

# CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF RELIGION AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

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

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[We copy the following verses, (says the *Watch-tower*.) written by a youth of sixteen, from the *Baltimore Clipper*. They refer to a circumstance that took place in the neighbourhood of that city, in the autumn of 1839. A little girl, three years old, wandered away into the woods, where she amused herself in gathering fall flowers, in listening to the fairy music of the honey-bees, or the bold humming of the bumble-bees; in stealing upon butterflies as they lighted on flowers, or chasing them with high glee as they rose in their flight; in watching the pert and sportive gambols of squirrels on their nut-trees, and in seeing bright-eyed birds, as they inquisitively peeped down from their coverts of leaves, or perched near the little wanderer upon the lower twigs. Hour after hour passed away, and most anxious search was made for her everywhere, in vain—until at last, just when her mother's heart was sinking within her, the tiny thing was found, happy and fearless, sitting on the limb of a huge oak, and a dog standing by her side as happy as she.]

## THE LOST CHILD AND THE DOG.

Far in the forest depths behold  
A wanderer young and fair,  
No breezes o'er the mighty tops  
Disturb the silence there.  
And by her side a guardian see,  
O'er one so mild and young,  
His watchful ear marks every sound,  
That breaks the woods among.

The anxious mother waited long  
Her absent child to greet,  
And ever and anon she heard  
A sound like coming feet.  
They sought for her in every place,  
In each accustomed way,  
Where she her daily rambles took,—  
Where she was wont to stray.

At last, beneath a giant-oak,  
With "hundred arms outspread,"  
Sitting upon a fallen tree,  
Upraised to heaven her head,  
They find the object of their search,  
And near her guardian true,—  
"My child," the joyous mother cries,  
"What is it here you do?"

"Mother, I wished to see the skies,  
Beneath these mighty trees,  
And hear the bird sing merrily,  
And feel the gentle breeze!  
To view the beautiful forest flowers,  
Decked out so fair and gay,  
To see the leaves chased by the wind,  
As if in joyous play.

"And, mother, when I thought of Him  
Who made the flowers so fair,  
Who caused the mighty forest-trees  
To stand in grandeur there!  
Who gave each bird its tuneful note,  
And made them sing with glee,  
Who fashioned every tiny thing,  
Each leaf, and flower, and tree.

"And as I thought, this pretty dog,  
Close to my side stood near;  
Mother, was he not sent by God  
To chase away my fear?"

"Yes, yes, my child, we always live  
Protected by his care—  
By him we're kept from every harm,  
And He was with thee there."

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

### A STRANGER'S TALE; OR, THE DEATH ON THE RIGHTEOUS.

(CONCLUDED.)

THE ensuing day I resumed my journey, and for several weeks was continually shifting scenes,—now rattling over the craggy, rocky cliff in the tiresome stage-coach,—now, rolling swiftly over the level track of a railway,—now, again upon the crowded deck of a steamboat, gliding smoothly over the bosom of the unruffled waters. But wherever I had been, or in whatever situation, at every interval of reflection, that form, that face and that scene were still before me. Why it was, I know not; but the more I tried to banish its recollections, the more vivid would be its delineations to my mind.

On a Saturday evening, five weeks after the event, as the sun's last declining rays lingered on the hills, I again entered that city, and searched out my old lodgings.

The coming morning was of almost unclouded splendour. The heavens bore much the same appearance, as when, a few weeks previous, I had first viewed them from this place, and I indulged in similar thoughts and feelings, with the exception, that now, there was one, at least, among the vast multitude whom I met, I should recognize, and who, although unconsciously, had awakened the strong sympathies of my soul.

When the hour of public worship drew near, I again bent my steps towards the sanctuary where I had joined in the praises of the Most High. I entered, and seated myself as before. Soon the organ's swell echoed through the courts of the Lord's house,—but it was a requiem strain. The dissonance of its notes produced a solemn feeling upon all. The doors opened, and a train of mourners advanced, clad in the habiliments of sorrow. Then followed a bier, on which was borne a rich mahogany coffin covered with a deep sable pall, that reached the floor. The organ ceased its sound;—for a moment a death-like silence pervaded the house; then the voice of weeping burst forth, which till now had been stifled in the wounded breast, or had found vent in silent tears. A singular sensation came over me. I felt assured that the coffin before me contained that lovely form, which so lately I had seen on that same spot, in magnificence and beauty. This assurance haunted me. I tried, in vain, to make myself believe I was superstitious; I saw in my mind the seal of death upon that brow, and dreaded to have the truth revealed.

A prayer was offered—and the minister began his discourse in the words, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." There was no studied, elaborate eulogy upon the character of the departed—no attempts at display or effect; but a simple recital of her worth and virtues.—When he spoke of the many endearing associations connected with her memory, and her labours of love in the midst of them, the whole congregation seemed melted, and the speaker gave free scope to his own emotions, in audible sobs. He exhorted the young especially, to make wise improvement of this voice of God, speaking directly to them, and showed them, that though called to an early grave, if like her were prepared for the coming of the Son of Man, it would be to them a change of unspeakable joy. A few Sabbaths before, she, who was now a lifeless corpse, had stood up and avowed the Lord Jehovah to be her God, and now, without doubt, her spirit had entered upon an eternal Sabbath of rest in Heaven.

The mourners rose, and slowly moved from the sanctuary. The assembly, one by one, followed, and silently looked upon the face of the dead as they passed. I approached. An awful shivering seized me, and the cold sweat gathered on my forehead. I knew that my darkest fears were about being tested, and I trembled. I raised my eyes, and beheld that countenance;—it was the same! A gentle smile still played upon the features, and no marks of suffering were written there. Those lips seemed on the point of speaking,—but they were closed forever! A space of time elapsed,—but what had passed I know not. I had been lost in reflections forced upon me, by an awful change that had taken place, and had no recollection, till I found myself in the midst of a large crowd in the churchyard. The sculptured urns and monuments, that had been reared to mark the places where reposed the remains of parents, children, and friends, rose on every side. Directly in front was a long range of granite tombs. One near the centre was open, and around it the throng were assembled. I heard the sound of music,—it was the last funeral hymn:—

Sister, like the flower of morning,  
Thou hast gone from us away;  
Brightest hues that flower adorning,  
Withered lie, while yet 'tis day.

Thou shalt rest secured from anguish,  
In thy narrow house below;  
While alone, our fond hearts languish,  
That no more thy smiles we know!

Sleep, then, sister! while above thee  
Flows the sad and silent tear;  
Oft at eve, shall those that love thee,  
Weep and pray unnoiced here!

The last lingering note of that plaintive melody died away upon the breeze, as the procession of mourners departed for their homes. I gazed upon the coffin, until the creaking of the door of the vault, as it was turned upon its rusty hinges, told me that that form was hid from my view, till I should meet it at the judgment seat of Christ. I looked up; the large concourse of spectators had gone, and I was alone in this vast city of the dead. I turned from the spot, and offered up the fervent prayer, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."—*Religious Magazine.*

## MANUSCRIPTS OF THE DEAD.

It is always a sad and terrible task—when there is any human feeling left in the heart—that of examining the papers and letters of those who are gone. The records of fruitless affections, of disappointed hopes, of tenderness perhaps misplaced, perhaps turned by the will of fate to scourge the heart that felt it, are all before our eyes. Side by side, at one view and in one instant, we have before us the history of a human life and its sad and awful moral; we have there the picture of every bright enjoyment, of every warm domestic blessing; while written by the hand of death beneath them is the terrible truth—"These are all passed away forever, and so will it soon be with thee likewise!"

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—The arrows of misfortune pierce the deepest into gentle hearts. The tears of man are the larger and flow the faster, the less earth is able to give him, and the higher he himself stands above her; even as a cloud rising higher than the rest from the globe, sends forth the largest drops.

## FRUIT IN OLD AGE.

A SEASON of refreshing from the presence of the Lord had passed away. For several years the moral darkness seemed to increase: iniquity abounded, and the love of many waxed cold. Some had deserted the house of God; others apparently attended to no profit. Every appearance indicated that my ministerial labours, public or private, did very little good. My heart was sinking within me, and I was ready to cry out, "Who hath believed our report?" "I have laboured in vain, and spent my strength for nought."

It was a rainy Sabbath morning in November, I looked out of my study window upon the house of God, with my mind deeply impressed, and said to my wife,

"I feel as though I could not go to that house today, and preach to naked walls, or a few stupid hearers, to whom I can say nothing more calculated to awaken them than what I have already said, to so little purpose."

I did suppose, however, that there were a few praying souls; and, for a few weeks, I had at times observed an increased attention in the house of God; but those favourable appearances seemed to be transient.

The hour of public worship arrived. I went to the house of God, and, with sinking spirits, tried to preach in the morning to the small number that came together. As I was passing out through the porch, an elderly man, who had come about four miles, came to me, and said,

"My son O—and his wife wish you to come and see them as soon as you can; they are under heavy trials of mind; they are in a feeble state of health, and could not come out today."

I went to my own house, and told my family that God had not utterly forsaken us—I had received such a message as I had not before for two years.

The next morning I hastened to comply with the request. As I approached the house of the young man, he and his wife both met me on the threshold, and took me by the hand, expressing great joy to see me. They said, that although, in some respects, they had been glad when I came to their house, they had used to dread to see me, because they knew not what to say to me, when I conversed with them on the subject of religion; now they wished to open all their hearts to me. They had each of them, the night before, been hopefully brought to experience a Saviour's love.

After a refreshing season with them, I went to the house of the father, which was but a few steps. There I found the father and mother very deeply awakened, apparently humbled, and resolved to live a new life; also a daughter and her husband in the house, deeply convicted of sin. After giving such counsel and direction to them all as I was able, I went, as usual when I visited that house, into the apartment of the aged grandmother, the "days of the years of whose pilgrimage" had been more than fourscore and ten years, who had been principally confined to her room for some years. I approached her, as she sat bowed down in her chair, and inquired after her welfare. She raised her withering hands and weeping eyes towards heaven, and exclaimed:—

"Oh! I bless God, that he has sufficed me to live to see this day."

"Yes," said I, "it is what you have long been praying for."

"Oh, yes," pointing to the corner of the room, "I have lain sleepless, night after night, on that bed, begging and pleading that salvation might come to this house; and it has come, and I bless the Lord for it—now I can die in peace."

"Now," said I, "you see clearly explained, what to you appeared a mysterious Providence. You have often said to me, that you did not know why the Lord should protect your life, which was so useless a burden to yourself and the world. He kept you here to pray for your precious souls, and to be a witness for God. Be encouraged to plead for the multitude of dying sinners who still remain in their sins."

After a most refreshing interview with this aged disciple, and uniting in prayer, I left the place, condemning myself for my unbelief, admiring the ways of Providence in the manifestations of his grace, and reflecting on what a blessed encouragement it is to the Church, and to the disheartened pastor, to have praying souls in the

parish, although they cannot mingle with society, or come to the house of God.

This was the commencement of a revival, which brought about fifty into the church. The aged widow lived to know the result, and then departed in peace.

When, for a season, God in his anger spreads a cloud over a heritage, and the day grows dark, the ambassador of Christ should not be disheartened, while there is a single faithful praying soul to hold up his hands, and wrestle with the throne of grace, though such soul is shut up in some corner of the parish, or in the most obscure place. *Such souls are a host.* They may be more and mightier than are for us, than those that are against us.—*L. Revivalist.*

## THE TRAVELLER.

[FROM "NOTES ON EGYPT," BY REV. A. DUFF, D.D.]

## CAIRO.

WHAT fancy has not glowed with accounts of the unrivalled magnificence of Cairo, "the proud city of the Kaliphs, the delight of the imagination, greatest among the great, whose splendour and opulence made the prophet smile?" And certainly, there is one view of it which does look at once novel and superb: it is that from the rocky fortress, so greatly strengthened and adorned by Yusuf or Saladin, the antagonist hero of the Crusades. The relative position of the fortress may be thus represented.

Between Cairo and the sea, northward, the whole country is flat. Immediately contiguous to it, on the south, commences the mountain chain of Makattan, an arid naked range of calcareous rock; which, at a varying, unequal distance, runs southward nearly parallel to the Nile, enclosing the eastern side of the valley, as with an enormous perpendicular wall. On the abruptly terminating angular point of this lofty ridge, as it flows in barrenness on the verdant Delta of the Nile, is built the citadel of the Kaliphs, where are to be seen stupendous columns of red granite from ancient Memphis; the well of Saladin, about twelve feet square, and three hundred feet deep, excavated in the solid rock, down to the level of the Nile; the enclosure, where the last of the Mameluke Beys, with hundreds of their followers, after having been invited by Mahomed Ali to a friendly feast, were treacherously and barbarously massacred; and, alongside of that fatal spot, the new mosque of Egyptian alabaster, now rearing at the expense of the Pasha, as if in atonement for his many crimes of cruelty and blood. From a salient angle of this citadel, there is a panoramic view, embracing an uncommon assemblage of objects, of singularly varied and blended interest. Immediately under and around its base are seen spreading out, on the one hand, the ruins and aqueduct of Old Cairo; and on the other, the splendid tombs and mausoleums of the Kaliphs—with the walls, the turreted battlements, and the 3 hundred minarets of New Cairo lying between. On the west, chiefly between the city and the Nile, lie the gardens and palaces of the Pashas Beys, and other Turkish nobles: then the "exulting, the abounding river" itself—on the other side of which stretch out fields of emerald green, hemmed in, at the distance of ten or twelve miles, by the bleak line of sand and rock which terminates the Lybian Desert; the platform of which is surmounted by the great Pyramids of Ghizah. Turning to the south, the fertile vale is seen ascending towards Thebes; with the forest of palm trees, at no great distance, which enshrouds the ruins of Memphis, the city of the Pharaohs, and overshadows the spot that has been consecrated by the deliverance of the infant Moses; and, overlooking the whole, the Pyramids of Sakhara, reared on a capelike projection of the elevated range of the desert. Confronting the north, the boundless plain of the Delta expands before the spectator, with the ruins of Heliopolis or On, the city of the sun, the city of the Patriarch Joseph's father-in-law, and famed as a seat of learning even in a land which was the cradle of philosophy and science: beyond these, the field and the solitary tree, under whose branches tradition represents Joseph and Mary as having reposed, when "they fled with the young child to Egypt," and which, as the recompense for such hospitable shelter, has been blessed with "miraculous longevity and eternal verdure;" and strangely interblended with all these and simi-

lar objects of antiquarian or sacred association, the present Pascha's polytechnic school, cotton manufactories, the foundries, and powder-mills! To the east, opens up the general desert of the Red Sea, where the children of Israel once wandered under the guidance of the cloudy pillar—the chosen symbol of Jehovah's presence. In the whole world beside it would perhaps be difficult to find, spread out, from one point of view, so singularly diversified a combination of the great and the small, the noble and the vile, the stable and the frail, the rare and the common, the beautiful and the unsightly, the sacred and the profane—vast arched aqueducts and ditch-like canals, rich gardens and barren rubbish, verdant plains and desert wastes, living streams and naked rocks, minaretted mosques and tattered booths, palaces and tombs, pyramids and mud-huts, venerable relics of wisdom and obtrusive memorials of folly, marvellous remembrances of the forbearance and goodness of God, and striking monuments of the ambition and tyranny of man!

To the eye, viewing most of these objects externally, and at a distance, the grand and the interesting may seem most to predominate. A closer inspection will usually serve to banish much of the illusion.

Begin with the city of Cairo, the centre of the panoramic scene. From the elevated point of observation nought is discerned but the flat or balustraded roofs of houses, the cupolas and minarets of the mosques. Descend towards it, enter the interior, and its principal streets are soon found so tortuous and narrow, as scarcely any where to admit a single wheeled vehicle passing, and often not more than a single donkey. The houses, shooting up many stories in height, exhibit towards the streets little more than blank like prison-walls, save where, here and there, a grated aperture tends to confirm the suspicion, that one is traversing a city of jails and condemned criminals. Far on high, a wooden framework is often made to strike out, so as almost or altogether to meet some similar projection on the opposite side, and thus to intercept the view of the blue vault of heaven over-head.

And then, what incessant driving and beating of foot passengers with sticks from right to left, to make way for the turbaned Turk, or the grotesquely-robed government officials, mounted on asses, mules, horses, or camels! What grimaces, noises, and vociferations on the part of jugglers, beggars, slaves, and fanatics! What brayings and screamings, when the confined, unpaved substitutes for streets, are fairly blocked up by towering camels or donkeys, so largely laden with reeds, or sticks, or cotton bags, as to threaten all passers by with a crushing against the wall! What lounging, smoking, and vagrant idleness, in dingy dens, misnamed shops, and bazaars, and marts of business! What swarms of noisome vermin everywhere, what a total absence of taste, and elegance, and comfort. What din and confusion, filth and smells, misery and squalid wretchedness.

No one who has traversed the streets and suburbs of Cairo, need wonder that it should be "a city of the plague." If the ancient Egyptians, in their personal, domestic, and civic habits, resembled the modern, what fresh magnificence does the spectacle of Grand Cairo shed on the multitudinous precepts and ordinances of the Levitical code respecting cleanliness and absolution, altogether independent of their higher typical hearings, in the progressive revolution of the Gospel dispensation?

In the contrast of Cairo with any of the great Protestant cities of Christendom, we never felt more vividly before how much we were indebted to the religion of the Cross, not merely for the hope of a heaven of glory hereafter, but for these refined and ennobling sentiments, which naturally issue in all that can adorn, beautify, or comfort the life that now is. But the mosques, with their minarets and crescents, are not they superb? To the taste and eyes of many they are.—The outer walls, painted with alternated stripes of red and white, rising from bottom to top in parallel horizontal lines, of a foot or two in breadth; the dust-embrowned cupolas, minarets, and crescents, which looked like a profusion of fanciful stucco-work, or huge Chinese toys; such fantastic figures, and variegated hues, have doubtless their attractions; but whether for a child or man, the vulgar likings of demi-barbarism, or the noble aspirations of the highest civilisation, we leave it to others to determine. Of this we are satisfied,

that, in point of real symmetry, elegance, and grandeur, there are a dozen cathedral churches in London alone, incomparably superior to the finest mosque in Cairo. It could not well be otherwise.

In all climes, and in all ages, from the cavern and monolithic temples of Arabia Petraea, Bamecan, and India, to the mosques of Cairo and Constantinople, and the cathedrals of Christendom, there has been, there must be, a parallelism between the professed faith of a people, and all the external symbols of that faith.

In Mohammedanism, all is material, sensuous, and grovelling; hence the poverty of conception and design, the meanness of proportion, the sheer unidealistic finery of ornament, and all the sense-regaling accessories, so characteristic of a first rate Mohammedan mosque.

In Christianity, on the other hand, all is immaterial, spiritual, and sublime; hence, even amid abounding corruptions, the solemn grandeur of conception and design, the majestic stateliness of proportion, the emblematic richness of embellishment, and all the soul-elevating accompaniments of the Christian cathedral.—*Scottish Christian Herald.*

#### CURIOUS MARRIAGE CUSTOM AMONG THE COSSACKS.

There are said to be no old maids among the Cossacks of Ukraine, since the custom allows the young women to choose their husbands. When a young woman in the Ukraine, feels a tender passion for a young man, she goes to his parent's house, and says to him, "Be blessed of God." She then sits down, and addresses herself to the object of her affections in the following terms: "Iran Theodore, (or whatever may be his name) the goodness I see written in your countenance is a sufficient assurance to me that you are capable of loving and ruling a wife; and your excellent qualities encourage me to hope that you will make a good husband. It is the belief, that I have taken the resolution to come and beg of you with all due humility to accept me for your spouse." She afterwards addresses the father and mother in words to the same effect, and solicits them earnestly to consent to the marriage. If she meets with a refusal, she answers, "that she will not quit the house till she has married the object of her love." If she be sufficiently persevering, and have patience to stay a few days or weeks in their house, the parents are not only forced to give their consent, but frequently persuade their son to marry her. The young man, likewise, is generally moved by her perseverance and affection, and gradually accustoms himself to the idea of making her his wife, and at length consents. It is said that the parents never employ any force to compel her to leave their house, because they believe that by so doing, they should draw down the vengeance of heaven upon their heads; and the girl's family would not fail to resent such an action as a grievous affront.

### RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

#### SEASONS OF MEDITATION.

Those times are suitable, which are given more expressly to the exercises of devotion. "Evening and morning, and at noon will I pray," says the Psalmist. Meditation is a fit preparation for prayer; we scarcely can pray, with a full understanding and a right feeling of our wants, if we do not first give a few moments reflection to the matter and spirit of our devotions. We may very properly distinguish the meditation which prepares the mind, and the prayer which expresses its feelings when duly prepared; they are different, although congenial and co-operating exercises of the mind. The one is "communing with our own hearts," the other is "communing with our God."

A short space given to meditation previously to prayer, morning and evening, will always be found useful. But this will be especially needful in our mid-day prayers. It is to be feared that some persons overlook, or at least lose the benefit of prayer at noon. The opportunity for solitude at that time is indeed wanting to many. Most persons are, during the middle of the day, in places and in circumstances where they cannot retire to pray. So much the greater will be their need of collecting their thoughts, abstracting them from business or amusement, giving them to a subject previously prepared in the morning, and

making them matter of prayer. He who can, even in a crowd, pass from necessary business to meditation, and from meditation to prayer, is a truly happy Christian, and one likely to be fruitful in acts of holiness. He takes the right method to preserve his heart from becoming cold, sensual, proud, or negligent; he, in reality, loses no time, but is in every sense a gainer.

Seasons of recreation are likewise very suitable for this holy exercise. When we are able to relax from the ordinary cares of life, and refresh ourselves with lighter employments than usual, or with total rest or employment in country scenes, is it not a moment most favourable for holy reflection? We may know, in a good degree, what is the state of our heart, by observing what turn our thoughts take in seasons of relaxation. Are we, at such times, all for the world? Is pleasure, visiting, feasting, gay conversation, and trifling sports, our object? Or do we, with joy, anticipate a portion of time to be specially given to God, and to the interests of our souls? If it be thus with us—if we naturally turn towards God, saying, "My meditation of him shall be sweet," it is a healthy sign. Probably most professing Christians need a quickening hint on this subject: not to neglect the opportunity for religious meditation afforded by occasional periods of leisure.

Evening is a season peculiarly suited to meditation. One of the most touching passages of Scripture is that in which the patriarch Isaac is described as going out "to meditate in the field at the eventide." (Gen. xxiv. 63.) The margin says, "to pray;" which may serve to show us how similar and almost identical are these two exercises of a devout soul. The calm evening, the sequestered field, the perfect solitude which he then enjoyed, are especially within reach to persons visiting the country, and relaxing from their labours.

But, it is chiefly on the holy day of rest that a believer delights to have his thoughts engaged in heavenly contemplations. "I was in the spirit on the Lord's day;" is the description given of his own state of mind, by St. John, at the opening of the Apocalyptic Vision. He designed by it, no doubt, what was miraculous. He was, on that holy day, favoured with those secret visions in which the events of future ages, the sufferings of the Church militant, and the glories of the Church triumphant, were unfolded to his view. By a most natural and just accommodation, however, the expression is frequently used to express that state of mind in which a believer desires to pass every portion of the sacred day, "in the Spirit"—that is, under the influence of the Holy Ghost, as our Teacher, Sanctifier, and Comforter. Enlightened, purified, and consoled by his influence, we should aim at so passing through the hours of the Sabbath, so that every day of the following week may draw a heavenly character from the sanctification of this portion of our time.—*London Christian Guardian.*

#### A LIVING REDEEMER.

"He lives, the great Redeemer lives—  
What joy the blest assurance gives."

In the journey of life, there are hours when the drooping spirit cannot be sustained by the consolations of earth—when sorrow flings over the brow its darkened shadows—when disappointed hopes and gloomy anticipation bid us lean not on the earth—and then how sweet is the Gospel. Wearied with the perplexing cares of the week, with an exhausted frame, and a depressed mind, on the Sabbath morning I bent my steps to the house of God.

There was a silence there that seemed to invite to calm meditation; but soon the voice of praise arose, and holy prayer went up—and now was read the glorious declaration, "I know that my Redeemer liveth!" There was deep attention, and we heard of a "Living Redeemer." The preacher told us of him who said, "It is finished"—who tasted the bitterness of death—who reposed in the dreamless slumbers of the tomb—and who, with the power of a God, burst the chains, and ascended on high, leading captivity captive.

"A Living Redeemer!"—Oh! blessed thought. I have thought of it, and my reflections have been as balm to my own spirit. The poor Mahometan may perform his weary pilgrimage to the tomb of his prophet; the devotee of Juggernaut may, with frenzy, throw himself beneath the tremen-

dous car; but to the disciple of Jesus it belongs, to triumph in the living Redeemer. Does he contemplate the scene of Gethsemane and Calvary, and there see the God of glory bow and bleed for sins he never knew? He turns from this, and with a piercing glance of faith, beholds the same Jesus seated high in glory; and inspiration teaches that this Jesus, whom a bright cloud received when at Bethany he had blessed his disciples, shall come again the second time without sin unto salvation.

A Living Redeemer!—Christian, art thou cast down before thy transgressions? Contemplate a Living Redeemer, and adore the grace that "throws in this Bethesda your disease." Art thou troubled on every side? Thy Redeemer careth for thee. Are thy friends departed? Thy Jesus ever liveth. Dost thou tremble in view of that hour when the mysterious cement which binds the soul to its clay tenement must be dissolved? Oh! fear it not—thou hast a Living Redeemer. He will be thy life when thou art dying—he will watch thy sleeping dust till he shall bid it rise in his own likeness, and then thine eye shall see him. When the opening heavens and descending Judge shall fill the sinner with dismay, thou shalt say with Mary, Rabboni—with Thomas, My Lord and my God—and with an innumerable multitude, "This is our God, we have waited for him."

Disciple of a risen Saviour, stay all thy hopes upon him—cast thy burden on his mighty arm—fear not the tyrant Death, but boldly contemplate cold Jordan's wave, and sing:

"Live, live forever, glorious King,  
Born to redeem and strong to save;  
Then ask the monster, where's thy sting?  
And where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

*Methodist Protestant.*

#### THE LAMB TAKEN.

AN irreligious couple residing at W——, near S——, as I was told by an old man in my congregation, upon the death of their only child, were deeply afflicted; and, being destitute of Christian hope, they loudly expressed their discontent at the Providence of God, and entreated their faithful minister to tell them why He, who is the Lord of all, and whose very name the Bible says is Love, should have removed from them their only, their darling child. The man of God—and his name is rightly applied to their good pastor, who has since entered the joy of his Lord—endeavoured to answer these questions in the sermon which he preached after the death of the child, and concluded his address with the following words:—

"Do you desire to understand why God has seen fit to call your child to himself? I answer, it is his will that one of the family should be in heaven. If the hearts of the parents were set on heavenly things, neither would the child have been directed thither, and its life been spared. Listen to a parable. There was a good shepherd, who had prepared a rich pasture for his flock; the gate was set open, but none of the sheep chose to enter: as often as he called them to it, they would flee from him; till he took a lamb in his arms, and carried it into the enclosure,—then, behold, all the sheep hasten to follow. This good shepherd is Christ—the rich pasture is heaven—the lamb, your child; and if you have a parent's heart, seek to be admitted also. The Lord has removed your lamb to himself, that the parents may follow. Amen."

#### THE BIBLE.

As far as our species are concerned, we may say, one sun! one bible! Shut that glorious book—blot from the human memory what we have learned from its pages, and you quench the day-spring. The world lieth in darkness! To guilty, miserable man, there remains no Saviour!—no heaven!—no guide in life!—no support in affliction!—no victory over death! The grave becomes a fathomless abyss, and eternity spreads around him like the ocean—dark—illimitable—fearful! But open now again that book—and lo! the Sun of Righteousness ariseth with healing in his wings, and all around us, and above us, is love, and joy, and hope!

REVENGE.—The root of revenge is the weakness of the soul; the most abject and timorous are most addicted to it.

## THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, FEB. 21, 1842.

Amongst the many practices which retard the progress of religion in the soul, and prevent the more constant exemplification of those graces which are the fruit of the Spirit, and without which it is impossible to possess a mastery for that heavenly inheritance which is promised only to those who "prove faithful unto death,"—we know of none more generally prevalent than those of evil-speaking and slander. By the indulgence of these practices, confidence is daily betrayed, character is assailed, friendships are violated, and that sacred bond of unity which should especially bind together the professed followers of the Saviour, is cruelly severed asunder. We would not be understood to say that professors of religion are more addicted to these practices than those who make no such profession. By no means. But, inasmuch as by the consistent walk of the professed disciples of Christ, an important and salutary influence may be produced upon the minds of those who have not as yet "fled for refuge to the hope set before them," we feel it to be our duty to guard the professor of religion, more particularly, against the indulgence of any unlovely or inconsistent practice.

Of all characters in society, the slanderer is generally allowed to be the most dangerous, and the most likely to produce sad and mischievous consequences. "His tongue," says the great Massillon, in alluding to the character of a slanderer, "is a devouring fire, which furnishes whatever it touches; which exercises its fury on the good grain equally as on the chaff—on the pasture as on the sacred; which, wherever it passes, leaves only desolation and ruin; dig even into the bowels of the earth; turns into vile ashes what only a moment before had appeared to us so precious and brilliant; acts with more violence and danger than ever, in the time when it was apparently smothered up and almost extinct; which blackens what it cannot consume, and sometimes sparkles and delights before it decays. It is an assemblage of impurity, a secret pride, which discovers to us the mote in our brother's eye, but hides the beam which is in our own; a mean envy, which, hurt at the talents or prosperity of others, makes them the subject of its censures, and strives to dim the splendour of whatever outshines itself; a disguised hatred, which sheds in its speeches the hidden venom of the heart; an unworthy duplicity, which praises to the face, and tears in pieces behind the back; a shameful levity, which has no command over itself or words, and often sacrifices both fortune and comfort to the impudence of an amusing conversation; a deliberate barbarity, which goes to pierce an absent brother; a scandal, where we become a subject of shame and sin to those who listen to us; an injustice, where we ravish from our brother what is dearest to him; it is a restless evil, which disturbs society—spreads dissension through cities and countries—disunites the strictest friendships—is the course of hatred and revenge—fills wherever it enters with disturbances and confusion—everywhere is an enemy to peace, comfort, and Christian good breeding. Still more dreadful is this evil when it is found amongst those who are the professed disciples of Jesus Christ! Ah! the Church formerly held in horror the exhibitions of gladiators, and denied that believers, brought up in the tenderness and benignity of Jesus Christ, could innocently fast their eyes with the blood and death of these unfortunate slaves, or form an harmless recreation of so inhuman a pleasure; but

these renew more detestable shows: for they bring upon the stage—not infamous wretches devoted to death—but members of Jesus Christ, their brethren; and there they entertain the spectators with wounds which they inflict on persons who have devoted themselves to God."

It is a humiliating fact, that this evil greatly abounds in our day. Much watchfulness is required to guard against it—otherwise it will insinuate itself even into the social circle, and produce the most mischievous consequences. Principles of charity should invariably be adhered to, when we have occasion to speak of an absent person, and the golden rule should be constantly kept in remembrance.

We have been highly gratified at perusing, from time to time, most cheering accounts of the Temperance effort in almost every part of Europe and America, but especially amongst seamen; and we have noticed with pleasure, that the use of intoxicating drinks has been wholly abandoned by the crews of a considerable number of vessels belonging to the seaport towns of Great Britain and Ireland, as well as of the neighbouring States.

But, however much we value the exertions and achievements of the Temperance cause, as producing an important moral change in the character and conduct of this interesting class of our fellow-men; we cannot hide from ourselves the solemn fact, that it is possible to be strictly temperate, so far as intoxicating liquor is concerned, and, at the same time, be in the gall of bitterness and in the bonds of iniquity, as regards the state of the heart in the sight of God. Hence arises the necessity of employing other means for the purpose of instructing them in "the things belonging to their peace," and directing their attention to the vast importance and absolute necessity of personal piety.

A small temporary building was erected, in this city, in 1837, for the special use of seamen and emigrants—which, we regret to say, has not, up to the present, been replaced by a more substantial building. The subject has never, we believe, been sufficiently pressed upon the attention of the public; but we sincerely hope, that, as Montreal is annually increasing in commercial prosperity, and a large amount of shipping may consequently be expected in our harbour in the ensuing season, the religious public may be induced to take the matter immediately into serious consideration, and heartily assist in furnishing to seamen and emigrants the means of religious instruction during their temporary residence amongst us.

By the unwearyed and praiseworthy exertions of the Rev. T. Osgood, a large number of poor children has been for some time receiving a gratuitous scriptural education, in the building above alluded to, on the weekdays; and on the Sabbath it has, we believe, been occupied for religious services.

Should a suitable building be erected adjacent to the harbour, and the Ministers of the Gospel, of different denominations, resident in the city, co-operate in sustaining a regular course of religious services, (as is the case in London, and other seaport towns,)—the most inestimable benefits would doubtless accrue to seamen and emigrants, who must otherwise remain destitute of that religious instruction which we ourselves so highly prize.

We understand that the Lieut. Governor, in his anxiety to promote the cause of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks amongst the Indians, intends to have silver medals struck off, to be presented to them after they shall have kept the pledge for twelve months. We understand also, that it has been suggested to

His Excellency to make a general presentation of the medals to the tee-totalers in the Province.—*St. John's (N. B.) Mirror.*

## FIRST ORDINATION OF MISSIONARIES IN THE WESLEYAN CENTENARY HALL, LONDON.

On the evening of Wednesday, 10th November, the Large Upper Room at the Centenary Hall and Mission House, Bishopsgate-street, was crowded to excess to witness the ordination of several Missionaries. The service was to have commenced at half-past six o'clock, but some delay was occasioned, in consequence of the crowded state of the Hall, and of the entrances leading to it.

The Rev. Robert Lyon, of Boulogne, the Rev. Samuel Symonds, appointed to Macarthy's Island, on the River Gambia, Western Africa, the Rev. Samuel Annear and Thomas Raston, appointed to Sierra Leone, the Rev. Wm. Allen, for Cape Coast, and the Rev. John Brown, for St. Kitt's, having been introduced; the services were commenced by the Rev. Elijah Hoole, and the Rev. Thomas Martin. The candidates for ordination then proceeded individually to give a statement of the convictions of duty and sacred obligation under which they presented themselves for the more formal appointment to the ministerial office, and for the recognition of their fathers and brethren in the ministry. They bore a satisfactory testimony to the power of divine grace in their conversion to God, and in their call to preach the Gospel; they expressed their readiness to obey the call of divine Providence to carry the doctrine of salvation by faith in Christ to the uttermost parts of the earth. The Ordination Service was then conducted by the Rev. Dr. Bunting, and the questions which it embodies were satisfactorily answered by the candidates, being in substance similar to those which were proposed to them in their previous and more private examinations. Several of the senior Ministers present, having taken part in the solemnity of the laying on of hands, the General Instructions of the Committee were presented to each candidate.

The Rev. Thomas Jackson gave an appropriate Charge to the newly-ordained Ministers, on the general duties of their office; and the Rev. John Beecham addressed some important instructions, more especially to those Missionaries who were about to proceed to Western Africa. \* \* \* Mr. Jackson closed the solemn and delightful services of the evening by prayer.—*Watchman.*

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN IRELAND.—It is said that the Presbyterian Mission schools in Ireland have been attended, during the last year, by 5407 Scholars, all Roman Catholics, and these not children, but all above fifteen, and several hundreds of them adults, from fifty to seventy years of age.—*Zion's Herald.*

## [FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.]

"I WAS AN HUNGRED, AND YE GAVE ME NO MEAT."

THE human heart, in its natural or unconverted state, is supremely selfish; and until man is brought under the renewing influence of the grace of God, Self is the idol he worships.

To supply his temporal wants, both real and imaginary, every nerve is strained, and all the powers of body and mind are held in continual requisition. We see him rising early, and late taking rest, and oft the bread of carefulness is eaten, in his endeavours to add house to house, and field to field; and should the sun of prosperity gild his steps, and his fondest hopes of earthly greatness be realised—instead of proving a blessing to those around him, too often the language of his heart, in effect, is, "This I will do, I will pull down my barns, and build greater. Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years—take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry."

But it is matter for devout gratitude, that a glorious Revelation has been conferred upon man, the design and tendency of which is to correct the principles of man's heart, and to destroy this debasing spirit of selfishness. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," is one of the two great commandments on which, said

the Saviour, "hang all the law and the prophets;" and the Christian may, with equal confidence and truth, exclaim, as he points the infidel to the varied machinery in operation for the alleviation of human suffering and the evangelisation of the world,—Christianity is the main spring, which has started, and keeps the whole in motion.

But is it not cause of regret, that Christians do not let their light shine more clearly in this respect? While we allow them credit for their liberality as manifested in the support of various benevolent societies: yet how little is the amount of that active charity among professors of religion, which so conspicuously marked the conduct and spirit of the world's Redeemer, while he sojourned on earth. This was the path in which he delighted to tread.

We behold him maintaining a dignified silence in the presence of the haughty Herod and his men of war; and, although ardently desired, no miracle was wrought to gratify the vain curiosity of the Jewish potentate. But let us change the scene—and we behold the Lord of Glory weeping at the grave of his humble follower, Lazarus! The solemn tread of the funeral procession is arrested at the gate of Nain, and the widow's only son is restored to the beloved embrace of his weeping mother! Never did the Son of Man, in the days of his flesh, turn away his ear from the cry of human distress, or send the needy suppliant empty away. And from heaven a voice is still heard, saying to his followers, to the end of time, "Pure and undefiled religion before God and the Father is this: to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and keep yourselves unspotted from the world."

But are there not many amongst us, who, whilst they are ever ready to cast their mite, or richer gift, into the treasury of the Lord, stop short here, and go no further—this is the sum and substance of their charity; and, after all, there may be very little, if any, of either Christian sacrifice or self-denial involved. We fear sometimes, that the higher and more acceptable duty of visiting the widow and the fatherless, is regarded as a matter that concerns only the ministers of religion. But is this the meaning of the passage cited above? Surely not.

Christian professor—if you would prove to the world that you have sat at the feet of Christ, and that you possess the spirit of the Saviour, you must shake off this supineness, this softness and love of ease. God says, Visit them. You must go in person to the house of mourning, and see to it, that the little ones want not bread—you must act the part of a father to the fatherless, and, by your efforts of mercy, "cause the widow's heart to sing for joy." God says, Visit them—and we repeat it—for he has thrown them, by his providence, especially on your care. Let there be a putting of the shoulder to the wheel in the cause of Religion, and of suffering humanity, and your *causa* will vanish like the mist before the morning sunbeam. Let not the fear of infection keep you from visiting the sick chambers of the hospital, or the dying bed of the poor. Here you will find opportunities in abundance of pointing sinners to the Lamb of God, and imparting consolation to the Christian, in his conflict with the last enemy. The walls of the prison-house, and the cell of the condemned criminal, should witness your efforts to reclaim the wanderer. These employments will prevent time from hanging heavy on your hands—here you will shine with a borrowed lustre, and reflect from your own bosom the light of the Sun of Righteousness.

But should you continue to refuse thus to work, how terrible will be your situation in that day, when the world is on fire! Notwithstanding all your professions of attachment, the Saviour will say to you, before assembled worlds, "I WAS AN HUNGERED, AND YE GAVE ME NO MEAT."

February, 1842.

R. G.

#### NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We are under the necessity of again earnestly soliciting those subscribers who are still in arrears for the Mirror, to transmit to us, at their earliest convenience, through the Agents or Postmasters, the amount of their respective subscriptions.

## SUMMARY OF NEWS.

### EXTRACTS FROM LATE PAPERS.

The Queen Dowager now sits up from eight to ten hours every day without fatigue, and has attained sufficient strength to walk about her room unassisted.

**LORD HILL.**—We can state with certainty there is not the least foundation for the report which has gone the round of the newspapers, announcing the retirement of Lord Hill from the office of Commander-in-chief. The noble and gallant lord has not expressed, or in the slightest degree intimated, any wish to retire from a situation which he has filled with much credit to himself and satisfaction to the country. In fact, the report is groundless.—*Correspondent of the Standard.*

After the late county meeting at Hamilton, at which addresses were voted to the Queen and Prince Albert, the Duke of Hamilton, and several of those who had attended the meeting, visited the gaol. One respectable looking female attracted his Grace's attention, and on inquiry he was told that she was the widow of a respectable wood merchant, now deceased, and had been confined for upwards of a year, at the instance of a law agent in Edinburgh for costs incurred in a suit in the Court of Session. His Grace immediately caused the truth of the poor woman's story to be investigated, and on being satisfied of the facts, he caused the debt to be paid by his factor, and procured the woman's liberation.

**Ice in the Torrid Zone.**—*Batavia, July 25.*—Last month the water on the high mountains of the Presanger Regency was frozen. The oldest people cannot remember that such a thing ever happened in Java before; and at Tjanjer, near which the ice was found, nobody ever saw water converted into a hard substance—and those who saw it hanging to the sides of the rock fancied it was glass.

**Unexpected Instance of Good Fortune.**—A singular instance of good fortune has, within the last few days, happened to a poor man named George Peters, a journeyman baker, and who resides in an obscure street at Camberwell. It appears that a distant relative, residing at Bath, and from whom no expectations were ever entertained, has recently died, bequeathing to the wife of Peters large funded property amounting to near £50,000. Peters has been for some time working at his trade in the city. He received a letter from a gentleman at Bath, (one of the executors,) informing him of the legacy, and requesting him immediately to come down to that city. This request Peters was unable to comply with until he borrowed money for the purpose, by small sums from several individuals, and yesterday morning he left town for Bath. Peters has always borne the character of an honest and industrious man, and has a family of six children to participate in his unexpected good fortune.

A Queen Elizabeth's shilling was lately dug up in a garden at Shotton, Carlisle, having been 273 years under ground.

It appears that the number of houses licensed in the city and suburbs of Glasgow, to sell ardent spirits, is considerably less this year than last. In 1840, the number of licenses granted for the royalty was 1,211, for the suburbs, 1,090. In 1841, the number in the royalty is 1,026, and in the suburbs, 1,040,—showing a decrease upon the whole of 208.—*Glasgow Chronicle.*

The Duke of Northumberland has subscribed £100 for the relief of the distressed operatives at Paisley. In Scotland, liberal collections have been made for the same purpose in many of the churches and Dissenting meeting houses. Dr. Wardlaw's congregation, belonging to the Secession Church, contributed last Sunday the splendid sum of £120.

### LATER FROM CHINA.

THE arrival at New York of the "Valparaiso," from Canton, brings China news eight days later, but nothing of very great importance, with the exception that an official order from Peking, that Commissioner Keshen was to lose his head for favoring peace with the English. Canton is still open to neutral merchants. Captain Swinburn, of the 13th or Royal Guards, died at Canton.

From a letter which appears in the New York Commercial Advertiser, dated Canton, 11th October, 1841, it seems about 200 boats were employed by the Mandarins in seeking stones near Howqua fort, to prevent ships of war from passing up the river so as to bombard Canton. The southern channel through which the vessels of war passed in May last, is also filled up, so that at low tide the stones are two or three feet above water. It is also stated that in the districts and villages around Canton all the able bodied men had been enrolled, the Ladrones, thieves and idlers, and that the Fort at Shaanun is nearly rebuilt, and others in and about the city commenced.

It is rumoured that some of the influential Mandarins are urging the Emperor to stop the trade in Tea with the British, also with all Foreigners. So large a number of Chinese is dependant upon the trade that it is improbable that measures so rigid will be carried into effect.—*T. ascript.*

It is becoming a singular speculation, what will be the end of this beginning of war with China. Our own opinion is, that the Manchew dynasty should be overthrown, another placed on the throne, and China be thrown open to all the world.

This end, we think, would be infinitely preferable than to possess any portion of its territory under the present dynasty; we shall probably enlarge on this speculation next week.

We are informed by a native that Yinshun and the Governor are again recruiting for stout and valiant troops, and arming them with muskets.—*Canton Register, Oct. 5.*

## PROVINCIAL.

### ADDRESS OF THE SIX NATIONS INDIANS.

To the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty.

GREAT MOTHER!

We, your red children, the Sachems, War Chiefs, and warriors of the Six Nations Indians, residing on the Grand River, in the Districts of Gore and Niagara, in the Province of Canada, comprising the Mohawks, Oneidas, Senecas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Tuscaroras, (the remnant of a devoted people) congratulate your Majesty on the happy event, which has given to us a Great Chief, and to your people a Great Prince.

Your red children venerate the great banner under which they have always fought, the flag of England, and cherish affectionately the memory of your Royal Parent, who was always the Red Man's friend during his sojourn in B. N. America, and gave many proofs of strong attachment to our warriors.—Our old men still remember and talk to us of the deeds of your Royal Father, and of the affection he cherished for the Indians, and remember meeting him at Niagara with Governor Simcoe.

Great Mother,—On a recent occasion, when your Royal authority was menaced in the Province by revolt and invasion, your red children, at the call of the Governor, Sir Francis B. Head, assembled under their Chief, Thakawarante, and accompanied the gallant militia, under the command of Colonel, Sir Allan Napier Macnab, to the frontier, resolved to imitate the example of their forefathers, to live or die under the flag they won, and maintain their connection with the Great Country, of which they have always felt proud to be considered a small branch.

Great Mother,—The chain which connects them with the people over the Great Water, will never become dim, as long as the grass grows and the water runs, and they will teach their children to keep it bright as silver, which holds them in the links of brotherhood and affection.

Your red children pray the Great spirit to make their Great Mother happy; and give to her Son wisdom and health, that in course of time he may become a Great Warrior, and succour and protect the Red Man of British North America.

The above address was signed by 54 Chiefs, and by—

THAKAWARANTE alias WM. JOHNSON KERN, in his own behalf, and on that of 550 warriors.

Done at the Onondaga Council Fire, January, 1842.

**THE CURRENCY ACT.**—The following is the answer of His Excellency the Governor General, to an Address presented by the Toronto Board of Trade, representing the inconvenience felt by the commercial community from the delay which has taken place in reference to the Currency Act, and also pressing upon His Excellency's notice the necessity of a Bankrupt Law for the Western portion of the Province:—

Gentlemen,

I beg you to accept my thanks for your congratulations on my arrival, and for your promises of support and co-operation in the discharge of my duties.

I shall always be ready attentively to consider any representations which you may address to me on behalf of the commercial community of Toronto. The acts passed by the Legislature during their last session, for the regulation of the Currency, and for the inspection of Provisions, are still under the consideration of Her Majesty's Government; but should their decision not be received at an early date, I shall not fail to communicate with them again on the subject.

I shall be prepared to meet the meeting of the Legislature to consider the propriety of submitting to them a measure for a Bankrupt Law for the Western Canada.

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

## BISHOP ALEXANDER'S OWN ACCOUNT OF HIS CONVERSION TO CHRISTIANITY.

[The following is a copy of the Appendix to the Sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Hatchard, at the baptism of the present Bishop in Jerusalem, at Plymouth, June 22, 1825.]

In compliance with the wishes of those to whom I am greatly indebted, I am induced to give a brief account of the circumstances which led me to the final decision of embracing the Christian religion.

I was born in a town in Prussia in the year 1799—educated, since the seventh year of my age, principally in the Talmud, and in the strictest principles of Judaism. From my sixteenth to my twentieth year, I held the office of a teacher of the Talmud and the German language among my brethren in Germany: at which period, a situation of a similar nature offered itself to me in England, where it was required that I should be capable of performing the duty of a choeket, (an office, as is known to my Jewish brethren, only given to persons peculiarly qualified, and who must go through the strictest examination by the high-priest.)—this, however, I soon acquired, and came to England.

Not to enter into useless details, I need only mention, that until that time I had not the slightest knowledge of Christianity, nor did I even know of the existence of the New Testament.\*

Strong impressions of prejudice against the very name of Christ, was all the knowledge I possessed of him, and in blindness and ignorance, I never felt curious to inquire the reason of that prejudice. I looked upon all other sects besides Jews, as the Gentile idolaters mentioned by Moses and the Prophets, from whom I found sufficient reasons and commands to abhor their practices. But, blessed be the Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, who has dealt thus mercifully with me, a worm, who am not worthy of the least of his mercies, in raising me from a death-like sleep, in which so many still remain, who are satisfied with a false peace, without a wish or an effort to be awakened from its dangers.

In the year 1820 I came to London, and having found myself disappointed of the situation above alluded to, I was recommended by the kindness of the high-priest in London to a private family in the country, as tutor to their children.

My employer was a man of strict integrity, and strongly attached to the principles and ceremonies of Judaism. He was the first who acquainted me with the exertions which are making in England for the conversion of the Jews, but treated them with derision, and said, that every Jew ought to read the New Testament, in order to be more confirmed in his own religion. This roused my curiosity, and not being able then to read and understand English, I procured a German Bible. I was greatly struck with the first of St. Matthew, and had no idea that Christians knew any thing of our patriarchs. I was still more struck with the character of Christ, and the excellent morals which he taught; but having gone no further than merely to admit them, it produced no particular effect upon my mind, though it considerably lessened my prejudices. By the providence of God I was led from thence to another place (Norwich) as rabbi, where I had opportunity and leisure to give lessons in Hebrew and German, as I had then obtained some knowledge of the English language. This afforded me the means of access to many pious Christians, and of becoming more acquainted with their religion. I was in an especial manner led to read the New Testament, and found many of the references there given to the old Testament prophecies incontrovertibly fulfilled.

This produced great uneasiness of mind; but instead of turning my face to the Lord God in prayer and supplication, to direct and lead me in the right way, I endeavoured to shrink and turn away from the Divine light which had thus begun to dawn upon me.

About this period, the situation at Plymouth most providentially offered itself, and I was led to accept it, partly from its having been represented to me as more advantageous, but chiefly from the desire I felt to become reconciled to my form-

er views, and regain my peace of mind, with a full determination to have no intercourse with Christians; and during my first three months at Plymouth I strictly adhered to this resolution:—Satan so far aided the wishes of my wicked heart as to hll me again into a delusive peace.

The Lord, in his love toward me, would not suffer me thus to proceed in the path of destruction; he raised me up a spiritual preceptor, in a friend (the Rev. Mr. Golding) who was desirous of taking lessons in Hebrew; and when we began to read for our lessons parts of the Old Testament, subjects of discussion often presented themselves, and feelings to which I had for some time past been a stranger again rose in my mind, and I began more seriously (and I trust not without earnest prayer to God for his guidance) to inquire into the truth, by more carefully comparing the Old and New Testament; and after much mental conflict, came almost to the conviction that Jesus was the Messiah, whom I had been taught to expect in a different form from that in which he is really represented in the Old Testament.

Still I could not see everything so clearly as to be enabled to give up all for him; I had not strength enough to avow my feelings publicly, though I did not hide them from several of my brethren, especially from one with whom I had more frequent intercourse; to him my sentiments were well known, and it pleased the Lord to raise him up, after having been acquainted with it for several months, to inform the elders of the congregation; they could do no otherwise than take the matter into serious consideration, and, I am sure not without very painful feelings to them, made known the circumstances to the Rev. S. Herschel, Chief Rabbi, who has the power of deciding these matters. He requested my suspension until he heard again from the congregation, in order finally to decide. This was one of the most painful periods of my life: Satan stirred up every possible means to present fears and doubts to me.

Those who are acquainted with human nature, and with the influence of early education, will easily be able to judge in what a painful situation I was then placed. By following the dictates of my conscience, I had nothing else to expect than to lose all that was valuable to me in this world, a comfortable and sufficient livelihood, together with the affections and friendship of all who were dear to me.

But by yielding to the entreaties of my friends, I should have inflicted a wound upon my conscience; in short, many painful ideas presented themselves to me—the giving up all (to which I was evidently called), the prejudices of early impressions, and the prospect of having to take up a new and heavy cross in my future life.

All these considerations so tended to increase my distress of mind, that if there could have been found at that time any means whatever to reconcile me to my former views, I should have gladly used them. However, this was not the Lord's will. A week after I was finally suspended, and had evidently pointed out to me the way in which I was to go; I began to submit myself to the Lord to follow him; and soon afterwards regularly attended the ministry of a dear friend (the Rev. Mr. Golding, then officiating at Stowhouse Chapel,) to whose spiritual instruction I am greatly indebted. Having also been brought into immediate connexion with many Christian friends, my mind became more and more established, which led me finally to embrace the Christian faith as my future hope for time and for eternity.

To my Jewish friends, whose kindness toward me I shall ever remember, I beg to take this opportunity of returning my sincere thanks; and though I am sensible of being an outcast from them, yet I trust I shall never be unmindful of them before a throne of grace in my feeble prayers, that the Lord may bless and keep them, that the Lord may cause his face to shine upon them, and be gracious unto them, that the Lord may lift up the light of his countenance, and give them peace, even "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding."—Amen.

M. S. ALEXANDER.

† In proof of this I must state, that so great was the struggle, and so earnest the entreaties of my friends at that time, that I was even induced to appeal personally, and also by letter, to the leader of the congregation, to say that I should be happy to retract my steps, if any means could be found to remove the difficulties by which I was encompassed.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From late Bristol papers.

## MIRACULOUS PRESERVATION FROM SHIP-WRECK.

WE have to record from the mouth of the master, the only survivor, (as far as he has been able to relate it,) one of the most miraculous and providential escapes from shipwreck of which we have ever heard or read.

During the awful storm of Friday night, the 3d December last, the sloop *Persuance*, Morris Evans, master, of Carnarvon, with a mate, one seaman, and a boy, bound from South Yarmouth to Dublin, when between the South Bishops and the Smalls, carried away her bowsprit; and, immediately after, a sea broke on board that swept the decks, carrying away her bulwarks and chain cables, staving her boat, and making her a complete wreck, with every sea sweeping her fore and aft.

She was now driving before a furious north-wester, with her mainsail set—the captain, mate, and the man, took refuge in the cabin, up to their necks in water; but the boy, in endeavouring to follow their example, was washed overboard by a sea, and his wailing cries were instantly lost amidst the tumultuous howling of the troubled deep. At about twelve o'clock at night, the vessel struck in a small cove on a part of the coast near St. Bride's, in the Jack Sound, called the Deer-park, where the cliffs are nearly in perpendicular height from 150 to 200 feet, (nearly opposite to the rock on which the ill-fated *Albion* steamer was lost.) The mainmast immediately broke into three or four pieces; and the last which the captain knew of his men, for they kept calling to each other so long as the sea permitted their heads to be above water, was the feeling of their hands as they held on to the wreck under water; such was the dreadful state they were in on the instant when the vessel struck.

The captain was instantaneously washed overboard, when he grasped one of the pieces of the mainmast, and was washed with it into a cavern in the perpendicular cliff, and it was carried away as instantly as he loosened his grasp, and had got a little beyond the force of the waves. This cavern, at the high spring-tide, is many feet under water. There he lay, holding on to the rocks, with the sea bursting and bubbling over him, till next morning (Saturday.) This being the time of the neap-tides, with a gale of wind blowing right upon the coast, the tide recedes so little as to make it an impossibility for any one to get out of this cove, save by climbing these perpendicular cliffs, or of getting out of the cavern, except by watching till the heaviest wave has broke.

After exhausting himself, the captain said, in crying for assistance, there seemed to be no alternative but that of being drowned in the cavern, or being starved to death by cold and hunger. He now cut his boots from his feet with his knife, and threw them upon a ledge of rock above the cavern, in the hope that they might meet the eye of some one in passing; and then commenced an attempt to scale the cliff, which he had mastered, he says, a height of above forty feet—when on taking hold of a stone, which was loose, he began to slip; and at the very moment that he felt, and expected to have his brains dashed out on a huge rock immediately below, and on which he must fall, a tremendous sea swept over the rock, and bore him to the mouth of the same cavern to which he had before been cast, and in which he had lain before; and now, with feet and hands dreadfully swollen by climbing, and the action of the salt water—battered, bruised, and dreadfully shaken, he lay another night in this awful cavern, with the sea breaking over and drenching him.

Sunday morning came, with no possibility of receiving human aid. Once more he nerved himself to try and get out of the cavern. He had, he says, prayed most fervently; he thought of his sick wife and infant family—he made the attempt—and he found himself most wonderfully strengthened every step he took.

After incredible toil, and tearing his hands and feet against the sharp-pointed rocks in a most dreadful way, he ascended very nearly to the summit—where he was so very nearly falling again, that he looked whereabouts he should fall; but, most providentially, despair nerved him to almost superhuman resolution, which enabled him to seize hold of a projecting pinnacle of rock, up-

\* Here it must be stated, that at all the Jewish colleges on the continent, the New Testament is never introduced or mentioned.

on which he climbed; and was thus enabled to reach the summit with sufficient strength to throw his body over, though his legs were still hanging down the side of the cliff. Here he regained strength to place himself out of danger, and to return thanks to the Almighty for his wonderful preservation.

He was found some time after by a man, crawling on the ground, with his feet and hands completely doubled under from the injuries they had received; he was placed on an ass, and conveyed to the house of Mr. Jones, where there is every reason to hope that he will do well.

Numbers of persons have been to see the cliff where this wonderful, if not incredible, escape took place; and no one who has seen it but says, that he would not have deemed it possible that any human being could get either up or down without a rope. Three of the crew, consisting of the mate, a man, and a boy, perished—all natives of Carnarvon.

#### THE MERMAID.

*Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Dr. Philip, Representative of the London Missionary Society, at Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope.*

I HAVE today seen a Mermaid, now exhibiting in this town. I have always treated the existence of this creature as fabulous; but my scepticism is now removed. As it is probable that no description of this extraordinary creature has yet reached England, the following particulars respecting it may gratify your curiosity, and amuse you:—

The head is about the size of that of a baboon. It is thinly covered with black hair, hanging down, and not inclined to frizzle. On the upper lip, and on the chin, there are a few hairs, resembling those upon the head. The *ossa malarum*, or cheek bones, prominent. The forehead is low, but, except in this particular, the features are much better proportioned, and bear a more decided resemblance to the human countenance than those of any of the baboon tribes. The head is turned back, and the countenance has an expression of terror, which gives it an appearance of a caricature of the human face; but I am disposed to think that both these circumstances are accidental, and have arisen from the manner in which the creature met its death. It bears the appearance of having died in great agony.

The ear, nose, lips, chin, breasts, and nipples, fingers and nails, resemble those of the human figure.

The spinous process of the vertebræ are very prominent, and apparently arranged as in the human body.

From the position of the arms, and the manner in which they are placed, and from such an examination as could be made in the circumstances in which I was placed at the time I saw it, I can have no doubt that it has clavicles; an appendage belonging to the human subject which baboons are without.

The appearance of the teeth affords sufficient evidence that it is full grown: the incisors being worn on the upper surface.—There are eight incisors, four canine, and eight molars. The canine teeth resemble those of a full grown dog; all the others resemble those of a human subject.

The length of the animal is three feet; but not having been well preserved, it has shrunk considerably, and must have been both longer and thicker when alive than it is now.—Its resemblance to the human species ceases immediately under the *mamma*.

On the line of separation, and directly under the breast, are two fins. From the point where the human figure ceases, which is about twelve inches below the vertex of the head, it resembles a large fish of the salmon species. It is covered with scales all over. On the lower part of the animal the scales resemble those of a fish; but on that part of the animal which resembles the human form, they are much less, and scarcely perceptible, except on a near inspection. On the lower part of the body it has six fins, one dorsal, two ventral, two pectoral, and the tail.

The pectoral fins are very remarkable; they are horizontal, and evidently formed as an apparatus to support the creature when in an erect posture, like that in which it has been represented combing its hair.

The figure of the tail is exactly that which is given in the usual representation of the mermaid.

The proprietor of this extraordinary animal is Captain Edes, of Boston, in the United States of America. Since writing the above description, he has called upon me, and I have learned from him the following particulars:—

It was caught somewhere on the north of China, by a fisherman, who sold it for a trifle; after which it was brought to Batavia. Here it was purchased by Capt. Edes for 5,000 Spanish dollars; and he has since been offered 10,000 Spanish dollars for it, but refused to part with it for that sum. Capt. Edes is a passenger on board the American ship *Lion*, now in Table Bay. He leaves this port in about a fortnight, and the *Lion* visits the Thames on her passage to America—so that it will probably be exhibited in London.—*Portland Tribune*.

#### A DAUGHTER'S LOVE.

DEAR father, how I love to gaze upon thee.—Time hath slightly bleached thy locks, but still thou art the same. Thy kind benignant eye—thy lovely smile—thy noble mien and bearing—still bespeak thy perfect manhood. Oh, how am I enraptured in thy pure honour—a stain upon thee would wither all the joys that now so gaily play round my young and blithesome heart. 'Tis true, I have left thy home to be another's, thro' the joys and perils of a fleeting life. But I have not lost my love for thee. When thou didst step within my door, did I not clasp thy neck within my heart's embrace, and kiss thee then as warmly as when around thy knees I used to play at thy own hearth at home?—My soul still doats upon my loved and loving father.

See here, these little buds, fresh from life's great fountain. How do they wind their tender cords of love about our hearts—the vine and its branches. They, like me, do claim thee too. Indeed, I do recal what I have said before—for I do love thee more than when I quitted home—because of these dear pledges. They are *young grafts* upon the parent stock, and must live or die beneath its shade. In time, you'll see how they will copy thee, and in your warm heart you'll find for them a place just beside the spot, if not the very spot, where thou wert wont to keep my own young love.

#### A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

Two young men belonging to one of our neighbouring cities, who were very popular throughout a large circle of acquaintance, not long since took leave of their friends, for the purpose of travelling through the Southern States. While they were sailing down the Mississippi river, a serious accident occurred, which occasioned the instant death of them both. Soon after the news of their unhappy fate had reached their native city, one of the ministers of the place closed a discourse, the object of which was to impress the minds of the people with the importance of more personal piety, with the following impressive allusion to the two unfortunate young men:—

“What low and melancholy moan of unwonted sadness is that stealing on our ears. It comes from far—from the turbid Mississippi—and is like the mingled voices of two sinking beneath its gurgling waves. Miller! Garthwait! your last farewell still lingered in our ear; and so soon, so suddenly ye wave to us from the shores of eternity. O ye two—so young, so bright, so buoyant—companions in death—ye speak to us, and bid us work while it is day!”

#### EFFECT OF HABIT ON THE INFANT MIND.

“I TRUST every thing to habit—habit, upon which, in all ages, the lawgiver, as well as the schoolmaster, has mainly placed his reliance—habit, which makes every thing easy, and casts all difficulties upon the deviation from the wonted course. Make sobriety a habit, and intemperance will be hateful and hard. Make prudence a habit, and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to the nature of the child, as the most atrocious crimes are to any of your lordships. Give a child the habit of sacredly regarding the truth—of carefully respecting the property of others—of scrupulously abstaining from all acts of improvidence which can involve him in distress, and he will just as little think of lying, or cheating, or stealing, as of rushing into an element in which he cannot breathe.”—*Brougham*.

CONSIDER him your greatest enemy, who labours to turn you from the precepts of Christianity.

## CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY.

### THE WORKS OF GOD DISPLAYED.

#### THE SUN.

IN the sun, we have an instance of the all-wise Director of every event, concentrating in one object numberless blessings and benefits.

Without the sun there could be no vegetation, no cheerful light, no pleasing warmth, and no beauty. Men and beasts and vegetables, the inhabitants of the earth, air, and water; all derive their support from him. Such blessings we are apt to overlook, and this illustrious monument of the divine power and greatness, seldom produces in us that attention and gratitude that the object requires: but suppose the sun to be withdrawn from this world, and all would instantly terminate in darkness, in horror, and in death.

Let the atheist come and attentively fix his thoughts on this object, and try to deny the great First Cause.

But this evidence will gather strength when we regard the wisdom with which all these blessings are dispensed.

This great body of light and heat is distributed in such just proportions, as manifests the goodness of the Creator, regulated by the most perfect wisdom. The lengthening and shortening of the days introduces to us the most pleasing variety; and the total withdrawing of his beams and the succession of darkness, invites all animals to that quiet and repose, so necessary for the refreshment of their wearied powers. Were he to be fixed immovably in a constant vertical position, pouring down his perpendicular rays on men and beasts and the fruits of the earth, the ardour of his beams would be intolerable, and the violence of his heat would consume all life and vegetation; but in dispensing gradually his invigorating heat, and in just proportion, he is not only more friendly to the fruits of the earth, but more pleasing and beneficial to man.

In different parts of the earth we see highly varied and different effects. In the climates between the tropics, under the fervours of the torrid zone, the sun seems to put forth all his strength and splendour, and there we see trees of the richest foliage, flowers of the most exquisite beauty, and fruits of the most delicate and luxuriant kind. Here also we find inhabitants formed for the climate, and capable of enduring and enjoying these high degrees of heat. This heat appears also congenial to the most savage and formidable animals, the majestic lion, and the fierce tiger; and in these hot tropical regions, we find the magnificent elephant, and the camel, fitted by Providence to travel through the sandy deserts, and the parched regions of the south.

But these excessive heats are much moderated by various circumstances wisely appointed by Providence. The sea-breezes in the hot islands, often follow the course of the sun, and greatly mitigate the fierceness of his rays. The frequent peals of the bursting thunder purify and disperse these noxious vapours, which the excessive heat raises; and the deluges of rain that follow the thunder, greatly cool and refresh the grass, the vegetables, and the different productions of the earth. And even the volcanos, the earthquakes, and the awful sweep of the tempest, are all wise appointments for the benefit of the earth and of animal life.

In the torrid zone we see mountains and rivers also upon a more magnificent scale. These likewise help to mitigate the heat of the climates, and to furnish proper retreats for man and beast. The towering grandeur of the Andes, which, even under the equator, have their tops covered with everlasting snow; and the sublime sweep of the river of the Amazons rolling its wide majestic stream like an enlarged sea, into the waters of the ocean, have nothing corresponding to them in milder climates.

But the same sun, which manifests such astonishing powers in these hotter regions, comes forth all mild and beneficent to the temperate climates. Though here we meet not with a perpetual verdure, or the rich fruits of the tropical climates, yet here we have a pleasing variety of different seasons, from the extremity of heat to almost the extremity of cold. We have the deadness and barrenness of winter, the beauty and

vigour of spring, the bright and long heat of summer, and the richness and plenty of autumn. And, in all these successions, we may trace the care and providence of God.

The cold regions of the frigid zones, present nature again in awful grandeur, mountains covered with perpetual snow, and seas fast locked in ice, and to all appearance no provision there for any living creature. But there we meet with the clumsy rough bear of vast size, stalking, in sullen pride, over plains and hills of ice, in quest of his prey; the huge monsters of the deep, the largest of the animals, sporting, sometimes in a long line on the surface of the ocean, and at last plunging with their immense volume into the great abyss. Yet all these are the works of the Creator, all find their food and proper habitations in a climate apparently abandoned to everlasting cold. There the sun distributes his benefits with a sparing hand; one half of the year he makes but very short visits; in the small portion of a circle which he sweeps along their horizon, he sends forth a few feeble, and almost cold rays; and even during a great portion of that period, he never visits them at all. During the summer half of their year, whilst he is almost continually present with them, yet, shooting forth his oblique rays through a thick atmosphere, vegetation never arrives to much perfection. And yet we see here the very riches of his goodness, in places, which from their appearance, may seem totally neglected and destitute of life.

What object in nature can we conceive more grand and sublime, and more instructive, than the morning sun, rising majestically in the eastern horizon, re-animating all nature, and rousing the sleeping world to life and action, and to behold the glorious works of their Creator? and, after performing his daily revolution, again descending in the western horizon, when the weary labourer looks with pleasure to a respite from his toil and fatigue?

The pious and intelligent mind, in such contemplations, can add nothing more proper than, "The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein."

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