

no concern and take no care of his soul—to feed him with the bread that perisheth, and yet never offer his famishing spirit a morsel of the bread of heaven—to find him fainting with thirst, and yet give him none of the waters of life—to help him along through this brief world, and yet never seek to throw one kindly influence upon his immortal course—cannot be to love our neighbour as God intended we should.

THE ROSE AMONG THORNS.

A *trous man*, deeply wounded and sick at heart under the persecution of his enemies, walked up and down in his garden, almost doubling the ways of Providence. As he paused and remained standing before a rose-bush, the spirit of the rose thus addressed him: ‘Do I not animate a beautiful plant?—which is, in the name of every flower, a cup of thanksgiving full of sweet odors—an incense-offering to the Lord? And where dost thou find me?—Amongst thorns! But they pierce not; they protect me and give me nourishment. Even so do thy enemies to thee, and should not thy spirit be more firm than a transitory flower? Strengthened, the man turned away, and his soul became a cup of thanksgiving for his enemies.

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1842.

CHANGE.

THE following beautiful remarks on this subject, which we copy from the *Halifax Guardian*, will be found peculiarly adapted to the present season:—

“All nature bears its impress. It is written on every object with which we are conversant, in characters variable as its own nature, yet legible to every eye—on the world, its productions and its inhabitants—on man, and on the mightiest as well as the most insignificant of his works. The faint dawn of early light, is succeeded by the blush of morning, and the splendour of meridian day, which again declines till it fades into ‘twilight grey’—till the shadows of the evening are stretched out, and darkness spreads her sable mantle over earth, and sea and sky. During the night, the moon walking in brightness amidst the host of heaven, holds on her ever changeable path above a sleeping world, till ‘the breezy call of incense breathing morn,’ arouses its inhabitants to life and energy.

“The vegetable tribes start into existence at the voice of spring, and, decked with its foliage, successively put forth the flowers of summer, and the fruits of autumn; then, chilled by the icy breath of approaching winter, they fade, die, and disappear. The lofty oaks, the ornaments of the mountains, which have for ages braved the elements, at length decay—are uprooted by the storm, or prostrated by the hand of man; who, in his all changing career, converts the forest into a fruitful field, and, again, the fruitful field into a forest. Man himself passes through the helplessness of infancy, the thoughtlessness of childhood, the confidence of youth, the struggles, the trials, the vicissitudes of manhood, the helplessness and imbecility of old age, and sinks at last into the cold embrace of death.—Kingdoms and empires, like the individuals by whom they are peopled, have their periods of infancy, vigour, decay and dissolution. Time, in short, has left the traces of his wasting and all changing hand, not only on the most enduring works of man, but on the most stable objects in the material world—on the Pyramids of Egypt, and on the storm-scathed summits of the everlasting hills,—nay, the hour we are assured is coming, and to this catastrophe the appearances of nature as well as the declarations of inspiration point, when the earth itself, and the works that are therein shall be burnt up.

“Meditating upon these tokens of endless mutability, do you exclaim, ‘Is there nothing stable but the throne of Jehovah? Nothing unchangeable but the Eternal? Yes, Reader! Before you and us, there is an unchangeable state—a state of felicity as inconceivable as it is everlasting, or of misery as unutterable as it is unending. But ere you can attain the former of these, or escape the latter, a change must pass upon you; a change which nature amid all its vicissitudes, cannot accomplish—which nothing but divine grace can effect. Joys which the tongue of Seraphs alone can express, if even by them they can be adequately declared; and agonies which can be described by none, but the inhabitants of the regions of despair, equally urge you to implore this change—to take with you words, and turn to the Lord, through Jesus, ‘the way, the truth and the life,’ pleading his own gracious promise, ‘I will sprinkle clean water upon you and ye shall be cleansed; from all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you.’ ‘A new heart will I give you, and a right spirit will I put within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and to keep my judgments, and do them.’”

THE following interesting account of the arrival of Bishop Alexander at Jerusalem, was originally published in the *London Times*, and written by a correspondent of that journal. We are, however, indebted for it to *The Church*:—

ARRIVAL OF THE LORD BISHOP ALEXANDER AT JERUSALEM, Jan. 27.—The entry of the Bishop of Palestine into the city of David was marked by as favourable circumstances as could possibly have been anticipated by the most sanguine friends of Protestant Missions in the East. On the morning of the 20th instant our little community was much excited by the arrival of a messenger from Jaffa, with the intelligence that the British Consul General and Bishop Alexander had arrived off that port in a steam-frigate, and might be expected in Jerusalem on the following day. Mr. Nicolayson, a highly respectable and talented Holstein Danish gentleman, who is now a clergyman of the Church of England, and the head of the mission for promoting Christianity among the Jews at Jerusalem, immediately started to meet them. The rencontre took place at Ramleh, the Ramah of Scripture (still a considerable town), where the Bishop, the Consul General, and a numerous suite, halted to pass the night. The Bishop took up his quarters at the house of the American-Consul, the wealthiest Christian in the place, and the Consul-General, with several officers of the *Devastation* steam frigate, alighted at the Armenian Convent. On the following day they made their entry into our ancient capital, in a procession which will be remembered by those who saw it to the latest day of their lives. When within five miles of the gates they were joined by the few British and American residents on horseback, headed by Mr. Proconsul Johns, who is architect of the intended church, as well as *locum tenens* of Mr. Young. On approaching the town the calvariae, which already consisted of 50 or 60 persons, was swollen by the junction of the Bey, second in command of the troops, who, accompanied by a guard of honour, and the Janisseries of the Pasha, had been sent to compliment Colonel Rose on his arrival, while all the loungers of Jerusalem turned out for the occasion. The throng passed on, and the scene which ensued at the Bethlehem-gate, by which it entered the town, baffles all description; on the one side were the gray massive battlements and picturesque towers of Jerusalem—no mean specimen of the solidity with which Sultan Suleyman fortified the conquests of his predecessor Selim; and on the other was the vale that leads to Bethlehem, now rugged and now undulated, with all its light and shade softened in the approaching twilight, while the dark and singularly even and unpeaked line of the mountains of Moab beyond the Dead Sea vailed in the prospect. The wildly-accounted and unearthly-looking Bedouin irregulars, who had been playing the djereed, and

gamboling around the procession at the full speed of their desert horses, contented themselves with firing off their muskets, being now hemmed in by the motley throng of citizens and fellahs,—Mussulmans in their furred pelisses and well-folded turbans, down to the filthy old Polish Jew in the last stage of wilful hydrophobia. After acknowledging the presentation of arms at the Bethlehem-gates, the party moved on to the house of Mr. Nicolayson, and just as the new comers turned their heads to admire the Titan-like masonry of the tower of Hippicus, which dates from the days of Herod the Tetrarch, the guns thundered forth the salute for the eve of the Courban Bairam. Thus, by an odd chance, the Protestant Bishop made his public entry into one of the four holy cities of Islam (the others are Mecca, Medina, and Damascus,) on the occasion of one of the greatest festivals of the Mahomedan religion. Colonel Rose descended at the Spanish convent of Terra Santa. Dr. Alexander took up his quarters temporarily with Mr. Nicolayson, his own residence, which is upon the Pool of Hezekiah, being as yet unfurnished. On the 22d, Colonel Rose, Dr. Alexander, and a large party, inspected the intended site of the new church. It will be built upon the most elevated part of the city; the body of the church will be Gothic, and the towers in the style of Mosque minarets, which accords admirably both with the church itself and with the other public edifices of the city, for Gothic and Saracenic are the twin daughters of the Byzantine style. The Bishop's residence will be Elizabethan. The stone necessary for the edifices will be procured from the Mount of Olives. In the afternoon of the same day Col. Rose presented Dr. Alexander to Tahir Pasha, who, as I have understood, received him with great politeness. Of course, it would be an illusion to suppose that this reception proceeded from any sympathy with the objects of the mission on the part of the Turkish authorities. On the 23d the Bishop preached his introductory sermon, choosing for his text Isaiah, chap. 60, and verse 15:—“Whereas thou (alluding to Jerusalem and the Jews) hast been forsaken and hated, so that no man went through thee, I will make thee an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations.” The tendency of the Right Rev. Prelate's discourse was to show that, although Jerusalem had endured, and might still endure, much suffering in the fulfilment of inspired prophecy, nevertheless brighter days were at hand.

The mission is sure of the firm support of the British Ambassador at the Porte. As regards Syria, the Consul-General has lent all the force of his official authority, personal influence, and popularity, to set the undertaking afloat, while the mild and benevolent character of the Bishop, and the sound practical sense and valuable local experience of his coadjutor, Mr. Nicolayson, are sure guarantees that caution, charity, and conciliation will preside at all their efforts.

CONGREGATIONAL THEOLOGICAL ACADEMY.—

We perceive by the last *Harbinger*, that this institution is now fully organized. The Rev. J. J. Carruthers, of the Universities of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, will occupy the office of Theology, Biblical Criticism and Literature, and generally superintend the Classical Department. The Rev. H. Wilkes, of the University of Glasgow, will lecture on Intellectual and Moral Philosophy. The object of the institution is “to secure for the rising Congregational ministry of Canada, a thorough intellectual training.”

On Monday, April 11, the Methodists of the New Connexion held their first Missionary Meeting in this city. The meeting was of an interesting character. After singing and prayer, J. Dougall, Esq. was called to the chair, which he filled with his usual ability. The Report, read by the Rev. H. O. Crofts, stated that this body of Christians has forty agents employed in preaching the “everlasting gospel” to the benighted and destitute in these countries. The meeting was addressed with great ability by the Revs. T. Osgood, (of the Bethel Union,) H. Wilkes, A.M. (Congregationalist,) J. Borland, (Wesleyan,) J. Hutch-