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

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POETRY.

THE HOPE OF THE RESURRECTION.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

(Suggested by an extract from the *Bechuana Mission*.)

THY voice hath filled our forest shades,
Child of the sunless shore,
For never heard the ancient glades
Such wondrous words before:
Though bards beneath our palms have poured
Their tales of joy or dread,
Yet thou alone the land hast cheered,
With tidings of the dead.

The men of old who slept in death
Before the forest grew,
Whose glory faded from the earth
While yet the hills were new;
The warriors famed in battles o'er
Of whom our fathers spake,
The wise, whose wisdom shines no more,
Stranger, will they awake?

The foes who fall in thousand fields
Beneath the conquering band,
Whose bones have strown the Caffer's hills,
The Bushman's lonely land.

The young who shared my path of fame,
But found an early urn,
And the roses of my youth's bright dream,
Stranger, will they return?

My mother's face was fair to see.
My father's glance was bright,
But long ago the grave from me
Hath hid that blessed light:
Yet sweeter was the sunshine shed
By my lost children's eyes,
They beam upon me from the dead,—
Stranger, will they arise?

Was it some green grave's early guest,
Who loved thee long and well,
That left the land of dreamless rest,
Such blessed truths to tell?
For ours have been the wise and brave,
Who feared not death's abyss;
The strong in hope, the true in love,
But none that dreamt of this.

Yet if the grave restore to life
Her ransomed spoils again,
And ever hide the hate and strife
That died with wayward men
Thou hast, my spirit, miss'd the star
That guides our steps above,
Since only earth was given to War,
That better land to Love.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

SARAH MONTGARNIER.—BY MISS CLARK.

"I wonder where the years are fled,
That frolicked in my boyhood's sight!
O, how I blamed their tardy tread,
And offer'd wings to speed their flight!
I knew not then how gossamer-like
They swirl like atoms in the beam,
Grasping, unknown to curious sight,
Save in the noontide's sunny gleam.

"But there's a void within can tell
How fleet they mount the melting cloud,
And hie where spirits like them dwell,
With ages in their mighty shroud:
Another joins that elfin crowd,
'Mid shout, and glee and joyous chime,
Whilst my full soul would rove abroad,
Seek, and rebuke the slayer Time."

"I charged the wrinkled sprite, restore
The buds of life's redolent morn,
That laughed along youth's greenward shore,
And blushing clasped the dewy thorn—
Bade him reveal me whither borne
The loved, the blooming, and the gay?
Why from my side—my kiss—were torn
The victims he had wrapped in clay?"

"He asked why I would doom to pain
Renewed, the loved whose sands are out—
Why lure them from their azure plain,
To toil, to storms, and gloom, and doubt?"

"Then pointed 'cross the pebbly flood,
While mists obscured the distance fair;
Not as intent on flight he stood,
Gave answer to my bended prayer—
'Save, son! embark, seek, find them there?'
'Ah! whither lies that land?' I said:
Reply was not! All shapes were air!
I wonder where those years are fled?"

"MONTGARNIER."

I took up Eloria's Bible, and, in turning over the leaves, discovered the scrap of poetry which I have just quoted, which, though exquisitely beautiful and touching, is tinged with the gloom and unrest of unbelief. "You are thinking, my friend," said she, after regarding me attentively while I perused it, "that those fine lines are unworthy of the place they occupy." "I was thinking," I replied, "that their misleading beauty might ensnare your mind from these substantial truths, which alone should guide and direct." "I confess they often attract my attention, even at my set times of devotion; but I cannot regret it. Did I think their influence prejudicial to me, admirable as they are, I would never see them more. But where should such mournful thoughts be listened to, if not in contrast with the bright hopes of the Gospel? Here I can look upon the yearnings of skepticism, sick of earth's vanities, 'seeking rest, and finding none'—beholding time, in rapid flight, still hastening on, while deep uncertainty rests upon the future, and regret and remorse dwell with the past. How applicable is the balm of the Sacred Word to answer these bitter and vague inquiries—to still these lamentations over by-gone years! By faith we see that 'azure plain' of which Montgarnier asks, 'Ah! whither lies that land?' In this sacred Volume we find a declaration of which he was unwittingly afforded full confirmation, 'Childhood and youth are vanity.' Here, also, do we meet that fitting prayer, 'So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.' Then will we not exclaim, 'I wonder where those years are fled,' but we may look upon the record laid up on high of every thought and emotion of those departed years; and by the faith taught in this holy book, we may behold that record washed in the atoning blood, its follies cancelled, its transgressions pardoned, and we may look beyond the 'pebbly flood,' to an abiding home, where 'soil, and storms, and gloom, and doubts,' and 'time' shall be no more. Poor Montgarnier! His mind seems half-illuminated. How can it be otherwise with those who enjoy the privileges of our enlightened country? But still 'there is a void within'—a melancholy void; and thus Montgarnier died, without one hope more than is herein recorded."

"You know his history, then?" said I, inquiringly. "I do," resumed Eloria; "and although I never saw him, there are associations which connect it with my own, and render it best that these lines should serve as a memento of my past offences and a beacon to my future conduct, that I may avoid the rock on which I nearly split. I have experienced, in a degree, the misanthropic feelings which were the torment of Montgarnier; but the associations to which I refer are of a different character.

"You have never heard me speak of the fair Sarah Montgarnier—she being one of whom I seldom speak, but think the more. A deep sting of remorse is connected with her memory; and although I trust I am forgiven on high, yet I shall never rest until I have confessed my fault, and obtained the pardon of Sarah herself; and much I fear the grave has intervened. I can never sufficiently repent: but you shall hear the whole. Methinks my mind will be unburdened of an oppressive weight; and when I have unfolded to you my errors, my past sins, I know you will acknowledge that, imperfect as I still am, I, more than any other, am indebted to Divine grace for power to change a fiendish obduracy of heart. I will tell you, at some future time, all that I know of Sarah Montgarnier and her unhappy father; but at present"—Eloria was interrupted by tears; and with a soothing kiss I bade her "good night."

As we were walking, arm in arm, in the brilliant moonlight of a mild summer eve, on the banks of a romantic little tributary of the Hudson, I reminded Eloria of her promise to relate to me the history of Sarah Montgarnier.

"It was not in a scene like this that I knew the delicate and beautiful Sarah. In the midst of the confusion of the great metropolis, in the humble capacity of a house-servant, she might remind one of a snowy, exotic lily, thrown out to wither amid the chilling blasts of a November gale. One cold, stormy morning in March, she presented herself at our door, and in an easy and graceful manner solicited employment. A more interesting figure I have seldom seen. She was apparently scarce seventeen, tall and sylph-like, with a face which, though not precisely such as might be chosen for a classic model, yet characterized by a peculiarly noble and intellectual expression. She was very pale; but there was a high-souledness in her dark blue eye and lofty brow, a sensibility in the transparency of her complexion, and a dignity in her slightly-carved lip, which could not fail to appear attractive, and impressed me, at once, with the idea that she was educated in different circumstances from those in which she now appeared. Her dress, though of the plainest and poorest materials, was extremely neat, and her manner was peculiarly prepossessing; and as we were in want of a domestic, we at once engaged her services.

"The more we became acquainted with her the more evident it was that she was a child of affluence and unaccustomed to labour. In reply to my mother's inquiries, she related to us briefly her past history. Her father was the only son of a very wealthy merchant; and while yet a mere youth married his cousin, the heiress of an immense estate. With their conjoined fortunes they purchased a splendid mansion in the city, and a delightful country villa—furnished both extravagantly; and with the folly of young persons who have not learned by their own exertions the value of property, considered their riches inexhaustible. They were doomed to disappointment. In a few years they found themselves obliged to confine themselves to their city residence. A few years more, and that too was an-