

Christian Mirror.

NEW SERIES.

WEEKLY.]

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

[7s. 6D. PER AN.

VOL. III.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1844.

No. 51.—N. S. No. 45.

POETRY.

SEEKING JESUS.

"And he turned and saw her weeping, and saith unto her, 'Woman, why weepest thou?'"

Who, amid the dews of morning,
Through the garden glides along;
To yon grave her footsteps turning,
Heedless of the caroll'd song?
Heedless of the sleeping flowers,
Loved so well in higher hours:
Heedless of the dews that lie
Trembling in each flow'ret's eye—
Beauteous as the drops, half hid
'Neath an infant's drooping lid,
When upon the mother's breast
It hath sighed itself to rest.

While a peaceful world is sleeping,
What, pale watcher! brings thee here?
Why thine eye all dim with weeping?
Why thy cheek all pale with fear?
Dost thou come to weep and pray?
See! the shadows roll away?
Lo! a beam of blessed light
Glimmers on yon mountain height!
Morning breaks on Zion's hill!
Night and sorrow pass away!
Wherefore art thou weeping still?
Knows thy heart no dawning day?

"Tell me, tell me where ye laid him,
Ye who bore my Lord away!
Tell me! I will come and take him!
Tell me, if ye know the way!"
Lost in sorrow; lost in fear,
Thus the Saviour Mary sought;
Little thought her Lord was near,
Heard his voice, and knew h'm not.
Till one thrilling tone she heard—
"Mary!"—grace was in the word!
And her wandering heart replied,
"Jesus! Jesus Crucified!"

Often thus, in deepest sadness,
I have sought my absent Lord;
Till my grief was turned to gladness,
Hearing but that melting word!
'Mid the shades of eve or morn,
Off in sorrow and in fear,
Wanted, wept for his return,
Knowing not that he was near;
Saw him, but in stranger-guise,
Till he op'd my wand'ring eyes,
Call'd my name! and Love replied,
"'Tis my Lord! the Crucified!"

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

"A LITTLE HUNCH-BACK."

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

In the *Kinckerbocker* for April, we find the following affecting incident by the editor from an esteemed correspondent, who transcribed it verbatim from the familiar letter of a friend.

I have just returned from the funeral of poor Emma G——, a little girl to whom I had been for years most tenderly attached. As there was something very touching in the circumstances connected with her death, I will relate them to you. She was

the daughter of a widow, a near neighbour of mine.—When I first knew her, she was a sprightly child of about four years of age, perfect in form and feature. The bloom of health was upon her cheek; her eye was the brightest I ever saw; while in her bosom there glowed a generous affection that seemed to embrace all with whom she came in contact. But when she reached her seventh year her health began to decline. The rose suddenly paled upon her cheek, and her eye had acquired prematurely that sad, thoughtful expression which gives so melancholy a charm to the features of wasting beauty. Her mother looked on with an anxious heart, and at an utter loss to account for so sudden a change in her health. But soon a new source of anxiety appeared. While dressing her one day, she observed on Emma's back, just between the shoulders, a small swelling, of about the size of a walnut. As she watched this spot, and observed that it grew larger from day to day, the mother began to have sad misgivings. These, however, she kept to herself for a time. Soon afterwards, a slight stoop in her gait became visible. The family physician was now called in, and the worst forebodings of the mother were confirmed. Her idolized child was fast becoming a hunch-back!

I will not attempt to describe the feelings of the mother, who was thus doomed to witness from day to day the slow growth of that which was to make one so dear to her a cripple and a dwarf. Suffice it to say, her love as well as care seemed to be redoubled, and Emma became more than ever the child of her affections. Nor did her little companions neglect her when she could no longer join in their out-door sports, and her own sprightly step had given place to a slow, stooping gait, and the sweet ringing voice to a sad or querulous tone, that sometimes made the very heart ache. On the contrary, all vied with each other in administering to her amusements. Among them, none clung to her with more assiduity than her brother William, who was the nearest to her own age.—He gave up all his own outdoor play, in order to be with her, and seemed never so happy as when he could draw a smile, and seldom it was, from her thoughtful features.

But after a while Emma grew wayward under her affliction; and unfortunately, though generally good-natured, William had a quick temper, to check which required more self-command than commonly falls to one so young. Sometimes, therefore, when he found plan after plan, which he had projected for her amusement, rejected with peevish contempt, he had hardly concealed from her his own wounded feelings. Yet, though at times ungrateful, Emma was perhaps not so in fact; and she loved her brother better than any one else save her mother. It was only in moments when her too sensitive nature had been chafed perhaps by her own reflections—for like the majority of children in her circumstances, she was thoughtful beyond her years—that her conduct seemed unkind.—And then, when she marked the cloudy expression of her brother's face, she would ask forgiveness in so meek a spirit, and kiss his cheek so affectionately, that he forgave her almost as soon as offended.

Years thus passed on, when one day, after she had been more than usually perverse and fretful, William, who had been reading to her, on receiving some slight rebuffs, started suddenly from his seat by her side, called her "a little hunch-back," and left the room. In a moment, however, his passion subsided, and re-

turning, he found his sister in tears. He attempted to put his arm around her neck, but she repulsed him, and slipping away, retired to her own chamber. Her mother soon after learned what had happened, and going to Emma, found her upon her bed in a paroxysm of grief. She endeavoured to soothe her feelings, but in vain; she refused to be comforted. "I want to die, mother," she replied to all her endearments; "I have long felt I was a burden to you all." She cried herself to sleep that night, and on the morrow was too ill to rise. The doctor was called in, and warned the mother against an approaching fever. For three days she remained in an uncertain state; but on the fourth the fever came in earnest, and thenceforth she was confined to her pillow.

In the meantime the grief of William had been more poignant even than that of his sister.—Thrice he had been to her bedside to ask her forgiveness, and kiss once more her pallid cheek; but she turned her face resolutely away, and refused to recognize him. After these repulses he would slowly leave the room, and going to his own chamber, sit brooding for hours over the melancholy consequences of his rashness. Owing to the previous enfeebled health of Emma, the fever made rapid progress, and it soon became apparent that she must die. William, in consequence of the violent aversion of his sister, had latterly been denied admittance to the chamber, though he lingered all day about the door, eagerly catching the least word in regard to her state, and apparently unmindful of all other existence.

One morning there was evidently a crisis approaching; for the mother and attendants, hurrying softly in and out of the sufferer's chamber, in quick whispered words gave orders or imparted intelligence to others. William saw it all, and with the quick instinct of affection, seemed to know what it foreboded. Taking his little stool, therefore, he sat down beside the chamber door, and waited in silence. In the meantime, the mother stood over the dying child, watching while a short unquiet slumber held her back for a little longer. Several times a sweet smile trembled round the sufferer's lips, and her arms moved as if pressing something to her bosom. Then she awoke, and fixing her eyes upon her mother, whispered faintly, "I thought William was here." A stifled sob was heard at the door, which stood partly open. Mrs. G—— stepped softly out, and leading William to the bedside, pointed to his dying sister. He threw himself upon her bosom, and pressing his lips to her pale cheek, prayed for forgiveness. Emma did not heed him; but looking again in her mother's face, and pointing upwards, said softly: "I shan't be so there! shall I, mother?"

"No, my child!" replied the weeping parent; "I hope not. But don't talk so Emma. Forgive your poor brother, or you'll break his heart."

Emma tried to gasp something; but whatever it was, whether of love or hate, it never reached a mortal ear. In a few moments she was no more.

GOOD SENSE—Is as different from genius, as perception from invention; yet though distinct qualities, they frequently subsist together. It is altogether opposite to wit, but by no means inconsistent with it. It is not science; for there is such a thing as unlettered good sense; yet though it is neither wit, learning, nor genius, it is a substitute for each where they do not exist, and the perfection of all where they do.