

Christian Mirror.

NEW SERIES.

WEEKLY.]

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

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POETRY.

CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

When Jordan hush'd his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill;
When Bethlehem's shepherds, through the night,
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light;

Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptur'd soul.

Then swift to every startled eye,
New streams of glory light the sky;
Heaven bursts her azure gates to pour
Her spirits to the midnight hour.

On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came:
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they struck their harps and sung:—

O Zion! lift thy raptur'd eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh,
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

See Mercy from her golden urn,
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn;
Behold, she bids with tender care
The bleeding bosom of despair.

He comes! to cheer the trembling heart,
Bids Satan and his hosts depart;
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom:

O Zion! lift thy raptur'd eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh:
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign!

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

From the Ladies' Temperance Mirror.

DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM A FRAGMENT.

Ah! that was a fearful hour when the anger of the Lord was poured upon Jerusalem to the uttermost; when the cup of her iniquity, already full and trembling at the brim, received its last drop of bitterness, and overflowed in tears and blood, and amidst the shouts of the victors, and shrieks of the vanquished—amidst the peal of trumpet—the clash of arms, and the crash of walls, and tower and temple thundering down, amidst fire and smoke upon the crushed combatants below. The glory of Jerusalem was extinguished forever, and the heathen passed on in his pride and fury, through streams of blood, and over the mangled bodies of the dead and dying, to trample under foot the City of the Lord.

Here lie ten thousand warriors weltering in their gore, and strewn in promiscuous carnage around, you behold the helpless infancy, hoary age, and feeble womanhood. You witness the falling tear, suppressed agony, and fierce convulsions. You hear mild entreaty, fervent prayer, bitter curses, the loud manic laugh, horrid blasphemy, and groans of unutterable woe! Here is a rush of armed men to the temple—ten thousand men are around it, and six thousand are within its walls, resolved to defend, or to perish with it. And now amidst the din of battle and clouds of dust and smoke, the Roman eagle is seen darting onward, and the Roman battle-axe is heard doing its work of death; and there are cleft helmets and broken swords, and shivered lances, and shields transfixed in the fight; and the bleeding arm is just severed from the body, and the gasping head is just rolling from

the trunk, and ten thousand souls passing away with shrieks into eternity. When from the topmost temple there bursts a broad black cloud, and from it, as from the bosom of a volcano, issues one wide sheet of lurid flame, consuming the six thousand within its bosom, and blazing upward to the sky, and shedding a bright light on the scene of ruin below! Jerusalem is fallen! Her lofty towers, her stately palaces, her gorgeous temples, levelled with the dust, and their broken fragments strewn upon the ground; the ploughshare of destruction has passed over her!

It is mournful, indeed, to stand thus amidst the wreck of human greatness, and see all man's pomp and power and pride, the choicest products of his genius, the proudest monuments of his power, lie shattered and shivered at your feet. But there is a far more mournful spectacle than this; it is an immortal mind in ruins! its fine proportions marred, its noble lineaments defaced, and all the mighty elements of its being let loose in wild confusion to war against each other.—*Rev. D. S. Burchard.*

THE CHANGES OF LIFE.

A few days are sufficient to teach those who have entered upon the journey of life, that the world through which they are passing is one of constant change. The recorded history of nations—governments that have swayed the sceptre of a world—kingdoms that have successively risen and fallen, are written on the pages of the past, to admonish succeeding generations that change and uncertainty is the lot of all terrestrial things. The monarch that to-day may have awed with terror the world, to-morrow has surrendered to a conqueror!

Napoleon Buonaparte, once the arbiter of Europe's destiny, and who by his talents and genius placed himself "above all Greek, above all Roman time," yields up his breath, an exile on the island of St. Helena!—General Bertrand, who was the companion in arms and enjoyed the friendship of Napoleon, and who was one of the greatest generals of the French Empire, now remains but a monument of that eventful era when, side by side, they were pushing their mighty efforts of universal conquest. The sudden and untimely end of Belshazzar, of Hannibal the Carthaginian warrior, and of Alexander, who vied for another world to conquer, furnish lessons of wisdom upon this subject.

We need not, however, refer to the nations of antiquity; the events which are daily occurring around us are fraught with instruction. In taking a retrospective glance over a brief period, we are led to contemplate changes which have occurred within the circle of our acquaintance, and to exclaim, "How are the mighty fallen!" Many a man, the morning of whose life was dimmed by no cloud, has seen the sun of his prosperity go down at noon! What numbers in this single city, who once possessed wealth, and were surrounded by friends, have seen their riches "make to themselves wings, and flee away," and their friends in prosperity, now in the hour of calamity, "pass by on the other side!" Ask of those who are clad in the habiliments of mourning the cause of their grief, and they will answer, "the changes of earth!"

Change and uncertainty, then, being inseparably connected with all that pertains to sublunary things, it is not the part of wisdom to depend upon them for our greatest good;—myriads of the human family have tried them, but the last accents which have quivered upon their dying lips, has been "disappointed hope." Let us, then, place our affections not on the things of the earth, but on things above; and then, having struggled a little longer with the maddening storms of adversity, and the furious whirlwinds of disappointment, we shall be moored upon the shores of immortality, where tears will be wiped from every eye, and change and disappointment be known no more.

OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

Galileo, when suspected of the guilt of atheism, took a straw from the floor of his cell in the Inquisition, and informed his accusers that in the construction and design of that vegetable tube he saw the hand of God most distinctly revealed, without the necessity of any other evidence whatever.

But how should we stand reprov'd and self-con-

dem'd, from considering how little accordance in general there is between the demonstrations of God, which are daily and unceasingly pouring in around us, and the ordinary tenor and habitude of our minds? What folly, what inconsideration, what enmity against God, characterises the heart and the thoughts of man! The whole scene of nature and providence is fitted to arrest and to fix our attention upon Him who ruleth over all, and who is everywhere present, beholding the evil and the good. The morning proclaims his loving-kindness, and the evening his faithfulness. The varied seasons of the rolling year all speak of him. Whether it be the howling blasts of winter or the gentle opening of the budding spring—the gay luxuriance of blooming summer, or the abundant riches of gathered autumn, that draw our attention to God, all direct us to lift the hymn of gratitude to His name, who has fixed their ordinances with a regularity that shall endure as long as the earth remains. The universe is replete with the evidences of his presence—the traces and manifestations of his divine perfections. When you look to the heavens you behold the magnificence of his creative and constructive power, in those vast systems, receding into endless space, which perform, in immeasurable fields, their majestic and ceaseless revolutions. When you walk abroad through nature's landscapes, each scene of loveliness that meets your eye—each object of interest that fixes your attention—all the organisation and beauty that you admire, whether in things animate or inanimate—the very flowers of the earth, the grass of the field or the insect that almost eludes your observation as it fulfills its ephemeral destiny—all proclaim to you the being and the perfections of him, who is the universal parent of all, and whose every work reveals him to be excellent in working and wonderful in counsel. But instead of telling you where you may find God, let us rather ask, where is he not? Can you see from his presence or hide yourselves from his Spirit, or leave behind you the proofs of existence, or escape beyond the limits of his authority and of his law? The creation through out all its departments, is a witness of God, and an impressive demonstration of accordance to his sovereign will. It responds to every impulse of his power, and fulfils every dictate of his mind. How pointedly does the sun from day to day-keep his track, and observe his time of rising and going down! With what regularity do the waters of the great deep ebb and flow; and all the processes of nature observe their appointed courses. And is it, that the human heart the seat of unholy passions and rude tumultuous desires, is the only place where God is not obeyed, and his will not complied with? O what a miracle of wickedness is every ungodly, impenitent man! He appears as a dark blot on the face of creation, that absorbs without reflecting or manifesting the image of its Author—a jarring chord, that mars the sacred symphony of that mighty harp, whose every string tells in sweetest music that the hand which framed, and which touches it is divine. Let every irreligious man consider the host of witnesses around him and above him, which declare the power and glory of God. Let him meditate upon the Divine Majesty—the infinite excellence of the adorable Jehovah. Let him ponder his divine and unquestionable right to receive from his rational creatures, all praise, and honour, and blessing, and thanksgiving. "The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens and his kingdom extendeth over all. Bless the Lord, ye his angels that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word. Bless ye the Lord all ye his hosts, ye ministers of his that do his pleasure. Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominions. Bless the Lord, O my soul!"—*Dr. Forbes of St. Paul's, Sermon on Psalm xvi. 5. 6.*

FOR THE LADIES.—The following is particularly recommended to the ladies. "Let your ear-rings be Attention encircled by the pearls of Refinement; the diamond of your necklace Truth, and the chain of Christianity; your breastpin Charity, ornamented with the pearls of Gentleness; your finger-rings be Affection, set round with diamonds of Industry; your girdle Simplicity, with the tassels of Good Humour; let your thicker garb be virtue, and your drapery Politeness; let your shoes be Wisdom, secured by the strings of Perseverance."