

CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF RELIGION AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

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

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GENERAL LITERATURE.

THE HEBREW FOUNDLING.

(CONCLUDED.)

NOR was it for preservation alone that Moses was indebted to that benevolence which was excited in the heart of the tyrant's daughter. The education which would adapt him most completely for his arduous labours, and which in the tents of Goshen he could never have obtained, was imparted to him in consequence of her patronage.—Science unfolded to him its secrets, and he became "learned," as the martyr Stephen observes, "in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." A complete separation from his own people would however have deprived him of a species of knowledge of far greater value than any which he could derive from the philosophers of Pharaoh's court.—It was a part, therefore, of the arrangement made for him by the providence of God, that his earliest teacher should be his pious mother. She taught him to reverence the one living and true God, the Creator of all, and to offer him his daily prayer and praise. She taught him the fragments of sacred history which had been transmitted by their ancestor, from which he learned to regard his people as a peculiar people, chosen by the Most High to the enjoyment of his special favour, though now in bondage. She taught him to look forward to the coming of the promised Shiloh, the great descendant of their father Abraham, in whom all nations should be blessed.—"Moses, my son," said she, "all Egypt could not recompense thee for the loss of his favour, who will gather around him the men of all ages who have borne the reproach of looking for his appearing, and will confer upon them everlasting happiness." And by these instructions, blessed by the spirit of God operating on his young mind, as that Spirit delights to operate on those for whom the prayer of faith has been presented by their parents, Moses was led to prize his birthright, and regard the Hope of Israel as of greater value than any thing that earthly dignities could yield.

The patronage of Pharaoh's daughter afforded also opportunity for the manifestation, in the matured character of Moses, of the power of religious principle. There are indeed no circumstances in which faith has not opportunity, if it be genuine, to exert a visible influence on the heart and conduct. To the man who in ancient days looked forward to the coming of Messiah to bruise the head of the arch-adversary, and to restore rebellious sinners to their allegiance, and to the man who in subsequent times has looked back on the suffering Redeemer, dying on Calvary, the just, for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, faith has always been purifying, as well as consolatory. Repentance for sin, love to God, and a readiness to submit to his authority and obey his laws, necessarily spring from just apprehensions of the grace of God towards us, as exhibited in Emanuel.

Whatever be the condition of the true believer his faith will produce perceptible fruits. The patience of the Christian slave beneath

the lash, the resignation of the Christian captive in the dungeon, and the meekness of the Christian martyr in the midst of his persecutors, bring glory to God, and show the efficacy of his grace. But in nothing is the power of religious principle more strikingly evinced than in the renunciation of worldly ease, affluence, and honour, in obedience to the dictates of an enlightened conscience. "By faith," we are told in the Epistle to the Hebrews, "Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt; for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward." Heb. xi. 24—26. A course like this could not have been adopted by one in the circumstances of Moses without internal conflict.

It is easy to imagine him seated in the palace, deliberating with great anxiety respecting the prospects which lay open before him. "Is it cowardice or is it prudence that prompts me to hold myself at a distance from my Hebrew connexions, and push my fortune at the court of Pharaoh? Shall I throw away recklessly the advantages of my position, stepping down from the elevation which a merciful providence has assigned me? Shall I grieve the heart of my kind patroness, by avowing my kindred, and renouncing those bright hopes which she has taught me to cherish? What are those expectations which my nurse, who tells me she is my mother, has excited in my mind? God, she declares, has promised to make our nation prosperous, and to raise up in the midst of us a prince of unequalled glory; but four hundred years have passed away since this promise was first given, and what sign do we see of its fulfilment? Is not the present better than the distant future? If I possess Egypt, may I not spare the reversion of an inheritance in Canaan?"

Such might have been the language of Moses. To such reasonings thousands have yielded. But that God who had been his protector in infancy was his guide in manhood; and he influenced his heart to make a just and wise decision. He felt that everlasting interests were at stake, that the fashion of this world is passing away, and that human life is but a vapour. He felt that the friendship of the Omnipotent would more than compensate for whatever loss or contumely he might be called to sustain. "He is my God," said he, "and I will prepare him a habitation; my father's God, and I will exalt him."

Should any reader be led by similar considerations to surrender his heart to that Redeemer, an interest in whose salvation appeared to Moses to be more valuable than any dignities which Pharaoh could bequeath, he will probably have to experience some reproach and temporal loss.—The course of this world must be resisted by him who follows Christ, and the natural propensities of the heart must be repressed and mortified.—But "this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

"Then we begin to live indeed,
When from our sin and bondage freed
By this beloved Friend;
We follow him from day to day
Assured of grace through all the way,
And glory at the end."

London Baptist Magazine.

THE DYING MOTHER.

"There is a sweetness in woman's decay,
When the light of beauty is fading away;
When the bright enchantment of youth is gone,
And the tint that glowed, and the eye that shone,
And darted round its glance of power,
And the lip that vied with the sweetest flower
That ever in Parstun's garden blew,
Or ever was steeped in the garden dew—
When all that was bright and fair is fled,
But the loveliness lingering round the dead."

PERCIVAL.

IT was a summer's day, so bright and beautiful, that an angel wandering from his heavenly sphere might almost have fancied himself still in paradise, and forgotten that man had ever sinned. Streams of water danced and sparkled in the sunbeams, sweet flowers sent forth their fragrance upon the air, and the birds warbled their wildest songs in the shady grove. All seemed joy and gladness; but at that very hour, in the stillness of her chamber, and surrounded by her sorrowing friends, one of the loveliest of God's creatures was bidding adieu to the earth and all its joys. In the spring of youth and hope and feeling, when life seemed sweetest, and the ties that bound her to earth were strongest, her spirit was slowly passing away.—They had moved her couch to the open window, and now the golden rays of the setting sun streamed richly into the chamber of the dying. The warm breeze kissed the pallid cheek, and played upon her bright tresses, thus clustered around her brow for the last time. She knew that she should never look upon the bright beautiful world again. She felt that life was ebbing away, and few were the moments left to her on earth, and as she looked that last long look, her eye beamed with "unwonted fires," and a bright smile lightened up her countenance. Her lips parted, and a low, sweet voice broke the solemn stillness—"Bring hither my child—let him receive his mother's dying blessing."

They brought to her bedside a young and happy boy, who had never before known sorrow; but now his joyous laugh was hushed, the smile had vanished from his lip, and his bright eyes were sad and wondering.—They had told him that his mother was dying, and although he knew not what death meant, he felt that death was something terrible.—He placed his little hand in hers; and looked fearfully into her face; but that smile re-assured him, and he lisped that word so dear to every woman's heart, "mother!"—What a host of agonised feelings were stirred up in the heart of the invalid as he uttered that word. She closed her eyes, and for a moment her countenance was convulsed with the intense struggle. It was only for a moment: she was calm, and the same bright smile was there again. All was hushed in breathless silence until she spoke.