

sally of the young soldier, with his flushed cheek of mingled anticipation, the cool bearing of the veteran warrior. The husband, the father was there—the heart's dearest associations rose in many a breast, and a thousand fond recollections were crowded into an hour so fraught with coming events. The struggle was long, and desperate—nor, amid the fire of musquetry, the rush and clang of cavalry, the thunder of artillery, and the clouds of smoke which almost enveloped the whole scene, could aught be gathered of the fortunes of the day; rank after rank appeared to be swept away, while the wounded, ghastly, and bleeding were borne in numbers to the rear. But there is a pause—a momentary wavering—the enemy are driven from the heights—and in one dense mass, one mighty torrent, their conquerors are bearing down upon them. The pursuit was not followed up; but ere the broken columns of the retreating foe had disappeared in the distance, the leader of the last gallant attack of the victorious army was summoned to the presence of an assembled throng of the most distinguished warriors of that glorious day—and there received the public thanks of his veteran commander.

'T was sunset—and the sombre tints of evening were closing around the field of battle, as a tall figure, in the steel cuirass and plumed helmet of a cavalry officer, rapidly crossed the fields, and entered a small hovel on the road side. His bearing was martial, his form graceful, and the expression of his countenance, as the light fell upon it on entering, inexpressibly fine. Making a hasty enquiry at the threshold, he passed through a group of slightly-wounded men who lay strewed around, and opening the door to a small and dimly-lighted apartment, advanced towards a low bed, on which lay extended a figure, pale and exhausted from loss of blood, as the uniform he wore, and such parts of it as had been laid aside, too clearly indicated. The wounded man attempted to rise on discerning the appearance of his visitor, while his features brightened into a faint smile, and he returned with earnestness the friendly grasp that was given him. There was a pause of some moments, as bending o'er the wounded soldier, with averted gaze, his friend sought to hide the burst of sorrow this melancholy sight called forth; at length he turned to the sufferer, and with all the kindness of his gentle nature, enquired of him how he felt. "Oh! very, very weak—nay, my wound has been examined, and I have but a few hours to live. Oh! it is now I can appreciate the many kind reproofs you have given me—the many lessons of holiness you have endeavoured to teach me. Alas! how little have I improved them——" He ceased, exhausted—but revived again on the administration of some little cordial, and was able to listen to the words of consolation, as from a small pocket bible his Christian instructor read to him the promises of the Gospel, and the blessed assurances of forgiveness to all who repent, even at the eleventh hour. A dim and sickening light continued to burn in the little apartment; and the wounded sufferer was that night tended, and his last moments soothed by his faithful friend. That friend was the General Officer who had so distinguished himself, and the decorating star of his rank glittered in the breast of ALBERT MORTIMER.

Again, in my dream, the flight of years. Ages had passed, and the romantic and beautiful little village of — appeared in its holiday garb. There were triumphal arches of evergreens entwined with flowers, and gay festoons gracefully waved from tree to tree along the shaded avenue of the village church, where was assembled at the altar a brilliant group of happy faces. The young and handsome bridegroom had just placed the ring on the hand of his fair bride, and was repeating after the officiating clergyman the solemn vows of fidelity and attachment which form a part of this impressive ceremony. His form, and the beautiful expression of his face, appeared familiar to me. It must be—I looked again: the young couple were receiving the blessings of an aged father and mother—and, in the venerable figure and noble brow of that father, I saw the gallant hero of former days—the faithful attendant in the chamber of death at the little cottage—he whom, in my dream, I had thus traced from the cradle.

Once more, there was the little church, but how different its attire—not now the gay animating scene I had before witnessed. It was unusually thronged, and on all were to be seen the emblems of sorrow. The services of the morning were followed by a sermon from the text, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

And as the worthy pastor enlarged on this beautiful text, and painted with admirable and feeling eloquence the bright career of their departed and aged friend,—every eye acknowledged, in deep and genuine sympathy, the heart-felt sorrow of that bereavement. The aged Christian had been gathered to his fathers—he had seen his offspring flourish around him like the grass of the earth, and had indeed come to his grave "in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

My dream is well nigh told. Yet, once more that little church rose before me, and on a plain marble slab, I read the names of GENERAL ALBERT MORTIMER, and ELEANOR HIS WIFE—and below, the words, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

March, 1842.

J. D. M'D.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.]

RELIGION TRUE BENEVOLENCE.

"Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty, prompt at every call,
He watch'd, and wept, he prayed, and felt for all."

RELIGION—true religion—what is it? A profession—a pretension—a routine of ceremony—a grave countenance? No. It is "visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction," and keeping unspotted from the world. Is this what religion's author requires? Is this the conduct that will be approved in the day of final reckoning? Go to, ye professors—ye who assume the Christian name, and learn to add to your faith charity—active benevolence. Hast thou that mind that was also in Christ Jesus? Learn to do, according to thy ability, as He did who went about doing good. Go on, ye faithful followers of the Redeemer—and remember, that to him who patiently continues in well-doing, there is reserved glory, honour, immortality, eternal life. Know, that thou hast the promise of this life, as well as that which is to come, and that a cup of cold water shall not lose its reward.

Thou who art united to the visible Church, cease to make any pretensions to piety until thou art engaged in some benevolent enterprise, doing good either to the bodies or souls of thy fellow-men. Verily thou hast no excuse. There is work for every labourer, whether he have ten talents or one. Supineness is the sin of the Church—up, therefore, and what thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might: remembering that "Wo" is denounced against them that are at ease in Zion.

March, 1842.

H. J.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.]

THOUGHTS ON PHRENOLOGY.

NO. VI.

In my last, while I endeavoured to show the difficulty of determining character by an examination of the head, I also pointed out some of the benefits of the science. A few more remarks on this part of the subject, and these "thoughts" shall close.

Phrenology is unquestionably the most rational and consistent system of mental philosophy yet taught, and in this light alone recommends itself to all who love to study the phenomena of mind; the knowledge of our spiritual nature, its powers and manifestations, its mode of acting, with the reasons of its imbecility and disorders, are surely of no small importance. To the legislator, the physician, the lawyer, and the teacher, such knowledge is indispensable.

"Mental Philosophy," says an eminent writer, "leads us to study the elements of morals, to view the principles and tendencies from which the complex phenomena of the moral world proceed, and to teach us to regard with benevolence and candour a nature whose endowments, and whose weaknesses are our own, and on which the Deity has so wisely impressed his image; whilst it gives us the knowledge of ourselves and of mankind, it gives us that which is of still higher value—an affection and reverence for that common nature which we inherit, and by fixing our thoughts on the powers and susceptibilities of man, we are reminded of the immortality to which by his Creator he has been evidently designed."

Its study is attended with real and legitimate pleasure. "It is an advantage peculiar to this science," adds the author above quoted, "that it renders every other tributary to it,—that it may be studied wherever there is a development of the intellectual or moral faculties, that the productions of the poet, the orator, and the mathematician, indirectly contribute to its progress, and may be employed in analysing some of the most intricate and complex operations of the human mind."

On the principles of Phrenology, the causes of dreaming are satisfactorily explained.

Lastly, it accounts for monomania and insanity, and consequently must be of immense advantage to those who have charge of lunatic asylums in the management of their patients.

These are a few of the reasons why Phrenology is worth being understood. As mentioned in my first communication, the science is still young. As in all other sciences, so in this, much yet remains to be known; but it is sufficiently established, and presents sufficient claims to attract the respect and attention of some of the leading minds both in Europe and America.—Let its opponents remember that sneers and ridicule are not arguments, and cannot prevail against it.

I had intended to compare Phrenology with other systems of mental philosophy; I had also intended to devote one communication to a description, on phrenological principles, of religious characters,—but my original object is attained by what has been written; and with many thanks for your kindness in giving insertion to these "unconnected thoughts,"

I remain,

Your obedient servant,

March, 1842.

ENCEPHALO.

OBITUARY.

DIED, at Potsdam, N. Y., on the 14th ult., ANN AUGUSTA CHURCH, third daughter of Mr. Elam Church, Masconche, aged 22 years,—highly esteemed for her amiable and affectionate disposition. The chief consolation of her bereaved relatives is, that she died rejoicing in the love of her Saviour—testifying that the religion of Christ robs death of its sting.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.—The spirit of the press, as far as relates to His Excellency the Governor General, and the prospective character of his administration, has exhibited in general a praiseworthy candour and fairness. It is true there is very little known with certainty of the measures to be proposed, or even of the principles upon which his administration will be conducted, and such being the case there is very little ground, it may be said, for actual disapproval or opposition. What we have learned must have been gathered from his Excellency's answers to the numerous addresses of congratulation, and from the few appointments already made by him. The style of these answers has been at once conciliating and guarded, giving assurances of a desire to meet the wishes of the different portions of the country as far as may seem to him consistent with the general interest and his responsibility to her Majesty's ministers. In the remarks of the press upon these, as well on the principles of future action to be gathered from them, there has been much of candour, and an almost entire absence of a carping and fault-finding spirit.—We have observed this with pleasure, and it is equally honourable to the press as it must be satisfactory to his Excellency. All parties seem to be willing to await the deve-