
O Jesus, calm our mortal fears ;
Let praise our lips employ—
So we, who here have sown in tears,
May reap in heaven with joy.

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

ON REDEEMING TIME.

IF before the flood, when men lived for centuries, they reckoned their continuance on earth by days, surely it becomes us to reckon up our ages by hours. By hours, and who thinks of an hour? Who calculates its worth, or lives according to the calculation? None but he who values it for Christ, and who passes it with him and for him. He only saves the hour; he alone "redeems the time." All other time is lost but this, and sinks into worse than oblivion. O what are men employed in! What paltry occupations engross their hearts, their hands, and their lives. Could they feel the worth of time by knowing the worth of grace in time, is it possible that not only their busy but their vacant hours should slide away without any concern upon their minds how they slide, or for what they have been spent? Look back, believer, if all out of Christ has not been "vanity or vexation of spirit;" look forward, and count if any thing on earth can promise thee more. But O that joy and peace in believing, which will exceed the calculation of time, and which is not reckoned by the world at all. This, and this only, like purified gold in the fire, remains to enrich thee. This, like its Author, can never be lost. This, and the Gospel through which it is given, shall brighten to eternity. With respect to the busy blustering and the fleeting world, thou mayest sing, with a writer of old,

"Peaceful let me live below,
Though my life I pass unknown,
Careless whether others know,
If my name the Lord will own."

Thou art indeed unknown, and yet well known, unknown by man, well known of God. And soon shalt thou "know even as also thou art known;" here language fails and imagination is absorbed; thou canst only add, "O the depth of the wisdom and knowledge of God. How unsearchable are his judgments and his ways past finding out."—*Scoble*.

A SEARCHING INQUIRY.

THIS is my request to you, that you will take your heart to task, and thus examine yourself, till you see whether you are converted or not.

The matter is great; let nothing hinder you. It undoes many thousands, that they think they are in the way of salvation when they are not; and think that they are converted, when it is no such thing. Is there not many a self-deceiving man or woman, that never bestowed one hour in all their lives to examine their souls, and try whether they are truly converted or not? The greatest hope that the devil has of bringing you to destruction, without a rescue, is, by keeping you blindfold, and ignorant of your state, and making you believe that you may do well enough in the way that you are in. If you knew that you were out of the way to heaven, and were lost for ever if you should die as you are, dare you sleep another night in the state that you are in? Dare you live another day in it? Could you heartily laugh, or be merry, in such a state? What! and not know but you may be snatched away to hell in an hour! Surely it would drive you to cry to God for mercy and pardon, and to seek help of those that are fit to counsel you. There is none of you, surely, that cares not for being lost. Well, then, I beseech you immediately to make inquiry into your heart, and give it no rest, till you find out your condition; that, if it be good, you may rejoice in it, and go on; and if it be bad, you may look about you for recovery, as one that believes he must turn or die.—*Barter*.

THE PARTING OF FRIENDS.

THERE is scarcely a human being in existence who has not known what it is to part with a friend,—to leave, or to be left by, some one whom he loved, and whose companionship it grieved him to forego. Yes, it is too true. We cannot keep the beings we love best always beside us; we cannot pass the full term of an existence (brief though it may be) in the immediate centre of all whom we most regard. But if we know that in life there are many partings, we also know that there is another parting more grievous still—the parting of death. "It is appointed unto all men once to die;" and who is there who dies and leaves no sorrowing companion behind him? Every person has somebody who cares for him; every individual has his associate; every grave has its mourner. The Scripture tells us that the world fadeth away, and the fashion thereof; and represents it as one of the many joys of heaven, that there all parting shall be unknown. There those we love, and who have gone before, shall be for ever with us; and "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things shall have passed away." In the meantime, however, and as long as earth is our home, we must bow to the decree of Providence, and submit, every one for himself, more or less frequently, to the universal law of separation. What is it that shall arm us sufficiently for this trial? Religion, and nothing else. For the Christian is ever looking beyond the present scene, and even in the heaviest season of separation from those he loves best, he remembers that from God he can never be separated. Although all other friends should leave him, he knows he has still one Friend "that sticketh closer than a brother," and adopts also for himself the beautiful sentiment of the Psalmist, "When my Father and my mother forsake me then the Lord will take me up."

CHRIST IS ALL IN ALL.

How truly is it said of Christ that he is "all in all," in the covenant of grace. He is head and representative as Adam in the old covenant, (Rom. v.) He is the angel or messenger, (Mal.

iii. 1.) of God in the Sinai covenant. He is the witness of the covenant, (Isaiah lv. 4); the faithful witness, whose words and deeds, as approved of God, abundantly attest it. He is the Surety of the covenant, (Heb. vii. 22), both on God's part (John vi. 37-39,) and on ours, (2 Cor. v. 21.) He is the Testator of the covenant, (Heb. ix. 16, 17,) having died to seal and ratify it in his own blood. He is the Mediator of the covenant, (Heb. viii. 6); the daysman or administrator of it, ordering all things, in terms of it, for the glory of the Father, and the salvation of his people. In fine, he is the Substance of the covenant. I will give thee (Isaiah xlix. 8,) a covenant for the people. He is himself our peace, our life, our salvation, in whom, on both sides, its terms are fulfilled and its blessings secured.

PROVIDENCE.

THE vine, one day, complained weeping to heaven of the injustice of her lot! I am planted, said she, among parched rocks, and am obliged to produce fruit replenished with juice; while the reed in the valley, which produces nothing but dry down, grows at its ease on the banks of the stream. "Oh, vine!" replied a voice from heaven, "complain not of thy destiny. Autumn will come, when the reed shall perish without honour on the brink of the morass; but the rains of heaven shall refresh thee in the mountains, and thy juice, ripened among rocks, shall console men and rejoice the gods.

Thus, prosperous worldling, though now, like the reed, thou rejoicest during thy summer upon the bank of thy worldly stream; yet thy autumn will come, when thy leaf shall wither, and thou shalt be scattered like chaff "from the presence of the Lord."

AFFLICTION ROUSES THE CHRISTIAN.

AFFLICTIONS, like tempests, make us look to our tackling, patience; and to our anchor, hope; and to our helm, faith; and to our chart, the Word of God; and to our captain, Christ; whereas security, like a calm, makes us forget both our danger and our deliverer.

USEFUL HINTS.

A PROUD man hath no God, for he has put God down and set himself up. An unpeaceable man has no neighbour, for he has driven them all away. A distrustful man has no friend, for he has disobliged all. Who will befriend him who hath no good opinion of another? A discontented man hath not himself—he has lost himself, because things are not as he would.

A SURE INHERITANCE.

THE celebrated Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork, who rose from a humble station in life to the highest rank, and passed through strange and trying vicissitudes, used these words as his motto, and ordered them to be engraved on his tomb: "God's providence is my inheritance."

CONJUGAL LOVE.

AFFECTION may be won by the sweetness of disposition, and esteem and respect by talents and by virtue; but no other quality can confer the nameless interest which arises from a happy congruity of tastes and of pursuits. To feel with one heart, to judge with one mind, and to look to the same high and pure sources for happiness, are most beautiful links in the golden chain of domestic union.