

free. Struggle, then, you firm bound prisoners, and with one mighty effort break away from your chains and misery, and be free—that a tyrant may no more triumph over you, and hold you in his terrible clutches.

Next to the depravity of the heart, alcohol, in all places where it is used, is the greatest enemy to the glory of God and the happiness of man.—Just look at its bewitching power. The more any man is injured by his fellow, the more he is likely to hate and shun him. But such is the insatiable power of this horrid thing, that the more people are robbed by it of property, health, character, hope, peace, the nearer it brings their bodies to the grave, and their souls to hell—the more they love it!

Judge Erskine, at the Salisbury Assizes, when sentencing a gentleman to six months' hard labour for a crime committed through strong drink, declared that ninety nine out of every hundred criminal cases were from the same cause. Judge Coleridge, at the Oxford Assizes, said he never knew a case brought before him which was not directly or indirectly connected with intoxicating liquors. Judge Patteson, at the Norwich Assizes said to the grand jury, "If it were not for this drinking, you and I should have nothing to do."

A TEMPERANCE SERMON.—The Temperance Record has the following:—

A True Story.—A village schoolmaster said to one of his pupils, a very small boy, who had just gone ahead of his class for spelling best—"Well done, my little fellow, you shall have a feather in your cap." The boy burst into tears. "What is the matter?" said the master. "I don't want a feather in my cap," replied the lad. "Why not?" "Because when father has a feather in his cap he always comes home drunk, and scolds mother, and whips her."

AWFUL PROFANITY, AND ITS PUNISHMENT.—On Sunday week, at Seaton Delaval, Northumberland, some Granington men were drinking and card-playing in a public-house, and in the depravity of their hearts, got up a mock administration of the Lord's Supper! Shortly afterwards, one of the party, a man named Barras, was suddenly seized with paralysis, was carried home by his comrades, put to bed, and died on the Thursday following, after enduring excruciating torment, so dreadful that it frequently required four men to hold him down. Another of the profane party is also ill.

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1844.

DISRUPTION OF THE PRESBYTERIAN SYNOD OF CANADA.

In the language of *The Banner*, of the 19th inst., "the blow, which fell on the Church of Scotland, and broke it in twain," has produced the expected result upon "the Synod of Canada." The recent organization of "the Free Protestant Church of Scotland," is an event upon which the admirers of Church Establishments have looked with surprise and alarm. It would be no very difficult matter to prove, that State patronage has, from the beginning, been an injury to Christianity, and that State endowed Clergy have been generally more efficient, as ecclesiastical commissaries, than as Ministers of "The New Testament." The beautiful form of Christianity was first disfigured by a contact with the State,—the spouse of Christ lost the half of her purity when she received the first embraces of Cæsar. The moment she became the hireling of the government, she ceased to be the servant of God. Ministers of the Gospel, supported by

the State, must be, in some measure, the religious appendages of the Crown: and those who are dependent upon kings and rulers, will carry the fastidiousness of "the levee" into "The House of God"—and mix the obsequiousness of "a court drawing room" with their attempts to wait upon the Lord of Hosts.

We rejoice to see the principles of Knox—the Ajax of the Scottish Reformation—rising up in his native land. In days of old, these great principles struck down Popery, Prelacy, and Erastianism. They waxed mighty through God—they triumphed, and their triumph constituted Scotland the Shiloh of Christendom,—the resting place of the ark of the covenant. To the Free Church of Scotland, and to all her numerous affiliations, we say,—"*Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.*"

THE STAR OF THE EAST.—The Gospel, as a divine revelation, is the most effulgent light that ever proceeded from "the fountain of light; and, although it has been dispersing its radiance over an immense surface of thick darkness—and that, too, for a succession of centuries, it retains all its purity, and shines as brightly as when it first appeared. This celestial stream, as it goes forth through the world, produces the most beneficial results; its path may be ascertained by the transformation its progress produces; the solitary places are made glad—the wilderness rejoices and blossoms like the rose—the parched ground becomes a pool—the thirsty land springs of water—and the place of the thorn and the brier is occupied by the pine, the box-tree, and the myrtle.

Changing the similitude, "the Gospel" is a divine light; in an emphatic manner, it is "the Star of the East," and who-ever will submit themselves to its guidance, will find it to be "a lamp to their feet, and a light to their path." Wherever it shines, the people that sat in darkness see a great light; and among them that sat in the region and shadow of death, a light springs up. A miraculous star which appeared in the eastern part of the horizon, conducted "the wise men" to Bethlehem, even to the stable in which Jesus was born: and "the Gospel," like "the day spring from on high," cometh from the way of the East: and shews us the path in which sinners must walk, in order to obtain salvation, and behold "the light of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." Previous to the introduction of the Gospel, darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the people. The Gentile nations, including the polished Greeks and Romans, among whom literature and the fine arts were cultivated with unparalleled success—all these were "the dark places" of the earth, filled with the habitations of cruelty. In the land of Judah, very little remained but the mere form of religion—*here the watchman had fallen asleep; the shepherds disregarded the flock, and were careful for nothing but the fleece.* The heralds indeed blew the trumpets, but the trumpets gave an uncertain sound—the priests of the nation Church, made the commandments of God void.

by their tradition—the synagogues were filled with hypocrites and materialists—and the temple was degraded into a "den of thieves"—In a word, when "the Star of Bethlehem" appeared, darkness covered the whole earth.

Such was the state of the Church and of the world, antecedent to the coming of the blessed Jesus. But suddenly a star appeared in the East—a day of Gospel light began to dawn—and then the darkness began to vanish; the clouds began to disperse—the wilderness began to blossom—the floods clapped their hands:—the trees of the wood broke forth into singing:—the Gentiles began to enquire—*Hope* kindled a light in the grave: *Salvation* went forth as a lamp that burneth; *Love* came down from Heaven; and *Philosophy*, guided by "*the Star of the East*," travelled from Arabia to Jewry, and there worshipped and adored it.

In a late English paper we find the following:—A recent pamphlet states that the Clergy of the Established Church in England, Wales, and Ireland, receive £8,896,000, and that these churches embrace 6,100,000 people. The Clergy of all the other denominations in the same countries, embracing 14,600,000, receive £1,024,000. The expense of sustaining the other Clergy in all the countries in Christendom, including the United States, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Austria, Prussia, German Small States, Holland, Netherlands, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, &c. &c., with a population of 198,728,000, is estimated at £8,852,000.

His Excellency the Governor-General has contributed twenty pounds to the funds of the Mercantile Library Association of this city.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

DEAR SIR,—It would afford very great satisfaction to others of your readers, as well as the subscriber, to have an opportunity of perusing the sermon delivered by the Rev. R. Cooney, in the Wesleyan Chapel, last Sunday evening. If the ministerial and pastoral avocations of the learned gentleman will permit, I would fain hope that he may be induced to favour your readers with such an opportunity.

It is quite unnecessary for me to say anything of its merits. I am persuaded that it requires only a perusal (if such an opportunity be furnished) to convince all of the talent and erudition of its author.

Yours respectfully,

DISCIPULUS.

Montreal, July 23, 1844.

The mortal remains of the late Doctor Wm. Robertson were yesterday afternoon conveyed to their last resting place, the New Burying Ground, followed by a large concourse of the inhabitants of this city, of all ranks. We noticed that the procession was closed by a party of the 93d Highlanders; and we understand that these noble fellows volunteered to carry the body to the grave, which was, however, declined by the relatives of the deceased, who had no desire to make any change in the mode in which it is usual to conduct funerals among the civilians of the city. The offer was, no doubt, made from the circumstance of Dr. Robertson's having belonged to the Army, besides being a Highlander.—*Courier of the 23d inst.*

The hay harvest has generally commenced in the neighbourhood of Montreal.