

Christian Mirror.

NEW SERIES.

WEEKLY.]

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

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POETRY.

From the Christian Guardian.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father, God, our Everlasting King!
Father of light from whom our mercies spring,—
Which from Eternity art God alone,
And still the same; beside thee there is none.
In heaven and earth be thy great name adored,
Heaven's high, almighty, everlasting Lord.
Hallowed forever be thy sacred name;
Be it our joy and triumph to proclaim
Thy great parental name. To us is given
Name above every name in earth or heaven.
Thy kingdom come most fervently we pray:
Kingdom of Christ, advance thy gentle sway.
Come, Holy Dove, thy sacred powers display;
Thy healing influence, and thy genial ray
Will turn our moral darkness into day.
Be thou our Sovereign; be thy righteous will
Done here on earth as on thy holy hill.
In every land thy saving health reveal—
Earth shall rejoice thy saving power to feel.
As Darkness held a long, tyrannic sway;
It now recedes; behold the Gospel-day
Is bursting forth, and through the world proclaims
In every land the Great Messiah reigns.
Heaven for all creatures spreads a common feast;
Give us, we pray, though vilest, not the least—
Us the vile offspring of a fallen race—
This mercy grant, through free, unbounded grace.
Day after day give us the bread we need;
Our needy souls with food of Angels feed.
Daily supplies of grace may we receive,—
Bread of eternal life on which they live.
And oh, our Father, hear the prayer we make,
Forgive our faults for our Redeemer's sake.
Us to redeem, a crown of thorns He wore;
Our griefs he took, our heavy stripes he bore.
Debts weighty, many—numberless
As stars that glitter in the eternal space,
We justly owe; and make this only plea,—
Forgive us all for we have nought to pay.
Our Surety paid The Dreadful Debt, and we
Debtors to grace appeal to Calvary.
And while we sojourn in the vale below,
Lead us in safety all our journey through.
Us to insure, a thousand Sins are laid;
Not only Earth, but Hell our path invade.
Into these snares what countless myriads run!
Temptation lures, they fall, and are undone.
But oh, our Shepherd, Guardian, Heavenly Friend
Deliver us from such a fearful end!
Whom blood hath purchased let thy power defend.
From Heaven, thy throne, bestow us aid and strength
Evil to shun, and reach thy Heaven at length.
For Thou art great in glorious Majesty:
Thine is the Kingdom, vast eternity;
Is thine abode 'midst uncreated light,—
The realm of perfect bliss and pure delight.
Kingdom and power all heaven ascribe to thee.
And earth responsive bows the adoring knee.
The whole creation joins the sacred song;
Power and might to thee alone belong.
And while hosannahs fill thy blest abode,
The Angels bow before the throne of God.
Glory! they cry, and blessings unto thee;
For thou art worthy, glorious Trinity.
Ever and ceaseless anthems fill the sky;
Amen, Amen, the spacious earth's reply!

THE CASKET.

THE DAWN.

THERE is a peculiar fervor and sweetness in the first love of a young convert, when first he escapes from the horrors of an awakened conscience, and experiences the unutterable blessedness of being at peace with God. When first he is awakened to a sense of the vastness of his debt to a Redeemer's love, and feels that all his hopes of eternal happiness and glory rest on that Redeemer's sufferings, and humiliation and death, even the death of the cross. When first he thus enters on a new world, where every object appears invested with celestial beauty and splendor by the smile of a Saviour's countenance, he experiences a fervor of gratitude, an intensity of enjoyment, arising from the novelty of the scenes that have been just unfolded to his view, and the sensations that have been for the first time kindled in his breast, to which, in one sense, nothing in his subsequent career can be compared. There is something in the freshness of morning's early dawn, when the first rays of the rising sun begin to scatter the darkness of night, and to pour gladness and glory all around, when the dew is sparkling in its unsullied beauty on every herb and flower, and the voice of "earliest birds" salute, with their matin hymns of praise, the appearance of the glorious orb of light—yes, there is something in the sweetness of that hour, surpassing in some respects the enjoyment which the fullest splendor of the noon-tide sun can yield. Now there is something analogous to this in the morning of man's spiritual life—the early dawn of his spiritual experience! When the Sun of Righteousness first rises on his soul, scattering the gloom of spiritual darkness that had so long overshadowed him, and pouring all around him an atmosphere of gladness and of glory; and the dews of divine grace—the refreshing influences of the Holy Spirit—first descend on him from heaven, in all their freshness, brightening and softening every newly planted spiritual hope and joy and fruit of righteousness: and the first songs of grateful praise—swifter than "the chime of earliest birds"—ascend in that bright morning of the believer's spiritual life, before the throne of God, and of the Lamb. Yes, there, is confessedly a sweetness in all this, so peculiar from its novelty, so exquisite from its freshness, that often will the most consistent and advanced Christian look back on it with a feeling of fond regret—melancholy pleasure—while contrasting it with many a lamented subsequent season of comparative coldness, and be constrained, with such sorrow as only those who have experienced it can understand, to exclaim—

"Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?"

THE DAWN.

BUT while all this is fully conceded as borne out by the experience of many of the most devoted and holy servants of the Lord, does it therefore follow, that the freshness, the sweetness of the earliest dawn of the believer's spiritual life is to be uniformly succeeded by a chilling, withering blight, passing over all his divinely implanted hopes and joys? Might not the analogy of the image to which we have referred teach us a different, and a far more profitable lesson? True—the freshness of the morning hour does pass away, and with it that peculiar charm which contrast with preceding darkness and the first glow of re-animation, kindled by the rays of the rising sun in a newly-wakened world, so richly supply. But what succeeds this hour of loveliness in the kingdom of nature? Is it not a season of sun-

shine, of still brighter s. lendor and of still warmer glow? Does not the light of the morning shine more and more unto the perfect day? And, as it advances, is it not in every step of its progress marked by the communication of fresh blessings, beautifying by its radiance every object on which it pours its brightening beams—gladdening every heart that is opened to receive its exhilarating influence—and ripening all those fruits which depend on it for vitality and growth? And should it not be thus in the kingdom of grace? Would it not be agreeable to the analogy, which in so many instances subsists between this and the kingdom of nature, except, that the dawn of divine grace in the soul would gradually brighten into the day of glory, even the perfect day of matured Christian love, and joy, and holiness. That the Sun of Righteousness would be found to pour a progressively brighter radiance of celestial light round the believer's path, and warmer glow of holy love into his heart, while advancing towards its meridian splendor—and that every flower of heavenly origin planted in his soul would expand into its fullest bloom of beauty, and every fruit of the Spirit be ripened into its most mellowed richness of flavour, in proportion as they enjoyed more abundantly, in the course of his career, the besign influences of that glorious sun!—*Christian Intelligencer.*

FAMILY LOVE.

THE spirit of family is the second soul of humanity. Modern legislators have too often forgotten this. They think only of nations and individuals. They omit the family, that only source of pure and healthy population; the sanctuary of traditions and manners, in which all the social virtues acquire fresh vigor. Legislation, ever since the introduction of Christianity, has been barbarous in this respect. It repulses man from the spirit of family, instead of encouraging it in him. It interdicts, to one half of mankind, wife, child, the possession of a home or a field. It owes these blessings to all as soon as they arrive at manhood. It ought to have interdicted them only to culprits. A family is society in miniature; but it is that society in which the laws are natural, because they are sentiments. To interdict a man from the possession of family comforts, should have been the greatest reprobation, the last punishment of the law. It should have been the only pain of death inflicted by a humane and Christian legislator.—*Lamartine.*

INFER DAUGHTERS.—It is, says Mrs. Ellis, a most painful spectacle, in families where the mother is the drudge, to see the daughters elegantly dressed, reclining at their ease, with their drawing, their music, their fancy work, and their reading, beguiling themselves of the lapse of hours, days and weeks, and never dreaming of their responsibilities or their duty. These individuals will often tell you, with an air of affected compassion—for who can believe it real?—that "poor mamma is working herself to death." Yet no sooner do you propose that they should assist her, than they declare she is quite in element—in short, that she would never be happy if she had only half as much to do!

NICE HINTS TO YOUNG MOTHERS.

INFANTS suffer from very slight changes of temperature; they should be gradually, with great caution, inured to cold. Keep a young child at first in an apartment temperately warmed. As soon as it is old enough, the child should rather be kept warm by exercise, and by such clothing as will confine the animal heat, and in reality increase it, rather than by the heat of the apartment. Warm feet are essential to health, and they must be kept dry. Better let a child go barefoot than wear damp stockings.