

than he began to state his case, and declaring his aversion to all medicines and strict diet. I could see the Physician was indignant at his impertinence, and he plainly told him he would have nothing to do with him, unless he was willing to take his medicines, and even submit to the amputating knife.

"Rather than submit to that," said the man, "I will take the consequences."

The Physician looked compassionately at him as he shut the door, and I could hear him say, "Why will you die?"

At this time, another came along hobbling on crutches, and to the inquiry of the Physician, he said, "I have been a long time diseased, but I am now much better. I have been taking a great many remedies, and through these, together with these crutches, which are the fruit of my own ingenuity, I get along tolerably comfortable, and hope soon to be well."

"Why then come here?" said the Physician, "they that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."

With this he shut the door in his face, and, as far as I could see, the man was but little troubled with the repulse.

After this, I observed a great many more pass by; most of them, although they showed the symptoms of disease, read the inscription over the door smilingly and incredulously, and passed on without making an inquiry; others, however, stopped and knocked; some timidly, others boldly—and while some were cured, others were sent away. This, however, I observed, that the kind Physician never refused to cure those who seemed sensible of the grievous nature of their maladies, and who were willing to trust him as the only one who understood, and could cure their complaints.—*Presbyterian.*

JESUS ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

It is impossible to conceive a spectacle of greater natural or moral sublimity, than the Saviour seated on the slope of the Mount of Olives, and thus looking down, almost for the last time, on the whole temple and city of Jerusalem, crowded, as it then was, with near three millions of worshippers. It was evening, and the whole irregular outline of the city, rising from the deep glens which encircled it on all sides, might be distinctly traced. The sun—the significant emblem of the great Fountain of the moral light, to which Jesus and his faith had been perpetually compared—may be imagined, sinking behind the western hills, while its last rays might linger on the broad and massy fortifications on Mount Zion—on the stately palace of Herod—on the square tower—the Antonia at the corner of the temple—and on the roof of the temple, fretted all over with golden spikes, which glittered like fire; while below, the colonnades and lofty gates would cast their broad shadows over the courts, and afford that striking contrast between vast masses of gloom and gleams of the richest light, which only an evening scene like the present can display. Nor, indeed, (even without the sacred and solemn associations connected with the holy city,) would it be easy to conceive any natural situation in the world of more impressive grandeur, or likely to be seen with greater advantage under the influence of such accessories, than that of Jerusalem—seated, as it was, upon hills of irregular height, intersected by bold ravines, and hemmed in almost on all sides by still loftier mountains, and itself formed, in its most conspicuous parts, of gorgeous ranges of Eastern architecture, in all its lightness, luxuriance, and variety. The effect may have been heightened by the rising of the slow volumes of smoke from the evening sacrifices, while, even at the distance of the slope of Mount Olivet, the silence may have been faintly broken by the hymns of the worshippers.—*Rev. H. Milman.*

THE CHRISTIAN HERITAGE.

OH, how consolatory is the thought! If the spirit has been justified, regenerated, sanctified, it will return to the eternal fruition of God in heaven—return to be forever happy. It will be a dissolution from that body of corruption which has been a clog, a weight, a hindrance. How little we know of the disembodied spirit! How little do we know of the susceptibilities of the spirit that has emerged from this world!

A VERY DIFFERENT VIEW.

WHEN Xerxes, at the head of two millions of soldiers, halted with his hosts, and himself sat down and wept—it was because the thought occurred to him, that "in one hundred years all that mighty host will be dead." This was a very just reflection, and it is almost the only wise thing recorded of the heathen monarch. But Xerxes' vision extended no farther than their death. He wept for their mortality and his own; but he had no tears to shed for the destiny of these two millions beyond the tomb.

From this view of Xerxes we turn to another—and we behold the Son of God in tears. He sat down, as he drew near to Jerusalem, on Mount Olivet, which overlooked the city, and wept! The tears of the Divine Redeemer fell, not because within less than one hundred years Jerusalem should be desolate, without inhabitant, and the thousands which thronged its streets should be dead—but He looked beyond the tomb. His vision extended century on century into the great future of eternity, and Christ wept because the thousands of that great metropolis were rejecting the Gospel of life, and treasuring up the wrath of God upon their undying spirits. The reflections of the one were bounded by time—those of the other, by eternity.—*Morning Star.*

EARLY PIETY.

RELIGION never shines with so bright and benignant a lustre as upon those who embrace it in early youth. To the aged, it gives light, peace, and hope. Upon the young it confers all these, together with many peculiar benefits. It implants pure and noble principles—it nurtures kind affections—it imposes needful restraints upon bad passions, and purifies every vicious taste—it sheds a beautiful and benignant influence upon the whole social and moral character. Thus it blesses for a whole lifetime, and lays the foundation for blessings throughout eternity. It is to the young man who listens to its voice, a counsellor of infallible wisdom—a sun of righteousness which guides him through their whole being. Have you, my young friend, sought this inestimable treasure? You cannot prize it too highly. Give to it your whole heart. Sacrifice for it pride and passion—the love of pleasure, and of the world. Be heavenly-minded. Lay the foundation of piety broad and deep, now while habits are plastic and feelings are lively. Never be ashamed of your religion—never compromise it. Keep a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man. Let every year—if possible, every day—add perceptibly to your piety. Endeavour to do good—to be actively pious. Try to feel habitually that it is your duty always to make upon others a decidedly religious impression. Your life and example must do something towards saving others. Cultivate a sense of perpetual responsibility, that every day's history may give a colouring to your eternity.—*The Revivalist.*

PURSUIT OF VIRTUE.

THERE is one pursuit in life, which is in the power of all to follow, and to attain. It is subjected to no disappointment, for every contest will prove a victory: and this is the pursuit of virtue. Sincerely to aspire after virtue, is to gain her; and zealously to labour after her wages, is to receive them. Those that seek her early, will find her before it is too late; her reward is also with her, and she will come quickly: for the breast of a good man is a little heaven on earth, where the Deity sits enthroned with unrivalled influence.

RELIGION.

THE spirit of true religion breathes mildness and affability. It gives a native unaffected ease to behaviour: it is social, kind, and cheerful—far removed from that gloomy and illiberal state of mind that clouds the brow, sharpens the temper, dejects the spirit, and teaches men to fit themselves for another world, by neglecting the concerns of the present.

FILIAL LOVE.

THERE is no virtue that adds so noble a charm to the finest traits of beauty, as that which exerts itself in watching over the tranquillity of an aged parent. There are no tears that give so noble a lustre to the cheek of "innocence as the tears of filial sorrow.

THE SUNFLOWER.

MANY flowers open themselves to the sun, but only one follows him always. Let your heart be like the sunflower: not only open yourselves to your God, but obey him likewise.

The Christian Mirror.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1841.

WE most cheerfully forego any remarks of our own, today, in order to make room for several excellent communications, with which we have been kindly favoured: and for which we tender our thanks to the respective authors. We trust our readers will be gratified, as well as edified, by their perusal.

We have also had the promise, and are in daily expectation, of other contributions from the pens of several talented individuals: which, doubtless, will tend still further to enrich our columns, and render the *Mirror* increasingly interesting and valuable.

WE have devoted a considerable portion of our space, in the present number, to full details of the calamitous fire in the Tower of London, and an interesting description of the contents of the Jewel Chamber and of the Tower Armoury—which we have thought worthy of preserving, and which we trust will be generally acceptable.

* * * WE beg respectfully to inform those subscribers who may still be in arrears, that the low rate at which the *Mirror* is published will not admit of the expense of employing a collector. We, therefore, earnestly request that they will oblige us by remitting, without delay, through the nearest Agent or Postmaster, or otherwise, the amount of their respective half-yearly subscriptions. The sum to an individual subscriber is very trifling, but to us the aggregate is of consequence.

For the Christian Mirror.

PERSONAL PIETY.

WHILST reading encouraging reports from stations and districts which have been brought under Missionary operations, I have been often led to enquire, what it is that hinders the advancement of religion amongst ourselves? May it not, in a large measure, and in many cases, be traced to the low ebb of personal piety? Are not some professed Christians practically saying, How far can I go in the pursuits and pleasures of the world, and yet retain my credit in the church? rather than, Where ought I to make a stand, in consistency with my Christian profession? Has not the spirit of the world crept too much into the church; and is not this an increasing evil?

In the families of professing Christians generally, the standard of piety is not any thing like so elevated as was that which distinguished the primitive Christians. Why are we not more anxious to cultivate their spirit in this respect? Why are we not more careful to imitate those of whom we profess to be the followers, in this particular? Instead of every other interest being made to yield, and to bend, and subserve the interests of religion,—is not religion made almost subordinate to nearly all other interests? Whilst we indulge a habit of compromising matters with the world, the cause of God must inevitably suffer; and sad is the reflection we are compelled to make, that it is "wounded in the house of its friends!"