

Christian Mirror.

NEW SERIES.

WEEKLY.]

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

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POETRY.

THE BEREAVED FATHER.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"Not my will, but THINE."

I had a tender blossom,
Its nursing root was dead,
And in my breast I hid it,
When its angel mother fled!
But at every blast I shudder'd,
And I trembled, day and night,
Lest some unseen destroyer,
My only bud should blight.

Two years of ceaseless care,
Yet of pure and sacred joy,
Brought forth in ruddy health,
My lovely prattling boy,
With the curls around his forehead,
And the lustre in his eye,
And the music on his lip,
Like a song-bird of the sky.

In wakeful hours I mused,
And I wish'd, while others sleep,
That for his precious sake,
My wealth was broad and deep;
So I forc'd my lingering spirit
For a little while to go,
And gather for my son,
Where the gold and silver grow.

The old nurse loved my blooming boy,
And to her neck he clung,
With his clasping, ivory arms,
And his busy, flattering tongue.
She promised to be faithful,
With a tear upon her cheek,
And I tore myself away,
While he lay in slumber meek.

Both night and day I toil'd,
But my heart was with my child,
And on my every labor
Propitious fortune smiled;
Then I homeward set my face,
When the spring flowers' gan to blow;
Oh! for an eagle's pinion!
The flying car how slow!

I bought the baubles that he loved,
The tiny, gilded drum,
The crimson banner'd host
Then to mimic battle come;
The argonautic shells
That sailed in pearly fleet,
And, in its pretty, garnish'd cage,
The bright wing'd parrotquet.

My trees!—my roof!—I know them well;
Though midnight's veil was drear,
The pale nurse—lamp was flickering
Within the nursery dear;
But a muffled watcher started thence
At my impatient tread,
And there my cherish'd darling lay
On his white mattress bed.

How still!—my God!—Is there no voice!
And has it come to this?
The white lip quivers not
To my impassion'd kiss,
The coldness of the grave is here—
My idol! can it be?
Oh Father! from thy throne above
In mercy look on me!

They told me how the fever raged,
And in his frantic dream,
How he call'd upon the absent
With shrill, discordant scream;
How he set his teeth on cup and spoon
With bated medicine fraught,
But at his father's treasured name
He took the bitterest draught.

God gave me strength to lay him
Where his young mother slept,
The fragrant vines she used to train,
Around her feet had crept;
But I cut their roots away,
That the bud she loved the best
Might spread its wither'd petals
Upon her pulseless breast.

And now I wander wide,
Beneath a foreign sky,
In the stranger's home I lodge,
For no household hearth have I:
There are gray hairs on my temples,
Despite my early years;
But I find there's comfort still,
In drying other's tears.

Why should I cloud my brow?
Or yield to dark despair?
All—all men are brethren,
And this fruitful earth is fair;
For I know when Heaven hath wounded,
And probed the bleeding breast,
Its richest, healing balm
Is in making others blest.

The poor man, he doth thank me,
And the orphan's grateful prayer
Breathes sweetly o'er my lonely soul,
To soothe away its care—
In the sick peasant's cabin,
The gift he needs I lay;
And while he seeks the giver,
I vanish far away.

I have a sacred joy,
Close lock'd from mortal eye,
My loved ones come to visit me,
When lost in dreams I lie—
They speak such words to charm me,
As only angels say,
And the beauty of their robes of light
Gleams round me through the day.

God is their keeper and their friend,
Their bliss no tongue can tell,
And more I love his holy name
That in his home they dwell.
Oh, may he grant me grace divine
While on these shores of time,
To learn the dialect they speak,
In yon celestial clime.

Beside his glorious throne they rest—
On setaph's harps they play;
Why should I wish them back again
In these cold tents of clay?
A stricken, not a mournful man,
I sigh, but not repine;
For my heart is in that land of love
With those I hope to join.

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

THE LOSS OF CHRISTIAN FRIENDS—CONSOLATION TO THE MOURNERS.

The removal of friends of acknowledged and approved piety, is one of the heaviest and sharpest strokes. It is painful to look into the graves of those whom we have loved and honoured, and with whom we have united the joys of Christian affection; and who, by their presence and their counsels, have helped to smooth for us the rugged path of human life. Nature melts at the sight; and although the impressions of sorrow are effaced by time, occurrences sometimes happen, and seasons return, when the remembrance of departed Christian friends is so strongly awakened in the mind, and when their memory, sadly pleasing, is cherished like a precious treasure.

Nor could we forbear lamenting the destiny of human beings, were those connections, which are scarcely begun before they are terminated, never more to be renewed. But though life is transitory, and the ravages of death are lamentably conspicuous, better and brighter prospects are opened to our view.

The fellowship of the saints, though suspended for a little, is not terminated for ever. Yes, believers in Jesus, it is not in this life only that you have hope, nor ought you to sorrow concerning those who sleep in Jesus, as those who have none.

The ties of Christian friendship are now broken for a little to be succeeded by purer and more perfect bonds. The power of death is vanquished and abolished; the gates of the grave are unbarred, and an entrance ministered into immortality and glory. There is a period in prospect, when all the friends of Jesus, forming one society, shall dwell together in the regions of love and peace. This is the hope which the subject of our meditation is designed to inspire. Let it relieve and support your hearts; and while you feel, and speak as you feel, learn also to acquiesce, and to rejoice that you are approaching the land of everlasting friendship and joy.

Providence, too wise to do any thing wrong, and too good to do anything unkind, never calls away your Christian friends till they have finished their work, and are ripe for better and nobler society. Amidst the silence and sighs with which you may sorrow, because you shall see their face no more in this world, this is the consolation graciously afforded, that though you cannot bring them back, you shall go to them, and that you shall find yourselves in possession of all the Christian relations and friends held dear in the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ at his coming—
The Late Rev. William Paul.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

Continued commerce with God, according to the tenor of that league and covenant struck with him, how pleasant and delightful is it! To be a *Friend of God*, an associate of the Most High, no more a stranger, a foreigner, but of his own household; to live wholly upon the plentiful provisions and under the happy order and government of his family; to have a heart to seek all from him, and lay out all for him! How great is the pleasure of trust, of living free from care; that is of any thing but how to please and honour him in a cheerful and unsolicitous dependence, expecting from him our daily bread, believing that He will not let our souls famish! that while they hunger and thirst after righteousness, they shall be filled! that they shall be sustained with the bread and water of life! that when they hunger, He will feed them with hidden manna, and with the fruits that grow on the tree of life in the midst of the paradise of God; and that when they thirst He will give water, and milk and honey without price; and for the body, not to doubt, that He that feeds ravens, and clothes lilies, will feed and clothe them. To be so taken up in seeking his kingdom and righteousness, as freely to leave it to him to add the other things as he sees fit—to take no thought for the morrow—to have a heart framed herein according to Divine precept; not to be encumbered or kept in anxious suspense by the thoughts or fears of what may fall out, by which many suffer the same affliction a thousand times over, which God would have them suffer but once; a firm repose on the goodness of providence, and its firm and unerring wisdom; a steady persuasion that our Heavenly Father knows what we have need of, and what is fittest for us to want, to suffer, or enjoy. How delightful a life do these make! and how agreeable to one born of God, his own son, and heir of all things—as being joint heirs with Christ, and claiming by that large grant that says *all things are yours*, only that in minority it is better to have a wise Father's allowance, than to be your own carvers.—*Howe.*

HAPPINESS.—An eminent modern writer beautifully says:—"The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman. The foundation of political happiness—a confidence in the integrity of man. The foundation of all happiness temporal and eternal—reliance on the goodness of God."

HONOR AND HONESTY.—Honesty does that from a sense of duty which honour does for reputation's sake.

Time is precious, life is short, and consequently not a single moment should be thrown away.