

# Christian Mirror

AND GENERAL MISSIONARY REGISTER.

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

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## POETRY.

### EXTRACT FROM A POEM CALLED "THE METHODIST."

OBSERVE that cottage, in yon hazel copse,  
Rounded which the corn-fields wave their yellow crops;  
Green tufts of velvet moss adorn the thatch,  
From many a crevice grows the verdant patch;  
A spot it seems where poverty might rest,  
Unknown, unhonored, and by man unblest.  
Hark! 'tis a Christian hymn salutes the skies  
Louder, and sweeter, hear the chorus rise;  
Now gently on the heart, as snows that melt  
Into the lake's calm bosom, it is felt.  
Pass we the threshold, thro' the low door stoop—  
'Tis Felix! 'midst a poor, but pious group,  
Their Christian leader he; his holy care,  
To meet his class with weekly praise and prayer;  
He warns, exhorts, as most each member needs,  
Or bears the lambs of Christ, or gently leads;  
The slothful stirs, with their eternal weal;  
Prunes the luxuriant shoots of forward zeal;  
Exact, yet courteous, his demeanour meek,  
Reclaims the wand'ring and supports the weak;  
Taught well the workings of the mind to trace,  
Deep his experience in the things of grace,  
He counsel or reproof, in love bestows,  
To them the fulness of his heart o'erflows;  
That they, like him, may know their sins forgiven,  
Like him may know their names inscribed in heav'n.  
"How knows he that?" I hear a voice inquire—  
How knows the querist there is heat in fire?  
Fore in attraction, when his spirit moves  
Toward some object he supremely loves?  
How that his bosom to his children yearns,  
When none but he the father's love discerns?  
Or how, when ebbing life hangs on a breath,  
Know he that sin could bring the sting of death?  
He feels it strike his senses and his soul,  
Above deception, and beyond controul.  
Thus Felix felt—like him to sight restor'd  
By the Almighty finger of the Lord;  
He knew not how the miracle could be,  
But knew he once was blind, and now could see!

READER, ON what is thy hope of heaven founded?  
Be sure you build upon the right foundation.

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

(From the Church of England Magazine.)

### THE BROKEN SABBATH.

TWELVE years have run their race since a farmer of my neighbourhood, accompanied by his wife, set forth on the morning of a Sabbath in February, with the intention of visiting some friends who resided in a town about thirteen miles distant from their dwelling, to which they hoped to return with the declining day. The sun was not yet risen when this ill-fated couple began their journey, and the night had been chequered with alternate hail-showers, and frosty calms; but, though arrived at the middle period of life, they were both still vigorous, and inured to exposure and fatigue. To them, therefore, neither the chilling temperature of the early dawn nor the long and dreary road they needs must traverse offered any very serious discouragement. Their course lay over a singularly wild and bleak mountain, on whose table summit the four winds of heaven had striven for the mastery, even from that distant hour when first "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," and bade the dry land appear. On that tempestuous battle field the troubled elements of nature will still debate, and earth and storm, and flash and flood, still strive, till in the new dispensation, all shall be dissolved, and "depart as a scroll that is rolled together," and, with the yet more unquiet spirit of man, enjoy an eternal rest. To this spot their eldest son, a grown up lad, had accompanied them; and then and there they parted, little foreseeing how long that tearless farewell would remained unredeemed.

Pausing for a few moments to cast back some looks of pleased regard, they proceeded on their journey. The morning meal had barely been begun when they arrived at the door of their friends' house, where they experienced, in its affecting sweetness, that lovely type of heavenly acceptance—a cordial and a joyous welcome. Fire and food, and kind hospitality soon obliterated all recollections of five hours' travel; and, alas, obliterated also the memory of that benevolent Being from whose supreme bounty those manifold blessings flowed. God was forgotten or dishonoured. He, who had supplied the strength and cheerful energy by which the chilling twilight and slippery steep were braved, saw his glories wither beneath the noontide ray. Then, though church bells tolled, and gathering tribes of many religious persuasions passed their threshold, hastening each to their respective house of prayer, they remained, where they were, heedless of the accepted time, nor feeling that God was nigh, even in that very place, offering a happier mansion and a more abiding friend. Such are the results (which almost invariably follow the footsteps of the unexpected Sabbath visitor, among the lower or middle classes of the Irish rural population). They misconceive the injunction of the apostle, postponing every duty, however sacred it may be, to the fanciful obligation of hospitality; nor will they defer to the holy claims of

the Lord's house till they deem all satisfied in their own, or even yield precedence to the mysteries of the sacred table, if such compliance leave their own unhonoured.

Needless were it to relate, had even the details been made known to me, how that Sabbath was spent. No doubt there was much of good humour, much of affectionate enquiry concerning the friends beyond the mountain; many, too, and earnest, were the pressing entreaties to partake more freely of the cheer which the sudden occasion had so imperfectly supplied. Petitions, also, to tarry for the night, supported by sinister predictions of rain, hail, snow, wind, darkness, and in short a full home-spun tissue of those engaging detainers which good will and love wind around the friend resolved to go. Of intemperance I have strong reason to believe there was none; neither was there any worship; and thus the Lord's day wore on to its close, unhallowed and forgotten. Four o'clock in the afternoon had struck before the wayfarers were again in motion. Somewhat fatigued and stiffened by their morning's walk, and slightly regretting having deferred their return to so late an hour, they yet proceeded on their way at a good pace, and cheerily along. It had snowed at intervals during the day—too gently, however, to affect the lowland roads, but they justly apprehended that the mountains might have become more difficult.

The gathering clouds hung heavily over the travellers as the day advanced; and evening drew on with silent though not unobserved approaches, it tent to enfold them in her dusky robe. But despite, or perhaps stimulated by these warning intimations, they gained the top of the mountain ridge without accident, and descending on the other side for about two miles to the direction of their own cottage, entered a small public house, situated with at least as much advantage to the interests of the proprietor as of the traveller. Here, as was afterwards ascertained, they tarried for about half an hour, drinking a glass of whisky each, and then resumed their march. Another of these ensnaring receptacles lay directly on their route, not more than half a mile apart from their dwelling; into this also they went, and repeated the indulgence they had yielded to in the former. Their stay was somewhat longer, for a show storm, violent, although of transient duration, detained them. It abated, indeed, at the conclusion of an hour, but it had covered the whole face of the ground, rendering objects indistinct in so far that nothing was hidden, but on the other hand, confused and unobscurable from each other. At length they disengaged themselves from the attractions within doors, and once more betook themselves to the journey and the night, the man remarking to his wife that they had needs mend their pace, in order to reach home at the hour of family worship—a duty he never omitted.

It is here our time and place to notice that the breach of the Sabbath recorded in this narrative was exceedingly unchristian to the habits of the parties committing it, both of