

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.

VOL. I.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1842.

No. 16.

"HE CHANGETH NOT."

BY CHAS. MOIR, ESQ.

THE merry reaper's song is hushed among the banded sheaves,
The harvest's past, the autumn's gone, the trees have shed their leaves;
The fields are shorn and cheerless now, that waved with golden grain,
And the lovely flowers have left us till the summer come again;
But let us not be weary, though the winter is abroad,
When Thou art with us, changeless still—my Father and my God!

What though upon our brow be cut the furrows deep of care—
This world's ills, a grievous load, may long have planted there;
Tho' the glad days of merry youth for us may smile no more,
And its ceaseless round of joys appear like a happy dream that's o'er;
Tho' the heart that once was light and gay the ills of life corrode;
If thou art with us, changeless still—my Father and my God!

Adversity, with cruel grasp, may tear our hopes away,
And leave the home of happiness to misery a prey;
And summer friends, who never failed to share our happier lot,
Pass by with cold averted eyes, as if they knew us not;
Oh! what will ease the weary heart beneath so sad a load,
Should'st Thou, too, turn thy face from us—my Father and my God?

Oh! Death, what would thy triumphs be were this world only ours,
And the mourner's hope to fail him in the sick-bed's lonely hours,
When he lifts his burdened heart, as he upward turns his eyes
To the home thou hast provided in the world beyond the skies?
But the Christian, with full trust in Thee, lays down his earthly load;
For thy Word is changeless as thy love—my Father and my God!

OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

SHOULD fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where He vital breathes there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
From seeming evil still educating good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light ineffable!
Come, then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.

THOMSON.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

A STORM AT NIGHT.

BY E. D. TARR.

NATURE clothed in her virgin robes, unadorned by the arts and fancies of man, has beauties ever varying, ever new, and, when contrasted with the most lofty conception of the highest order of human intellect or stupendous pile of Grecian grandeur, far outshines them all, and even gathers lustre from the comparison. The universal desire for gain, and the haste to get riches, however, shut out from most visions the loveliest and most exalting objects of contemplation and enjoyment, when unconnected with pecuniary interest.

Would we see the displays of man's power and ingenuity, we would visit the stately palace and the opulent city—if the grandeur and beneficence of God, the retirement of the country, or the broad and expansive ocean. Seen from the "cradle of the deep," how magnificent the first appearance of the god of day, as he rolls together like a scroll morning's misty robe, and decks with the lustre of burnished gold each cress-crowned wave; and viewed from the lofty mount peak or rugged hill, how sublimely grand his retiring, as he gently sinks to rest on his gorgeous couch, and draws about him his richly tinted drapery. And how ennobling and elevating the contemplation of nature when the mind is enriched by the thought that God is and may be seen in all his works—as well in the joyous little brook, as it laughs, in infant glee, and sports along over its rude and pebbled bed, as in the mighty deep's terrific roar—in the wild flower that blooms unseen, and wastes its fragrance on the desert air, as in the leafy bower or the verdant lawn. We may hear his praise as well in the eagle's hoarse note, as in the soft song of the woodland choir, in the music of the rustling breeze, and in the howling hurricane. Not less perceptible is his awful majesty and power, in the thunder's awful roar, the lightning's vivid flash, or the ocean's mountain surge and billowy waves.

A farmer's cottage, beautifully situated, and inhabited by warm hearts and Christian spirits, one balmy evening in July, afforded me a most acceptable and hospitable shelter. Before retiring to rest, I threw up the sash of the window in the room assigned me, and reclining upon the handywork of God, I for awhile was lost in the contemplation of His character and works. The gentle wind, as it stole through the garden shrubbery, bore upon its wings the sweets of the flower and the health-giving odor of the newly turned furrow, fanned my temples, and seemed to give new life to my exhausted system. A death-like stillness pervaded every thing, and the veil that hides the Deity behind his works, seemed almost drawn aside, and made more evident his divine presence. A holy awe, a reverential fear, a child-like confidence, filled and overflowed my inmost soul. As the night advanced, the mellow light of the moon lengthened out the indistinct shadows of the well shaped trees, which reared their tapering tops in front of the cottage. In the profound stillness of night

might be heard among their branches, the nestling of little birds, taught by Him who clothes the lily of the valley, and marks the sparrow's fall, there to seek shelter and find security alike from the fangs of the reptile and the wantonness of youth. The din of business gave place to the hour of repose, and night's sable mantle was around and over everything; but even this seemed like net-work, for through it shone the soft rays of the pale queen of night, who rode forth in calm and blushing majesty, amid her ten thousand attendants; each apparently vying with the other to emulate the full brightness of their bland and beautiful queen. Man and his works were shut out from view, and nature's God alone was there. That God in all his grandeur seemed to have laid aside his sceptre of power, and stepped from his pure white throne, and walked forth among his works. Methought I heard his voice in every rustling leaf, as it waved in the gentle breeze, and threw up its silver tinsel back to receive additional beauty from heaven's be-spangled vault.

This awful grandeur and unruffled serenity characterized for a long time the whole visible heavens. Now, however, the extended horizon became skirted with clouds, and gathered blackness, which threw their dusky shade far up the zenith.—A little higher may be seen fitting clouds, as if agitated by a distant storm, assuming every possible shape and character, now speeding their flight with fearful rapidity, and now restraining their impetuous motion, as if maneuvering for a coming conflict. Cloud piled on cloud with increasing blackness. The lamps of heaven, one by one, went out, and the pale rays of the moon were hid by the thick folds of deepening darkness. In an instant more and the blackness of darkness settled upon all things. Imagination, unaided by vision, roamed unrestrained, and pictured a dread conflict already begun. A distant rumbling and a livid glare gave fearful forebodings, that the "war of elements" was not far distant. The mighty King of kings seemed suddenly to have laid aside his milder nature, assumed the sceptre of power, and mounted a chariot of fire. Peal after peal of heaven's artillery sent their reverberating sounds along the distant mountain's top, and received the echo's answer from every glen and valley. Now followed the lightning's vivid flare, and heaven's high arch was one extended blaze, as if illumined in honour of some mighty victory. Then stillness reigned, and one could almost hear the distant shouts of the intoxicated multitude, as their loud peals rent the air. Then burst again the lightning's blaze; then came darkness most intense, and now a moment's truce, as if the vanquisher and the vanquished would nerve for a decisive blow. Awful suspense, but not of long duration. The distended vision was made to ache with a sudden and searching flash.—Each peal grew louder and louder still.—Crash followed crash in quick and deafening succession. The dazzling blaze, the deathlike roar, and pitchy darkness, held alternate but a second sway. Heaven and earth seemed one vast battle-field,