

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.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1841.

No. 10.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

(CONCLUDED.)

THE mother had been left a widow with two children, a son and daughter. The son had been too soon exposed to the temptations of the world—had become dissolute, and was carried away by the frenzy of intemperance. This almost broke her heart, but it could not alienate her affection. There is something so patient and enduring in the love of a mother! It is so kind to us—so consoling—so forgiving! The world deceives us, but that deceives us not—friends forsake us, but that forsakes us not; we may wound it, we may abandon it, we may forget it—but it will never wound, nor abandon, nor forget us!

The daughter was delicate and feeble. She sickened in her mother's arms, and fell into a slow decline. Her brother's ingratitude had stricken her too. Those who have watched the progress of slow and wasting decline, may recollect how fondly the sufferer will cling to some favourite wish, whose gratification she thinks may strengthen her wasted frame, and which, though we are persuaded it will be useless to grant, we feel it cruelly to deny. With this hope, she had longed for the calm retirement of the country, and had come with her mother into the bosom of these solitudes, to breathe their exhilarating air, and to forget, in the calm of rural life, the cares that seemed to hurry on the progress of the disease. There is a quiet charm in rural occupations, which soothes and tranquilizes the soul; and the invalid, that is heart-sick with the noise of the city, retires to the shades of country life, finds the hope of existence renewed, and something taken away from the bitterness of death.

When the poor girl saw her young friends around her in the bloom of health and hilarity of youth, and she alone drooping and sickly, she felt that it was hard to die. But in the shades of the country, the gaiety of the world was forgotten. No earthly desire intruded to overshadow the soft serenity of her soul; and, when the last hope of life forsook her, a voice seemed to whisper, that in the sleep of death no cares intruded, and that they were blessed who die in the Lord.

The summer passed away in rural occupations, and the simple pastimes of country life. She was regular in her devotions at the village church on Sundays, and after the service, would visit the cottages of the poor with her mother, or stroll along the woodland, and listen to the song of the birds, and the melancholy ripple of the brook. At such times she would speak touchingly of her own fate, and look up with tears into her mother's face. Then her thoughts would wander back to earlier days—to her young companions—to her brother. When she spoke of him, she wept as though her heart would break. They were nearly of the same age, had been educated together, and had loved each other with all the tenderness of brotherly love. There was something terrible in the idea that he had forgotten her, just as she was dropping into the grave. But there are sometimes alienations of the heart, which even the dark anticipations of death cannot change.

At length the autumn came—that sober season, whose very beauty reminds us of dissolution and decay. The summer birds had flown, the leaf changed its hue, and the wind rustled mournfully amid the trees. As the season advanced, the health of the invalid gradually declined. The lamp of life was nearly exhausted. Her rambles became confined to a little garden, where she would sometimes stroll out of a morning to gather

flowers for her window. The fresh morning air seemed to revive her; but, towards the close of day, the hectic would flush her cheek, and but too plainly indicated that there was no longer any hope of life.

The mother watched her dying child with an anguish, that none but a mother's heart can feel. She would sit, and gaze wistfully upon her as she slept, and pour out her soul in prayer, that this last solace of declining years might yet be spared her. But the days of her child were numbered. She had become calm and resigned, and her soul seemed to be springing up to a pure and heavenly joy. Religion had irradiated the gloom of the sick chamber, and brightened the pathway of the tomb. Death had no longer a sting, nor the grave a victory.

The soft, delightful days of the Indian summer succeeded, smiling on the year's decline. The poor sick girl was too sick to leave her chamber; but she would sit for hours together at the open window, and enjoy the calm of the autumnal landscape. One evening she was thus seated, watching the setting sun, as it sunk slowly behind the blue hills, dying in crimson the clouds of the western sky, and tinging the air with soft, purple light. Her feelings had taken a calm from the quiet of the scene; and she thought how sweet it were that life should close, like the close of an autumnal day, and the clouds of death catch the radiance of a glorious and eternal morning.

A little bird, that had been the companion of her sickness, was fluttering in its cage beside her, and singing with a merry heart from its wicker prison. She listened a moment to its song with a feeling of tenderness, and sighed. 'Thou hast cheered my sick chamber with thy cheerful voice,' said she, 'and hast shared with me my long captivity. I shall soon be free, and I will not leave thee here a prisoner.' As she spoke, she opened the door of the cage; the bird darted forth from the window, balanced itself a moment on its wings, as if to say farewell, and then rose up into the sky with a song of delight.

As she watched her little favourite floating upwards in the soft evening air, and growing smaller and smaller until it diminished to a little speck in the blue heaven, her attention was arrested by the sound of a horse's hoofs. A moment after, the rider dismounted at the door. When she beheld him, her cheek became suddenly flushed, and then turned deadly pale again. She started up, and rushed towards the door, but her strength failed her; she faltered, and sunk into her mother's arms in a swoon. Almost at the same moment the door opened, and her brother entered the room.

The ties of nature had been loosened, but were too strong to be broken. The rebukes of conscience had arisen above the song of the revel, and the maddening glee of drunkenness. Haunted by fearful phantoms, and full of mental terrors, he had hurried away from the scenes of debauch, hoping to atone for his errors, by future care and solicitude. His mother embraced him with all the tender yearnings of a mother's heart. Sorrow had chastened every reproachful feeling, silenced every sentiment of reproof. She had already forgotten all past unkindness.

In the meantime, the poor invalid was carried to bed insensible; and an hour passed before signs of returning life appeared. A small taper threw its pale and tremulous rays around the chamber, and her brother sat by her bedside, silently and anxiously watching her cold, inanimate features. At length, a slight colour flushed her cheek; her lips moved, as if she were endeavouring to articulate something; then she sighed deeply, and languidly opened her eyes, as if awakening from a

deep sleep. Her mother was bending over her; she threw her arms about her neck, and kissed her.

"Mother," said she, in a soft and almost inaudible voice, "I have had such a dream!—I thought that George had come back again; and that we were happy; and that I should not die—not yet. But no, it was not a dream," continued she, raising her head from the pillow, and gazing wistfully about the room. "He has come back again—and we are happy—and, oh! mother, must I die?" Here she fell back upon her pillow, and covering her face with both hands, burst into tears.

Her brother, who sat by the bedside, hidden by the curtain, could no longer withstand the violence of his emotions. He caught her in his arms, and kissed her tears away. She unclosed her eyes, smiled, and faintly articulated, "Dear George"—the rest died upon her lips. It was nature's last effort. She turned her eyes from him to her mother—then back—then to her mother again; her lips moved—an ashy hue spread over her countenance—and she expired with a sigh.

Such was the history of the deceased, as I gathered it from one of the villagers. I continued my journey the next morning, and passed by the graveyard. The sun shone softly upon it, and the dew glistened upon the turf. It seemed to me an image of the morning of that eternal day, when this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality.

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

NO HOPE!

THE night must be very dark that has no star. That heart must be very dark that has no hope. Whose path is not cheered by the star of hope? The sailor fixes his eyes upon it in the wilderness of the sea. The traveller in the desert passes on his weary way, while hope promises that his journey's end is near. The Christian—a mariner in a boisterous sea—a traveller in a howling wilderness—is sustained by hope, as an anchor to his soul.

SINNERS HAVE HOPE. It can scarcely be possible that any man can live unconcerned, without some secret assurance of future good. Despair would soon wear out life. But it must be a miserable hope that an impenitent sinner hugs to his heart. It must prove like the phantom Æneæ embraced, which vanished as often as he caught it in his arms. There is the hope of the hypocrite—it deceives its owner more than others. But the sinner thinks any hope better than none, and hangs his eternity on a spider's web.

One hopes in the fullness of the atonement.—He thinks Christ has made so glorious a sacrifice for sinners, that none need fear of failing to find forgiveness. He loves to dwell on the all-sufficiency of the atonement, and talks largely on being redeemed among the multitude that no man can number. But he makes a fatal mistake. If the atonement had been ten thousand times more full and free, it would not avail for him, unless he complied with the terms on which it was offered. If Christ had died but for one sinner, that sinner could not be saved unless he repented and believed. The merits of that sacrifice must be applied by the Holy Spirit, or it has been made in vain. All the rocks on earth would not avail to sustain a house unless it were built upon them. The sinner must find the Saviour, and build on him, or when the storms of trial come, he will discover, too late, that his house was built upon

the sand. That hope was worse than no hope. It cheated him into a fatal security, and ruined his soul.

Another hopes in the goodness of God.—He is a God of love; he takes no pleasure in the death of the wicked; he is slow to anger, and delights in mercy more than sacrifice. Such a hope the Universalists cherish. They build on this, and the fulness of the atonement, and flatter themselves that they are safe. Many who do not hold to the whole scheme, have a secret hope that God will be good to them, and never send them to hell, whatever he may do to thieves, and murderers, and adulterers. But God never encouraged such a delusion. He is good—all good; but his goodness would be strangely kind if it prompted him to set a bounty upon sin—to throw open the door of heaven, and offer his thrones and crowns to unwashed wretches, at whose deeds of blood the earth turns pale. And yet, this is the scheme of Universalism. God is merciful, and God is just. Justice requires sin to be punished, and not rewarded. God will do the thing that is right, and avenge the majesty of his law. His goodness will appear in the final punishment of the very sinner who had presumed on that goodness, and continued in sin. That hope will be swept away, and will "leave not a wreck behind."

Another hopes in his own righteousness.—He thanks God that he is not as other men are, and counts his deeds of charity, and thoughts of heaven, and words of love, as so many jewels that will buy salvation for him. He has no doubt that the wicked around him will be sent to hell, but he will be saved for what he has done, and will do as long as he lives. And when he finds himself at the judgment-seat without a faithful friend to plead for him, and a cloud of witnesses condemning him, with awful clearness, to a sinner's doom, he wakes to the discovery that his hope was no hope.

Another hopes to repent by and by.—Other hopes have slain their thousands, and this its tens of thousands. Hell has been peopled with those who promised themselves that they would repent hereafter—when they were a little older—when sickness came—when death was near; but death came in a day and an hour that they looked not for it, and they went into eternity with no hope.

I stood by a grave that had just been opened to receive the remains of one who had died in the midst of youth and sin. He had paid a decent respect to religion, and intended to seek and find it before he died. But sudden sickness seized him, bereft him of his senses, and, in a few days, of life. And there he lay. The open grave seemed to murmur, "No hope." The sobs of pious, heart-broken parents cried, *No hope.* The clods, as they fell on his bosom, gave back from the hollow coffin those same sad words, *No hope.* And as I came away from that grave, the thought that crowded itself continually upon my soul was the mournful fact that he had no hope. If he had no hope, what has he now, that eternity with him is begun?—*Irenæus.*

THE EARLY DEAD.

THEY need die, and are gathered to their resting-places, like the sheaves of ripened wheat into the storehouse of the husbandman. They have finished their day. The young die, and they too are buried. They fall as falleth the blossom nipped by untimely frost. Their day is also ended. If, in another and a better world, there be the distinctions of age, as well as the gradations of intellectual or moral excellence—if there, one star may differ from another star in magnitude as much as in glory—it may be among the means of a wise Providence that the young are called in the midst of their bloom and their beauty to form a part of that perfect whole where there is no more death—where the light of life goes not out forever.

I stood by the coffin in which lay the remains of one who had died early. She had passed away quietly without a murmur or a struggle. The immortal spirit had separated from the frail tenement without a groan. The longing soul sped upward to the bosom of its Maker and its God. The frail tenement seemed as if still occupied by the weak and Christian spirit—as if quiet sleep had drawn the eyelids, and composed the features. The friends and companions had assembled to perform the last sad offices. There was grief, but they wept not as those who weep without hope.

Their grief was her exceeding joy. The minister of God lifted up his voice in prayer. He returned thanks for all a Saviour's goodness and mercy, and for his presence with the deceased, to support her in the hour of dissolving nature. When he uttered the touching lamentation—"Thou hast been pleased to smite down this their fair flower, while the dew of the morning was yet fresh upon it,"—a chord was touched in the hearts of the parents, which trembled and vibrated in the bosoms of all who were assembled together. I returned to my dwelling, feeling that it was better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting.—*N. Y. Weekly Messenger.*

THE ART OF DOING GOOD.

MOTHERS, can you not teach your children the art of doing good? It is only to aid, by your example as well as precepts, the development of the noblest faculties of your children—the affections, reason, conscience: while you repress as much as possible the selfishness of animal instinct and appetite. Begin early. You have the key of their affections—open their hearts only to sweet impressions of love, which is benevolence. Never hire them with money to perform their task of any kind. If you manage them rightly, they will do your requirements for you, because they love you. Give gifts to your children as often as you think best; but never pay them for being good. Let the consciousness that they have done good, have gained knowledge, and that you approve their conduct, be their reward.—*Ladies' Companion.*

GOOD AND EVIL COMPANY.

BE cautious with whom you associate, and never give your company or your confidence to persons of whose good principles you are not certain. No person that is an enemy to God, can be a friend to man. He that has already proved himself ungrateful to the Author of every blessing, will not scruple, when it will serve his turn, to shake off a fellow-worm like himself. He may render you instrumental to his own purposes, but he will never benefit you.

A bad man is a curse to others; as he is secretly, notwithstanding all his boasting and affected gaiety, a burden to himself. Shun him as you would a serpent in your path. Be not seduced by his rank, his wealth, his wit, or his influence. Think of him as already in the grave—think of him as standing before the overlasting God in judgment. This awful reality will instantly strip off all that is now so imposing, and present him in his true light—the object rather of your compassion, and your prayers, than of your wonder or imitation.—*Bishop Coleridge.*

THE TRAVELLER.

THE NESTORIANS, OR THE LOST TRIBES
BY ASAHIEL GRANT, M.D.

CHAPTER VII.

Mountain Bridges. Diffies. Medical Practice. Roads.—Arrival at the Patriarch's.—Kind Reception.—Character of the Patriarch.—Social Intercourse.—Ruined Castle.—Female Fidelity.—Church Government.—Patriarch's Family.

Oct. 24.—About ten o'clock I left the hospitable dwelling of Malek Isma'il, (Ishmael,) who kindly sent a trusty servant to help me across the river. The bridge had been swept away, and a couple of long bare poles supplied its place; but, said my host, "Do not be afraid; get upon the back of my servant, and he will carry you safe over!" I preferred to trust my own feet, and succeeded in passing this and two similar bridges in safety, though they vibrated most fearfully. The mules could not pass, and much of the road I had now to traverse along the precipitous banks of the river was too difficult for them to travel. Consequently, I had no alternative but to walk, or take another road which led over the mountains to Julamerk, and among the independent Koordis, to whom I was unwilling to expose myself at present. Two of the hardy mountaineers accompanied me, to carry my effects and medicines; and the young Deacon who travelled with me from Duree was still of my party. We were six in all; and a cheerful, happy party as ever traversed such wild goat-paths as led us along the base of these rocky heights. Slight showers of

rain fell at intervals, so that my hair sandals soon became soaked with water, and I travelled all day with my feet wet and chilled, but with a buoyant heart.

On either side, the prospect was bounded by wild, rocky mountains, whose summits were fringed with the lowering clouds, above which the loftier snow-clad pinnacles raised their hoary heads, and sparkled in the rays of an oriental sun. Here and there, their sides were studded with clusters of trees, which aspire to the name of forests in these Eastern lands, where often, for days together, the traveller's eye is not greeted by a single tree. Below me, the swollen river roared and dashed along over its rocky bed, which is often confined between the opposing faces of almost perpendicular rocks, that rise like gigantic battlements, and invite the passing stranger to step and gaze upon the bold and varying scene.

Wherever the mountains recede from the river so as to admit of cultivation, smiling villages are seen imbosomed in verdant gardens and vineyards. But portions of the way the mountains are so steep as to shade the traveller from the noonday sun; and he almost involuntarily lays hold of the rocks to preserve his position while threading the more difficult passes along the mountain sides.

The night of the 24th I spent with the Nestorians of Bemeriga, where I obtained a pair of the hair sandals of the country in exchange for medicine, after the people had refused to sell them for money. Though my medical practice is entirely gratuitous, my expenses in travelling are often diminished by my professional services; and it was gratifying to find these mountaineers prizing them above their money.

The money most current here is a Turkish coin of ten or twelve cents' value, struck at Bagdad. Persian coin is rarely seen here, though current as far as Julamerk. This seems to denote that the trade has formerly been almost exclusively with Turkey.

On the evening of the 25th I arrived at Kerme, almost exhausted with a walk of ten long hours, and was soon recognised and welcomed as an old acquaintance by one of the Nestorians of the place.

I was not a little surprised when he mentioned that he had seen me at Ooroomiah, and received medicine and other relief at my hand when sick and destitute. It seems that he had come to me, more than two years before, with a disease from which I had very little hope of his recovery. Having learned that he had travelled a great distance, I sympathised with him in his misfortunes, gave him the best medicines and directions I could offer, and a small sum of money, with which he bought some cheap and necessary clothing, and returned to his home in the mountains. From that time I had scarcely thought of my poor patient among the thousands who had come for relief. But the promise of God is sure: "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days;" yea, and with an abundant increase. Not bread merely did I find, but everything to make me happy and comfortable in my long and weary wanderings!

Our entertainment was altogether exceedingly agreeable; but what gave it the richest zest was my sense of the more than paternal kindness of God, in continually strewing my path with such rich and abounding mercies:

"What shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?"

Oct. 26. Started for the patriarch's residence at eight in the morning. Descended to the river, and forded it on a horse, the first I had seen since entering the Nestorian country in the mountains. The water was waist deep, and fifty or sixty yards across. We now found a better road than I had seen for a long time before; the rock having been cut away, and regular steps chiselled out in the more precipitous and difficult places, leaving, at intervals, the excavated rock hanging over our heads. It was the regular caravan road from Salmas, in Persia, to Julamerk. In some places, where the path was supported from below by a wall of hard masonry, there was some danger that it might be knocked down in the passage of loaded caravans. But, upon the whole, the road was so far superior to what I had travelled for the past week, that I wondered how the governor of Salmas should have given it such a character as he did, in conversation with my friend Dr. Riach

and myself. In his Oriental hyperbole, he told us that this part of the road to Julamerk was so frightful to travel, that a fat, spirited horse would, in a single day, suffer so much from terror, that before night he would become as thin as a knife blade! Caution is necessary to avoid meeting with horses in narrow parts of the road; and fatal accidents are said to have happened through neglect in this particular.

The patriarch, having heard of my approach, sent a horse, with some of his own men, to escort me to his dwelling, which stands far up on the mountain side. Our course continued about N.E., till we came in sight of his residence, when we recrossed the river on our right, at the mouth of a considerable creek which waters the district of Diss. A Koordish castle, the summer residence of Suleiman Bey, the second chief of the Hakyary tribes, stands upon an eminence commanding this bridge, from which the mansion of the patriarch is distinctly visible, distant a little more than half a mile. A party of Koords who met us scrutinized me very closely, but offered no molestation. From a distance, I could see the patriarch looking out of his chamber window with a small spy-glass, to get a view of his strange visitor from the New World. According to their system of geography, the earth is a vast plain surrounded by the ocean, in which *leviathan* plays around to keep the water in motion, and prevent its becoming stagnant and putrid; and this leviathan is of such enormous length, that his head follows his tail in the circuit round the earth! That I had crossed the ocean, where I must have encountered the monster, was a thing almost incredible.

At half-past twelve, I found myself in the presence of the Patriarch of the East, the spiritual head of the Nestorian church, who gave me a cordial welcome, but without that flow of heartless compliment and extravagant expression of pleasure which is so common in the mouth of a Persian. He said that he had been looking for a visit from some of our mission for a very long time, till he had begun to think we should never arrive; but, now that I had taken such a long and difficult journey to see him, he could not doubt that we would have given him the pleasure of an interview at an earlier day, but for an apprehension of the dangers to which I had alluded as the reason of our long delay. "And now," he added, "you are doubly welcome; my heart is rejoiced that I see your face; and you will make my house your own, and regard me as your elder brother. It is a happy day for us both. May your journey be blessed."

The patriarch is thirty-eight years of age, above the middle stature, well proportioned, with a pleasant, expressive, and rather intelligent countenance; while his large flowing robes, his Koordish turban, and his long gray beard, gave him a patriarchal and venerable aspect, which is heightened by a uniformly dignified demeanour. Were it not for the youthful fire in his eye, and his vigour and activity, I should have thought him nearer fifty than thirty-eight. But his friends assured me that the hoariness of his beard and locks was that of care, and not of age.

His situation is certainly a difficult and responsible one, since he is, in an important sense, the temporal as well as the spiritual head of his people. To preserve harmony, and settle differences between the various tribes of his spirited mountaineers, and with the Koords by whom they are surrounded, is a labour that would tax the wisdom and patience of the greatest statesman; and I could hardly wonder that the hoar-frost of care was prematurely settling upon his locks. It was quite evident that the patriarch's anxiety extended not less to the temporal than to the spiritual wants of his flock; as his first inquiries related particularly to their political prospects, the movements in Turkey, the designs of the European powers with regard to these countries; and why they did not come and break the arm of Mohammedan power, by which many of his people had been so long oppressed, and for fear of which the main body of them were shut up in their mountain fastnesses.

He is pacific in his disposition, and he carries his rifle in the anticipation of an encounter with the brown bear, the wolf, hyena, or wild boar of their mountains, rather than with the expectation of fighting their enemies the Koords. But, while the latter never enter the central parts of their country, they are sometimes brought into collision

with them on their borders, as already noticed. Such had recently been the case in Tehoma and Jehu; and, during my visit at the patriarch's, he was called upon to decide what should be done with two Koords who had been taken by his people from a tribe that had some time before put two Nestorians to death. Blood for blood is still the law; and custom requires that a tribe be held accountable for the conduct of each of its members. Hence, it mattered not whether the individuals they had taken were guilty of the murder; it was enough that they belonged to the same tribe, and by right they should die. The patriarch, however, was inclined to mercy, while his people, at the same time, must receive justice. After due deliberation and investigation of the case, the patriarch at length decided that, inasmuch as his people had brought the captive Koords into their own houses, they had, in a sense, become their guests, and, consequently, their lives must be spared. But they might accept a ransom from the Koords; and thus the matter was finally settled.

During five weeks which I spent at the patriarchal mansion, I had an opportunity to see Nestorians of the greatest intelligence and influence, from all parts of their mountain abodes, and to solicit from them such information as I had not an opportunity to collect in any other way. I endeavoured, by every possible means, to collect satisfactory statistical and other information, to which I shall have occasion to recur in other parts of this work. I also visited some of the villages and places of chief interest in the vicinity.

Calleh-d'-Sringa, an ancient castle, now in ruins, which I saw from a distance, is said to have been one of the outposts or strongholds of the Nestorians, in their early contests with their Mohammedan foes. It was perched upon the summit of an insulated cone of rock, which rises to the height of several hundred feet, and is so very precipitous that it could only be ascended by means of iron pins driven into the rock. As it was said that these pins had mostly given place to wooden ones, I did not feel disposed to risk my neck by making the ascent. It stands in an opening near the foot of Mount Derrik, which separates Diss from Jehu. This mountain is regarded as the highest land in these parts; and when I arrived at the patriarch's on the 26th of October, it was covered with such a mass of snow that mules could not cross it.

While snow remains in large quantities at all seasons in the ravines of the highest mountains, the summits of none in this vicinity are entirely covered through the whole year.

Among the multitude of invalids who were brought to me while I remained with the patriarch, was a man from the neighbouring tribe of Jehu. While passing the mountains, his strength failed him, and he was likely to remain and perish in the snow. In this dilemma, his faithful wife took him upon her shoulders, and carried him safely over the mountain summit! The women of that district are more accustomed than most others to perform the arduous labour of men, and they thus acquire their strength. So rocky and barren is their country, that many of the men are accustomed to spend a part of each year in making baskets, or in other mechanical employments, in the neighbouring Turkish provinces. Many from the adjacent tribe of Dass also spend their winters in a similar manner, returning to their homes in the spring. But the inhabitants of Tiyary and the other independent tribes seldom leave their own mountain fastnesses.

Those Nestorians who live under the government of the Koords occasionally seek relief from rapine and oppression, and their consequent poverty, among their brethren of the plain. The heads of some of the Nestorian tribes collect a small sum as a present for the independent Hakyary chief; but they profess to regard it only as a present, and they regulate their own civil affairs.

Their form of church government is essentially episcopal; but, with a single exception in the Jehu tribe, there is not a bishop among the independent Nestorians, where their religious forms have been preserved the most exempt from any foreign influence. It was a singular fact, to which my attention was first called by the testimony of Dr. Buchanan, that there is not a word in the Syriac language expressive of the office of bishop. The Nestorians, in common with the other Syrians, have borrowed the Greek term

episcopos. This is the more remarkable, considering the fact that the Syriac language was extensively used in Palestine in the days of our Saviour, and was spoken by our Lord himself; and considering also the very early date of the Syriac version of the Scriptures, as early as the beginning of the second century. In every case where the term bishop occurs in our version, in theirs it is rendered presbyter or priest. I make these statements with the single remark that, while this form of church government may be the best for the Nestorians in their circumstances, there is enough in the facts I have mentioned to caution us about too hasty an inference concerning the apostolic origin of episcopacy, on the ground that it exists in a church which was founded by the apostles.

Of the patriarch's official functions, and many other particulars, I shall have occasion to speak in another place. His income is moderate, and he lives in a plain, patriarchal style. Two brothers, and a younger sister about twenty-two years of age, with five or six servants, male and female, comprise his household. As the patriarchs never marry, his domestic affairs were managed by his favourite sister, who supplied our table in the best and neatest style.

CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY.

PROOFS OF THE EXISTENCE AND PERFECTIONS OF A SUPREME BEING.

"He hangeth the earth upon nothing."

You can scarcely find a more powerful argument in favour of a great First Cause, than what is affirmed of him in Holy Writ, that "He hangeth the earth upon nothing." Job is perhaps affirming here what he did not sufficiently comprehend. It is not probable that, in those days, they had such correct notions of the earth, and how it is supported. For many ages after this, even after mankind had made considerable improvement in navigation, they had the most crude ideas of the figure and situation of the earth. The fact, however, is now well known to be what Job says of it, that it is hung upon nothing. It has been sailed round in all directions. It has no pillar, no visible support, no material substance whereon to rest. How astonishing the power that produces this wonderful effect! If we look up into the heavens, nothing is more natural than to suppose, at first sight, that the sun and moon and stars are fixed to something solid, to the azure vault of heaven. But the astronomer, on the best grounds, assures us, that these bodies are all at different distances, some nearer: the moon first, and then the sun and planets; others at a distance inconceivably great; but that they are all hung upon nothing—that they all roll in the immensity of space—and that our earth is supported in the very same manner.

The philosopher comes forward, and attempts to account for these things. He tells us of gravitation, of attraction and repulsion, of centripetal and centrifugal forces. We sometimes cover our ignorance by words without knowledge. Now suppose that these philosophers have discovered these grand secrets of nature, and that those are the very laws that govern the universe; we next ask, who imposed those laws, so perfect, so effectual, and permanent, which all things steadfastly obey? We think you cannot say that chance did this—that it was the effect of necessity—that it is the operation of nature. This is making chance, necessity, and nature, powerful, wise, intelligent, and good beings. These are no more than pitiful evasions, unworthy of reason or philosophy—shameful abuses of language, and a wanton trifling with the dearest interests of man.

Nothing can be more manifest, from a view of the works of the universe, than that the same Providence extends to all, from the minutest atom to the utmost boundary of existence. All keep their regular stations, and perform their appointed revolutions, without the smallest deviation from their course. What wonderful knowledge and wisdom must that be, that has so nicely balanced all these jarring motions, and so correctly, that no mistake has ever arisen, and no error to disturb the revolutions of the universe, and to throw every thing into confusion.

[To be continued.]

DEATH.

BY MRS. C. H. W. ESLING.

Death came to a beautiful boy at play,
As he sat 'mong the summer flowers;
But they seemed to wither and die away
In their very sunniest hours.

"I have come," in a hollow voice, said Death,
"To play on the grass with thee;"
But the boy looked frighten'd, and held his breath
In the midst of his childish glee.

"Away, away from my flowers," he said,
"For I know and love thee not!"—
Death looked at the boy, and shook his head:
Then slowly he left the spot.

He met a maiden in girlhood's bloom,
And the rose on her cheek was bright,
And she shuddered as tho' a ghost from the tomb
Had risen before her sight.

She stood by the brink of a fountain clear—
In its waters her beauty view'd—
When Death, with his haggard face, drew near,
And before the maiden stood.

"Fair damsel," he said, with a courtly pride,
"To thee I this goblet quaff;"
But she turned with a buoyant step aside,
And fled with a ringing laugh.

He journey'd on, where the old man sat
On the trunk of a worn-out tree—
A poor old man—for his held-out hat
Was a symbol of beggary.

Death drew quite near, till the old man's eyes
Were raised to his wrinkled face;
With a frighten'd look of wild surprise,
He rose from his resting place.

"I come to succour," Death mildly said—
But the old man would depart;
Again he looked, and shook his head,
For he knew full well his mart.

"They all of them shuddering, turn away—
The boy in his childish glee,
The maiden young, and the old man gray:
Yet they all shall come to me."

And he gather'd them all, for the boy was weak—
The old man yielded his breath—
And the rose grew pale on the maiden's cheek,
And she sank in the arms of Death.

The Christian Mirror.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1841

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

THE recent important movements among our Roman Catholic and Jewish brethren, alluded to in the subjoined articles, may be regarded as the most remarkable signs of the times, and will doubtless be read with deep interest. We find the following in the *Christian Guardian* of the 1st instant:—

SCHISM IN THE ROMISH CHURCH.—Where there is so much pretended wisdom and infallibility, a schism is a prodigy. Such is the case with the Romish Church in India, as we learn from the *Calcutta Christian Advocate*. The affair was recently brought under the notice of Parliament by a Roman Catholic Peer. That paper says:—

"The *Uniter*, the Pope, doubtless felt that this schism in the system was undermining the stability of his throne; and, accordingly, he sends forth a party of the well-beloved and trusty disciples of Loyola—men well skilled both in mollifying and healing the divisions of the system. They have tried to effect that which the infallible magnetism of the Pope could not accomplish; and they have, of course, failed: the consequence has been confusion worse confounded; one set of priests are fulminating their anathemas against the other; Jesuits are contending with the Dominicans and Franciscans, and the poor bewildered laity are thinking for themselves, and impertinently asking strange questions about the inquisition. Fra Sta. Maria de Paula writes pamphlets against Fra O'Donovan, and anonymous lay and

clerical scribblers, with all the bitterness of party animosity, pay their orisons even in advertisements to the *Commercial Advertiser*. Nor are these subjects of dispute at all minor ones. They involve the very truth of the system. The main point at issue is whether the Pope is the supreme ruler of the Romanists, or whether the Bishop of Meliapore shall hold the rule in this portion of his dominions over more than half his subjects. The men sent by the Pope brand the men of Goa with the epithet, "schismatic priests," and place their churches and acts under ban. While the Goa priests designate them as intruders, and busy-bodies in other men's matters. A Goa priest is elevated to the Vicar-Apostolicship—the Jesuits refuse to recognise him. The Romanist periodical, the approved child of the late Vicar-Apostolic, is advertised as no longer worthy of support, by the present one. The one party declare the present Vicar-Apostolic is no Vicar-Apostolic at all; while the nearest unquestionable authority says that he is. The Vicar-Apostolic suspends a popish minister. The other party oppose his suspension—and the Government do not interfere."

In GERMANY, too, a most important change is being effected in the views of the Roman Catholic portion of the population, as will be seen by the following extract:—

PROGRESS OF PROTESTANTISM.—The *London Advertiser* says that a great religious change is taking place in Germany. The Bible is read with avidity by the Roman Catholics, and the Clergy of this religion are in many parts of the country making strenuous efforts for the abolition of celibacy, and for liberty to read the mass in German. In various instances they have turned Protestants, with a great portion of their flocks. But the most important event is the formation of an Anti-Papal Catholic Community at Dresden, which is likely to become the nucleus of a very numerous sect.—*Zion's Herald*.

DIVISION AMONG THE JEWS.

A London correspondent of an English paper says:—"It will be interesting to your religious readers to be informed that a movement is now taking place among the Jews, which promises to shake the system of Judaism to its centre. I have of late been much in personal communication with some of the Rabbies, and they view the movement to which I allude with very great alarm. That movement is the secession of a very large number from the general body. The seceders are headed by Sir ISAAC GOLDSMITH, one of the most influential individuals in the Israelitish persuasion in London. The great ground of secession is a denial and rejection of the authority with which the general body invests the Rabbinical writings. They place, indeed, the Talmud just as the Roman Catholics do the traditions of the Fathers, on a footing of equality with the Scriptures themselves. The new sect disclaim the Rabbinical authority altogether; they regard the Talmud as a mass of absurdities, and are to recognize no other authority, either for doctrine or discipline, than the writings of Moses and the Prophets. The seceders are, at the moment I write, in treaty—if, indeed, the treaty be not concluded—for a synagogue for themselves, in one of the large places which ROBERT OWEN erected for the propagation of his Social principles, when Socialism was in the zenith of its temporary popularity among the working classes."

The following, copied from the *Zion's Herald*, is equally interesting:—

THE HOLY LAND.—Amongst the "signs of the times," we notice a circular, calling public attention to a project for the erection of Palestine into an independent state. It originates, we believe, in a quarter highly respectable and influential, and suggests to "all sects and denominations" in Christendom "the propriety of requesting, through their respective sovereigns and governments, that the Supreme Porte would grant

the cession of Palestine, or that portion of Syria commonly denominated the Holy Land, to all Christians, to be united under the auspices of the Christian provinces of Europe and Asia, into an independent Christian territory, possessing self-government, and subject to such prince (perhaps a Syrian) as the Christian nations may agree to, and, with full and unanimous assent, confirm in his regal authority."

The present moment is considered extremely favourable to such an object, which, it is urged, would be equally promotive of the interests of Mussulmans, Jews, and Christians, and, indeed, of the Sublime Porte himself, who has never been able to profit by the possession of this portion of Syria; whereas, if the proposal was accepted, the new Christian state would form an impassable barrier to the ambitious plans of the Viceroy of Egypt, and keep the capital of Turkey in uninterrupted tranquility.

WE perceive by a letter from the Rev. JOSTIN PERKINS, dated Ooroomiah, March 29th, 1841, and published in the *New York Christian Intelligencer*, that a successful and very interesting Mission is now established among the Nestorians. This intelligence, to our readers, will convey additional interest, from the circumstance that we are now publishing in the *Mirror* the narrative of Dr. GRANT'S travels amongst this truly interesting people.

Mr. PERKINS says:—"All our number who can speak the native language preach every Sabbath in their churches twice and thrice each, in as many different places, to large and deeply attentive congregations. The Lord is evidently moving on the minds of the people, and we trust that he has rich spiritual blessings in store for them."

A printing press was introduced in November, '40, which promises to be of incalculable advantage. A tract has already been printed, an octavo of about fifty pages, entitled, "Instructions from the Word of God," in the modern Syriac, the language spoken by the Nestorians. An edition of the Psalms, with marginal references, is spoken of as being in preparation, and is, doubtless, by this time completed. The *Christian Guardian*, which has just come to hand, in introducing this interesting intelligence, says, "Dr. GRANT, and his work on the Nestorians, are becoming very popular; and though, by some persons, his theory of the Lost Tribes is denied, the people whom he has discovered are participating in the benefits of Christianity."

A "REVIVAL OF RELIGION," whether in a church, a community, a family, or an individual, affords to the pious and devoted Christian a subject for hallowed delight—of rapturous joy; and it is not essential, to the production of this effect, that the subject or subjects of this great and important change should belong to that particular section of the Church of CHRIST to which he has connected himself. No—he looks upon all men as equally the purchase of the Saviour's blood, and rejoices in the salvation of all. When it is said that "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth," it is evident that the passage cannot be understood in a limited sense—but that it embraces every branch of the Church of the Redeemer, in every portion of the habitable globe—and extends to every son and daughter of ADAM.

In one of our early numbers, we took occasion to notice an extraordinary revival of religion in the Church of Scotland in Aberdeen, which completely baffled all the attempts of the enemies of religion to controvert; and we have recently perused with much satisfaction a most interesting "Narrative of a Work of Grace, in Perth, Upper

Canada, by the Rev. THOMAS C. WILSON, Minister of St. Andrew's Church." It appears that the first visible manifestation of this gracious work was at a prayer-meeting in the Methodist Chapel, from which it extended to the Scotch Presbyterian Church, and resulted in the conversion of many souls. In order, if possible, to remove the prejudice which exists in the minds of many, it may be, well disposed individuals, against "revivals of religion," we shall endeavour in our next to make room for some extracts from the "Narrative" itself.

The Rev. Mr. McLAURIN, of Martintown, was lately presented by the ladies of his flock with a pulpit gown and cassock. The gown is a very handsome one, and was got up under the superintendance of Mrs. Neil McIntosh, of this city, and reflects much credit on all concerned. The gift was presented to the reverend gentleman in the name and presence of the ladies, by Mrs. Sheriff McMartin, of Martintown. It affords us much pleasure to learn that the young men of the congregation have proposed to finish and decorate the pulpit of their beautiful model of a church. This is an interesting symptom of the times, beauty and youth combining to show their devotion to the church of their fathers.—*Com.*

THE Rev. Mr. GLEGGIE has been inducted by the Presbytery of Quebec, as Pastor of the Presbyterian Church and Congregation of VALCARTIER.

ERRATA.—In the communication headed "Personal Piety," (in our last number,) last paragraph,—for "We know that the 'possession' (the Spirit of God) is a 'purchased' one;" read, "We know that the 'possession' (the Church of God) is a 'purchased' one."—And, in the same article, a few lines lower down,—for "gathering together in one all things in spirit," read, "gathering together in one all things in CHRIST."

In the second number of "Thoughts on Phrenology," the following paragraph was erroneously printed; it should read thus: "Hence, the mind is superior to, and master of the body and the brain, as a mechanic is master of his tools, or instruments: it uses the brain for its own purposes."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Thoughts on Phrenology, No. 3," is unavoidably postponed till our next.

"C. R." will also appear in our next.

For the Christian Mirror.

PRAYER MEETINGS.

THE Church at Jerusalem, which appears to have been very large, about 3000 souls being added unto it in one day, "and the Lord adding unto them daily such as should be saved," must have been deeply impressed with the value of prayer—continuing "steadfastly" in this devotional spirit. They who have tasted of the blessings of communion with God, will delight to maintain it in the diligent use of all holy ordinances; and no church can be in a prosperous state, which does not fan this holy flame, both in public and private. At present, even in the happiest cases, it is sadly undervalued. How dispiriting, to see at a prayer-meeting, twenty or thirty persons, out of a church composed of about two hundred members! What account will members of churches render to the Great Head of the Church, for their neglect of this primitive and edifying ordinance? Is it a small thing to say, by their conduct, that, as far as they are concerned, they wish all prayer-meetings to

cease? Is it nothing to weaken the hands of CHRIST's ministers?—to encourage, by their example, that lack of spirituality which so lamentably prevails?—to proclaim to all their fellow-worshippers, that they did not stand in need of such aids in the Christian life?

Will the majority of the excuses which are ordinarily made, bear the scrutiny of the Great Judge?—nay, do they now bear the scrutiny of enlightened conscience? Is there not a real deficiency of spiritual desire? Is there not a sad consulting with flesh and blood? What are the closets, and what the family, exercises of those, who habitually neglect the prayer-meeting? *Let conscience decide.*

There is in social prayer a power which surpasses the efficacy of solitary prayer. For whilst the earnest, fervent prayer of one righteous man availeth much, yet we should not be insensible to the force or charm of that assurance of our blessed Lord,—“If any two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father who is in heaven.” Thus intimating that there is a power in the united prayer of even two believers, greater than what is attached to the prayers of the same two individuals, in their single and solitary supplications. The stress is evidently laid, not only on their agreeing together as to the petition they should offer, but also on their meeting together for the purpose of presenting it. This will appear from the terms of the promise which follows:—“For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.” He who designs that the social principle shall unite his Church on earth, and beatify his Church in heaven, has thus connected a peculiar blessing and a peculiar efficacy with social prayer; even when the union is brought down to the lowest number. If, then, such be the power of even two or three, what must be the power and prevalence of thirty, sixty, or an hundred, prostrated in the fervour of believing and importunate prayer?

There is in social prayer a communion of spirit, and sympathy of soul, most powerfully conducive to Christian love and church prosperity. So the first Christians thought and felt, when they “continued stedfastly in the apostles’ doctrine and fellowship.” And what was the result?—“The Lord added to the Church daily such as were saved!”

“Neither is he that planteth any thing, neither he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase.” And does he not give it in answer to continued, fervent, united prayer? If so, then prayer is not to be looked upon as one among the multiplicity of the means of grace, but rather as the soul and substance of them all. It is that laying hold on eternal strength, without which all human instrumentality is vain. Can prayer, then, be of less importance than preaching? Can preaching be of any avail without prayer?—without prayer for the Holy Spirit, on whose influence all success depends?

In the engagement of social prayer, there is a cultivation of gifts and graces highly conducive to usefulness.

Prayer-meetings are a test, as well as a means, of spiritual religion. If the members of a church were divided into two classes—the more and the less spiritual—we should know which of them to expect at a prayer-meeting. The one class is seldom missing—the other is seldom present. Impediments may occur which cannot easily be removed, but is it not often seen, that entire evenings can be secured for social parties and friendly entertainments, by the very persons who sel-

dom devote an hour to the meeting for social prayer?

May the disciples of CHRIST be aroused, en masse, to feel the unspeakable importance and utility of this excellent mean of Divine grace.

Montreal, November, 1841.

L. Z.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

SIR,—Permit me, through the medium of the columns of your valuable journal, to call the ear-nest attention, not only of Ministers of the Gospel, but of every friend of the Redeemer, to the importance of the Tract effort.

A general knowledge of Christianity, as is well known, does not convert the soul. Conviction of sin, by the Holy Spirit, is PERSONAL: “Thou art the man,” is the language of God,—“What shall I do to be saved?” is the corresponding enquiry of the self-condemned sinner.

It is a fundamental law of the Divine government, that as the truths of the Gospel take effect upon the conscience only in their application to INDIVIDUALS; so the success of Christians, in labouring for the souls of men, must depend, in a great degree, under God, upon the PERSONAL CHARACTER of the efforts. Hence, those preachers are usually most successful, who are skilled in urging home the claims of religion, in love, upon INDIVIDUALS. Herein consists the moral power possessed by parents over their children, and by Sabbath-school teachers over their pupils—the success is PERSONAL.

In the Temperance reformation, notwithstanding the light elicited, and the eloquence employed, the happy results are doubtless attributable very much to the pledge of total abstinence—by which the individual is necessitated to decide PERSONALLY either in favour or against the use of alcohol.

Often does a private letter from a young convert or other pious friend, produce a salutary impression, when the public and ordinary means of grace have totally failed.

In the life of Mr. HARLAN PAGE, whose memoirs are published by the Tract Society, an example is furnished, which ought to inspire every disciple of CHRIST with the determination “to spend and be spent” in urging the claims of Christianity upon individuals. With no unusual facilities, but acting simply under the influence of love to the Saviour and to souls, his exertions were overruled, there is reason to believe, to the conversion of more than one hundred immortal beings.

In Montreal, where, in connection with the Tract Distribution Association, the attention of Christians has been particularly called to the subject of this letter, and some few persevering labourers have personally engaged in directing the truth to bear upon individual minds—the success, through the accompanying influence of the Holy Spirit, has been truly encouraging. The labourers, in watering others, have themselves been watered, and quickened in their heavenly course—while a blessing has descended upon the impenitent, which, if extended proportionally through the city, would secure an annual aggregate of many hundred conversions to God.

Christian efforts for individuals are happily connected with a systematic Tract distribution. The labourer in this work, as the Tracts are committed to him, is reminded of his duty to perishing sinners. The presentation of the Tract secures access to many, and furnishes topics for remark; and its subsequent perusal serves to foster favourable impressions made. With a proper organization in the churches, accompanied by the constraining love of CHRIST, and a corresponding

spirit of self-denial, vast portions of our population, now living far from God, might be brought under this salutary culture. The Gospel might be made to bear, almost at once, upon hundreds of minds. Even such as cannot read, may hear a Tract, and receive a warning.

The worth of perishing souls demands the effort for individuals.—Only as the revolving periods of eternity shall raise to sublimer heights of bliss, or plunge into deeper abysses of despair, the imperishable spirit of man, will the magnitude of this theme be unfolded to finite capacities. The suffering Son of God, speaking from Gethsemane and Calvary—the endless songs of heaven, and the despairing groans of hell—can alone impress the full import of that short word—**THE SOUL.**

The moral condition of our city demands the effort.—Hundreds of the inhabitants are destitute of the Gospel—hundreds are unable to read, and can be made acquainted with the method of salvation only by the living voice. Unless private Christians can be induced personally to engage in this work, from what quarter can deliverance come? How else shall these dry bones live? The present generation is the constituted guardian of those who are to succeed. If the fountain be purified, the accumulating waters may be expected to flow on in a healthful current; but if the process of moral reform be neglected, who does not shudder at the consequences in time, and in eternity?

Upon the fidelity of the Church of Christ, God has suspended the destiny of immortal souls. As religion prevails, a solicitude will exist to diffuse the Gospel—for the spirit of Christ is the spirit of good will to men.

May not the TRACT DISTRIBUTION ASSOCIATION OF MONTREAL hope that every sincere Christian, of whatever name, will impart, by his personal efforts and example, an impulse to the undertaking here proposed? "Herein," says the Saviour, "is my Father glorified, that ye bring forth much fruit." Shall not "every man" teach "his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know thou the Lord," until "all shall know him from the least to the greatest?" Personally to engage in these labours, may require self-denial; but was it not a greater sacrifice in the Son of God to die for sinners, than for us to inform them of the fact?

Let every Christian come forward to this work with faith and prayer, under a wise and proper direction, to do what he can; let the aspersion of L. Z., contained in a former number of your journal, be wiped off: "that the efforts put forth by a few individual Christians, to distribute Religious Tracts throughout this city and suburbs, are not duly appreciated by the Christian public;" and who does not see in it a day-star of hope rising upon the destitute?

Yours, &c.

ALETRES.

P.S.—Christians desirous of uniting their efforts with the Montreal Tract Distribution Association, can receive all requisite information at the Depository, 37 Gill street.

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

TROUBLES ON THE FRONTIER.—We perceive by the *Herald*, that on the evening of the 8th inst. some of those misguided individuals who have taken refuge in the U. S. territory, "set fire to some dwellings and other houses in the neighbourhood of Odelltown, and a detachment of the 71st Regiment, stationed at St. Johns, has in consequence been despatched to that quarter to guard the frontier. From what we learn this is but the beginning of a series of similar vexatious troubles along our border, which will require the utmost vigilance of the authorities on both sides to subdue. The flames were distinctly seen in this city, but we have not learned the extent of the loss suffered."

A "MERCHANTS' TEMPERANCE SOCIETY" was, some months ago, organized in New York. A meeting was called on the 21st inst. to hear an address from the Hon. HENRY W. DWIGHT, who, some years ago, was a somewhat influential member of Congress. The following remarks will be found interesting:—

It was while in Washington, we believe, that he acquired those habits of dissipation which led to the most degrading drunkenness, and for some time past he has been completely under the thrall of the foul fiend—doing only his bidding, and listening to his behests alone. But he has recently felt the power of the reform which is sweeping vice and wretchedness from the land, and has become an able and efficient advocate of total abstinence from all that can intoxicate. His address last evening was mainly an exposition of the delusions which drive the drunkard to his fate, the character and effect of his disease, and the nature of the remedy. He commenced by an apposite quotation from Virgil's *Aeneid*, of the passage in which the hero, in reply to Queen Dido's request that he would relate to her the history of the siege of Troy, tells her that she is only "bidding him renew his woes, and recount scenes of horror and misery in which he, alas! had borne too large a part." The only treatment which could reform the drunkard, Mr. Dwight maintained, was a kind, sympathetic, brotherly treatment. Force, frowns or harshness of any kind, only drive him to still deeper despair; while friendly offices, which should evince an interest in his welfare, and show him that he was still a man, might win him back to the ways of virtue.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

From the Commercial Messenger

ARRIVAL OF THE ACADIA.

THE Boston papers of Wednesday announce the arrival of the *Acadia* at Boston, on Tuesday afternoon, bringing news from England to the 19th.

The long expected and important event—the Birth of the Prince of Wales—for every body expected it would be a Prince—took place on the 9th. The following is the official announcement of that great event:—

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, Nov 9.—This morning, at twelve minutes before eleven, the Queen was happily delivered of a Prince, his Royal Highness Prince Albert, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, several Lords of her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, and the Ladies of her Majesty's Bedchamber, being present.

This great and important news was immediately made known to the town by the firing of the Park and Tower guns; and the Privy Council being assembled as soon as possible thereupon, at the council chamber, Whitehall, it was ordered that a Form of Thanksgiving, for the Queen's safe delivery of a Prince, be prepared by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, to be used in all churches and chapels throughout England and Wales, and the town of Berwick upon Tweed, on Sunday, the 14th of November, or the Sunday after the respective ministers shall receive the same.

Her Majesty and the Infant Prince are, God be praised, both doing well.

A special messenger was despatched, at a quarter past ten o'clock that night, to the residence of Sir Robert Peel, in Whitehall gardens, to apprise the right hon. baronet that the accouchment of her Majesty might probably take place before the next morning. On receipt of this intelligence, expresses were sent off to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and to the several cabinet ministers, in order that they might hold themselves in readiness, should their presence be required during the night.

Her Majesty, however, becoming more composed towards midnight, Sir James Clark and Dr. Locock judged that her Majesty's accouchment would not, in all probability, take place for several hours; and this opinion they communicated to Prince Albert, through the Lord Steward and the Lord Chamberlain. The medical officers already named, however, deemed it right to send for Dr. Ferguson and Mr. Blagden, both of whom promptly attended the summons, and remained at the palace during the night.

Between six and seven o'clock in the morning, her Majesty's symptoms assuming that distinctive character peculiar to her critical situation, the several cabinet ministers and great officers of state were summoned by special messengers, whose departure from the Picnic gate attracted even at that early hour of the morning the notice of the inhabitants of the neighboring streets, and the intelligence soon spread to more remote quarters of the west end.

Sir Robert Peel arrived at the palace a few minutes before eight o'clock, and was received by the Lord Steward. The right honorable baronet had an immediate interview with the medical gentlemen, and was assured that her Majesty was going on most favorably. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Bishop of London arrived at 10 o'clock, and were speedily followed by the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Aberdeen, Sir James Graham, the Marquis of Exeter, and some other noblemen and commoners, members of the Cabinet or Privy Council.

Her Majesty's accouchment took place, as stated in the *Gazette Extraordinary*, at ten minutes before eleven o'clock, A.M. There were in the royal chamber at the time the Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, Sir Robert Peel, the Bishop of London, the Duke of Wellington, the Lord Steward, the Lady in Waiting, the Medical Attendants, and Mrs. Lilley, the monthly nurse.

The other ministers and principal officers and ladies of the household were admitted to the ante room. The sex of the royal infant was announced by Sir James Clark to the anxious group of distinguished personages assembled in the royal chamber, and subsequently to those assembled in the anteroom, exciting in every bosom unspeakable emotions of joy and gratitude. Prince Albert received the congratulations appropriate to the occasion with graceful affability.

The safety of her Majesty and that of the infant Prince having been ascertained, the various persons summoned to witness the interesting event quitted the palace, with the exception of Sir Robert Peel, who remained until twelve o'clock, when the right honorable baronet proceeded to Whitehall, to attend a privy council, specially summoned, at which the *Gazette Extraordinary* was to be issued, announcing her Majesty's safe accouchment, and the birth of a Prince.

The council rose at two o'clock, and as the several ministers departed, the populace cheered lustily for 'The Queen and the Prince of Wales'—the intelligence having by that time spread all over the western extremity of the metropolis.

The union flag was hoisted from the steeples of the several parish churches, and the Park and Tower guns fired a royal salute, half minute time, at two o'clock; the ships and steamers below the bridge displaying the gayest ensigns.

This, together with the gorgeous pageant exhibited on the river, during the aquatic procession of the Lord Mayor to and from Westminster, rendered "Old Father Thames" a most animated and attractive feature in the combined festivities of the day.

The Duke of Wellington looked in better health and in higher spirits than for many years past. After the council had broken up, his Grace, who

went on horseback to the palace, entered the park through the Horse Guards gate, and meeting with the Earl of Liverpool, who was on foot, his Grace alighted, and giving his horse to the groom, took the Earl of Liverpool's arm, and walked across the park, followed by an immense concourse of persons, who cheered his Grace most vehemently all the way up Constitution-hill, and until he entered Apsley-house.

The Duke frequently acknowledged the congratulations of the multitude, and seemed pleased with the spontaneous fervor of their enthusiasm.

ENGLISH EXCHEQUER BILL FRAUD.—Mr. Ernest Rappallo, who has stood high in the mercantile world, was fully committed from the Mansion house by Alderman Wilson, acting for the Lord Mayor, to Newgate, there to remain till tried, charged with having passed Exchequer bills, knowing them to be forged. Directions were forwarded to the jailor to afford Mr. Rappallo every accommodation, in preparing for his defence.

The Queen Dowager is suffering under a consumptive affection, and is not expected to live.

The condition of the working people, not only in Paisley, and other towns, but in London, is distressing, and their misery is on the increase. Matters seem rapidly approaching a crisis, which we shudder to contemplate.

The subject of emigration is under the serious consideration of Her Majesty's Ministers, and a large sum is about to be raised for this object.

Daniel O'Connell appears to be very popular as the new Lord Mayor of Dublin. He continues to announce the receipts of large remittances from America.

Robert Charles Walsh, a magistrate of the county of Waterford, was beaten to death near his own house, by some tenants. A land agent in Wexford County was shot in the head while sitting at his own fire side.

It is expected that Captain Bolton, of the frigate *Brandywine*, will be tried by Court Martial for leaving the Mediterranean, on the receipt of the war letter from Mr. Stevenson, American Minister in London.

Parliament is again prorogued from Thursday the 11th day of November, to Tuesday the 21st of December next, and will then be further prorogued till February.

Government has contracted with the Birmingham manufacturers to supply the loss of muskets at the Tower.

Fergus O'Connor has been making a tour of Chartist Agitation in Scotland. A large Chartist meeting was held at Glasgow, at which it was unanimously resolved to agitate for the Charter.

The corner stone of the New Royal Exchange was to be laid by Prince Albert in January.

A lunatic made an attempt to enter Buckingham Palace on the 13th ult., but he was secured by the police on duty; and after an examination at the Home office, an order was made out for his admittance to Bethlehem Hospital.

The old-established bathing-house of Ridge & Co., of Chichester, has failed. It is said that the Duke of Richmond will be a sufferer.

The cause of the late destructive fire at the Tower has not yet been ascertained. A Court of Inquiry is held every day at the Ordnance office. The opinion generally entertained in the matter is that the fire originated with the stoves in the Bowyer Tower. The amount of loss supposed to have been incurred by the destruction of the armory and its contents, is said to have been overrated. It will not exceed £300,000. The ruins are entirely closed against the public.

The extensive factory of Messrs Cockley Barrow, and McKinley, in Manchester, was wholly destroyed by fire on the 6th ult. By this disaster 600 hands will be thrown out of employ. A large floor cloth factory in Wellington street, Blackfriars-road, was wholly destroyed by fire on the 14th ult., when two firemen were killed by the falling of the walls. There have been several incendiary fires in the north of England, and mostly upon farms, where small buildings, haystacks, and oat-stacks, have been destroyed. On a farm near Oxford, much property was also destroyed.

The Morning Chronicle positively asserts that a solemn league and covenant, signed by 13 Peers and a great number of commoners, has been entered into for the unconditional support of the present Corn Laws without modification or alteration.

Sir Charles Bagot, the new Governor of Canada, after encountering severe gales near the coast of England, which damaged the machinery of the steamer *Sixx*, was obliged to put back to port. He has since embarked and sailed, in the *Illustrious*. Lord Ellenborough, the Governor General of India, embarked from Davenport on the 18th ult., on board the Queen's ship *Cambrian*, for India.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.—It is disgraceful that this relic of barbarous times should be allowed to exist in Christian countries. A late London paper contains an account of the proceedings of a coroner's jury, sitting over the body of Lieut. Charles Wallington, R. N., who died in the Queen's Bench Prison. It appears that Lieut. Wallington was arrested at the suit of one W. H. Bunfield, for £6 13s, the amount of a doctor's bill, with costs to £13 3s 6d. He had promised to pay the debt by two instalments, but had been refused. The jury returned a verdict of Natural Death, and at the same time they begged "to express their unqualified disgust at the conduct of the sole detaining creditor, at whose suit the deceased was kept in prison twelve months for the trifling sum of £6 13s."

BANK OF ENGLAND.—The number of persons employed in one way or other in the Bank of England is so great that they may be said to form a little community of themselves. The number of clerks alone, though occasionally varying, is never under 900. The number of engravers, printers of notes, in the constant employment of the Bank, is 38. The salaries of the clerks vary from £500 to £75 per annum. The entire amount paid to the various servants of the establishment, about 100 in number, is upwards of £200,000.

FRANCE.

The French Government is assembling 25,000 men at Perpignan, and 25,000 at Bayonne, with a strong force at Toulouse, which is to answer the double purpose of reserve for a Spanish intervention, and police, to keep the Toulousians quiet. This formidable army, to be collected at the foot of the Pyrenees, is said to be in consequence of fears entertained by the French of Spanish machinations.

The French journals reveal a monstrous fact. Eight citizens of Toulouse, arrested as implicated in the recent troubles, and three of them writers in a newspaper of that town, were ordered to be sent from Toulouse to Paris, to be tried. The eight were taken out of prison, chained by the necks together, transported a short way in a cart, and then made to walk the remainder of the road in their chains. It further appears that many of the prisoners were treated with horrible cruelty by their gaolers, and yet, in spite of these facts, the ministerial journalists are crying out against the alleged cruelties of Espartero in Spain, as a ground for French intervention.

RUSSIA.

Accounts from St. Petersburg state that the failure of the corn crops having occasioned a considerable rise in the price of bread in various parts of Russia, the Emperor prescribed, throughout the empire, the cultivation of potatoes. The peasantry, however, could not be prevailed upon to comply with the injunction, and the Government has been obliged to resort to measures of coercion.

SPAIN.

The Spanish news is somewhat threatening—there being indications of a storm with France. It is not at all probable, however, that anything serious will occur. There have been some executions and confiscations among the insurgents, and peace has been to a considerable extent restored.

CHINA.

The ship *Ann McKim*, from China direct, and the overland mail from India to England, received in America by the *Acadia* steamship, have furnished news from China to a very late date. There was no movement of importance. The storms on the coast had been very severe, and a number of vessels had been either destroyed or disabled. The schooner *Rose*, with \$180,000 in specie, foundered off *Ladrone*.

MACAO, July 26, 1841.—The American brig *Barbara*, now at Whampoa, we understand, brings out a cargo of tea for some English ship, and is to proceed to Manilla to load hemp for the United States.

The ship *America* will load here for New York as soon as she can be repaired, having lost one of her masts and otherwise injured in the late gale.

The destruction of property in the British factory during the attack on Canton, was estimated at \$310,000.

Sir Henry Pottinger and the new Admiral arrived at Macao on the 6th August.

The conduct of the new Plenipotentiary has given satisfaction, so far, to the British, and has been productive of alarm among the Chinese.

On the 21st and 26th of July, there were violent typhoons on the coast of China, which did much damage.

Every article of import into China from England and India, was lower in price than at any former period. The exports of tea by the end of September, would amount to 30,000,000 lbs., and this would close the market. The stocks of British cotton goods were accumulating in Macao, and were at greatly reduced prices. All this is chiefly owing to the unsettled state of affairs in China.

UNITED STATES.

The Message of Mr. President Tyler is published in the American papers. It is a very moderate and sensible document, having little in it to find fault with. It approves of the trial of McLeod, but recommends an amendment in the Constitution, to prevent such a resort again, even should similar circumstances occur. The President is decided upon the searching question. Vessels under the American flag must be sacred, whatever they may carry. There is nothing new on the Boundary Question. A large portion of the Message is occupied with the Currency, and a scheme is recommended for its improvement.

NORTH-EASTERN BOUNDARY QUESTION.—In the Legislature of Vermont, the following resolutions have passed on this subject:

Resolved, That it is the duty of the General Government to prosecute the settlement of the North Eastern Boundary Question without any unnecessary delay.

Resolved, That whilst we deprecate a war with Great Britain, as a great national evil, and to be resorted to only in a case of stern necessity; and whilst we recommend to the Government of the U. S. a conciliatory, yet firm and decided course on this subject, yet if such course fail, we pledge ourselves to sustain the authorities of the Union in maintaining their rights with all the resources in our power.

A METEOR.—Last night, about a quarter to twelve, many of our citizens were startled from their slumbers by what appeared to be a sharp flash of lightning, followed by a rattling and prolonged peal of heavy thunder. The afternoon had been snowy, and when we retired for the night a sharp sleet was falling, and the weather was growing cold; circumstances we thought not very favorable to thunder and lightning. This morning we learned that the occurrence which so much excited our surprise, was the rapid flight and bursting of a very large and brilliant meteor. We have not been able to learn its direction. The hour and the night were such as to render it unlikely that any of our citizens, capable of making exact observation of the phenomenon, were up; but from the size and brilliancy of the meteor it must have been seen in other places, and we hope under circumstances favorable to a more full account.—*Buffalo Com. Adv.*

FATAL DUELS.—We regret to record two more victims at the shrine of the insatiable Moloch of duelling. Yesterday, encounters took place between four gentlemen of this city—all of them highly respectable and honorable. In both instances the result was fatal. The weapons used, we understand, were small swords. Two of the combatants were well known members of the mercantile community. Can neither reason nor law arrest these miscalled "affairs of honor?"—*N. O. Bee, Nov. 19.*

We celebrate nobler obsequies to those we love by drying the tears of others than by shedding our own; and the fairest funeral wreath we can hang on their tomb, is not so fair as a fruit-offering of good deeds.

Touch not the pen when you are in a bad humour or you will assuredly do something unjust or ill-natured.

POETRY.

From Heath's Book of Beauty for 1842.

THE PILOT.

BY ALEXANDER COCHRAN, ESQ.

The waves are high, the night is dark,
Wild roll the foaming tides,
Dashing around the straining bark,
As gallantly she rides!
"Pilot! take heed what course you steer,
Our bark is tempest driven!"
"Stranger, be calm, there is no fear
For him who trusts in Heaven!"

"Oh, pilot! mark yon thunder-cloud—
The lightning's lurid rivers;
Hark to the wind, 'tis piping loud,—
The mainmast bends and quivers!
Stay, pilot, stay, and shorten sail,
Our stormy tri-sail's riven!"
"Stranger, what mattereth calm or gale,
To him who trusts in Heaven?"

Borne by the winds, the vessel flees
Up to that thunder-cloud;
Now tottering low, the spray-winged seas
Conceal the top-mast shroud.
"Pilot! the waves break o'er us fast,
Vainly our bark has striven!"
"Stranger, the Lord can rule the blast,—
Go, put thy trust in Heaven!"

Good hope! good hope! one little star
Gleams o'er the waste of waters;
'Tis like the light reflected far
Of Beauty's loveliest daughters!
"Stranger, good hope He giveth thee,
As he has often given;
Then learn this truth,—what'er may be,
To put your trust in Heaven!"

THE MORMONS.

The fanatical sect called Mormons, under their knavish but persevering leader, the renowned Joe Smith, are rapidly increasing. They have established a settlement in Illinois, and called it Nauvoo. They have obtained leave to raise a military corps, and the name it bears is the "Nauvoo Legion," to which many young men are enticed by the gay flaunting uniform which they wear. They have built a temple, and fitted it up as a place of defence, and almost every man among them is trained to arms. From the Louisville Journal we make a short extract in relation to them:—

In a tour in that region in October last, we were astonished at the increase of their numbers, and the improvements they had made in various parts of Hancock and the adjoining counties, and on the opposite side of the Mississippi in Iowa Territory. It is believed that more buildings have been erected in Nauvoo the present year, than in any other town in the state. Several hundred emigrants from England—converts to Mormonism—have been added to their number the past summer; and a still greater number are expected next year. They have also received very large accessions from New York and other Eastern states.

It reflects but little credit upon the intelligence and good sense of our countrymen, that so gross a delusion, such a pitiful imposture, should obtain a permanent standing, yet it is the opinion of all who had an opportunity of investigating the subject, and learning the actual state of things, that Mormonism will acquire more importance than is generally anticipated. Obedient as slaves to the commands of their prophet, they already wield an influence at the polls that is felt, not only in the affairs of the county, but in those of the state. Union is strength, and in a few years more, they will hold the balance of power in their own hands.

When an election approaches, Joe Smith, their prophet, has a "Revelation," and it is directed on which side the Mormons shall vote. This is published in their paper, and sent to all the "faithful." They would sooner be guilty of sacrilege or blasphemy than disobey his injunction.

From the tone of the articles for some time past in the Warsaw Signal, and the excitement that prevails in the region against the Mormons, we should not be surprised should a serious rupture take place before many months, and much blood be spilt.

THE AFRICANS.—The negroes, whose singular history has excited so much attention in this country during the last two years, departed for Sierra Leone on Wednesday last, on board the bark "Gentleman," Capt. Morris. There are thirty-five of them who have survived the exposures and privations to which they have been subjected.—But as many of these will carry back to their homes a knowledge of religion, of reading and writing, and of many of the arts of civilization, it may be doubted whether their abduction and captivity, severe as was the suffering it produced, will not, in the end, prove to have been an occasion of immense benefit to them and their friends.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBERS:—

WALKER'S IMPROVED HAND PRINTING PRESSES, of all kinds, (including the Washington and Smith Presses.) They have been noticed in the Canada papers, as an efficient, durable and excellent article, and quite equal to those made in New York.

TIN SMITH'S MACHINERY AND TOOLS, in complete sets, or single pieces—same maker. Terms Liberal.

SCOTT & SHAW. Montreal, December 16, 1841.

BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN BOOT & SHOE MART,

NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL. 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 signalled 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 first make and quality. Montreal, August 12, 1841.

THE SUBSCRIBER

HAS JUST RECEIVED from his Brother in London, an excellent assortment of BRACKET and OFFICE CLOCKS, PATENT LEVER, LEPINE, AND OTHER WATCHES, MUSICAL SNUFF-BOXES, Gold, Plated, and Gilt JEWELLERY, and GERMAN CLOCKS, Warranted, at \$5 each. JOHN WOOD, St. Paul Street. November 18, 1841.

NEW GOODS.

THE Subscribers respectfully invite the attention of their friends, and the public generally, to their present extensive and varied assortment of STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, which they are disposing of at very reduced prices. H. MATHEWSON & CO. November 18, 1841.

S. HOWELL, FANCY & STAPLE DRY GOODS STORE No. 61, NOTRE DAME STREET, Opposite Messrs. J. & W. McFarlane's Grocery Store, MONTREAL. September 23, 1841.

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

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FANCY & STAPLE DRY GOODS STORE, Wholesale and Retail, MUIR'S BUILDINGS, PLACE D'ARMES.

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.

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.

J. H. TAAFFE, GENERAL GROCER, No. 85, Notre Dame Street, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE ENGLISH CHURCH, MONTREAL.

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.

EDWARD HOWELL, GROCER, OPPOSITE MESSRS. GIBB AND CO., Notre Dame Street.

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.

JOHN LOVELL, BOOK AND JOB PRINTER, St. Nicholas Street, MONTREAL. All orders punctually attended to. August 12, 1841.

ROBERT MILLER, STATIONER, AND GENERAL BOOK-BINDER, Entrance of the Main Street, St. Lawrence Suburbs,

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.

PAPER RULED and BOUND to any pattern; and every description of BINDING executed with neatness and despatch, on the most reasonable terms.

N.B.—Orders from the country punctually attended to. August 12, 1841.

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