

# THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF RELIGION AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

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

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## RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

### THE DEPRAVITY OF MAN.

"MAN is born to trouble." This inheritance Adam has bequeathed to all his posterity. Neither wealth, nor learning, nor prudence; neither country, nor constitution, nor clime, can defend us against its attacks. Pain, poverty, and bereavement; care, toil, oppression, and disappointment, are felt in every part of the globe; and many of them by every human being.

Often, indeed, has it been said, that personal suffering is the effect and the punishment of personal crimes. But why will men affirm what a moment's reflection would convince them is incorrect? Do not infants suffer? And yet infants are not chargeable with actual sin. They "have not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression." But death seizes upon them in almost every form of terror and distress. And often, when they escape all outward violence, the lovely blossoms wither and die upon their mothers' breasts. We must, therefore, admit, either that infants are depraved, or that a Being of infinite justice and benevolence inflicts suffering and death upon his pure and innocent offspring.

Let us attend to the voice of Scripture, Experience, Observation, and universal History. Let us read the ample volume of nature, which is expanded before us. Let us look at the lowering and insalubrious atmosphere, the shuddering earth, the stormy ocean, the burning mountain, ejecting fiery rocks and torrents of melted lava, which destroy in their dreadful career, fields and vineyards, and towns and cities. Let us listen to the volleying thunder, the raving tempest, the roaring deluge, spreading dismay and destruction over a whole district; to the hiss of deadly serpents, and the howling of ravenous beasts; the cries of suffering infancy; the sighs of the widow and the fatherless; the alternate laughter and wailing of the maniac; the moanings of the prisoner; the deep and hollow groans of death. Let us attend to all these, in the spirit of humility and prayer; let us weigh them in the balances of the sanctuary; and then doubt, if we can, of the doctrine of human depravity.

Sin is the sole cause of suffering. It has surcharged the air with unwholesome vapours, withered the charms of the creation, inspired the inferior animals with all their ferocity and mischief, subjected man to toil, to extreme and anxious suffering, and transformed our globe into a field of blood, and a place of bones. Every care which furrows the forehead, every tear which starts into the eye, every sigh that heaves the bosom, every pang that rends the heart, is the effect of sin. This is not only the greatest evil that exists in the universe, but, strictly speaking, it is the only one. And shall we love it? Shall we commit it? Shall we encourage it? God forbid it. Let it be the object of our unchangeable aversion and hatred. Let us renounce it ourselves, let us discourage it in others; and endeavour, by every means, to save men from its destructive influence.—*Rev. John K'gg.*

### ERRORS CONCERNING GOD.

MAN naturally looks on God as a great Master, and himself as his servant, who must work, and win heaven as his wages. Hence, when conscience is awakened, he thinks that, to be saved, he must answer the demand of the law, serve God as well as he can, and pray for mercy where-in he comes short. Thus many go to duties, who never come out of them to Christ.—*Boston.*

### ALL TEARS WIPED AWAY.

THEY fall fast in this world. They are seen every where. There are so many causes for them, and in such constant operation, that there is not a moment not marked by a tear.

We try to wipe them away. We struggle hard to prevent the eye from telling the sadness of the heart. Sometimes we do, for a while, seal up the fountain. But it is soon open again. Our strongest purpose will not prevent it.

Our friends try to wipe away our tears. Their words fall kindly on our ears; but sorrow is too deep for them. We thank them, but still weep. Time tries to wipe our tears away. Many of them do disappear under his efforts. But he only poorly and partially accomplishes his work. Some new wave of trouble makes us mourn afresh. So it has ever been. All before us have known more or less of tears, till the eye was dim in death. All coming after us will also pay the tribute of their tears in testimony of the sorrows of human life.

But what a kingdom that, where there are no tears! "ALL tears shall be wiped away." It would be a glorious kingdom, even if the work was not so complete. How happy would men count themselves if they were made to weep only once or twice in a life time! What a kingdom of this world that would be, only a few of whose inhabitants ever had sorrow enough to cause tears. But in the kingdom above, the work is perfect. There shall not even be one weeper; there shall not be one tear.

It will not be the power we may have over ourselves that shall cause our tears to cease—nor that of our friends over us—nor the lays of time that shall do it. These agencies of relief have been tried, and have failed. God shall wipe away all tears. This agency cannot fail. He can reach the deepest fountain of grief. The suffused eye is the sign of the soul in trouble. God will penetrate the soul itself with such influences as shall make tears impossible. He will drive all the causes of sorrow out of it. As the last trace of sin is removed, then will be removed the grand agent of human woe. The fountain is then forever sealed.

What a sensation would be felt if it should be announced that in this world there should be no more tears. Men would lift themselves up, as if a heavy burden had been thrown off. They would shout to each other in exultation, and call on the floods to clap their hands. Why should they not rejoice that it shall be so in the kingdom above? And with far greater joy—as this world fades as a leaf, but that to come is everlasting.

ALL tears shall cease. The tears of pain—the tears of bereavement—the tears of disappointment—the tears of remorse—the tears of despair: they are all wiped away. Go through all the heavenly realms, and there shall not be found a tear. You find millions that have wept; but the former things are passed away. Moses wept, and David, and Isaiah, and Paul. Not a ransomed one of all the myriads but once did weep. But the last tear has fallen!

Right views of that blessed world, and deep meditation upon it, is suited to sooth our earthly sorrows, and chase away some at least of the tears that fall so fast now. God has revealed a tearless heaven, to lighten, by hope of it, the trials of mortality. Blessed is he who knows how to use aright so powerful and happy an agency.—*Boston Recorder.*

FOLLY.—The first degree of folly is to think one's self wise—the next to tell others so—the third to despise all counsel.

### BODY AND SOUL.

THE following elegant apologue is to be found in the Jewish Talmud, and serves to illustrate the important doctrine contained in the following words of St. Paul, "We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad;" at the same time it shows correct views of the resurrection of the dead:—

Antonius once held a conversation with the holy Rabbi Jehudah, to this effect:—"The body and the soul," says he, "may both free themselves from judgment. How so? The body may say, The soul sinned. For from the time it left me, behold, I have lain in the grave, like a stone without sense. And the soul may say, The body sinned; for from the time that I was freed from its bonds, behold, I fly through the air in the manner of a bird."

To these things the Rabbi said, "I will give you a parable: A mortal king placed two keepers over a most delightful garden, in which the fruit was ripe—a lame and a blind one. The lame keeper having seen the fruit, advised the blind one to take him on his shoulders, that he might gather the fruit, and that they might then share it between them. The lame one, therefore, sat on the neck of the blind man, and they both ate the fruit that was thus gathered. After some time, came the owner of the garden, and inquired after his fruit. When the blind man said he had no eyes, and so could not see it; and the lame man said, he had no feet, and so could not reach it. The king then ordered the latter to be taken upon the shoulders of the former, and judged and punished them both at once. In like manner will God do: having put the soul into the body, he will judge them both together."

### PRAISING GOD IN THE CLOSET.

WHENEVER we feel a want of secret prayer, or a reluctance to engage in it, we ought to ask ourselves at once, How should we like God to become reluctant to hear our prayers, or the Intercessor to grow weary of presenting them before the throne? And if this question do not bring us to our senses at once, and thus send us willingly to our closet, we ought to follow it up by asking, What should we think—feel—do—were the Father to shut his ear on our prayers, the Son to exclude them from the golden censor of his incense, and the Spirit to withhold all his help in future? The bare idea is horrible! And were such a dread reality possible in our own case, how we should pray to be allowed to resume and continue the habit and spirit of secret prayer! How we should agonise in terror and suspense, until we felt again the Holy Spirit helping our infirmities, and pouring out on us the grace of supplication.—*Christian Library.*

### THE SABBATH.

It is like a stream which has no cataracts to astonish us with their magnificent thunder, but which winds along the tranquil valley, asserting its existence only in the life and verdure which appear along its course.

VANITY.—Of all our infirmities, vanity is the dearest to us; man will starve all other vices to keep that alive.

THOSE who are sensible of no higher object than the accumulation of worldly wealth, or the attainment of carnal gratifications, and who spend their days and their years in their pursuit, will find themselves miserably mistaken, if they expect heaven at last.

## THE TRAVELLER.

## THE NESTORIANS, OR THE LOST TRIBES.

BY ASAHEL GRANT, M.D.

## CHAP. IV.

Battle-ground of Alexander.—Akra and its Scenery.—Reception by a Koordish Chief.—Journey to Amadiéh.

OCTOBER 8, 1839.—My slumbers were disturbed by slight showers of rain which fell in the night. This proved a fortunate circumstance, as I was thus awakened just in time to hear the neighing of my horse; and secure him, as he was moving off under very suspicious circumstances, his halter having been loosened probably by robbers, who fled on the outcry and pursuit which was made.

At dawn of day we mounted, and soon entered upon an extensive and very level plain, watered by the Gomcia and Hazir, or Chaser rivers, which we soon after forded a few miles above their junction. Geographers are agreed that the latter is the Bumadus, upon which the famous and decisive battle was fought between the legions of Darius and Alexander; and the extent and situation of this plain, with its relative distance from Arbela, whither the Macedonian army pursued the vanquished monarch of Persia, and which gave name to the battle, seem to denote this as the probable theatre of that memorable scene of blood and carnage. Such was the opinion of my friend, Colonel Sheil, who skirted its northern bounds in his late tour in Koordistan; and the opinion receives support from the use, by the ancient Syrian writers, of the significant name Beth Garmæ, or Beit Germe, "the Place of Bones," for a district which must have been situated nearly in this position; doubtless from the bleaching skeletons of the three hundred thousand slaughtered Persians who were left on the field. What a fitting monument to the memory of the world's great conqueror, "Place of Bones!"

Beth Garmæ appears to have once contained a large population of Nestorian Christians, as it is mentioned by Amrus and Elias of Damascus, in connexion with Adiabene and other contiguous places, as one of seven metropolitan bishoprics whose prelates elected and ordained the patriarch. The Nestorians are now reduced to a few scattered villages on the northern border of the district, and this fertile plain is still desolated by the ravages of war. Within the last six years, the Koords of Ravendos and of Amadiéh have successively swept over it, and the present year the finishing stroke in its desolation has been given by the Turkish army under the pashas of Mosul and Bagdad.

The ill-fated inhabitants sought shelter in the adjacent mountains during each successive storm; and, when I passed, a miserable remnant of them had just returned to repair their dilapidated dwellings, and prepare for approaching winter. In answer to our inquiries for food, some of them said they had not bread to eat themselves, and begged us to supply their necessities. In other villages, a scanty remnant of their harvest had been gathered in; and the straw, which is cut up fine by thrashing instruments having great iron teeth, was piled in heaps, and covered over with earth, like the small conical coal-pits in America, to preserve it from the storms. Near the border of the plain, some of the largest cotton I have seen in the East was still standing, testifying to the exuberant fertility of the soil; but it is sown so densely that it cannot attain the size of the cotton in our southern states.

About three, P.M., we approached the romantic little town of Akra, imbosomed in gardens and fruit orchards, which, for beauty, variety, and fertility, are unrivalled even in the East. For a mile before reaching the town, our path was imbowered in arbours of pomegranates, blending their golden and crimson hues, contrasted with the rich green olive and the more luscious but humble fig, and interspersed with the peach, apricot, plum, and cherry; while the unpretending blackberry lined our avenue, and held out its fruit for me to gather while seated upon my saddle. It was the first fruit of the kind I had seen since leaving the shores of my native land, and it was welcomed as a friend of my early days, bringing with it tender recollections of "home, sweet home!"

This delightful rural scenery is strikingly contrasted with the bold and bare rocks of the main range of the Koordish mountains, that rise abruptly from the foot of the town, which is overlooked by the now ruined castle, perched upon one of the nearest and most precipitous cliffs, once their "rock of defence." The castle had just been demolished by the Turks, who carried the rebellious chief a prisoner to Bagdad, and placed another Koord of the same ancient family over the district of Amadiéh. To visit this Chief, and secure his protection, while in his territory, was the occasion of my visit to Akra, which required about two days' ride farther than the direct route from Mosul to Amadiéh, by the way of Elkosh or Dehook. But I had no reason to regret the extension of my journey.

The pasha welcomed me with all the politeness of the most polished Oriental, or, I should rather say, Persian, for he had nothing of the stiff hauteur of the Turk. He rose from his carpet as I entered the tent, and gave me a seat by his side. But scarcely had the first compliments been exchanged, when he held out his hand for me to feel his pulse, saying that he had long been ill, and he regarded my visit as a special favour from God; at the same time tendering me a pressing invitation to remain with him some days. As he spoke Turkish and Persian fluently, as well as his native Koordish, I found no difficulty for the want of a medium of communication; and we conversed freely upon a variety of topics. But, when at length he spoke of the fallen fortunes of his family, which claims descent from the Abbasside caliphs of Bagdad, and till recently, as he affirmed, had held independent sway over no less than twelve hundred villages in these mountains, I could not but regard the topic as one of great delicacy, especially as what we should say might be carried by the birds of the air to the now dominant authorities, where nothing but evil could be the result. I therefore evaded a direct reply, and changed the conversation by deserved encomiums upon the charms of the scenery by which we were surrounded; for this chief was spending the early part of autumn in his tents, amid the enchanting gardens I have mentioned, while two beautiful rivulets murmured through the vales on either side. Just then, a fine little son of the Chief, scarcely eight years of age, came in with a smiling face, bearing in his hand a large pomegranate, which he had used as a mark, and perforated by a ball from his rifle. A suitable present was immediately ordered for the young marksman by the Chief, who appeared much delighted with this proof of his son's proficiency in the most essential element of a Koord's education.

To handle skilfully the instruments of death, and bound fearlessly over the roughest ground on their fiery steeds, are the highest accomplishments with these bold mountaineers. Some knowledge of letters is also acquired by the men of rank, and there are instances of females learning to read the Koran. Indeed, the Koords often manifest an inquisitiveness for general information that indicates a disposition for improvement truly encouraging; and they may yet prove a most hopeful class for missionary enterprise. By their Turkish neighbours, they are often called by an appellation which signifies "half Mohammedan," as if it were believed that they are less attached to their religion than the Turks.

Before I took leave of the Chief, he gave to the cavass from Mosul a receipt for my safe delivery into his hands, with just the same formality as though I had been a bale of goods; and he would be held equally accountable for my safety while in the bounds of his jurisdiction; as he is immediately responsible to the pasha of Mosul. He then ordered a young Koord in attendance to be ready to accompany me on my departure.

I remained two nights in Akra, and, by invitation, spent the second evening with the local Turkish Governor from Mosul, who had indulged so freely in brandy, to counteract the deleterious effects of the bad water, as he alleged, that he was fast verging upon delirium tremens. To calm his perturbed spirits, he had called together about twenty of the chief citizens, while a skilful musician had taken the place of David before Saul, to dispel the evil spirit by the soft, soothing strains of the harp. It was an instrument of seventy-two strings, (or wires,) of which sixty-four were remaining, and the music was altogether harmonious and agreeable.

Akra was once the seat of one of the numerous schools of the Nestorians; but the only remains of this sect in the district are to be found scattered through some twenty or more villages, some of which I afterward visited. Those in the town have become Chaldeans, (i.e. papists,) and they and the Jacobite Syrians have each a church excavated from the rocks of the mountain. They scarcely number thirty households in the town, and one of their priests told me that he was quite dependent on his own exertions for subsistence. The whole population may amount to two thousand souls. In the district, the Chaldeans are more numerous than the Nestorians. Just over the mountains, in Zebarrî, are a few Nestorian villages, subject to the Koords. On the other side of the river Zab, which is about ten or twelve miles to the east, there are some Chaldean and Nestorian Christians, subject to the bey of Ravendos. But it is impossible to gain accurate statistical information in such a country, without remaining some time with the people.

Oct. 10.—Before entering the difficult mountains I was about to traverse, I sold my last horse; and, mounted on a hardy mule which I had hired, I set off at sunrise, and for ten or twelve miles pursued a westerly course along the foot of the main range of mountains. I then entered a pass to the north, which brought me to the river Hazir, which I followed to near its source, a few miles west of the fortress of Amadiéh, where I arrived on the third day from Akra. The road through Zebarrî is more direct, but it is also more difficult, and the Koords were not in the most peaceable mood.

On the first day from Akra I passed three or four Nestorian villages, the largest of which had a population of nearly one thousand souls; also a village inhabited by Jews speaking the Nestorian language; and at night we lodged in a Koordish hamlet, where the people had a blood-feud with another village through which we passed, and which lay in sight. Three men had been killed from one of them, and only two from the other, and now the former were trying to make up the balance by deliberately murdering their neighbours: and thus the quarrel would finally be settled. Our road was rough, and our fare coarse, but we had occasion for gratitude that we were kept in safety.

Amadiéh is pleasantly situated in an extensive opening or undulating plain between the mountains. The district is fertile in grain and fruit. The wheat is good and abundant, and the grapes are among the finest I have seen. The raisins made from them are an article of export, and are celebrated as the best brought into Persia. The climate is deemed insalubrious, and successive wars have made sad havoc among the unfortunate population, who greatly need a good and stable government.

The town, or, more properly, the fortress of Amadiéh, is situated on the level summit of a very precipitous mountain, or mass of rock, which rises, as I judged, nearly a thousand feet above the plain, and, being entirely insulated and distant from the surrounding mountains, it is regarded as quite impregnable. I ascended by a circuitous and difficult footpath, and entered the town at two o'clock, P.M., October 12th, after answering the challenge of the heavy armed soldiers who kept the gate. The town is garrisoned by Turkish soldiers, whose commanding officer is made immediately responsible to the pasha of Mosul. The Koordish chief of the province of Amadiéh has no access to the fortress. This is an important precautionary measure on the part of the Turks, who, by demolishing the castle at Akra, and placing a foreign garrison in this more important fortress in the centre of the district, have completely put it out of the power of the Koords to throw off the Turkish yoke, unless under some special turn of fortune.

This will prove a great advantage to our prospective labours among the Mountain Nestorians— for, so long as there is a responsible control exercised over the Koords by the Turkish government, the way to the independent Nestorian Christians beyond is entirely open; and hence I cannot but regard the changes that have taken place here as peculiarly favourable to the prospect of extending our labours into that interesting field.

The town I found almost depopulated by war consequent on the invasion of the Ravendos Koords; and of 1000 houses, only two hundred and fifty are inhabited.

I spent a quiet Sabbath at Amadiéh, having given previous notice that I would attend to the sick on Monday morning. There are about one hundred families of Jews in the place, who cannot be distinguished by their appearance or language from the Nestorians; and so complete was the deception that my Nestorian attendants began to chide some of them for working on Sunday, supposing them to be of their own people; until, after considerable conversation, we were informed that they were not Christians, but Jews. There are little more than a hundred Nestorians in the town, as most of this people live in the surrounding villages. More than half of them have become papists, (Chaldeans,) and there are not now more than two or three thousand Nestorians in this district; but they are more numerous in the adjoining district of Berwer, bordering on the river Harbor (Khaboor) on the north.

This river rises near Julamerk, and flows within about ten hours' walk of this place, while the waters of the Zab are visible from the ramparts of the fortress about ten miles to the east.

Monday was spent in attendance upon the sick, in general intercourse with the people, and preparations for the continuance of my journey. I gave medicine to forty or fifty of the soldiers, and received the warmest thanks of the Governor, who made me his guest. He said it was God who had sent me for their relief, when they had neither physician to prescribe, nor medicine to alleviate their sufferings.

The Nestorian priest lamented the low state to which their Church had been reduced, and said he feared that the people, in their gross ignorance, would fall a sacrifice to the wiles of the papists—who, he had been told, were about to make more vigorous efforts than ever to convert the whole of his people to Romanism. He told a sad tale of their past efforts and success, stating that his own father was bastinadoed to compel him to become a Roman Catholic!

The papists in Mesopotamia have assured me that no effort will be spared to convert the whole of the Nestorian Church to their faith; and this report is confirmed by letters since received from Bagdad, one of which says that three bishops and priests, educated at the Propaganda, were "about going to Mosul, to hold a convention to devise measures to bring over all the Nestorians to the Romish faith!" There must be a final struggle with "the man of sin," and it must be bold and promptly met. With God and truth on our side, we have nothing to fear, if the Church will come up to her duty. The Nestorians have nobly stood their ground, and they are still upon the watch-tower. As I approached their mountain fastnesses, their first inquiry was to know whether I was a "Catokek"—declaring that they would not permit these "wolves in sheep's clothing" to enter their country. Hitherto they have prevented the emissaries of Rome from entering their mountains. But the latter are looking with eagerness to this interesting field; and, while they are extending their labours in the East, no effort will be spared to spread their influence among the mountain tribes. Will Protestant Christians, to whom the Nestorians are stretching out their hands for help, suffer the golden harvest to fall into the garner of the pope?

#### HOSPITALITY IN INDIA.

In India, little or no preparation is made for the advent of a guest. He is expected to bring every thing with him, and when you ask your friend to come and live with you for six weeks, you scarcely mean more than that you hope he will pitch his tent in your compound. You give him room enough, and plenty to eat, but there the hospitality ends. A bedstead he may find, perhaps, but pillows and sheets, and pillow cases and towels, he must take with him, if he desires such luxuries. Bedrooms without bedding, dressing-rooms without looking-glasses, and bathing-rooms without bathing-pots, are not looked upon as inhospitable manifestations—for people are expected to take the former commodities with them, and the latter may be got for a few pice in the bazaar. In India, another man's servant will not move an inch for you of his own free will, however much you may stand in need of his services. You are expected to move about with your own servants—and the man who goes out to spend a couple of days without a retinue is a fool of the first magnitude.—*East India Magazine.*

#### GLORIA DEO; OR, THE CORAL INSECT.

It is a well known fact, that many of the islands, and most of the extensive reefs, in the inter-tropical regions of the great Pacific Ocean, have been the work of the coral insect, an animalcule scarcely visible to the naked eye. The island of Tonga Taboo, one of the Friendly Islands, which at present contains upwards of 10,000 inhabitants, is a specimen of the architectural abilities of this most wonderful of Nature's agents. It is a complete mass of coral, and is as level as a bowling green. On a calm evening, myriads of these animalcule float on the surface of the water, along the whole extent of the reefs they are employed in constructing, communicating to the sea a beautiful purple colour. When disturbed, however, they return to their well built cabins under water, and the sea resumes its caerulean hue. Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty! in wisdom hast thou made them all!

### GENERAL LITERATURE.

#### THE ONLY DAUGHTER.

##### AN AFFECTING EXTRACT.

Nor many weeks afterwards, the excellent clergyman paid another visit to the humble cottage, which had, together with its inhabitants, become an interesting object to his mind. He was warmly greeted by the rustic tenant of the cot, who pressed his hand with all that fervour and affectionate regard and respect, which one whose "delight is in the excellent," feels and cherishes towards a minister of the Gospel of Christ.

It was the time for the early and humble meal of these rural cottagers; the father had just come from the fields to partake of his wholesome provisions, which were spread neatly upon the clean table in their small apartment by the hands of his affectionate daughter.

"I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content," said the pious man, as he withdrew from his humble repast. "Time was when I sat me down to a sumptuous board, with a group of smiling faces around it—with a wife, lovely and beloved, gracing the head, and children, as yet untainted by vice, 'like olive branches around about my table.' Then I was affluent: prosperity attended my every undertaking, and God spake unto me in my prosperity, but I said, I will not hear; alas! I was living then 'without God in the world!'—the cares of this life, the deceitfulness of riches, the pleasures of time and sense, engrossed my considerations, and left me no thought on the unprofitableness of gaining the whole world and losing one's own soul. For some years, I enjoyed the course of the ungodly who prosper in the world, and I increased in riches; but, ah! I would then pay no regard to the scripture admonition, 'if riches increase, set not your heart upon them,' but rather fixed my entire affections upon the perishing objects of this passing life. I was, however, to be brought down from the pinnacle of wealth and earthly honour to the depths of adversity and sorrow. I was persuaded to speculate to a very large amount in some foreign stock, when the market having taken, for me, a most unfortunate turn, I was a loser to a considerable sum; with the remnant of my money I was able enough to engage in a speculation of a different kind, but equally as uncertain as the former—which fatal step stripped me of all I possessed, and reduced me to abject poverty. "The change in my circumstances wrought prejudicially on the health of my poor wife, who was but little accustomed to the privations we were forced to endure; that lovely girl, the last and dearest pledge of our conjugal affection, was her solace in the hours of her sorrow, and her innocent prattle would oft cheer even my bleeding heart.

"Through the kindness of friends, (who were such to be bound,) we were provided with a temporary abode, and procured sufficient to sustain us in being, from the benevolence of these kind-hearted individuals. By the exertions of two merchants, with whom I was formerly associated in business, my two boys were comfortably settled in good situations, in the city, while my dear wife, and our only daughter yonder, came down into this neighbourhood, and were allowed to inhabit, rent free, this small and humble abode; this is now seven years ago. I remember well

the day we came here; it was a morning in the month of May, and we thought the scenery so lovely, and the cottage so pleasant, and my wife looked happy, and our girl skipped about, and made us smile with parental love. In this condition we lived for a year; my sons quarterly remitted a portion of their salaries towards our support, as they were both lodged and fed by their several employers. Twice in the month they visited us; their society, though in this rustic dwelling, made our hearts rejoice, and we generally parted with sighs and tears.

"Once again I settled down with some such feeling as is embodied in the words, 'I shall die in my nest;' though afflicted, and changed in my position in life, yet, because all was quietness for a time, I again forgot my God; I neglected his worship, I deserted the village sanctuary, and lived again careless about my soul. But I was once more to be severely tried; my two boys fell into evil company; they ran into every excess of riot—drank, gambled, and by their bad practices, were both dismissed by their employers. Soon afterwards, my eldest son fell under the chastising hand of an offended God, a victim of disease, and a recipient of the wages of sin—death! My youngest boy—excuse these tears, they are the gushings of a father's love—he grew desperate in a quarrel with a successful competitor at play, insulted him, and received from him a challenge—he accepted it—the day and the place were fixed and chosen; but, on the fatal morning, he was found dead in his chamber at the inn where he lodged—he had shot himself in the night."

"My beloved wife died soon after this terrible event; her fond heart was broken, but she died penitent, and believing in Jesus, and went to that land where sin and sorrow are known no more. 'It was good for me to be thus afflicted.' I was brought to consider my state as a sinner before God, and to cry for mercy through a Saviour, and I trust 'I have obtained mercy, that in me Christ Jesus might show forth all long-suffering.' Since that sad hour when we committed my dear one's remains to the earth, yonder maiden and myself have dwelt alone in this humble home, and, by the charity of our friends, are enabled to keep ourselves from want. I have to thank my God for preserving her to me; she is now my only earthly companion—my only attendant, my only daughter, my only child."

Here the man wept, and the sweet girl ran and kissed away the father's tears.

Time passed away—the clergyman had returned to the metropolis, had visited several spots far and near, until at length circumstances called him again to the village where the cottager dwelt; he entered its precincts one cheerful summer's afternoon, and, as he turned the lane which conducted to the church, he saw a procession of mourners receding from the churchyard—they were a few of the villagers, who had just deposited in the place of tombs an excellent cottager.

The clergyman asked who was the deceased? and to his sorrow, he was informed it was the good and afflicted tenant of the way-side cottage.

"He died, like his late wife, of a broken heart," said one.

"Ah! he did not long survive her," said another.

The good minister enquired of whom the villagers spake.

"Of his lovely daughter," said many voices: "she was an angel upon earth."

"Is she dead?" asked the clergyman.

"Indeed she is! a rapid consumption took her off, and her father never held up his head afterwards till his death—and now he lies close to her grave—I will show it to you."

The clergyman entered the churchyard; often had he stood there before, and repeated the beautiful service of our church; he was directed to a small mound, and on it a humble stone with this inscription—

THE DAYS  
OF HER Youth  
HAST THOU SHORTENED.  
SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF AN  
ONLY  
DAUGHTER.

BROTHERLY LOVE.—Brotherly love can no more exist without the love of God, than the effect can exist without the cause, or the stream continue to flow when the fountain is dried up.

## CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY.

### ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY AND CHRISTIANITY CONTRASTED.

THE virtues of Zeno and Epictetus were in themselves very unnatural, and by no means accommodated to man. They may suit philosophers to speculate upon in the Porch or in the Academy, but they can never suit the active life. It will not be easy to persuade men, that there is no such thing as pain, and that therefore there ought to be no complaining; that we are to be insensible to the charms of friendship; that we are to root out the natural affections, and partake of none of the enjoyments of society, or the endearments of pure love.

The virtues, again, of Epicurus were founded upon the pursuit of pleasure, as the supreme law to man. In fact, there was no settled system of virtue agreed upon among the philosophers.

Now, read the virtues recommended by Jesus Christ; they are the most perfect, both in their nature and degree. They are all natural: they are accommodated to the great bulk of mankind: the knowledge of them requires no depth of research: the foundation of them is plain and simple: they are all the commands of our Maker. In this statement, it is easy to determine which of these systems is the most likely to provide for our happiness: and that system which promotes best the happiness of mankind, has the preferable claim to the title of philosophy.

But the systems of the philosophers were also greatly defective in the number of their virtues.

Among them, you meet with nothing like that humility, meekness, pardon of offences, and forgiveness of injuries, which are so conspicuous in the morals of the Gospel; and which are recommended by the precepts and example of its great Author. On the contrary, we see among them austerity, a harshness of manners, a pride that tempts them to look down with contempt on all who were not initiated in their principles. Their manners were unamiable and forbidding; and their system, in all these respects, opposite to that recommended and practised by Jesus Christ.

The virtues of the Gospel are also perfectly natural, easy, and well accommodated to man. There you meet with no unreasonable or absurd commands. You are not enjoined to be insensible to pain, to reproach, to injury, and to oppression; but you are to bear them with propriety, and even with dignity. You may complain: you may express your sense of pain and injury; but you are not to give way to despondency; and you are to mourn as those that have hope.

Modern philosophers have been enabled to present to the world a very pure and rational system of natural religion. This they call the discovery of reason, and upon this principle they have taken upon themselves to declare that revelation is unnecessary. But from what source have they derived this knowledge of God and his perfections and providence? With respect to all these, all the philosophers of the world, even the greatest and the most perfect of them, before the coming of Christ, were grossly ignorant. Every thing excellent in natural religion, that is found in their systems, is borrowed from the book of revelation.

## The Christian Mirror.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1841.

### BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

WE have been kindly favoured with a copy of the Thirty-Seventh Annual Report of this noble Institution, and have been much gratified by the hasty glance which we have been enabled to give its contents. The interesting and well selected extracts from the correspondence of the Society's Agents in different parts of the world, furnish the most cheering and encouraging accounts of the increased success which every where attends the circulation of the Holy Scriptures. The mighty God of Jacob is eminently with his servants, in the numerous toils and difficulties which they are called to endure, while distributing the bread

of life to a perishing world. Extracts will be found in another column.

There are at present connected with the British and Foreign Bible Society, in Great Britain, her Colonies, and dependencies, 478 Auxiliaries, 530 Branches, 2,203 Associations—total, 3,211.

The number of Foreign Societies, formerly or at present assisted by the British and Foreign Bible Society, amounts to 62.

The Holy Scriptures are now distributed, printed, and translated, in whole or in part, in 136 languages or dialects—directly or indirectly by the Society.

The issues by the Bible Society since its commencement, (March 7, 1804) amount to 5,098,815 Bibles, 8,124,568 Testaments—total, 13,223,383. The number of issues during the past year are 327,811 Bibles, 573,101 Testaments—total, 900,912: being 124,552 more than that of the previous year.

The total expenditure of the Bible Society in this great and glorious work, since its commencement, is £2,774,095 12s. 1d.; that of the past year, £133,934 18s. 9d.

Whilst we rejoice in the delightful fact, that Protestant Christians of every name contribute of their influence, labour, or property to the great and good cause of sending the everlasting Gospel to earth's remotest bounds; we, nevertheless, fully agree with the Committee, in acknowledging "that one of the besetting evils of the day is, a disposition (aided by many causes) to retire within our own circles, and to see no good beyond the limits of those circles. A desire for peace and quietness fosters such a disposition. An idea that more good may, in this way, be accomplished, adds strength to the feeling; in which, indeed, there is certainly some measure of truth, if charity be but maintained. But those who so keep themselves exclusively to themselves, having no opportunity of beholding what is lovely in others, and hearing, it may be, many a report of things that are unlovely, are in danger of imagining that in no other circle but their own does or can any good thing dwell. Oh, that such persons could be persuaded, in the spirit of love, to meet their differing, and, as they possibly judge, their erring brethren; how often would they be refreshed with the sight of excellence, the existence of which they had never so much as supposed! Oh, say whether, with all the infirmities that may attend the union existing in the Bible Society, there be not still many days in the course of its years, which are not unworthy to be called "days of the Son of man,"—"days of refreshing from the presence of the Lord,"—"days in which Christians of different names are enabled to recognise in each other the grand distinguishing, the alone essential, evidences that they are subjects of the kingdom of God—"Righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost?"

Of all the sins which disgrace human nature, no vice is more prevalent than that of taking the Lord's name in vain. This awfully wicked practice is not, like many other vices, confined to the most abandoned and profligate portion of the community; but is practised alike by high and low, rich and poor, the learned and the illiterate—and, however astounding it may appear, even the professors of religion—those who may be seen regularly occupying their seats in the house of God, and professedly engaging in His worship—are not all innocent of this most daring offence against the Majesty of Heaven! We know of no terms sufficiently strong to express our abhorrence of the

practice of blaspheming, or irreverently using the sacred name of a just and holy God. Truly, He is long-suffering and merciful, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to the knowledge of the truth, and be saved. A very celebrated female writer justly observes, that "It is utterly inexcusable; it has none of the palliatives of temptation which other vices plead, and in that respect stands distinguished from all others, both in its nature and degree of guilt. Like many other sins, however, it is at once cause and effect: it proceeds from want of love and reverence to the best of Beings, and causes the want of that love both in themselves and others. This species of profaneness is not only swearing, but, perhaps, in some respects, swearing of the worst sort: as it is an express breach of a direct command, and offends against the very letter of that law, which says, in so many words, 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.' It offends against politeness and good breeding, for those who commit it little think of the pain they are inflicting on the sober mind, which is deeply wounded when it hears the holy name it loves dishonoured; and it is as contrary to good breeding to give pain, as it is to true piety to be profane. It is astonishing that the refined and elegant should not reprobate this practice for its coarseness and vulgarity, as much as the pious abhor it for its sinfulness. I would endeavour to give some faint idea of the grossness of this offence by an analogy, (oh! how inadequate!) with which the feeling heart, even though not seasoned with religion, may yet be touched. To such I would earnestly say: Suppose you had some beloved friend—to put the case still more strongly, a departed friend—a revered parent, perhaps—whose image never occurs without awakening in your bosom sentiments of tender love and lively gratitude; how would you feel if you heard this honoured name bandied about with unfeeling familiarity and indecent levity: or, at best, thrust into every pause of speech as a vulgar expletive? Does not your affectionate heart recoil at the thought? And yet, the hallowed name of your truest Benefactor, your heavenly Father, your best Friend, to whom you are indebted for all you enjoy: who gives you those very friends in whom you so much delight, those very talents with which you dishonour him, those very organs of speech with which you blaspheme him,—is treated with an irreverence, a contempt, a wantonness, with which you cannot bear the very thought or mention of treating a human friend. His name is impiously, is unfeelingly, is ungratefully singled out as the object of decided irreverence, of systematic contempt, of thoughtless levity. His sacred name is used indiscriminately to express anger, joy, surprise, impatience, and, what is almost still more unpardonable than all, it is wantonly used as a mere unmeaning expletive, which, being excited by no temptation, can have nothing to extenuate it—which causing no emotion, can have nothing to recommend it, unless it be the pleasure of the sin."

We believe that were the professors of religion more consistent in their conduct, and more faithful in reproving sin, that this and other glaring vices unhappily too prevalent, would, with the Divine blessing, speedily give way before their powerful influence and example.

A PRINTING PRESS has recently been established by the Missionaries at Tananarivo, the capital of Madagascar. Four of the natives have been trained as compositors.



Our readers will recollect, that in a late number we published a paragraph, in the miscellaneous department of our journal, headed, "A Description of the person of Jesus Christ, as it was found in an ancient manuscript, sent by Publius Lentulus, President of Judea, to the Senate of Rome." The Church, in alluding to the paragraph, gives the following quotation from CALMET, which we cheerfully copy; assuming our respected contemporary that he cannot possibly deprecate more than we do, "all attempts to pourtray the features of the Incarnate Redeemer," and that we entirely disapprove of the employment of such representations in churches or elsewhere.

"We have a letter of one Publius Lentulus, pretended to have been Governor of Judea before Pilate, in which he gives an account of our Saviour Jesus Christ to the Senate of Rome in a very advantageous manner. This piece is to be found in many manuscripts, and several printed books: it begins thus: *Apparuit temporibus istis, et adhuc vivit, vir præditus potentiâ magnâ, nomine Christus Jesus, &c.* But this piece of errant forgery, unknown to the ancients, and deserving the utmost contempt. Publius Lentulus was never Governor of Judea, and Pilate was in his office all the time of our Saviour's preaching: but before Christ went to the baptism of John, he was not famous in Judea."

We admire the conduct of a certain celebrated painter, of whom we have read, who was requested to exert his utmost skill on a painting, in which the person of the Saviour was to form a conspicuous part—and who declared, after finishing the other parts of the piece, that having studied the character of the Saviour, as represented in the inspired volume, he could not possibly delineate features corresponding with the amiability of so perfect and spotless a character; and, consequently, declined completing the picture.

REV. GEORGE SCOTT.—On Wednesday, the 29th ult., the N. Y. *Evangelist* says, a farewell meeting was held by different denominations at the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, on occasion of the departure of Mr. SCOTT from America. The Rev. Gentleman delivered a powerful speech, in the course of which he observed, he had travelled 5,000 miles to get to America, and 6,000 since his arrival; yet without a single accident. He had delivered more than one hundred and forty sermons and addresses; visited forty cities, and had received from six denominations towards the object in which he was engaged, nearly Five Thousand Dollars. He is now on the way to his beloved Sweden. May the Head of the Church direct and prosper him. He is a fine spirited man, and by the catholicity of his zeal, increases our abhorrence of bigotry and division.—*Chr. Guar*

A MUNIFICENT GIFT.—Previous to the separation of the members of the Wesleyan Conference, the unanimous thanks of the body were presented to GEORGE HEALD, Esq., for having presented to the Connexion, free of debt, a chapel near Liverpool, on which he has expended about £2,000.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have received a communication signed "Althein," intended as a reply to the letter of the Rev. T. OSOON, which appeared in our last number. We regret to inform the writer, that the personal and unfriendly language in which his reply is couched, as well as the doctrine he designs to advocate, exclude it from the columns of the *Christian Mirror*—our motto being, as much as in us lieth, to "live peaceably with all men." The manuscript may be had by calling at the office.

PUBLIC LECTURES AT THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, BY THE REV. MESSRS. ESSON AND TAYLOR.—The *Commercial Messenger* says:—"It will be observed with pleasure that the Rev. Mr. ESSON, with the promptitude which distinguishes him, will deliver at the Room of the Mechanics' Institute, a lecture to the members of the association and the public, on a highly interesting subject, ("How and in what degree mental culture may be attained by those who have not enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education, and who have but little time for reading or study,") and one peculiarly adapted to the original design of the body for whose benefit it is more particularly intended. With the well known eloquence and power of illustration which, scarcely less than his piety, benevolence and Christian philanthropy, have gained for the Reverend Gentleman the prominent rank he occupies, it is impossible to doubt that those who attend will afterwards confess that their time was devoted to a profitable and pleasant purpose.

With equal pleasure it will be learned that the Rev. Mr. TAYLOR, early in November, will commence a Course of Lectures on the noble science of Astronomy, the value of which will be greatly augmented by the use of a splendid Orrery, and other apparatus, for which the Institute will be indebted to the Reverend gentlemen of the Seminary, who have in the most liberal manner afforded this testimony of their approbation of the efforts made and making for the intellectual improvement of the working classes. Mr. TAYLOR, it is well known, is deeply read in the mysteries of nature, and possesses a rare command of language, from all of which it is not too much to augur that the Lectures, subject and all things else considered, will possess an interest unsurpassed by any with which the Institute has yet been favoured."

TEMPERANCE PROCESSION.—We perceive by the *Toronto Christian Guardian*, that a General Procession of the friends of Temperance would take place in that city, this day, the 21st instant.

It is stated (says the *Messenger*) that His Excellency Sir RICHARD JACKSON, Administrator of the Government of the Province of Canada, and Commander of the Forces in British America, is to arrive in this city from Kingston tomorrow, on his way to Quebec, to receive the new Governor General, who is expected to arrive there about the end of the present week. Sir RICHARD will immediately tender to him the oaths of office as Governor General, retaining his military command.

## SUMMARY OF NEWS.

#### LIBERATION OF MR. McLEOD.

McLeod has been acquitted—an event which we were justified in anticipating, from the straightforward character of the evidence adduced in his defence, by which it was clearly proved that he could not have been present at the burning and destruction of the Caroline, and, consequently, could not have aided in depriving the unfortunate man Durfee of life.

The proceedings have been conducted in a manner highly honourable to the Judges, and to the officers of the state, with exception, perhaps, of the Attorney General, who rather overstepped his duty, in his anxiety to convict the prisoner. Judge Gridley has, however, won "golden opinions" by his firm, impartial, and dignified conduct, which held in awe some of those among the prosecuting witnesses who had been expected to swear much more plainly than they did, that McLeod was one of those who composed the Caroline expedition.

When released, Mr. McLeod walked from the Court House to the hotel, being greeted with congratulations by his personal friends, but with no other symptom of notice by the crowds, who dispersed immediately after the verdict was returned. The Jury were absent for half an hour.

There was no excitement whatever around Utica, and the life of McLeod was considered perfectly safe from danger.

Mr McLeod arrived in Montreal on Saturday forenoon, having travelled without molestation to the lines.—*Mess.*

THE NEW GOVERNOR GENERAL.—The *Acadia* brings intelligence of Sir Charles Bagot, G.C.B. being appointed Governor General. We copy the following notice from the *Church*:—

Sir Charles is a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, and a Privy Councillor. We believe he was Minister at Washington during the time Earl Bathurst was Colonial Secretary, and he was of course a party to the important negotiations carried on between the British and American Governments relating to Arbutnot and Ambrister's case, the Columbia River post, &c. &c. He was subsequently, if we mistake not, Ambassador at Vienna and the Hague. He is of an ancient and loyal family, and is younger brother to Lord Bagot. He is sixty years of age; and his lady is a daughter of Lord Maryborough; consequently, he is nearly allied to the Duke of Wellington, Lord Maryborough's brother. Sir Charles is also, we think, father-in-law to the Earl of Winchelsea—brother to the Bishop of Oxford—and nephew to a late prelate, whom the poet Cowper, cynical as he was, involuntarily praised, and whom Dr. Adam Clarke calls "that very holy man." If Sir Charles Bagot really be appointed, we may look for a high-minded, prudent, and experienced statesman—one of a capacious and enlightened intellect—prepared to know no distinctions except between the loyal and disloyal. He will, we are confident, endeavour to carry out the Union, and hold the reins of Government with a firm and impartial hand.

"THE PRESIDENT."—The wreck of a large steamer has been seen near the Azores. It is conjectured to be the remains of the unfortunate *President*.

THE HARVEST.—The harvest is now fairly ended in many of the southern counties, although in the north it is still exposed to danger. Undoubtedly the result turns out much better than was expected a month or six weeks ago, though still no one will deny that there will be a serious deficiency. From observation and inquiry in various quarters, we are inclined to think it will yield one-sixth or one-seventh less than an average crop; or, in other words, we may require two millions and a half, or three millions, of quarters of wheat from foreign countries, in addition to our domestic supplies, to feed the population of Great Britain until the autumn of 1842.—*London Atlas.*

Thomas Richardson, a Quaker of Stamford-hill and Aytoun-house, Yorkshire, who had on many occasions liberally endowed British schools in various places, has now given the sum of £5,000 to found an agricultural school.

PARLIAMENTARY.—A general statement of the business of Parliament, during its late session, has been drawn up by the Clerk of the Assembly, and printed for the use of the members. The statement will be highly useful, as a table of reference. It shows, clearly, and without confusion, the number of petitions introduced—of Committees appointed—the Titles of all Bills introduced in the House, and of those sent to the Legislative Council—distinguishing those passed and rejected in either House, as not assented to, or reserved for the signification of Her Majesty's pleasure by His Excellency the Governor General, and those of which amendments in one House have not been concurred in by the other House.—*Mess.*

TROOPS IN BRITISH AMERICA.—The British troops stationed in this country on the 1st of September last were as follows:—1st Regiment Dragoon Guards; 7th Hussars; 2d battalion Grenadier Guards; 2d battalion Coldstream Guards; 2d battalion 1st Foot; 14th, 23d, 32d, 43d, 56th, 64th, 67th, 70th, 71st, 74th, 83d, 85th, 88th, and 93d Regiments Infantry, and the Royal Canada Rifle Regiment.—*lb.*

(For state of market see last page.)

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

## EXTRACTS

FROM THE THIRTY-SEVENTH REPORT OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

FRANCE.—Mr. De Pressensé, the Society's Agent, furnishes the following extract from the journal of a fellow-labourer:—

"A source of great inconvenience to us at the present season is the miserable state of the roads. Without exaggeration, I may say that, for days together, we have gone from one place to another up to our knees in snow and water. One day in particular, I was twice obliged to carry my companion through the deep miry roads, in consequence of his wearing shoes, while I had boots on; and the water penetrated through our clothes, and we were completely drenched. Nothing, however, has tended to discourage us. What has grieved us the most is, that we have been prevented from doing so much for the poor people who are ignorant of the truth, as we might have done had the weather been more favourable; for as to ourselves, we can say, as in the presence of God, that the more we suffer for the name of Christ, the more we believe that we are his disciples. When we take a view of the wretched state of the country which we are now visiting, we ask ourselves how it can be possible that we should turn back to our homes for the sake of a few bodily inconveniences! Yes, my dear sir, by the grace of God, we shall continue in the work as long as it is your pleasure, and as long as our legs can support us. I am now more fully convinced of the importance of our labours as colporteurs than I once was. And oh! may the Lord qualify us more and more for the work, that we may have no other desire than to devote ourselves to His service to the end of our lives!"

GERMANY.—The correspondence addressed to the Rev. Dr. Pinkerton (the Agent) during the past year has been singularly interesting. The following is an extract:—

"I am penetrated with feelings of joy and of gratitude towards the Lord, for the manifold instances of His mercy and love, when I take a review of the goodness and faithfulness with which He has protected and blessed the dissemination of His Holy Word in this country. \* \* \* 'And was this the land,' I am disposed to exclaim, 'which so long remained inaccessible to the operations of the children of God—to the labours of Societies composed of friends of Gospel truth! It is the King of Glory, beloved brethren, who has opened to you the lofty gates, and He is, himself, now entering in amidst the triumphant sounds of His Divine word! Truly this has been for us a year of unexampled blessing! The Word of life and light has penetrated into the remotest corners of —, and has visited the loneliest cottages of the poor! \* \* \* I can joyfully declare that, on all sides, the people in the country, and the inhabitants of the towns also, are reaching out their hands to obtain the treasure of the Divine word."

BELGIUM.—The Society's Agent, Mr. Tiddy, speaking of a person once a zealous Roman Catholic priest, but now a no less zealous Protestant minister, gives the following interesting account of his conversion, as related by himself at a meeting of a Bible Association:—

"The day was fixed for my entering into a convent, the strictest of convents, that of the Trappists. I suffered great agony of mind. I was about to shut out for ever even the light. I cast myself on my knees, and gave myself up to God. I earnestly implored him to direct me. If it were his pleasure for me thus to sacrifice myself, I begged him to enable me to do it; if not, to plainly show it me. I felt that I entirely gave myself up to Him. I arose from my knees, I took the Bible from my table, and opened it at the 51st Psalm; I knew it well in Latin, and had often repeated it, but now it was fixed on my mind in a manner that I shall never forget: it will be ever precious to me. My eyes lighted on this verse: 'Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.' The truth flashed across my mind—I understood it all. It

was not by my inflicting on my poor, sinful, and weak body, pain and sufferings, that I could be delivered from my sins; I saw that was to be done by a nobler sacrifice: I must be washed in the blood of Christ, which cleanseth from all sin. The 16th and 17th verses of the same Psalm determined me what to do; from that moment I have had a peace and joy which surpass all knowledge. I found rest for my soul; I find it still, amidst all the trials and temptations to which the Christian is subject in this vale of tears. Attach yourselves to the word of God, and not to the traditions of men: that alone can lead you aright."

PRUSSIA.—Your President, Lord Bexley, (says the Report,) having, at the request of the Committee, addressed a letter of condolence to His Majesty Frederick William IV., King of Prussia, on the occasion of the decease of his royal father, who had ever proved himself a warm friend of the Bible Society, His Majesty was pleased to send the following letter in reply:—

"Highly esteeming the British and Foreign Bible Society, as an institution whose truly beneficial influence extends to all the nations of the earth, I sincerely thank its Committee for the expression of their sympathy, and for their pious wishes contained in their letter of the 4th of last month; and I rejoice in the further assurance that the Society bears in grateful remembrance what the King my father, now with God, did towards promoting the circulation of the Divine word. I should regard the advancement of the cause of the Bible as a valuable legacy bequeathed to me, were it not already an object of my warm affection and duty; and it is gratifying to me to know, that in this respect the Committee place confidence in me. May a God of infinite goodness continue, as heretofore, to accompany the pious endeavours of the Bible Society with His rich blessings!"

"FREDERICK WILLIAM."  
Sans-Souci, Oct. 25, 1840."

## INDIA.

THE Rev. E. NOYES, Baptist Missionary in Balasore, in a letter to the American Tract Society, dated July 9, 1841, gives the following cheering account of the success attending the distribution of religious tracts in India:—

## DELIGHTFUL NARRATIVE OF THE HINDOO AKUNA.

ONE circumstance I will mention, which will not fail to cheer the hearts of all engaged in this glorious cause. A few months ago I went with two native preachers to the mountains, about ten miles west of this. While my tent was pitched at a village called Katapal, one of the native preachers fell in with a man, who told him that he had for many years been seeking salvation without success. That a year ago he had received a *paper Tract*, in which very strange things were written of God, and Jesus Christ his Son. That he had just been listening to our preaching in the village, and had perceived that we taught the same that was contained in that Tract. He then requested the native preacher to invite me to come in the evening, and expound the holy book, and pray in his house.

When I first heard this request, I was quite at a loss to know "what the vision could mean." To be invited to enter the house of a Hindoo, especially for such a purpose, appeared like a new thing under the sun. But seeing the man he had sent to conduct me with the two native preachers, I went on "nothing doubting." As soon as we entered the door, he fell down at my feet, but was raised, receiving the same reproof Peter gave to Cornelius. In a neat little cottage were seated his aged mother, three brothers, and two of their wives. In one end of the apartment was a folded blanket, designed for a seat, and a lamp, for my accommodation, on each side of which were mats for the native preachers. As soon as we had become seated, Akuna, (for that was the man's name who called me,) said, "Now we have all met for the purpose of hearing you declare the word of God, and of praying to the Most High."

You can judge how much I was reminded of Cornelius, and I should have been sure that this man was endeavouring to imitate him, had he been acquainted with the New Testament; but we ob-

tained clear evidence that the sacred volume had never saluted his eyes. I cannot here give a full account of our remarks and prayers; suffice it to say, that we pointed him to "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world," during which all listened with profound attention.

When I returned to Balasore, Akuna and a brother-in-law of his accompanied me, and spent several days at my house, attending with apparent delight upon all the means of grace. He has since met with much opposition from his village people; but I trust, in the end, he will have strength to burst through all opposition, and find that Saviour who has died for sinners.

## CONVERSION OF THE JEWS.

At length we are able to announce, that, under most encouraging circumstances, our Missionaries have entered upon their work. Messrs. Edward and Philip, it will be seen from the subjoined correspondence, have reached Jassy, the appointed scene of their future labours. We daily expect to hear of Dr. Duncan's arrival at Pesth, where, from the interesting statement of Mr. Edward, and the valuable remarks with which the Rev. Dr. Keith has kindly prefaced his letter, it will be seen a most delightful field of usefulness awaits him. More than ever, by the friends of Israel, let prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, be offered up, that the tribes of the dispersion may learn to bow at the name of Jesus, and that those dear servants of Christ who have gone out from amongst us, may, through the working of the Holy Spirit in their own hearts, and amongst those whose salvation they seek, be made helpful in bringing on that day of enlargement and gladness, when "ten men shall take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying, We will go with you; for we have heard that God is with you."—*Home & Foreign Missionary Record.*

## SUNDAY SCHOOL PROCESSION IN LIVERPOOL.

THE Sunday Schools connected with the Established Church in Liverpool, lately held their anniversary meeting. There were twenty-eight schools in attendance, accompanied by their teachers, each having appropriate banners. One of the Liverpool journals gives a list of the schools with the number of pupils attached to each, and the total in the procession. The number is represented at 10,700, all of them neatly dressed, and forming a body never surpassed in interest and beauty as a moral spectacle. They filled the immense Liverpool Town Hall, and 500 of them sang impressive and beautiful airs, at intervals during the exercises. When this one body of scholars is contemplated, how stupendous must be the influence exerted in the civilised world by Sunday Schools.—*Hal. Guardian.*

## WESLEYAN CONNECTION IN GREAT BRITAIN.

ACCORDING to the official report at the late Conference, the number of members in the Wesleyan Connection are, in Great Britain, 328,762; in Ireland, 27,168; in Foreign Missions, 84,334—Total, 440,264: being an increase of 11,565, compared with the year preceding.—*Id.*

## CHURCH MISSIONARIES.

THE Rev. W. H. Hobson, H. Mulkins, John McIntyre, T. Bartlett, and James Coleman, have been placed, by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, on their list of Missionaries, on the recommendation of the Bishop of Toronto. Mr. Coleman is appointed as Missionary to the Indians at Walpole Island, Lake St. Clair.

The same Society has also made the following grants:—To a church at Paris, U.C., £100; to a church at Hamilton, U.C., £150; for the purchase of Land and Parsonage House at Leeds, L.C. £500. The sum of £30, to be expended in the diocese of Toronto, has been remitted to the Society from Oxford.—*Church.*

## STREET PREACHING.

By a recent decision of the Court of Queen's Bench, clergymen of all denominations are allowed to preach in the open air whenever they are so disposed.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## MY MOTHER.

How the sound of that name thrills through the soul! How many the associations that cluster around the mere mention of it! In childhood and youth, how little do we know the worth of a mother; how little do we know the anxiety and care we cause her who is our best friend, and who would gladly chase from our bosoms every sorrow and care; and could her wishes be granted, we should know naught but peace, prosperity, and happiness. There is something in maternal solicitude that we are entirely unable to comprehend. Even when we are stubborn and unruly, her affection does not in the least diminish; she even denies herself many comforts, that her wayward boy may be happier. There seems to be in the mother's breast a never failing fountain of love and devotion to the interests of her offspring, that does not fail even when her disobedient boy, seemingly bereft of all affection, contrary to the wishes of friends and parents, wanders as it were an outcast. Though none show pity—still the mother's yearning heart follows him—still loves and respects him. The more degraded he becomes, the more she clings to him, as though hope could never forsake her bosom. We little know the worth of a mother's love and care for us, until we are far from her—until we feel the coldness of the false-hearted, selfish world. It is then we turn to that loved place, home, and sigh for the attentions of that fond being whose love we have so often unrequited. When away from home, how often do we take a retrospective view of the past, and call to mind the thousand kindnesses of a mother, which were almost forgotten, but now affect the mind: sometimes with feelings of sorrow, because we made so poor returns; and then with feelings of pleasure, for we know that we have one friend left on earth—who, though all others may leave, will never forsake us.

How often in the 'stilly hour of night,' when poring over my books by the dim light of my lamp, has my mind almost involuntarily wandered to past scenes, and past hours. How often would my ungrateful conduct, when at home, stare at me, and make me feel that I was unworthy to be called her son, who had done every thing for my happiness that maternal solicitude could devise, but I trust I have learnt how to prize a mother's love and attentions, and never to trifle with her feelings.—CORYDON. *Portland Tribune.*

## SIGHT OF THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC OCEANS.

Beyond this, we came into an open region, where nothing but cedar and thorns grew; and here I saw whortleberries for the first time in Central America. In that wild region, there was a charm in seeing anything that was familiar to me at home, and I should have perhaps become sentimental, but they were hard and tasteless. As we rose, we entered a region of clouds. Very soon they became so thick, that we could see nothing: the figures of our own party were barely distinguishable, and we lost all hope of any view from the top of the volcano. Grass still grew, and we ascended till we reached a belt of barren sand and lava; and here, to our great joy, we emerged from the region of the clouds, and saw the top of the volcano, without a vapour upon it, seeming to mingle with the clear blue sky; and at that early hour, the sun was not high enough to play upon its top. Mr. Lawrence, who had excited himself in walking, lay down to rest, and the Doctor and I walked on. The crater was about two miles in circumference, rent and broken by time, or some great convulsion; the fragments stood high, bare, and grand as mountains, and within were three or four smaller craters. We ascended on the south side by a ridge running east and west, till we reached a high point, at which there was an immense gap in the crater impossible to cross. The lofty point on which we stood was perfectly clear, the atmosphere was of transparent purity, and, looking beyond the region of desolation below us, at a distance of perhaps two thousand feet, the whole country was covered with clouds, and the city at the foot of the volcano was invisible. By degrees, the more distant clouds were lifted, and over the immense bed we saw, at the same moment, the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. This was the grand spectacle we had hoped, but scarcely expected, to behold. My companions had as-

scended the volcano several times; but on account of the clouds, they had only seen the two seas once before. The points at which they were visible were the Gulf of Nicoya and the harbour of San Juan, not directly opposite, but nearly at right angles with each other, so that we saw them without turning the body. In a right line over the tops of the mountains, neither was more than twenty miles distant; and from the great height at which we stood, they seemed almost at our feet. It is the only point in the world which commands a view of the two seas, and I ranked the sight with those most interesting occasions when, from the top of Mount Sinai, I looked out upon the desert of Arabia, and from Mount Hor I saw the Dead Sea.—*Stephen's Incidents of Travel in Central America.*

## THE QUEEN DOWAGER.

MANY are the instances recorded from time to time, of the Royal munificence of the worthy and estimable Queen Dowager, but never has it fallen to our lot to record a more pleasing case than the following, which has lately come to our knowledge, and for the truth and accuracy of which we can vouch:—

A gentleman of the name of Blake, one of the pages to Her Majesty, was stretched upon a bed of sickness, and was found to be approaching his end. Her Majesty, with that solicitude which she evinces for even the lowest menial in her household, was particular in her enquiries after him day by day, and on learning from his medical attendant that but faint hopes were entertained of his recovery, she proceeded without delay, and unattended, to his bed side, and spoke sweet words of comfort to the dying man, bidding him to rely upon the all-sufficient merits of his Saviour, for acceptance with his God, when the things of this world, which were fast fading from him, should have closed upon his mortal sight. She begged him to feel quite comfortable as to his wife and family, for that she would provide for them, and to pass the few short hours that remain to him on earth, in preparing to meet his God and the coming judgment. Such words of comfort, we may hope, produced their proper effect, and that the spirit of the departed will have reason, through eternity, to praise his Redeemer for sending such a messenger of mercy to comfort him in his dying moments. A few days after his decease, Her Majesty sent for the sorrowing widow, who was left with a family of seven children, and announced to her her intention of allowing her a pension of £100 a year, and a residence in Bushy Park, so long as that continued her property. She desired her to send such of her family as were of sufficient age to school in the neighbourhood, at her expense, and that as they grew up she would provide for them. What Englishman does not feel a real pleasure, in becoming acquainted with such princely acts of benevolence in the widow of our late beloved Sovereign, and in knowing that this nation has placed it in her power to display, by such instances as these, the kindness and nobleness of her queen-like nature.—*Cheltenham Chronicle.*

## BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

INTELLECT is an enchanter. Long years after loved friends are entombed, the wand of memory waves over the chill vaults of the sepulchre, and the dead start into life—pale, purified, passionless as the seraphs, their sweet faces beam again upon us. The fragrance of their spirit-breath stirs in our time-bleached locks—their thrilling kisses are again on our lips. With their spirits, our spirits again mingle in a better fraternity of feeling than ever bound us before. We invest them with transcendent beauty!—they are now lovelier than the beings of this world; their bosoms throb upon ours with better sympathy—their eyes look deep into ours with exceeding love. Strange intellectual power! What a contact of spirit with spirit! What a reunion of the severed! Can it be possible that in this spirit dialogue, but one spirit has a part answering itself, and creating but an imaginary bliss? No—no. Intellect has a voice that can summon its loved from the spirit world. In the arms of my soul, I may, with due submission to the Great Father of spirits, clasp the spirits of my dead. Again upon my heart can I lay the spirit babe to whom I sobbed a farewell long years gone by. Not only in the arms of my fancy, but really, and indeed, in intellectual affinity,

may I embrace my sweet departed daughter, whose angel spirit, in life, pined for my happiness, and whose last accents, as her tongue froze in death, murmured my name.—*Maffit.*

## CONTEMPLATION AND ACTION.

WE read a pretty story of St. Anthony, who being in the wilderness, led a very hard and strict life, inasmuch as none at that time did the like, to whom came a voice from heaven saying, Anthony, thou art not so perfect as is a cobbler in Alexandria. Anthony hearing this, rose up forthwith, and took stall, and travelled till he came to Alexandria, where he found the cobbler. The cobbler was astonished to see so reverend a father come to his house. Then Anthony said unto him, Come, and tell me thy whole conversation, and how thou spendest thy time. Sir, (said the cobbler,) as for me, good works have I none, for my life is but simple and slender—I am but a poor cobbler: in the morning, when I rise, I pray for the whole city wherein I dwell, especially for all such neighbours and poor friends as I have; after I set me at my labour, where I spend the day in getting my living, and I keep me from all falsehood, for I hate nothing so much as I do deceitfulness—wherefore, when I make any man a promise, I keep it, and perform it truly, and thus I spend my time poorly with my wife and children, whom I teach and instruct, as far as my wit will serve, to fear and serve God. And this is the sum of my simple life.—*Bishop Latimer.*

## UNGOVERNED ANGER.

COLONEL. — is not now living, or I should not dare to tell a story which might add another pang to a conscience already stung to the quick. He had a favourite bird, a parrot, with which his son, a fine boy, of ten years old, was playing. The parrot bit the child's finger, and the angry child caught the parrot, and wrung its neck. The father, who does not seem, at first, to have noticed what was going forward, seized the throat of the boy. I was told that the consequences were fatal. The boy was generally supposed to have died in a fit. I have seen the half-melancholy father—an object of deep commiseration. This fact needs no comment, but may serve as an awful warning.—*Advice to Governesses.*

## ANECDOTE OF GEORGE III.

THE name of George the Third will long be cherished by the inhabitants of Great Britain; and will always be associated with every virtue that can adorn royalty, or exalt human nature. The following anecdote, illustrative of the strength and tenderness of his parental affection, has been often repeated—but it will be new to many of our readers:—

In the year 1810, towards the latter end of October, the Princess Amelia died, after a protracted and painful illness, which she had endured with exemplary meekness and resignation. Aware of what must be its termination, she had some of her hair set in a ring; and one day, when her blind father, making his daily visit, came to her bed side, and held out his hand to her, she put this sad memorial upon his finger silently. Her dissolution occurred so soon afterwards, that she never knew the fatal consequences. The King had suffered intense agony during her illness, and when he felt this last indication of his daughter's love, feeling at the same time but too surely all that it implied, it affected him so strongly as to bring on the recurrence of a malady which had rendered the appointment of a Regent necessary two and twenty years before.

EVENING.—Calmly did the evening settle down on the scene before us. The sun sank beyond the purple mountains, flushing the cloudless sky with a mellow, crimson tinge—and the far wave, silent as the repose of a seraph, reflected back the radiance, till island and promontory, headland and distant sail, were bathed in a flood of pale and crimson light.—*S. B. Becket.*

## FOR WEAK OR SORE EYES.

ONE of the best and easiest applications for weak eyes, is to take a small piece of copperas, (white is the best,) of the size of a pea, and dissolve it in a two ounce vial of soft water. When clear, this may be used for bathing the eyes, and with the best effects.

POETRY.

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

Dark was the night! How dark! No light! No fire!  
Cold on the hearth the last faint sparks expire:  
Shivering she watches by the cradle side  
For him who pledged his love—last year a bride!

"Hark! 'tis his footstep! No! 'tis past, 'tis gone!"  
Tinkled! "How wondrously the time crawls on!  
Why would he leave me thus? He once was kind,  
And I believed 't would last. How mad! How blind!"

"Rest thee, my babe—rest thou. 'Tis hunger's cry!  
Sleep, for there is no food! The fount is dry;  
Famine and cold their weary work have done;  
My heart must break! And thou!" The clock strikes one.

"Hark! 'tis the dice-box! Yes, he's there; he's there!  
For this, for this, he leaves me to despair!  
Leaves love, leaves truth; his wife his life! For what?  
The wretched smile, the villain and the get!"

"Yet I'll not curse him—No, 'tis all in vain;  
'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again!  
And I could starve and bless him, but for you,  
My child! My child! Oh friend!" The clock strikes two.

"Hark! how the sign-board creaks; the winds howl by;  
Mean, mean! a dirge swells through the cloudy sky!  
Hark! 'tis his knock! he comes! he comes once more!"  
'Tis but the lattice flap! Thy hope is o'er!

"Can he desert us thus? He knows I pray  
Night after night in loneliness to pray  
For his return; and yet he sees no tear!  
No, no. It cannot be. He will be here!"

Nearly more closely, dear one, to my heart!  
Thou 'st cold! thou 'st freezing! but we will not part.  
Husband! I die! Father, it is not he!  
Oh, God, protect my child!" The clock strikes three.

They're gone! they're gone! the glimmering spark hath fled!  
The wife and child are numbered with the dead.  
On the cold hearth, out-streched in solemn rest,  
The babe lay frozen on its mother's breast!  
The gambler came at last; but all was o'er;  
Dead silence reigned around. The clock struck four!

REVIEW OF THE MONTREAL MARKET.

From the Commercial Messenger.

**ASHES.**—The demand has been improving, from several causes, and especially from the lightness of the stock in market. Quotations are:—for Pots, 29s. 6d. a 30s.; for Pearls, 30s. a 31s.

**FLOUR.**—The market is not well supplied, and the quantities at present arriving are less than the requirements of the trade, and freights are light. 3s. 9d. is still given for Canadian, at which price considerable quantities have changed hands during the week. American fine has been sold at from 30s. 6d. a 31s. 6d., cash; 32s., 90 days.

**WHEAT.**—Whatever quantity there is of this article easily finds buyers at 7s. per 60 lbs.; 7s. 1d. a 7s. 3d. has been obtained. This rate it will be unsafe for country dealers to act upon, as the demand is created from causes which are only temporary, and which, it is expected, will cease almost immediately.

**PROVISIONS.**—The stock of Pork is sufficiently heavy, and a disposition is evinced to seek for purchasers.

Hams may be quoted at 6jd. a 7d. per lb.—Lard at 5d. Butter at 7d. a 8d.—the demand being steady.

**GROCERIES.**—There are in demand, at fair prices. Young Hyson, of good quality, can be had at 3s. 6d. a 3s. 9d. Inferior qualities at 3s. 2jd. a 3s. 3d. per lb.

Sugars are nearly stationary, though tending to improvement.

**DRY GOODS.**—A great deal of business in this line has been done by auction for some time. There are still numbers of merchants from the country, in town, laying in their stocks of Fall and Winter articles, and although sales are taking place at very low rates, we do not imagine that the Fall business will turn out deficient in remunerating profits.

**MONEY AND EXCHANGE.**—The Banks are drawing at 10j per cent. Private Bills may be purchased at 9j. Upper Canada notes are at a discount of 2 a 2j per cent.

JOSEPH HORNER,  
SILK-DYER,  
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OPPOSITE THE RECOLLECT CHURCH.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN BOOT & SHOE MART,  
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EDWIN ATKINSON, in tendering to his Patrons, the Gentry and inhabitants of Montreal generally, his thanks for the distinguished encouragement he has received, begs to assure them that the advantages that have hitherto signified this Establishment, and gained him a preference for a good article at a moderate price, will ever be adhered to; and as it is his intention to sell ONLY FOR CASH, he will be enabled to offer a further Reduction of from FIVE TO TEN PER CENT.

This Establishment is constantly receiving from England BOOTS and SHOES, of the best make and quality.  
Montreal, August 12, 1841.

EARTHENWARE,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.  
JAS. PATTON & CO., Manufacturers and Importers of CHINA, GLASS, and EARTHENWARE, have a large and well assorted Stock, and are expecting a further supply by the *Fanny*, *Thomas Hughes*, and other Vessels.

N.B.—J. P. & Co. will receive Orders for the Manufactory, Staffordshire Potteries, and have them executed there at Pottery prices.  
McGill Street,  
Montreal, August 12, 1841.

JOHN HOLLAND & CO.,  
SUCCESSORS TO C. CARLTON & CO.  
ST. PAUL STREET,

HAVE constantly on hand, an assortment of ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, and INDIA FANCY GOODS, COMBS, RIBBONS, &c. &c. suitable for Town and Country Trade,  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,—TERMS LIBERAL.  
August 12, 1841.

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GENERAL GROCER,  
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NEARLY OPPOSITE THE ENGLISH CHURCH,  
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BOOK AND JOB PRINTER,  
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All orders punctually attended to.

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Opposite Messrs. J. & W. McFarlane's Grocery Store,  
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September 23, 1841.

W. GETTESS,  
IMPORTER, MANUFACTURER, & DEALER  
IN  
HATS, CAPS & FURS,  
Of every description, Wholesale and Retail,  
CENTRE OF SAINT PAUL STREET.  
N.B. Country Merchants supplied at the lowest Rates.  
August 12, 1841.

SCHOOL-BOOKS, BOOK-BINDING, &c.  
THE Subscriber has constantly on hand an extensive assortment of ENGLISH and FRENCH SCHOOL-BOOKS, which he will sell by Wholesale and Retail, at the Lowest Prices, for Cash, or short approved Credit.  
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St. Francois Xavier Street, facing St. Sacrament Street.  
Montreal, August 12, 1841.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE Subscriber has received by the Spring Arrivals, a very extensive assortment of SHELF and HEAVY HARDWARE, consisting of House Furnishing, Building; Manufacturers', Artists' & Traders' IRONMONGERY,—amongst which are Register and Half Register Grates; Fenders, of various sizes and sorts; Fire Irons, in pairs and sets; Patent Imperial Dish Covers, Rogers' superior Cutlery; Brass Window Poles, &c. &c.

—ALSO,—  
A general assortment of BAR, ROD, HOOP, and SHEET IRON.  
JOHN KELLER,  
Montreal, August 12, 1841.

FANCY & STAPLE DRY GOODS STORE,  
Wholesale and Retail,  
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THE Subscriber has constantly on hand a large and well assorted Stock, which he will sell Low for CASH.  
Expected by the Fall Arrivals, a fresh supply of Goods, suited for the Fall and Winter seasons.  
E. THOMPSON.  
Montreal, August 12, 1841.

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HAS on hand, and offers for Sale, VERY LOW for CASH, a general assortment of SCHOOL Books, PRAYER BOOKS, PSALMS OF DAVID; Wesley's, Watts', and other HYMN BOOKS; Writing Paper, Steel Pens, Quills, Wafers, Sealing Wax, Slates, Blank Books, Children's TOYS in great variety, &c. &c.  
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Notre Dame Street.

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