

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.

VOL. I.

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POETRY.

THE MISSIONARY.

UPON Tahiti's shore,
With aspect sad, a Missionary stood;
And as he gaz'd on scenes yet deep with gore,
He wept, in pity, o'er that isle of blood.

For, oh! 'twas sad to mark
Unhallowed rites and murder-stained abodes,
And man, debased by superstition dark,
Invoking aid from vile and bloody gods.

Those hills were fair to see,
And there the bread-fruit tree might bud and bloom;
But those rich plains, by foul idolatry,
Were heaped with carnage, and were filled with gloom.

Again, upon that strand,
After long years of toil had passed away,
I saw the faithful Missionary stand,
With looks of joy, upon the Sabbath-day.

Oh, what a blissful scene!
Those who were wont the war-cry loud to raise,
Within a leaf-roofed Christian fanè were seen,
And now were heard to sing Jehovah's praise!

Those who, besmeared with blood,
Were wont to kneel at cruel Oro's shrine,
In prayerful attitude now mildly stood,
Or drank in love the sacramental wine!

'Mid mockery and pain,
The Missionary taught within that isle,
And long his labours fruitless seem'd, and vain,—
At last he reaped the harvest of his toil.

Then far more blest was he
Than victor deck'd with crowns and palms of peace,
When that fair island of the western sea
Lay brightening 'neath the Sun of Righteousness.

The warrior's wreath may fade,
And earthly pomp and grandeur pass away;
But that bright crown which shines upon the head
Of him who saveth souls, shall ne'er decay!

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

A DOUBLE PORTION OF THE SPIRIT.

"And it came to pass, when they were gone over, that Elijah said unto Elisha, Ask what I shall do for thee, before I be taken away from thee. And Elisha said, I pray thee, let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me."

It was no common scene! By the waters of Jordan, there stood two men, like to whom the world had not seen many—Elijah the Tishbite, and his faithful disciple, Elisha the son of Shaphat. The man of God, who, in dark times, had been in Israel a bright and shining light—Elijah, who had approved himself "very zealous for the Lord God of Hosts," was about to depart, and stood on tip-toe, ready to mount up aloft to his house in the heavens. He who had walked before the people, for many years, the boldest and the wisest of them, who bowed not the knee to Baal—he at whose word the heavens were shut up, so that it rained

not upon the earth; who had raised the dead, had discomfited the eight hundred false prophets, had communed with the Lord on the mount; he who had brought down fire from heaven, who had divided the waters with his mantle, and who, in dark and idolatrous times, had not defiled his garments,—even this Elijah, his mission being fulfilled, is just about to rise from off the earth. The whirlwind is sounding that is to bear him up aloft. The chariot of fire, and the winged coursers, are standing by, ready to transport this second Enoch, to the abode which he is to reach without tasting the bitterness of death. At his side is that Elisha, whom he had found at the plough, on whom he had cast his mantle, anointing him to be a prophet in his stead,—the zealous disciple, who had left kinsfolk and home, that he might follow his gifted master, and witness his mighty works. He who had walked along with him, with clinging tenderness and reverent humility, and who had refused an order to leave him, though thrice repeated, is now, at length, to be severed from his wise and holy master.

Grievous season! Terrible separation! The times are very dark. On every side there are wars and commotions—violent and ungodly men sit on the throne of David. The worshippers of Baal and Moloch perform their bloody rites in every grove, and on every high hill. Who now shall guide the disciple, when his inspired teacher has gone away?—on what arm shall he now lean, standing alone amid a perverse and crooked generation? Dismal prospect! But Elijah stays for an instant, before he mounts his chariot, and mindful of the attached follower that forsook him not, said, "Ask what I shall do for thee, before I be taken away from thee." The disciple asked not wealth, he had no care for it; he asked not power or fame, he valued them as little; nor yet did he ask for many children, and length of days—blessings which were in high account among his people. But he had beheld the fervent and devoted spirit, that burned in his master; he had seen the boldness with which he stood out from among an impious generation; he had witnessed the close communion which he enjoyed with his Maker; he had observed the singular purity of his life and feelings; he had looked upon the mighty prodigies that he was empowered to work; he feared to be left alone among evil men, and smit by the devotion which had burned in the soul of Elijah, he replied, with passionate eagerness, "I pray thee that a double portion of thy spirit be upon me."

And now Elijah walks no more with men, being transferred into the dwelling-place of Saints. His affectionate pupil gives way to some bursts of feeling natural on the occasion—he cries out, "My father, my father! the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!" Moreover, "He took hold of his own clothes, and rent them in two pieces." Having thus testified his sorrow, he walks forth, with the mantle of Elijah upon him, and with his spirit lighting up his mind. Like his master, he smites the waters of Jordan with his mantle, and said, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" and as before, "the waters parted hither and thither, and he passed over." As he went through Bethel, there were young men that mocked him; at his command, "there came forth two she bears out of the wood, and tare forty and two of them."

The three kings of Israel, Judah, and Edom, with their hosts, were like to perish for want of water. They made known their condition to the man with whom was the spirit of Elijah, and he, having consulted the will of the Lord, caused the rain to descend, until the valley before them was filled with water; whilst he signified to them,

that the Lord would deliver their enemies, the Moabites, into their hands.

Walking forth in his errand of love and mercy, a woman, "of the wives of the prophets," informs him of her indigence; he fills her vessels with oil, until they sufficed to pay her debts, and enough is left over to maintain herself and her children. A woman of Shunem receives him kindly, and entertains him in her dwelling. She too was given to feel that she had seen a messenger of the Lord. She needed not substance, for she was "a great woman" of the place,—but she was desolate, and without offspring. At the intercession of the prophet, a son is born to her. The child falls sick, and dies on his mother's knees, and the household is plunged in sorrow. The man of God is sent for—he despatches his servant; but finding that he failed to work the miracle, he himself hastens to the house, casts himself before the Lord, and his prayers being heard, the little one is restored to life. His fame is noised abroad in other lands. A captain of the host of Syria is afflicted with leprosy, and hearing of the wonderful prophet, journeys into Palestine. He is commanded to wash in the waters of Jordan, and the malady leaves him; whilst the servant of the prophet, having betrayed his master through thirst of gold, has the disease inflicted on him, from which Naaman was delivered. A Syrian host is sent to seize on the prophet, who had given umbrage to their king, by his good services to his native country. He stretches forth his hand, and his enemies are struck with blindness, so that they cannot seize on him. And though when he had evinced his power, by this signal miracle, he evinced his generosity and goodness, by forbidding the king of Israel to wreck his cruel purposes on the discomfited Syrians—for he said, "Thou shalt not smite them; wouldst thou smite them whom thou hast taken captive, with thy sword, and with thy bow? Set bread and water before them, that they may eat and drink, and go to their master."

Empowered: not only to act, but to foresee, he predicts a famine of seven years, which should afflict the land, and true to the claims of friendship, the Shunamite, who had shown him kindness, is warned by him to flee from the impending scourge. He journeys into Syria, predicts the death of its king, informs Hazeel that he would mount the throne, and announces to him the cruelties which he would perpetrate upon Israel, in spite of the Syrian's disclaimer, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do these great things?" He accomplishes the commands that Elijah had left unfulfilled—anoins Jehu to be king, and denounces on the house of Ahab, the bloody doom which awaited it. His career of wonders and holiness drew to an end, but his death-bed was a scene as glorious as had been any of the occasions of his active life.

A king was among the mourners—a wicked prince was constrained to pay a tribute to departing goodness.—Joash, the king of Israel, came down unto him, and wept over his face,—and as he wept, he said of him, as Elisha had sometime said of his master, "The chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof." The spirit of prophecy was strong on him, though the life was ebbing fast away. He commanded the king to take a bow, and to shoot the arrows eastward, and as he shot, he said, "the arrow of the Lord's deliverance, and the arrow of deliverance from Syria, for thou shalt smite the Syrians in Aphek, till thou hast consumed them." Nay, an honour was reserved for him, which happened not in the case of any other prophet: for after he was gathered to his fathers, yea after he was laid in the tomb, it was shewn that a virtue was imparted to his

very bones.—for they cast a man into the sepulchre of Elisha; “and when the man was let down, and touched the bones of Elisha, he revived, and stood up on his feet.” Thus making true of him, in an especial manner, what is said of another scripture worthy, “he being dead, yet speaketh.” This is he, who, at the outset of his mission, said, “Let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me.” In very deed, the prayer of Elisha, son of Shephat, was plentifully answered.—*Hal. Guardian.*

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

An important question! and, reader, it is directed to you personally. As in the sight of God, what reply can you give to it? The Son of God has been revealed from heaven in a character, and for a purpose, which none should dare lightly disregard; and yet, when he tabernacled in our flesh, he was a stumbling-block to the Jew, and foolishness to the Greek. He came to his own, and his own received him not, but esteemed him as a root out of a dry ground, without form or comeliness. Men differed about his character—some esteeming him a good man, but most regarding him as a deceiver.

The religion which he taught has now been eighteen hundred years before the world, and we find the same differences of opinion concerning its author still prevailing. To the question, What think ye of Christ? one will reply that he doubts whether such a person ever existed. Another will admit his existence, but deny his divine mission, and regard his religion as a cunningly devised fable. Still another will pretend to reverence the Lord Jesus as a perfectly wise and good man, who had intimate intercourse with heaven, but no just claim to a divine character. Another will satisfy himself that he entertains the most orthodox faith respecting the Son of God, and yet you see nothing of the spirit of the Master in his life. Another will tell you, if he speaks candidly, that he is so absorbed in the pursuit of worldly things, that he seldom, if ever, thinks of Christ at all, either good or bad. But setting aside the views of the atheist, infidel, unitarian, formalist, and worldly, we ask the humble Christian what he thinks of Christ. He is one who can speak intelligently. He has received light from heaven, which has dissipated his prejudice, and scattered his darkness. He can speak what he knows, and testify what he has seen; and what testimony does he bear?

He regards him as the chief among ten thousand, and as altogether lovely; as Creator, King, Redeemer; and when he speaks of him with a full heart, he testifies to the whole world of the excellency of his Lord:—“Is it not he who sought me when a stranger—reclaimed me from the degradation and ruin of sin—touched my heart with true penitence—opened my eyes to my danger, and pointed me to his own cross for relief? Did he not whisper peace to my perturbed bosom, and subdue the fierceness of an envenomed conscience? When trembling on the verge of hell, did he not pluck me as a brand from the burning? Am I not an heir of salvation by his grace, in the hope of the full revelation of which, I daily and joyfully live? Has not he soothed me in sorrow—helped me in difficulty—delivered me in temptation, and imparted to me the foretastes of the heavenly rest? In every step of my toilsome pilgrimage, am I not permitted to lean on his arm, and pour out all my sorrows into his bosom? Have I any friend like him, who sticketh to me closer than a brother? If I offend him, he forgives me; if I stumble, he upholds me; and under a thousand provocations, which would alienate any earthly friend, he reproves, and then wipes away my tears. He has never disappointed me when I have trusted him, and he has promised to be with me even to death, and beyond the grave. And shall I not love him? Is he not dearer to me than all the world besides? Is not my sweetest meditation of him, and is not my principal quarrel with my proud and obdurate heart, that it does not love him more? Can I not endure the troubles of life, because he is near to help and soothe me? Can I not comfortably look into the grave, because he has sanctified it? And is not heaven rendered infinitely delightful, because there I shall see him face to face? What think I of Christ! He is all my salvation, and all my

desire. His law is my rule of life—his righteousness my justification—his intercession, my pledge of acceptance in the last great day. He has imposed on me an unspeakable obligation, and I consider it my reasonable service to present my body and spirit as a living sacrifice to him.”

THE RESTING-PLACE.

HOWEVER dark and disconsolate the path of life may have been to any man, there is an hour of deep and quiet repose at hand, when the body may sink into a dreamless slumber. Let not the imagination be startled, if this resting-place, instead of the bed of down, shall be the bed of gravel, or the rocky pavement of the tomb. No matter where the poor remains of wearied man may lie, the repose is deep and undisturbed—the sorrowful bosom heaves no more, the tears are dried up in their fountains, the aching head is at rest, and the stormy waves of earthly tribulation roll unheeded over the place of graves. Let armies engage in fearful conflict over the very bosom of the pale nations of the dead, not one of the sleepers shall heed the spirit-stirring trump, or respond to the rending shouts of victory.

How quiet these countless millions slumber in the arms of their mother earth. The voice of thunder shall not awake them; the loud cry of the elements—the winds, the waves, nor even the giant tread of the earthquake, shall be able to cause an inquietude in the chambers of death. They shall rest securely through ages; empires shall come and pass away; the last great battle shall be fought, and then a silver voice, at first but just heard, shall rise to a tempest tone, and penetrate the voiceless grave. For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall hear his voice.—[There is, however, but one class of persons who may derive comfort from these reflections—those only who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Ed.]

PECULIAR SEASONS.

You are aware of what consequence it is, in worldly concerns, to embrace opportunities, and to improve critical seasons; and thus, in the things of the Spirit, there are times peculiarly favourable—moments of happy visitation, where much more may be done towards the advancement of our spiritual interests than usual. These are gales of the Spirit—unexpected influences of light and power, which no assiduity in the means of grace can command, but which it is a great point of wisdom to improve.

If the husbandman is attentive to the vicissitudes of weather, and the face of the sky, that he may be prepared to take the full benefit of every gleam of sunshine: how attentive should we be in watching for those influences from above, which are necessary to ripen and mature a far more precious crop! As the natural consequence of being long under the guidance of another, is a quick perception of his meaning, so that we can meet his wishes before they are virtually expressed; something of this ready discernment, accompanied with instant compliance, may reasonably be expected from those who profess to be habitually led by the Spirit.—*Robert Hall.*

DEATH.

THE funeral was over—the dead shovelled away. What a strange thing it does seem, that that very form which we prized so dearly—for which we prayed the winds to be gentle—which we lapped from the cold in our arms—from whose footsteps we would have removed a stone—should be suddenly thrust out of sight—an abomination that the earth must not look upon—a despicable loathsomeness, to be concealed and to be forgotten! And this same composition of bone and muscle, that was yesterday so strong—which men respected, and women loved, and children clung to—today so lamentably powerless: unable to defend or protect those who lay nearest to its heart; its riches wrested from it, its wishes spat upon, its influence expiring with its last sigh. A breath from its lips making all that mighty difference, between what it was and what it is!

EARTHLY things are to be employed; heavenly things to be enjoyed.—*Augustine.*

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMORIAL OF MRS. HEMANS.

A BETTER memorial of this gifted and excellent woman than any from her own pen, or from the recollections of her family, will be found in the following beautiful testimony of an attendant, who has since followed her beloved mistress to the haven of rest. It occurs in a letter written by her a few months after Mrs. HEMANS' death; and it is a remarkable instance, not merely of innate susceptibility and delicacy of feeling, which are not confined to any particular rank or station, but of an intellectual refinement, like that of the “Dairyman's Daughter,” which is not usual among persons of the writer's station in life. It seems as if her intercourse with Mrs. HEMANS had etherealized her; and who can say how much the Scriptural knowledge, and humble faith of the dependent, were blessed to her highly-gifted mistress.

“It is a continual cause of thankfulness to me, that I was so wonderfully supported, even to the last sad hour—sad it must ever be to me; it is a thing not to wear off. Oh, no! with me it seems to deepen daily—remembrances grow dearer. My thought of her is like some hidden, treasured thing, which no power could win from me. I feel it would be downright selfishness to wish her back: it may well be said this was not her rest. She ever seemed to me as a wanderer from her heavenly Father's mansion, who knew too much of that home to seek a resting-place here! She often said to me, ‘I feel like a tired child—worn, and longing to mingle with the pure in heart.’ At other times she would say, ‘I feel as if I were sitting with Mary at the feet of my Redeemer, hearing the music of his voice, and learning of him to be meek and lowly.’ And then she would say, ‘Oh, Anna, do not you love your kind Saviour? The plan of redemption was indeed a glorious one; humility was indeed the crowning work. When any body speaks of His love to me, I feel as if they were too slow; my spirit can mount alone with him into those blissful realms, with far more rapidity.’

“My heart gets too full for utterance when I think of her affectionate manner to me. She often told me that she believed I had been sent to her, in answer to her earnest prayer, and said that, whatever might be her fate, I might always feel that my being with her had not been in vain. These were her words; and the Searcher of Hearts only knows how thankful, yet humbled, I feel for such an inestimable blessing. It is one for which I feel I shall have to render an account. May it prove a blessed one! I wish I could tell you more of what she said; but my language is so poor, so weak, that when I would try, it is as if I were robbing her words of their brightness; but then I know that none can speak as she did. These are not words of course; no, I can truly say, ties to earth are weakened, because she is no longer here.”—*London Christian Observer.*

SUNDAY SCHOOL RECORD.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

THE office of Sunday School Teachers is honourable before God and before man, for the labours and sacrifices which it involves. Of all human duties, theirs who teach the Sunday School, when faithfully performed, are farthest from a sinecure. They require patience—they require perseverance—they require self-denial—they involve contact with the most disagreeable persons; collision with the most unruly tempers, exposure to the most uncomfortable circumstances; and, worst of all, they are but too often—such is the waywardness of human nature—resisted, or ungratefully received. Now, to persist against all these adverse influences, in the service of any good cause, would be accounted worthy of honour by all. How much more so in this, which of all others is freest from human observation, and least encouraged by the thought of human applause. Its duties are emphatically done in secret. The

right hand scarcely knows the service of the left. It is performed in God's sight alone; and as the love of God and of souls can be the only adequate motive, so must his approbation be the sole reward. For be it remembered, last, though far from least, as evidence of the great moral dignity of the Sunday School Teacher's office, it is, in its tenure, both voluntary and gratuitous. It is the offering of a free heart. It is the willing surrender of ease, of advantage, of enjoyment. It is the actual sacrifice of self—self-indulgence, and often of self-improvement—to the benefit and comfort of others. The labourer upon six days, in the field or in the shop, labours on the seventh in the Sunday School. The student, upon that day, foregoes the relaxation of his mind; that he may be a "teacher of righteousness." The fair young girl turns cheerfully aside from the gay throng of her companions, to devote herself meekly and faithfully to the instruction and improvement of the little nurslings of her pious love. If these be not generous services—if these be not disinterested sacrifices—if there be not true honour and essential dignity in such duties, so performed—then are the words unmeaning, and their use on earth impossible. What can there be so excellent in human nature—what so elevated in her condition—that an office, held on such conditions, involving such considerations, occupied in such labours, shall not worthily claim its exertion—shall not irresistibly demand of Christian men, and Christian women, as they love God and human souls, its unhesitating, its entire devotion?—*Bp. Doane.*

GOOD FOR EVIL.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

In the following anecdote we have an exemplification of the Apostolical injunction, "Overcome evil with good." If we possess teachable minds, I doubt whether a logical and learned essay would do more to enforce upon us a prayerful consideration of these words. From the unsophisticated juvenile heart, truth, in new and forcible light, often gushes out. Blessed are they who, laying aside all love of dominion, are ready to sit with Mary at the foot of the cross, there to listen to the praise of God, perfected by "babes and sucklings."

A very little girl was fond of reading the Bible, and it was there she learned how to treat those who injured her. One day she came to her mother, very much delighted, to show her some plays that a friend had given her. The mother said, "She is very kind: she has given you a great many." "Yes," said the little girl, "she is very kind indeed, and she gave me more than these, but I have given some away." "Aye, my child—to whom did you give them?" "I gave them to a girl that pushed me off the path, and makes faces at me." "But why did you give them to such a naughty girl?" "Because I thought that would make her know that I wished to be kind to her, and she will not perhaps be unkind and rude to me again."

Here is heavenly wisdom flowing from the infant mind. Here is eloquent preaching with sublime practice. Speak on, young heralds of the Cross, in words of truth, in actions of purity. The world, the church, the ministry, need your labours. Let man, woman, and child, go out with heaven's credentials, and speak as the good heart is ever wont to speak.—*Practical Christianity.*

GENERAL LITERATURE.

A TRUE SKETCH.

A short winter day was just drawing to a close, as a young and poorly clad girl reached the door of a splendid mansion in B—street. The servant ushered her into a large and elegant apartment, where sat Mrs. M—, the mistress of so much wealth and grandeur, in conversation with a friend. The young girl stood a moment, and then courtied, and presented to Mrs. M— a small bundle, saying, "I hope the work suits you, ma'am."

"The work is well enough," said Mrs. M—, examining it carefully, "but why did you not bring it before? It is at least a week past the time it was promised. Unless you are more

punctual, and keep your word better, I cannot let you have any more work."

It was growing dark, and the room was not yet lighted: so that the tears that gathered in the girl's eyes could not be seen, but her voice was very tremulous, as she answered:

"I did not mean to break my word, ma'am; but my mother has been much worse, and my little brother, in chopping wood, cut his foot; so I have had"—here her voice became inarticulate, and she hastened out of the room.

"That is always the way with these people," said Mrs. M—, "a sick mother, or a cut foot—any thing for an excuse."

Meantime, Mary reached the little dwelling she called home. Whether her feelings were labouring under the wound so thoughtlessly inflicted on her mother's illness distressed her, or her heart sickened at the thought of helpless poverty, or it might have been the contrast between the room she had left and the one she had just entered, which forced itself upon her; whatever was the cause, contrary to her usual serenity and care to appear as cheerful as possible before her mother, she covered her face with her hands, and leaning upon the rude table before her, burst into a passion of tears. It was but for a moment, for a faint voice from the bed called, "Mary." She started from her posture of grief, and went to her mother's bed side. "Mary, dear, wipe your eyes, and sit down by me here, and read the thirty-fourth Psalm; it will do us both good." Mary reached from the shelf the well worn Bible, and seated at the foot of her mother's bed, in a subdued voice, read aloud. She had just finished reading the verse, "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth them out of them all," when a gentle tap was heard at the door. A little girl, some years younger than Mary, opened it, and a lady entered.

"Is this where Mary Morris lives?"

Mary started from the bed: "That is my name, ma'am."

"Ah yes, you are the one I just saw at Mrs. M—'s. I inquired you out, and have come to see if I can be of any service to you; how is your mother?"

The last tallow candle was dimly burning beside the bed where Mary had been reading. The lady went towards it, and took the hand of the emaciated sufferer.

"Have you any physician?"

"No, ma'am. My poor husband's sickness cost me so much, that I have nothing left to pay one. I hope I shall get better in a few days, and then all will go on well; but now it is very hard for poor Mary."

"But you have a high fever, and should be attended to; my husband is a physician, he will call and prescribe for you, and here are some provisions for the children; and Mary, just open the door, my servant has brought you a wheel-barrow load of wood ready split; give all your attention to your mother, and you shall be well provided for."

Their hearts were too full for expression of thanks, but the lady needed them not to convince her that there was no luxury like that of doing good. There were tears shed in that humble room that night, not of bitterness; and there were thanksgivings that would put to shame the feeble gratitude of thousands that are "increased with good, and have need of nothing."

N.B. Mrs. M— went that night to witness the performance of a popular tragedy, and was so overcome by the distresses of the hero and heroine, as to be unable to attend to anything else for several days.

SLEEP AND DEATH.

The angel of slumber and the angel of death, fraternally locked in each other's arms, wandered over the earth.

It was evening. They reclined upon a hill side, and the habitations of men were not far off. A sad stillness pervaded the air, and the evening bell was hushed. Still and silent as was their manner, the two beneficent Genii of mankind reposed in a mournful embrace, and night came rapidly on.

Then the angel of slumber arose from his mossy couch, and softly scattered from his hand the invisible slumber seeds. The wind of night wafted them to the quiet dwellings of the wearied hus-

bandmen, and forthwith sweet sleep descended upon the inhabitants of the cottages, from the grey-haired sire to the cradled infant. The sick man forgot his pains, the unhappy man his sorrows, the poor man his cares—every eye was closed.

And now, his benign labours being ended, the kind angel of slumber again lay down by the side of his thoughtful brother, and said cheerfully,—"When the red morning awakes, then will mankind bless me as their friend and benefactor. Oh! how sweet it is to do good unseen, and in secret! How delightful is our duty!"

Thus spake the friendly angel of slumber. The angel of death looked upon him with a silent sorrow, and a tear, such as mortals shed, gathered in his large dark eyes.

"Alas!" said he, "that I cannot, like thyself, rejoice in their gratitude. The earth calls me her enemy, and the disturber of her peace."

"My brother," replied the angel of slumber, "will not the good, when they awaken, own thee as their friend and benefactor, and will they not bless thee? Are we not brothers, and messengers of our Father?"

Thus they spake. The eye of the death angel sparkled, and he clasped his brother more firmly in his embrace.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

GUSTAVUS III., King of Sweden, passing one morning on horseback through a village in the neighbourhood of his capital, observed a peasant girl of interesting appearance, drawing water at a fountain by the way-side. He went up to her, and asked her for a draught. Without delay she lifted her pitcher, and with artless simplicity, put it to the lips of the monarch. Having satisfied his thirst, and courteously thanked his benefactress, he said:—

"My girl, if you will accompany me to Stockholm, I would endeavour to fix you in a more agreeable situation."

"Ah, Sir," replied she, "I cannot accept your proposal. I am not anxious to rise above the state of life in which the providence of God has placed me; but even if I were, I could not for an instant hesitate."

"And why?" rejoined the King, somewhat surprised.

"Because," answered the girl, colouring, "my mother is poor and sickly, and has no one but me to assist or comfort her under her many afflictions; and no earthly bribe could induce me to leave her, or to neglect to discharge the duties affection requires of me."

"Where is your mother?" inquired the monarch.

"In that little cabin," replied the girl, pointing to a wretched hovel beside her.

The King, whose feelings were interested in favour of his companion, went in, and beheld, stretched on a bedstead, whose only covering was a little straw, an aged female, weighed down with years, and sinking under infirmities. Moved at the sight, the monarch addressed her: "I am sorry, my poor woman, to find you in so destitute a condition."

"Alas, Sir!" answered the venerable sufferer, "I should need to be pitied, had I not that kind and attentive girl, who labours to support me, and omits nothing that she thinks can afford me relief. May a gracious God remember it to her for good," she added, wiping away her tears.

Never, perhaps, was Gustavus more sensible than at that moment of the pleasure of possessing an exalted station. The consciousness of having it in his power to assist a suffering fellow-creature almost overpowered him; and putting a purse into the hand of the young villager, he could only say, "Continue to take care of your mother; I shall soon enable you to do so more effectually. Good bye, my amiable girl; you may depend on the promise of your King."

On his return to Stockholm, Gustavus settled a pension for life on the mother, with the reversion to the daughter after her death.—*London Weekly Visitor.*

SLANDER.—Woe to the slanderer! To use the language of the wise man, "Her end is bitter as wormwood, and sharp as a two-edged sword. Her feet go down to death, her steps take hold on hell."

CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY.

INTRODUCTION.

In the heavens we daily see things, of which we cannot give any satisfactory account. We find these comets, whose path and course the astronomer cannot subject to any known law. These awful visitors come upon the world unexpected; they continue for some time to surprise the curious and inquisitive part of mankind, and to frighten the vulgar; and fly off again with rapidity to visit distant worlds. These mock all human calculations: we cannot tell whence they come, or whither they go. Now would it be consistent with reason and philosophy for us to refuse our assent to such phenomena, merely because we can give no satisfactory account of their motions and laws?

The common as well as the uncommon meteors, which are often seen in the heavens, are equally wonderful and inexplicable. They burst upon us all at once, always unexpectedly; they fill us with wonder and surprise, and, in a moment, they break, they vanish, and leave not a track behind. These also baffle human reason, and defy the researches of the most acute philosopher to give a satisfactory account of their origin and laws.

Appearances much more familiar than these, and to which we are daily witnesses, are to us almost equally mysterious. We cannot tell how the rain is formed. "Hath the rain a father, or who hath begotten the drops of the dew?" How do the clouds support this collection of water in a region that must be much lighter than themselves? At what height are these collections placed? What must be that powerful cause, that so suddenly collects the water dispersed and dissolved in the atmosphere, and in a moment precipitates it in a deluge upon this earth? We are equally at a loss to explain how the snow is formed, and to account for the severe cold in these higher regions, that instantaneously congeals the moisture into hail, as it descends on the surface of this earth.

We are strangers also to those laws, by which vapours ascend and descend. We know not how the clouds are collected and balanced, and what is that principle that gives to them various fantastic appearances, for the amusement of the imaginations of men.

In these cases, the fact is evident, the cause lies in obscurity, deeply removed from all the knowledge and penetration of man.

At first sight, some appearances on this earth may seem inconsistent with the care and goodness of an infinitely wise and benevolent Being; and yet these appearances, further experience and more enlarged knowledge will satisfactorily explain. The vast barren mountains, the rugged and unfruitful rocks, the stagnant and putrid marsh, the extensive deserts of sand, the intolerable heats of the torrid zone, and the insupportable colds of the frozen regions, may all appear to us useless, and even hurtful. We may suppose, that they might have been laid out to more advantage in fruitful fields, and rich pastures. We cannot know, and never shall we be able to know, all the various purposes that these parts of nature are intended to answer. One thing we see: they contribute greatly to the variety, and perhaps to the beauty and utility of the whole. The high hills we know to be necessary for collecting vapours that float in the higher regions, for condensing these vapours, and for transmitting them through various channels in the bowels of the earth, properly filtered and prepared for feeding these immense streams and rivers of water, so necessary both to man and to beast. Descending from these great heights, they spread, not only in springs to every adjoining valley, but are capable of rising also to all inferior hills.

The most barren and extensive sands, also, we make no doubt, have their peculiar uses; the putrid and stagnant lakes have their inhabitants, and these likewise contribute some benefit to the whole.

But such appearances convey to us this important instruction, that whilst sufficient supplies are provided for every living creature in the fruitful and pleasant parts of this earth, they tell us the power that God has over us; they shew us what he could have done, and what he may do, by conveying the most fruitful parts into those dreary

and inhospitable regions: that he that created, can destroy; and that the same power, which furnishes us with so many bounties and blessings, can change all these for the correction and punishment of a guilty world. The unfruitful parts of the earth furnish us, therefore, with a striking contrast to the riches of God's bounties.

It will be a sufficient answer to all these objections against God's goodness to recollect, that he has furnished us with sufficient means for the supply of all our wants, provided we employ the aid of our own industry, and partake of the bounties of his providence with a proper degree of management and frugality. Without labour, we ought to partake of no blessing—for labour is absolutely necessary for our happiness.

To say that the world was not created by God, merely because we cannot tell how almighty power could create this world from nothing, is that like men reasoning on fair principles, or like men acquainted with all the weaknesses and imperfections of our nature.

There is, then, we think, an infinite difference between admitting things without reason, and evidence, or things contrary to reason; and receiving some things, that we cannot perfectly understand and satisfactorily explain. We meet with great difficulties in the works of nature and providence; and can we expect to find religion entirely clear of difficulties?

It is unbecoming a philosopher to argue in this manner. He must certainly be a great stranger to real study, and the powers of his own mind, or he must be unaccountably prejudiced.

The Christian Mirror.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1841.

THE importance and necessity of CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE will, we have no doubt, render a few remarks on the subject acceptable to our readers. It is (as an eminent writer has observed), that religious knowledge which is acquired by any exercises, enjoyments, or sufferings, either of body or mind. Nothing is more common than to ridicule and despise what is called religious experience, as mere enthusiasm. But if religion, as is generally allowed, consist in feeling, we would ask, how it can possibly exist without experience? Religion, without experience, is a mere dead letter; and we hesitate not to say, that the man whose religion consists in outward ceremonies and observances only, without experiencing any of those delightful sensations arising from a consciousness of loving God, and the assurance of his favour, is not only living beneath his privilege, but is dishonouring his Redeemer, who hath said, "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life." The experience of good men, in all ages, and the united testimony of Scripture, fully support us in this position.

All admit the propriety of the term experience, when applied to those branches of science which are not founded on speculation or conjecture, but on sensible trial; why then, should it be rejected when applied to religion? An earthly parent will not be satisfied with a mere profession of love on the part of his child, without those corresponding evidences which invariably accompany the possession of love and veneration; how, then, can we suppose that a cold and heartless profession will be acceptable to our heavenly Father? If we deny the necessity of experimental religion, we must confess we are at a loss to understand the design of those numerous precious promises and invitations which are scattered in such rich profusion throughout the Sacred Scriptures.

It is evident, that however beautiful religion may be in name, its excellency and energy are only truly known as experienced. A system be-

lieved, and a mind merely informed, will produce little good except the heart be affected, and we feel its influence. To experience, then, the religion of Christ, we must not only be acquainted with its theory, but enjoy its power: subduing our corruptions, animating and regulating our affections, and exciting us to the faithful and cheerful performance of those duties enjoined upon us by our Divine Redeemer.

"Christian experience," says a good writer, "may be considered as genuine—1. When it accords with the revelation of God's mind and will, or what he has revealed in his word. Any thing contrary to this, however pleasing, cannot be sound, or produced by divine agency. 2. When its tendency is to promote humility in us: that experience by which we learn our own weakness, and subdues pride, must be good. 3. When it teaches us to bear with others, and to do them good. 4. When it operates so as to excite us to be ardent in our devotion, and sincere in our regard to God. A powerful experience of the Divine favour will lead us to acknowledge the Lord, and to manifest our gratitude both by praise and genuine piety."

In short, Religion, to be duly appreciated, must be experienced; and those only who enjoy its sacred and hallowing influence here, can have any scriptural ground for expecting the possession of that inheritance hereafter, "which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

As conductors of a religious journal, it becomes our duty to notice from time to time the labours and exertions of the different sections of the Christian Church in the great cause of benevolence and virtue; as well as the achievements of the various benevolent Societies which characterize the present age: for we rejoice to know that numerous are the means now in operation for the improvement, temporally and spiritually, of our fellow-men.

Unless we obstinately close our eyes against conviction, we must acknowledge that the exertions now making by the friends of Temperance, throughout the world, are being crowned with extraordinary success,—drunkards have been reclaimed, and families have been restored from the most abject poverty to the enjoyment of comfort and domestic happiness—and the blessings of those who were ready to perish have been heard on every hand. Temperance Societies occupy a very prominent position amongst the benevolent institutions of our day, and are producing a happy change in the condition of society, wherever their influence is felt. In proof of this, we need only remark, that, in our own city, a few years ago, scarcely any thing was more common than to behold the drunkard shamelessly staggering through our streets in the broad face of day; but now, thanks to the exertions and influence of the friends of temperance, under Providence, such distressing sights are of rare occurrence; and we hope the time is not far distant when intemperance of every kind will give place to works of piety and love.

It is our intention, therefore, to devote a small portion of our space to this important subject, and we refer the reader to the head "Temperance-Record," in another column. Communications, in order to secure insertion, must be brief.

Our readers will be gratified to learn, that the bill praying that all copies of the Holy Scriptures imported by sea, might be exempted from duty, and which lately passed both houses of the Legislature, has received the Royal assent.

In our last number, we noticed the arrival in our city of the Rev. GEORGE SCOTT, Wesleyan Missionary to Sweden. We have now much pleasure in presenting our readers with the following extracts from a communication in the *Toronto Herald*—which furnish, nearly in Mr. SCOTT'S own words, an affecting account of the deplorable condition of society in Sweden:—

“Religious toleration is wholly unknown in Sweden, except in the case of foreigners. The Episcopal Lutheran Church is essentially interwoven with the civil government and institutions, and embraces every Swede throughout the kingdom. Every child, without exception, must, within a certain period, be baptized, at a specified age be confirmed, and afterwards receive the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, at least once a year, on pain of forfeiting certain privileges. A Swede apostatizing from the Established Church, is condemned by the law to be banished the kingdom. No minister of any other (or, strictly speaking, foreign) denomination, is allowed to enrol Swedes as members of his society or church; in fact, the Swedish law knows no religion, and tolerates no church, but one. At the same time, this church, and the nation at large, are fearfully bigoted, and with orthodox doctrine, and a pure darkness covers the land, and gross iniquities abound. The name of God is perpetually and generally profaned; the holy sabbath is openly and shamefully desecrated—clergymen themselves setting the example, by frequenting, after divine service, the card-table, the ball-room, and the theatre, wearing the badges of their profession. According to the official government returns, the number of illegitimate children born yearly in Stockholm is to the legitimate in the rates of ONE TO ONE AND THREE-EIGHTHS!—a fearful proof of irreligion and sin. There are a few evangelical and excellent clergymen in Sweden, and some moral oases in this “waste howling wilderness;” but they scarcely bear a comparison with the country at large. With these clergymen and people, Mr. Scott holds occasional personal and epistolary intercourse. As the agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, he has distributed about 150,000 copies of the Holy Scriptures in Sweden; he is the connecting link of the scattered faithful bands; and has proved the means of making them acquainted with each other's existence and operations.

“The position and operations of Mr. Scott in Sweden, under the direction of the Wesleyan Missionary Committee in London, strikingly illustrate and display the genuine spirit of British Wesleyan Methodism. The Committee contributed £500 sterling to the erection of a chapel, and have maintained Mr. Scott in Sweden, without the slightest prospect of any denominational advantage, any addition to Wesleyan membership, or advancement of distinctively and peculiarly Wesleyan interests. And the members and friends of the Methodist Societies in Great Britain, by contributing to the Swedish mission, evince the same elevated and comprehensive liberality. If any Church occupies a truly catholic and anti-sectarian position in the present day, it is the British Wesleyan Body towards Sweden; if any living Christian Minister is labouring from the pure love of immortal souls, and for the simple extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, it is the Rev. GEORGE SCOTT.

“It behoves Christians more fervently and frequently to implore the gracious and plenteous effusion of the Holy Spirit on the Churches of Sweden, and on the various churches and kingdoms of the world, till the stone that was hewn out of the mountain without hands, expands into a mountain, and fills the earth.”

While we cheerfully award the meed of praise to the Wesleyan Body, it is but justice to remark, that the members of various other Christian Churches have likewise contributed towards the erection of the place of worship above alluded to.

The Church, which has just come to hand, contains an interesting account of the presentation of a handsome service of plate to the Rev. A. N. BETHUNE, Rector of St. Peter's, Cobourg, and for many years editor of that excellent journal,

The Church. The service consists of an elegant massive salver, (with an appropriate inscription,) a tea-pot, coffee-pot, cream-ewer, sugar-basin and tongs, and butter-knife—all of solid silver. The cost of the whole was £120 currency.

THE REV. JAMES DIXON has been elected President of the British Wesleyan Conference for the present year, and the Rev. Dr. HANNAH, Secretary.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

DEAR SIR,—It is a very common error, prevalent amongst those who seek happiness in the vain amusements of this world, that the Christian is incapacitated for the enjoyment of any recreation, however innocent it may be; and charge him with fanaticism because he does not mingle with the giddy throng in the dissipation of the ball-room, the card-table, the theatre, the horse-race, and the numberless sinful indulgences of the day. There is another class of persons, who go to an opposite extreme, and declaim against any indulgence in the most innocent recreations, as inconsistent with the Christian profession. Now, Sir, the safe path lies between those two extremes. That the Christian is possessed of ability to discriminate between innocent and sinful indulgences, must be acknowledged, in the one case. In the other, I would just remark, that religion was never designed to make its possessor gloomy or unsocial; but, on the contrary, I have always observed that the true Christian is the most cheerful member of society, and enjoys the bounties of Providence with a peculiar relish, altogether unknown to the man of the world.

Never did I enjoy the delights of Christian society to such a degree, as on the 6th of this month, on what was termed a “Temperance Pleasure Excursion” from Quebec to Crane Island, in the steamer *St. George*. The day was delightful, and although there were upwards of three hundred people on board, yet, owing to the excellent arrangements of the Quebec Young Men's Total Abstinence Society, and the cordial co-operation of the whole party, the trip was rendered pleasant and gratifying, and entirely free from that levity which the Christian is bound to discountenance. It appeared to be the wish of every one to contribute as much as possible to the comfort of his neighbour; and, although all the company were not professors of religion, yet no interruption was offered to the pious and profitable conversation which was kept up amongst the little groups of “the excellent of the earth,” scattered here and there over the vessel.

The delightful scenery on each side the river afforded much enjoyment to all, but especially to the pious mind, leading it involuntarily “from nature up to nature's God.” It afforded me much pleasure to observe that the Christian practice of imploring the divine blessing was duly observed preparatory to partaking of the refreshments provided. Another excellent arrangement of the managing committee was the general distribution of a number of the most interesting tracts, which afforded much gratification. On arriving at Crane Island, we landed by small boats, and enjoyed ourselves for nearly three hours. We left the island about five o'clock, and, with the tide, arrived safely in Quebec—the whole party apparently well pleased with the manner in which the day had been spent.

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

Quebec, August 12. ONE OF THE PARTY.

* * Those friends to whom the two first numbers of the *CHRISTIAN MIRROR* have been forwarded, as specimens, and who may intend becoming subscribers, will much oblige us by sending in their names as speedily as possible. As the *MIRROR* is published at the very low price of Six Shillings per annum, postage free, a large number of names will be required in order to defray expenses. Subscription lists and specimens of the work will be found at the different book-stores in Montreal, and at the Bible Depository, Fabrique Street, Quebec. For list of Agents, see last page.

THE Acting Treasurer of the Society for Propagating the Gospel among Destitute Settlers, has great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of £35 5s 5d, being the amount collected in Christ Church on Sunday, the 15th instant, after a sermon preached by the Rev. Wm. BETHUNE, A.M., of Ormstown, Beauharnois County.

The hay crop, in the neighbourhood of this city, has generally been well got in, and is a very plentiful crop. The fly, we are sorry to learn, has been making sad havoc with the small patches of wheat sowed in the district.—*Messenger*.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

By the arrival of the *Unicorn* at Quebec, Liverpool dates have been received to the 4th, and London to the 3d instant.

An interesting speech from Sir Robert Peel is published, but he does not give any definite ideas upon the line of policy to be pursued by him when in power. “He will not prescribe,” he says, “for the ills of the nation, while he is excluded from administering the remedies.”

The writs for the new Parliament were returnable on the 19th inst. It was supposed to be probable that the Royal Speech would be delivered on the 24th.

SIR GEORGE MURRAY'S OPINION ON THE CORN LAWS.—“I have (says he,) always been the advocate of a moderate fixed duty. I am the advocate of that duty being fixed at eight shillings. I have no objection to going lower, if it can be effected; but I wish, in the first instance, to make that step—the only step which we can at present make. *The present law, no one supports it. It is universally condemned.*”

Fine weather now is only wanted “to bless England with as abundant a harvest as man could wish.” The same is said of France, by several Paris journals.

Trade is not improved.

The Queen's war steamer *Growler*, 1500 tons burden, was launched at Chatham, on the 20th, in the presence of a large concourse of spectators.

The Municipal District Bill has passed the House of Assembly, (Canada,) after one of the keenest struggles yet encountered.

MCLEOD.—McLeod's trial was to take place at Utica on the 19th instant. It was apprehended that a demonstration would be made in the event of his acquittal. Several pieces of cannon have been stolen from the public arsenals.

RUMOURED RUPTURE WITH ENGLAND.—We hear from Washington that Mr. Fox has received instructions recently, to demand of Mr. Webster the immediate release of McLeod, before his trial next month, or in default, to demand his passports, which he will receive.

The overland mail from India informs us that Commodore Bremer left Calcutta on the 26th of May, in the Queen steamer, and it was expected that the whole fleet would reach Canton by the beginning of July. The whole of the 55th had proceeded to China. The Cameronians and the 41st were to follow. The steamers had been fitted up with cannonades for river service.

GREAT UNDERTAKING.—The ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is to be commenced forthwith in good earnest.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

The following is a specimen of the tender mercies exhibited toward the slave population of the neighbouring States:—

“A negro named Lyttleton has been sentenced at New Orleans, to receive seventy-five lashes upon his bare back, and to wear an iron collar with three prongs around his neck, for three months, for striking a white man!”

IMPORTANT MOVEMENT IN CUBA.—A memorial from some of the principal inhabitants of the city of Havana, proprietors of agricultural estates, has been presented to the Captain General of the island, praying him to take prompt and effectual measures for the suppression of the slave trade.

TEMPERANCE RECORD.

TEMPERANCE.

In a word, temperance is a virtue, which casts the truest lustre upon the persons it is lodged in, and has the most general influence upon all other particular virtues of any that the soul of man is capable of; indeed, so general, that there is hardly any noble quality or endowment of the mind, but must own temperance either for its parent or its nurse; it is the greatest strengthener and clearer of reason, and the best preparer of it for religion, the sister of prudence, and the handmaid to devotion. But we need no further proof of the sovereign value of a strict and severe temperance than this, that the temperate man is always himself; his temperance gives him the constant command of his reason, and (which is yet better) keeps him under the command of his religion; it makes him always fit and ready to answer the devil, for it takes away the very matter of the temptation, and so eludes the tempter's design, for want of materials to work upon. And for this cause it was, no doubt, that our Saviour (Matt. xvii. 21) told his disciples, that there was some evil spirits not to be dispossessed but by fasting as well as prayer; and I think we may rationally enough conclude, that whatsoever fasting casts out, temperance must at least keep from entering in. It is seldom that a temptation fastens upon a man to any purpose, but in the strength of some one or other of his passions; and there is a sure observation, that where temperance overrules the appetites, there reason is ablest to command the passions; and that till the former be done, the latter will be impracticable.—*South.*

THE DRUNKARD'S HOUSE.

On the side of a bleak and barren hill, stands a miserable house, or rather hovel. It attracts the attention of a stranger, by its ruinous condition, and the pale, sickly, wretched children which shiver at the door. It is the home of a DRUNKARD! Did you ever consider what is to be seen, almost every night, inside that house? Come with me, and see:—

The door, hanging by a single hinge, opens creakingly, and the cold, empty, miserable room, looks even more wretched than you had expected. The sickly, worn out wife is trying in vain, from former remnants, to make out some food for herself and her half-starved children. They sit around the room, or hover over the embers, in a half stupor. They do not cry; the extreme of misery is silent; and these wretched ones are beyond tears. The mother is hurrying through her work, to get them away from an approaching danger. What is that danger, which she does not dare they should meet? Why, their father is coming home. If it was a storm of thunder and lightning, or if it was a midnight thief, she would gather her children around her, and they would feel safer and happier together. But their father is coming home, and she sends her children away. She hides her babe in the most secret place she can find—a thin shivering boy spreads over himself the scanty covering which is all that is left, and draws himself up as if he were striving to shrink away from the cold; and perhaps a girl, by a choice of miseries, has pleaded for permission to stay with her mother.

All this is, however, the mere beginning—the preparation for the scene of real misery, which the return of this abandoned father and husband is to bring. He is a drunkard!—But here I must stop; for if I were to describe the scene just as it is actually exhibited in thousands and ten thousands of families, all over England and America, every night, my readers would lay down the book, sick at heart, at the contemplation of the guilt and misery of man.—*Abbot's Corner Stone.*

There are in London and the suburbs fifty total abstinence societies, with twenty thousand members, of whom three thousand are reclaimed drunkards; in Scotland, there are one hundred and fifty thousand members; and in Ireland, five millions five hundred thousand—nearly two-thirds of the entire population!

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

WESTERN ASIA.

Mr. Howes, of the Mission to Turkey, at a late monthly prayer meeting at Andover, thus depicted the moral character and condition of the people under that Mahomedan Government:—

NO REGARD FOR TRUTH.

Mr. Howes, among other matters, said, that he had, in the course of business transactions in the east, hundreds of times, occasion to charge the person with whom he dealt, with falsehood, and that he never knew a case where there seemed to be any feeling that an insult had been offered. Such a charge was usually met by a jest or a justification. Having made a charge against a woman in Jerusalem, she replied: "Words against words; you blow them out, and there is an end of them." Mr. H. asked a Christian if he ever had known an honest man. He said that he had known one, and that he was a Mussulman. Mr. H. made the same inquiry of a Mussulman, and received for answer, that he had heard of one honest man, but had never seen one. A woman at Jerusalem said to Mr. H., "Every one who comes to Jerusalem must learn to lie." Mr. H. farther stated, that these men, so reckless of the obligation to truth-telling, did not scruple to violate their oaths when their interest seemed to demand it. He said that if, in a case in court, ten witnesses were brought against him, he could easily hire twenty to swear to any thing on his side.

Much has been said about the devotional habits of the Asiatics; but we are assured by Mr. H. that these fasts and prayers which are so scrupulously observed, are considered generally very hard and onerous tasks. They are performed in order that their merit may be set off against the sins to which the people cling so fondly. As to the fasts of the Eastern churches, a meagre allowance of food has nothing to do with the matter. He speaks of attending a dinner at an Armenian house on a fast day. One part of the table was prepared for those who kept the fast, and the other for those who did not. The contrast was so much in favour of the fast day dinner, that he and his companions would fain have been for once zealous Armenians. Mr. H. was robbed by the Governor of a city. He had called upon his honour to obtain his protection and advice as to his future course. The Governor heard his request, but begged him to wait for an answer till he had prayed. Having washed his hands, and recited his Arabic prayers, he sat down very self-complacently, and gave Mr. H. just such directions as enabled him to plunder him conveniently.

Yet Mr. H. assures us, that these men, whether Jews, Mahomedans, or nominal Christians, condemn these crimes, and feel that they are sinners in the commission of them. They hope to atone for them by prayers, and fastings, and giving of alms. "The Gospel," said Mr. H., "is to all men good news. It comes not to tell them of sin. That they knew before they have the Gospel. But it tells them of an atonement for sin; a way of escape from condemnation and punishment through a crucified Saviour."

RUSSIA.

THE Letter of a Correspondent at St. Petersburg draws a striking picture of the estimation in which the Bible and other religious books are held by the inhabitants of Finland:—

A PIOUS FINLAND COTTAGER.

You have already heard of the way in which the Rev. Richard Knill first attempted to recommence the sale of the Sacred Scriptures here, by telling a Finnish milkwoman that she and any of her countrymen might have as many as they pleased at one rouble each.

Of the seed sown on that occasion little was known, till two of our friends, making a short tour in Finland, passed through the village of Halleroa, calling at every house, and leaving one or other of their books. When they had nearly completed their visits, they were interrupted by a person, who running toward them, called out, "You have missed my house—you must come back." They assured him that they had been to every house in that part of the village through

which they had passed. "No," said the man, "you have been in all the houses but mine, and you must visit me too." Being informed that the house of this man stood behind the other houses, they consented to retrace their steps; and found that they had indeed missed his house. They entered, and began to unpack their books; requesting, at the same time, if convenient, that he would supply them with something to eat. The man stood beside them until they had opened their parcel, and he had received from them one of their books. It happened to be a Finnish hymn-book. He no sooner saw what it was, than he exclaimed, "Wife! Wife! look!"—and began to sing; with all his might, the hymns contained in the book. His wife soon joined him; and every thing was forgotten, but the newly-found treasure. There they stood, both somewhat advanced in life, gazing on the book—their eyes filled with tears of joy—each of them having hold of it with one hand, while with the other they marked the time and cadence of the tune, which they sung in such a way as shewed that their hearts went with the song. After singing for some time, the man suddenly stopped, saying, in a tone of regret, "Oh! I had forgotten—you have not had your dinner;" and in a few minutes the table was covered with black bread, eggs, salt, and such provisions as a cottage could supply. Meantime the man never were strangers made more welcomed with astonishment, my friends proceeded to inquire the reason of all this, and how he had been brought to take such a deep interest in religious matters. "I will soon tell you that," replied the man. "About four years ago, we were at the haymarket in St. Petersburg; a milk-woman came to the market; and, holding up a large book, called out to some of her acquaintance, 'See, I have got this for one rouble!' My wife purchased either it, or another, at the same price, and brought it home: my wife and I began to read it: we got deeply interested—sat up all night—read and wept, and read and wept, and read on. I was formerly a great drunkard, but I have never tasted spirits since;—and see how comfortable we are!"

Another friend visited them about three years since, and found things still in the same state—the pious peasant happy and contented, and teaching his children to remember their Creator in the days of their youth; and proving, that Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

MY MOTHER, MY MOTHER.

REV. Mr. MOFFATT, Missionary in South Africa, relates the following affecting incident, to show the anxiety of converted heathen for their pagan relatives:—

"On entering a house to attend a sick child, I said to the mother, who was weeping, 'My child, (for so we speak—she was a convert,) what aileth thee? Is the baby still ill?' 'No, no,' she replied, with a heavy sigh. 'Why do you weep, then?' 'Oh, my mother!' was her reply.—'Which? your mother-in-law?' 'No, not my mother-in-law: my own dear mother, who bore me!' and she paused and sobbed, as if her heart would burst through her bosom. I said, 'What is the matter with your mother?' Holding out the Gospel of St. Luke in her hand, bedewed with tears, she said, 'My mother, (who was still in the native district, from whence this daughter had been brought captive,) my mother will never see this book! my mother will never hear the glad tidings of this book! and sighing and sobbing again, she looked to heaven, and breathed a prayer. It was, 'My mother, my mother! she will never hear that glad sound that I have heard! the light that shone on me will never shine on her! she will never taste that love of the Saviour which I have tasted! Oh, could you have witnessed that sable daughter of Africa weeping for a far distant mother, and looking heavenward and saying, 'My mother—my mother!'"

A LETTER from Rome, of the 24th ultimo, states that an order has been given for public prayers to God, to soften the heart of the Emperor of Cochin China, who had put to death eleven Missionaries, who had arrived in that country to preach the Gospel.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE MOUNTAIN OF THE BELL.

EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON.

A PAPER was read before the Royal Asiatic Society, by Lieut. NEWBOLD, of the Madras army, containing a narrative of a visit made by himself, in June last, to the Gibel Nakus, or Mountain of the Bell, on the Peninsula of Mount Sinai,—of which the following is the substance:—

This curious hill has been long celebrated for the extraordinary musical tones elicited from it, which have generally been compared to the deep booming of a church bell. Of the cause of the phenomenon many opinions have been broached. The Arabs in the neighbourhood, with their ordinary propensity to a belief in the marvellous, attribute it to the real bells of a subterranean convent swallowed by some convulsion of nature; and the Christian monks of Mount Sinai countenance the belief, by the idle story that the sound was heard after the destruction of one of their convents in its vicinity. The ideas of European travellers on the matter have been sometimes scarcely more reasonable. Some have supposed the sounds to be caused by the dropping of sand into the cavities of the rocks; others, by its motion over hollow rocks; others, again, have attributed them to subterranean volcanoes; and a few have supposed that the action of the wind upon the elastic plates of mica, which is a component part of granite, may have been the origin of the sound.

Lieutenant Newbold seems to have proved that the opinion of Captain Wellsted is correct, that the sound is produced by the rolling down of the sand put in motion by the wind, or by persons walking on its surface. Lieut. Newbold left Wadi Tor, on his visit to the Mountain of the Bell, on the 10th of last June. After two hours' riding, and a short walk of half an hour, he reached the place, which he described as a bell-shaped hill, from 350 to 400 feet in height. On its western side, which faces the Red Sea, is a slope of about eighty feet, covered with a very fine quartzose sand, varying in depth from five or six inches to as many feet, according to the form of the sandstone rock which it covers. This is the spot from whence the mysterious sounds issue. Not the slightest noise was heard; but their Arab guide, desiring them to wait still at the bottom of the slope, began to ascend the slope, sinking to his knees at every step. The travellers soon heard a faint sound resembling the lower string of a violoncello slightly touched; and being disappointed at the result, determined to ascend themselves, in spite of the intense heat of the sun, and extreme fineness of the sand. On reaching the summit, they sat down to observe the effect. The particles of sand set in motion, agitated not only those below them, but, though in a less degree, those all around them, like the surface of water disturbed by a stone. In about two minutes they heard a rustling sound; and then the musical tone above alluded to, which gradually increased to that of a deep mellow church-bell, so loud that it rivalled the rumbling of distant thunder. This occurred when the whole surface was in motion; and the effect upon themselves the travellers compared to what they supposed might be felt by persons seated upon some enormous stringed instrument, while a bow was slowly drawn over the chords. They descended while the sound was at its height; and soon after it began to lessen with the motion of the sand, until, at the end of a quarter of an hour, all was perfectly still again.

Lieut. Newbold remarked that the surface of the sand was in every part traversed by waves, or furrows, from one to two inches in height; and, from the triangular form of the face of the slope, increasing in length as they got nearer the earth; he also noticed that the sand in motion, when near the top, produced shriller notes than when lower down, and, consequently, that the lowest notes were heard at the bottom. He appears, from this, to draw some analogy between the increasing length of the waves and that of the chords of a stringed instrument. While the experiment was making, there was a steady breeze from the west blowing against the surface of the sand; and this he considers essential to the pro-

duction of the sound, it having been found that the sounds are much fainter in still weather, or even quite inaudible. When the weather is wet, no sounds are produced, because the sand is then agglomerated, and will not slide at all.

The paper concluded with a remark by Lieut. Newbold on the singularity of the phenomenon, observing, that he had seen in Spain, Arabia, and Egypt, many localities where loom-sand had accumulated under circumstances apparently similar to those of Gibel Nakus, but where nothing has been heard of a similar nature; at the same time he regretted that leisure and opportunity did not admit of an examination of localities sufficiently minute to put the matter beyond doubt.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S CREED.

THE Supreme Being governs all things, not as a soul of the world, but as Lord of the Universe; and upon account of his dominion, he is called the Lord God, supreme over all. The Supreme God is an eternal, infinite, absolutely perfect Being; but a being, how perfect soever, without dominion, is not Lord God. The term God very properly signifies Lord; but every Lord is not God. The dominion of a spiritual Being constitutes him God; true dominion, true God; supreme dominion, supreme God; imaginary dominion, imaginary God. He is not eternity and infinity, but eternal and infinite. He is not duration and space, but his duration of existence is present, and by existing always and every where, he constitutes duration and space—eternity and infinity. Since every part of space, and every indivisible moment of duration, is every where; certainly the Maker and Lord of all things, cannot be said to be in no time, and no place. He is omnipresent, not by his power only, but in his very substance; for power cannot subsist without substance. God is not at all affected by the motions of bodies, neither do they find any resistance from the omnipresence of God. He necessarily exists, and by the same necessity he exists always and every where. Whence also it follows, that he is all similar—all eye, all ear, all brain, all arm, all sensation, all understanding, all active power; but this is not in a human, or corporeal sense, but in a manner wholly unknown to us,—therefore, not to be worshipped under a corporeal representation.

KING GEORGE THE THIRD'S OPINION OF DISSENTERS.

WHEN the Christian Prince Ratafa, of Madagascar, was in England, in 1823, he was surprised to find that some of the Christian friends he met with there were not members of the Church of England, and wished to be informed on a subject so important to him, from the highest authority. He waited on His Majesty, stated the wonderful and happy effects of Missionary exertions in Madagascar, and expressed his surprise at finding that these ministers were not members of the established Church of England.

The King said—"Be assured, Prince, that they are not the less good men; they may differ in smaller matters, but on every important point of the Christian faith, they most perfectly and cordially agree; and permit me to add, that every instance of attention, kindness, and protection, experienced by these men in your country, shall be esteemed and acknowledged by me, as if done to myself."

ORIGIN OF TEMPLES.

IN memory of "the mighty dead," long before there were any such edifices as temples, the simple sepulchral head was raised, and this became the altar upon which sacrifices were offered. Hence, the most ancient heathen structures for offerings to the gods were always erected either upon tombs, or in their immediate vicinity. The discussion, which has been founded upon a question, "Whether the Egyptian pyramids were tombs or temples?" seems altogether nugatory—for being the one, they were necessarily the other. On this account, ancient authors employ such words for the temples of their gods; as in their original and proper signification imply nothing more than a tomb or a sepulchre.—*Clarke's Travels.*

PULPITS.

ORIGINALLY all pulpits faced the west, that the eyes of the congregation might see all acts of devotion, and look towards the east, whence the Sun of Righteousness arose. The first deviations from this rule were introduced by the Puritans; and the first chapel erected south and north was the chapel of Emanuel College, Cambridge, founded by Sir Walter Mildmay, a distinguished leader of that sect.

HOME AFFECTION.

THE heart has memories that cannot die. They are memories of home, early home. There is magic in the very sound. There is the old tree under which the light-hearted boy swung in many a summer day—yonder river in which he learned to swim—there the house in which he knew a parent's love, and found a parent's protection—nay, there is the room in which he romped with brother or sister, long since, alas! laid in the yard in which he must soon be gathered, overshadowed by yon old church, whither, with a joyous troop like himself, he has often followed his parents to worship with, and hear the good old man who gave him to God in baptism. Why, even the very school-house in youthful days, with thoughts of ferule and tasks, now come back, to bring pleasant remembrances of many an attachment there formed—many an occasion that called forth some generous exhibitions of the noblest traits of human nature. There he learned to feel some of his best emotions. There, perchance, he first met her who, by her love and tenderness in after life, had made a home for himself, happier even than that which childhood knew. There are certain feelings of humanity, and those too among the best, that can find an appropriate place for their exercise only by one's own fireside. There is a sacredness in the privacy of that spot which it were a species of desecration to violate. He who seeks wantonly to invade it, is neither more nor less than a villain; and hence there exists no surer test of the debasement of morals in a community, than the disposition to tolerate, in any mode, the man who disregards the sanctities of private life. In the turmoil of the world, let there be one spot where the poor man may find affection that is disinterested—where we may indulge a confidence that is not likely to be abused.

THE PIRATE AND THE DOVE.

THE following interesting fact is related by Audubon in his Ornithological Biography. In speaking of the Zenaida dove, he says:—

"A man who was a pirate assured me that several times, while at certain wells dug in the burning, shelly sands of a well known bay, which must be here nameless, the soft and melancholy cry of the doves awoke in his breast feelings which had long slumbered, melted his heart to repentance, and caused him to linger at the spot in a state of mind which he only who compares the wretchedness of guilt within him with the happiness of former innocence, can truly feel. He said he never left the place without increasing fears of futurity, associated as he was, although I believe by force, with a band of the most desperate villains that ever annoyed the navigation of the Florida coast. So deeply moved was he by the notes of any bird, and especially by those of a dove, the only soothing sounds he ever heard during his life of horrors, that through these plaintive notes, and they alone, he was induced to escape from his vessel, abandon his turbulent companions, and return to a family deploring his absence. After paying a parting visit to those wells, and listening once more to the cooings of the Zenaida dove, he poured out his soul in supplication for mercy, and once more became what one has said to be "the noblest work of God," an honest man. His escape was effected amidst difficulties and dangers; but no danger seemed to him to be comparable with the danger of one living in the violation of human and divine laws; and now he lives in peace in the midst of his friends."

WHEN a man feels an inward, and nameless satisfaction at the sight of suffering or danger from which he is himself exempt, be assured selfishness is sweetening the aliment upon which his soul is feeding. Let such a man examine himself: for there must be something wrong within.

HORRID MURDER.

A most diabolical murder was committed in Amherstburg, (Canada west) on Tuesday night, the 27th July last. A woman named Martha Newson was found dead in her bed on Wednesday morning, with her throat cut and mangled in a shocking manner. Her husband was the first to mention the occurrence to James Kevell, Esquire, the Coroner, who immediately summoned a jury to inquire into the circumstances of the case, which resulted in the committal of the husband of the deceased, who is now in custody. On his way to jail, he disclosed the names of three other persons, as participators in this revolting tragedy—who were immediately apprehended, and are also safely lodged in jail. Their names are David Sharp, William Leaning, and Margaret Long. The manner in which the murder was perpetrated is almost too inhuman to describe; but it is said, that while three of the parties held the unfortunate woman, the fourth cut her throat with a razor, and having fainted in the act, the instrument was taken out of his hand, and the bloody deed completed by one of the parties who held her. It is said that Leaning is respectably connected, but that he had been disinherited by his family on account of his dissolute and intemperate habits. The prisoners will be tried at the next Fall assizes.—*Western Herald.*

AFFECTING.—A melancholy incident is related in the Paris *Moniteur* of the 1st instant. A man named Durand, a contractor for carrying stone to face part of the Paris fortifications, had sent off the morning before several loads, and after a time followed them, accompanied by his only child, a boy, nine years old. They were proceeding on the way, when the ears of Durand were assailed by a piercing cry, and he found his son under the wheel of one of the carts, which was still resting upon him, the horses having stopped. Mr. Durand had sufficient resolution to back the vehicle, and, as soon as the poor boy was relieved from its weight, he sprung up with a dying effort, threw himself into his father's arms, exclaiming, "Kiss me, father, for I am killed," and instantly expired!

AN ANCIENT SOCIETY.—A Society, called the Livonian Society, now exists in Yale College, New Haven, which was founded in the year 1753.

DIED,

At Ochiltree, on the 19th ultimo, Mr. William Reid, aged 22, son of the late Mr. William Reid, merchant, Ochiltree. It is just five years since he went to America, with sanguine hopes of success in mercantile pursuits; and, by diligence and activity, he had fair to realize his fondest wishes, till disease checked him in his career. Four weeks ago he arrived from Montreal, with the thought that his native air might reanimate him with new vigour; but the hand of death lay heavy on him. He has only come to mingle his dust with that of his kindred and friends.—*Syr Advertiser.*

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