

Christian Mirror.

NEW SERIES.

WEEKLY.]

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

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POETRY.

CHRIST BLESSING THE BREAD.

BY THE REV. T. DALE, A. M.

ONWARD it speeds! the awful hour from man's first fall decreed;
When the dark serpent's wrath shall bruise the woman's spotless Seed;
The foe He met—the desert path triumphantly He trod,
But now a darker, deadlier strife awaits the Son of God!

Soon shall a strange and midnight gloom involve the conscious heaven;
While in Jehovah's inmost sanc the mystic veil is riven!
Soon shall one deep and dying groan the solid mountains rend,
The yawning graves shall yield their dead; the buried saints ascend!

And yet amidst his little flock, still Jesus stands serene,
Unawed by suffering yet to be, unchanged by what hath been;
Still beams the light of love undimmed in that benignant eye,
Nor, save his own prophetic word, aught speaks him soon to die!

He pours within the votive cup the rich blood of the vine,
And, "Drink ye all the hallow'd draught," he cried:
"this blood is mine!"

He breaks the bread: then clasps his hands and lifts his eyes in prayer;
"Receive ye this, and view by faith my body symbol'd there!

"For like the wine that crowns this cup, my blood shall soon be shed;
My body broken on the cross, as now I break the bread:
For you the crimson stream shall flow—for you the Hand Divine
Bares the red sword, although the heart that meets the blow be mine!

"And oft your willing vows renew around the sacred board,
And break the bread and pour the wine in mem'ry of your Lord:
To drink with me the grape's fresh blood to you shall yet be given,
Fresh from the deathless vine that blooms in blest abodes in heaven!"

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

THE AFFECTING FUNERAL.

SARAH is the only woman in the sacred writings whose age, death, and burial, are distinctly noted; and that memorial of the wife of Abraham is adapted to remind us of our origin and home—the dust.

The death of friends with whom we have long associated and loved, is a trying event.—Essential to our comfort, they leave the world to us a barren waste. Their death proclaims the ravages of sin, while it reminds us of our own mortality. Therefore, Abraham well might mourn for Sarah and weep for her.—The Saviour himself sanctified grief for the loss of our friends, when he shed the tear of sorrow over the grave of Lazarus.

But while it is lawful to indulge in sorrow when we are visited by bereaving providences, we must follow the example of Abraham who though he wept over the corpse of his beloved Sarah, remembered that he had important duties to discharge, and he arose to fulfil them.—The land of Canaan had been given by promise to him and he wished to take possession of it; so the

bones of Sarah became the deposit of the cave of a field in Machpelah, which induced him to look upon it as his home, with the confident assurance that his posterity should possess the whole country.

It is equally edifying and remarkable, that the only land probably that Abraham bought was not for a residence and estate, but for a burying place; and that the first time we read of money, is for the purchase of a tomb; as though the Spirit of God would teach us the folly of those who place their affections on that gold and silver which will be used to procure a grave. The interment of Sarah deeply impresses us with the vanity and mutability of all earthly good; for, however lovely, and valued our companions may be, we must soon be separated from them by death. How great is the folly of placing our affections on worldly riches, seeing that if they do not "take to themselves wings and fly away," they cannot ward off death, nor furnish after it a better residence than the grave! How delightful and intimate is the connection between the people of God! It does not end with the present life, but is renewed for ever in the world of eternal glory in closer bands of the purest affection and joy. O that it may be our most anxious concern to enjoy the favour of Christ, which will enable us to smile on the last enemy, to descend to the grave with Christian serenity, and to rise with unutterable joy to the realms of immortal life! "So shall we ever be with the Lord."

THE SICK MAN'S NEED.

OH, wretched is he, who, in that sick-room, which may be only the ante-chamber of the grave, is yet wholly unfurnished with the medicine of the mind; who has never thought of his nature, his prospects, his duty, his God; who has never applied himself to the enriching his intellect with important truth, to the cultivation of his heart for holy affections, to the formation of his character in righteous habits! Wretched is he, whose religion, however sincere his faith, is but a mysterious and terrific superstition, whose God is robed in the thunder-cloud, and his sceptre the destructive lightning; who gropes for evidence of the merry of heaven in unfathomable speculations, or the wayward changes of frames and feelings; who sees the grave yawning for him, and in that gulf a deeper still of never ending anguish! Wretched is he, who, disgusted with the credulity that devours any absurdity, has flown to the scepticism that admits no truth; who deepens the shades of futurity by the blacker darkness of his own mind; who, because it is not the illumination of noon, quenches the only torch that could light his steps through the gloom; the neglect, the perversion, the rejection of religious principles, alike rob the soul of the best security against that trying season. Then it is that faith triumphs. I mean by faith, not the mere mental act of credence in a proposition, but a firm trust in God, our Creator, our Father. This is the one thing needful for religious consolation. To know that all events are ordered by him, and that he is love, is enough for man for his support and hope. Give us but these principles (and Nature, Providence, and Christianity teach and demonstrate these,) and you give us all.—Death is destroyed, and the grave becomes a passage to a better life.—When Jesus taught us to call God our Father in heaven, he poured a flood of consolation on the world.

THE VALUE OF A GOOD NAME.

THE worth of religious and moral character is more to be prized than the whole honours and wealth of this transitory life. These things, the day of sickness dims and disparages:—these

things, with all the pageantry of state, the day of death turns into a vain mockery. But, on the whole, the precious gold of righteousness comes forth as out of the purifying furnace. We do not, we cannot, for the purpose of deriving consolation, reflect upon our departed friends, merely because they were either rich in earthly treasures, or elevated in earthly rank. That alone, which can soothe in the remembrance of them—that alone, which may serve as a cause of honest complacency and rejoicing to us, in the remembrance of them, is the memory of their worth—is the thought that they were good.—This is the superiority of mind over matter—of intellectual acquisitions over the objects of sense—of moral riches, over all the glitter of gold that perishes. We are ennobled and blessed in the remembrance of our forefathers, not because they could reckon a splendid line of ancestry, or were themselves bright with the stars and ribbons of honour, or had been the chosen companions of princes. But if these our fathers were worthy; if the tears we shed over their memories be embalming their "good name," if we are the children to whom they bequeath their fair reputation, and the many prayers of their piety, and the savour of their many virtues, well may we deem ourselves ennobled by our connexion with them, whatever their riches or their rank.

And, assuredly, in bewailing the death of friends, no small consolation to the survivors arises from the remembrance of these things.—Whilst such, again, is the manner in which the mind is comforted by the remembrance, that the very greatness of the loss, becomes, in fact, the measure of the consolation. All whose departure from us, we have cause to deplore: the companions, to whom we were knit, as it were, in soul; the brothers, who partook with us in one interest, and one joy, and one care; the parents, to whose affection we clung, and whom most eagerly we would have detained a while longer from their heavenly rest, in order that we might have repaid some more of our debt of gratitude, in the cherishing and supporting of them:—these beloved friends leave behind them, in the subjects of our fond remembrance, the sources of our high comfort. Their virtues, the want of whose presence with us we mourn, are yet the very means of drying up our tears.

Who is CHRIST?—Ask Moses, and he shall tell you, "the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." Ask Jacob, and he shall tell you, "the Shiloh of the tribe of Judah." Ask David, and he shall tell you, "the King of Glory." Ask Isaiah, and he shall tell you, "the Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace." Ask the God of the prophets: he hath told you, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Yes, the devils themselves have been forced to say, "I know thee who thou art, the Holy One of God." On no side has Christ left himself without testimony.—*Christian Almanac.*

CHRIST is a pearl, which whoever hath, can never be poor, and which whoever wants, can never be rich. Christ's riches are so many, they cannot be numbered; they are so precious, they cannot be valued; they are so great they cannot be measured.—*Dyer.*

IRRESOLUTION.—In matters of great concern, and which must be done, there is no surer argument of a weak mind than irresolution: to be undetermined where the case is so plain, and the necessity so urgent: to be always intending to lead a new life, but never to find time to set about it; this is as if a man should put off eating and drinking, and sleeping, from one day and night, till he is starved and destroyed.—*Tillotson.*

GENERAL LITERATURE.

TIME.

THE following thoughts on time are translated from the "Pensees" of Masillon:—

The principal source of those evils of which men complain, is the improper use they make of time. Some spend the whole of their life in obscurity and idleness, useless to their country, their fellow-citizens, and themselves; whilst others zealously engage in the occupation and tumult of human affairs. The former might have been born only to indulge in selfish repose, and expose themselves, by the diversity of their pleasures, to that listlessness which, though they ever attempt to avoid it, constantly pursues them: the latter, on the contrary, seem to live that they may seek, incessantly, in the cares of this world, those agitations which expose them to a state of perpetual disquietude, and which the whole of their life is but a miserable attempt to shun. The most happy among men are those who feel least the weight of time; and those engagements are the most agreeable, whether they arise from the innocent pleasures of life, or from its more serious occupations, which appear to shorten its days and moments, and leave us scarcely aware that they are gone. Where are our earliest years? What realities have they left in our remembrance? They are little more than a dream in the night. We dream that we have lived. This is nearly all that now remains. The whole of the interval between our birth and the present moment is but a rapid stream, which we have scarcely seen pass. When we enter on public life, the past will not then appear to us, either long in its duration, or more real in its nature. All past ages seem to us as fugitive moments; and all the people who have appeared and disappeared in the world,—all the revolutions of empires and kingdoms,—all the grand events which embellish history, all these appear to us as the different scenes of a play, the beginning and end of which we might have witnessed in one day. Let us only call to mind the victories, the taking of places, the glorious treaties, and all the pompous events of the last reign,* the whole of which we well remember, for most of us witnessed them, and they will be recorded in the annals of our country, and descend to our latest posterity; and the whole will appear to us as a dream, or as a flash of lightning which dazzles us and then dies away; and which every day effaces more and more from our recollection.

Time, that precious deposit which is confided to our care, often becomes a burden which oppresses and fatigues. To be deprived of it, we fear as the greatest of evils; and yet we fear almost as much the thought of bearing its *ennui*, and its duration! It is a treasure that we wish always to retain, and yet can hardly suffer it to remain in our hands! The whole of our life is an art, continually employed in losing it; and notwithstanding our endeavours to kill time, there always remains more of it than we know what to do with.

Years appear long when at a distance; but they no sooner arrive than they are gone; and before we can look about us, we find ourselves overtaken by some fatal period which we thought to be far off, and fondly hoped might never arrive. Let us look at the world as we saw it in our youth, and as we see it now. A new Court has succeeded that which we first beheld; new personages have entered on the stage, and new actors are performing their parts. We see new events, new intrigues, new passions, new heroes in

virtue as well as vice, who are all in their turn the subjects of applause, derision, and censure of the public. A new world has insensibly appeared; and, without our perceiving it, is built upon the ruins of that which is just gone.

Time is that blessing which, of all others, we value the least. We reserve our places for our friends; our gifts for our creatures; our property for our children; our credit for ourselves; our praise for those we think worthy; but our time we give to all the world: we expose it as prey; and, it should seem, they do us a favor who take it off our hands. It is a burden which we carry among mankind, seeking continually some one to release us from it.

Everything passes away with us. A rapidity which nothing can arrest bears all away into the abyss of eternity. Yesterday our ancestor prepared the way before us.—To-day we are preparing the way for those who are to succeed us. Age follows age. The dead and the living replace each other continually. Nothing remains stationary.—Everything wears out. Everything becomes extinct. We are always ready to profit by the ruin of others. We resemble those infuriated soldiers who, in the confusion of battle, and while their companions are falling at their feet under the sword of the enemy, eagerly pick up the garments of the dead; and no sooner have they put them on than a mortal blow strips them also of life and of their ornaments. And, so far from profiting by the example of our predecessors, there seem to arise, as it were, from their ashes some fatal sparks which rekindle in us the same desires, and lead to the same results.—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.*

THE TRAVELLER.

(From the Toronto Banner.)

REMINISCENCES OF A MISSIONARY TOUR IN SHETLAND.

(Continued.)

Nature, however, purified by the truths of the Gospel, is a glorious teacher—even in the matter of good breeding or politeness, which the wealthier classes claim as their own peculiar province, she is rarely, perhaps never, known to err. It is to be observed, however, that steamboats, and the crowds of travellers and tourists which they bring with them, are making sad havoc upon the unsophisticated manners of the inhabitants in the provinces, and, in a few years, or it may be even now, the amiable trait of character, to which I have alluded, may be talked of as things that have been, but are no longer. So much for the transitory nature of the fairest flowers of the world! As it chanced that I resided at the same house which Dr. Clarke had been in, during his sojourn in these parts, the good woman who had kept it seemed proud in shewing me a copy of his Commentary, in six splendid volumes, which she had received from him after his departure. It was enhanced still farther by a testimony in the handwriting of the author of his sense of the virtues and Christian excellency of his quondam hostess. Moderatism had been in the ascendancy in these islands for a long time. The consequence of which was that the people felt little interest in their ministers. Religion was a mere thing of usage. There was a decency in being christened and married by the functionary of the parish. It was also customary to attend the ministrations at the Church on Sunday, but beyond these externals, the spirit of religion was greatly wanting.

This was the general state of the parishes of Shetland, though it must be admitted, that, even in the dearest of them, there was still some evangelical religion to be found; and its existence was preserved seemingly by some of those old volumes, that you might see on the shelf of the lonely cottage—there they lie, giving, by their blackened appearance, evidence of having been well read. You open these volumes successively, lying, as they are well entitled to do, alongside of the Bible, and you find "Guthrie's Trial of a saving

interest in Christ?" "Boston's Four Fold State," or the "Life of Halyburton." Dr. Clarke, therefore, when he visited Shetland full of zeal for the interests of religion, was received with open arms by all classes. His Arminian doctrines, however, were steadfastly resisted by several of the established ministers, and as the people were led to take an interest in the controversy, they soon became great proficient in the literature of the Arminian and Calvinistic controversy, and the progress of English Methodism in Shetland was stayed. At the time of my visit, it seemed to have reached its height—indeed I was told, in many places, that it was on the decline. Their congregations, as I was informed, amounted to ten; and I doubt not they were the means of doing much good among the people, as I may have occasion to notice in the sequel of my narrative, for I had frequent occasion of meeting both with them and with their preachers. As an illustration of the excellent understanding existing between the venerable missionary of the English Conference (I mean Dr. Clarke) and the people, I shall copy some verses, addressed by a Shetland poetess to him on his arrival. I had not the happiness of seeing the ingenious writer, as she had gone to the south, but some of her friends shewed me a small volume, containing some devotional and descriptive pieces, highly creditable to her feelings and literary taste. But some may be ready to exclaim, "A Shetland poet, and who cares for such a personage!" But why not a poet in the isles of Shetland, as well as in Erin, Iona or Greece? Poetry is the language of passion, the mirror of feeling, the image of external nature in all her varied aspects of mountains and valleys, of streams and seas, of flowers and leafy forests, of balmy gales and headlong storms, of sunshine and shade,—in short, of universal nature, whether as perceived by the *sensorium*, or grasped by the imagination, and therefore belongs to humanity; the tuneful race, accordingly, are found in every country and clime, and bear with them the credentials of their mission, in the beauty and freshness of their song. But let the Shetland poetess speak for herself. I wish I could have presented my reader with some of her descriptive pieces. The following is a mere complimentary effusion, but most worthily bestowed, on the distinguished stranger who had visited her native islands:—

And hast thou, generous stranger, come
From blooming scenes where nature smiles,
And left thine own delightful home,
To visit Thule's barren isles?

What tempted thee to come so far,
A wanderer from the land of bliss,
To brave the elemental war
Of such a stormy shore as this?

'Twas not th' insatiate thirst of gold,
Nor proud ambition's loftier aim,
Nor brighter regions to behold,
Nor undiscovered lands to claim.

No! it was still a loftier aim,
'Twas Christian zeal and Christian love,
A bright and never-dying flame—
Pure, holy, harmless from above.

Bless'd is the man whose holy breast
Enshrines this spark of life divine;
Bless'd is his home, his family bless'd—
Such bliss belongs to thee and thine.

Such bliss on earth thy portion be,
And everlasting bliss above,
When death shall set thy spirit free,
To live with God in realms above.*

I resume my narrative. In preaching among these islands, there is this peculiarity, that you may have a congregation every day, and at all times of the day. There is what I might call a thirst for the word of truth. It is very true, you cannot, on week days, get the male part of the inhabitants, and, for the best of all reasons, that they are all off at sea, plying their avocation as fishermen; but you are certain, at a few hours notice, of getting a goodly number of women and young persons to attend your discourses. They will come from great distances, across heathy deserts and marshes, to hear a sermon, and with such sprightliness and satisfied looks, that they would really put to shame the sour countenance and unwilling aspect of many a Sunday hearer among

See Clarke's Life, p. 617.

* That of Louis XIV.

ourselves. I preached once every day, and on some days twice; but never did I experience so much pleasure in the matter of preaching, as among these humble and pious worshippers.— And I have often, while engaged among people so “noble,” as the Apostle Paul would have said, stood still in the midst of their sea-beaten islands, and asked myself the question, “Well, what have riches done for men?” Was not Rousseau in the right when he conceived that the simple manners and ways of the savage had much to recommend them, and, in many respects, preferable to the excessive polish and burdensome fashions of high life. The late Duchess of St. Albans, better known by the name of Mrs. Coutts, in her *Memoirs*, published some years ago, bears a testimony to this effect. She had risen from the rank of a poor, strolling player, to that of a Millionaire and Peeress; and often, when wearied with the heartless and laborious usages of the aristocrats around her, she longed for the humbler companionship of her former years, among whom the language of the heart might be uttered without the charge of vulgarity. No doubt there is a measure of idealism in all this, for who would really wish to fall back upon the savage state as the most desirable? and yet there may be some advantage, in an age and country where the increase of wealth has made strange innovations upon the simple manners of the men and women who were our ancestors, in exhibiting a vivid representation of the modes of existence of an earlier stage of society, as these may be seen among communities of our own times. For I am at least persuaded of this, that when we see how small an addition all our wealth and refinement have made to our real happiness, we shall value these secondary graces less, and be in less danger too of confounding them with the graces of the heart, the only true and enduring riches. And here, speaking of the very different states of society which exist in different parts of the British isles, and how singular an aspect one who has figured in London society may have when he passes to the rusticities of the provinces, I may be excused recording a small incident relating to the learned person above referred to. I had been drinking tea at the house of one of the heritors, and, among other guests, was a Methodist preacher from London. He had been wont to see Dr. C. at his residence in the neighbourhood of that city, enjoying the *otium cum dignitate*, visited by the Duke of Sussex, and by all the men of name, far and near, whether in science or religion, and when the good lady was telling us of his feats in fishing, my worthy friend, who perhaps could think of the doctor only in the midst of a learned coterie, or on the platform of Exeter Hall, enjoyed a good laugh, exclaiming, at the same time “*What an idea! Dr. Clarke drawing pillocks from the deck of a craft in Shetland!*”— It was a sketch which the pencil of Wilkie could have drawn to the very life, and neither would it have been so incongruous either, for Christ and his apostles, who were the most accomplished of all preachers, were frequently engaged in drawing fishes from the craft in the sea of Galilee.

There is one beautiful feature in the character of most of these Islanders, which I had often occasion to notice, and that is their praiseworthy industry. They are poor, and to support themselves they must gather up, if I may use the expression, the very fragments of time. A man or woman may be on the whole a very good worker, but they may have a habit of sauntering—of being idle. By the division of labour, confining, as it does, a man's attention to one simple operation, so that he has perhaps for hours together neither to change his tools nor his position, and in this way, the hand being engaged without the smallest interruption, there is no loss of time, and the produce of labour is greatly increased. But in poor countries, labour cannot be subdivided. One individual must perform the operations of many, and therefore the loss of time in consequence of the operative passing from one employment to another, is unavoidable.— But though labour cannot be much divided in a poor country like Shetland, and one individual must perform departments of work which in rich countries are divided among hundreds, may it not be possible for him to do two things at one and the same moment, and thus in a different way to accomplish the same result, which the division of labour does, the saving of time and

the increase of the produce of labour. This is precisely what the poor Shetlander attempts to do.

In the face of an aphorism which many a good housewife repeats perhaps ten times a day to her domestics, these Northern islanders really succeed in *doing two things at once*. And as some may smile at the writer, for giving attention to a matter of so small importance, as if it were a degradation of philosophy to take cognizance of it, he begs to dissent with all deference from such a judgment as this; conceiving, as he does, that philosophy is dignified in the estimation of the multitude, when its principles are found of such a hardy texture, that they can reach the avocations of common life. And it is of more importance in an age of the world, when many young men think they were created just to do nothing at all; to hold forth vivid pictures of toilsome industry, on the part of some of their fellow mortals, with the view of provoking them to jealousy.— But if this is not enough, I would submit the beautiful apology of Gray:—

“Let not ambition mock their lonely toil,” &c.

It is well known that the fuel of a large portion of the peasantry of Shetland, is turf or peats.— These abound everywhere in Scotland, and they are of the best possible kind. Every family has to provide a supply of this article for their own use. This is a work which occupies them a considerable part of every summer. It consists of digging, drying, and bringing the peats home.— This last part of the work is for the most part performed by droves of those beautiful ponies, which bear them enclosed in a kind of net work, on their backs, and about their sides. They are perfectly tractable, and whether they are going to the cottage with their burdens, or returning to the hill-side, to have them repeated, they manifest the same alacrity and spirit—and a boy or girl may be seen driving a dozen of them without the least trouble. It so happens, however, that the humbler classes in Lerwick, not being possessed of ponies, are obliged to carry home their fuel from the common, the distance varying from two to three miles. As they never have in store more fuel than what one day's consumption requires, they may be seen in scores every morning, going forth with their *kiesies* (a sort of basket) on their backs, attached by a broad belt to the forehead. Altogether the task is irksome, and much time is spent on it, but necessity lays it on them, and they must cast about for some compensatory process. They have done so.— They are busied *knitting* while bearing their fuel. All ages and sexes, men and women, boys and girls, whether they are going out with the large kaisy empty, on their backs, or returning with it heaped up, and seemingly readily to crush them to the earth, their busy fingers are plying the wires. They are working up that soft hosiery, which, for its warmth, is so much prized by families in the South. I have often stood to look at these industrious people, and have admired their address, in doing two works at the same moment, and doing both of them well. But here it is time to close this paper.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

NARRATIVE, BY THE REV. P. NIEL, OF THE REASONS WHICH IMPELLED HIM TO LEAVE THE COMMUNION OF THE CHURCH OF ROME, IN WHICH HE WAS RECENTLY A PRIEST, IN FRANCE.

“If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed, and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.” John c. viii. v. 31, 32.

I THANK thee, Oh God of goodness and of mercy, (that all unworthy as I am, Thou hast condescended to look on me with an eye of tenderness and compassion, to dispel the darkness which surrounded me, and to cause the light of Thy holy truth to shine into my heart, even that divine truth which delivers from the fear and bondage of men, and which renders those who abide in it the children of light and liberty.— Gracious God, strengthen me by Thy grace, be my comforter and refuge in my afflictions; increase my faith; enable me to put off the old man, and grant that I may be clothed upon with the new man. Cleanse my soul from the dark waters that lead to death, and wash it in the pure water that bringeth life.

I declare that I have separated myself from the Church of Rome, because I could not find in it the characteristics of the true Church of Jesus Christ. Unable to resist the voice of conscience, I left it when convinced I was in error.

For five years I have been plunged in deep affliction, an object of hatred to my friends, and open to the persecution of a blind fanaticism.— But my life would have been still more unhappy had I, under a veil of deep hypocrisy, continued to preach a doctrine which my conscience rejected, and the Bible condemned.

I left the Church of Rome because, in its morality, and in the greater number of doctrines taught, I found only a monstrous assemblage of traditions, ordinances, regulations, prohibitions and commandments, more or less erroneous, more or less in opposition to the divine word, for the most part exhibiting marks of vanity, sinful passion, and not unfrequently actual vice. Among the Ministers of this Church I found but two classes, tyrants and slaves; princes who dwell in palaces, or courtiers who degrade their office by the basest flatteries. In the temples of Rome I have found falsehood and idolatry reigning, whilst pride and superstition render to the creature a homage, worship, and adoration, forgetful that the name of God alone demands and merits the adoration of men. The House of God had become a place of merchandise; its Ministers withdrew the light from the people, and trod under foot the Word of God; proclaiming themselves Mediators between God and man, although our divine Saviour is declared to be the only Mediator between God and man. The head of this Church has taken upon himself the title of holy and very holy, has proclaimed himself infallible, whilst his vices, errors, passions and ambition have oppressed, afflicted, and desolated religion and humanity.

Oh my God, grant, I beseech Thee, that no murmur against the decrees of Thy providence may ever arise in my heart. Grant, O God of love, that no word may proceed from my mouth which might wound that love. Give me, thou Son of God, sufficient strength that I may be enabled, all the days of my life, to confess Thy doctrine and holy name before those that hate me.

I desire to mark in a few words some of the errors which most particularly struck me in the Church of Rome, errors which I have discovered through the reading of the word. Let us listen to the translations and interpretations of Scripture by the Church of Rome, so admirable in its infallibility.

“Thou shalt have no other Gods before me. Thou shalt not made unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth, thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them.” Exod. ch. xx. v. 3, 4, 5.

The Church of Rome is very brief in its translation of these three first commandments, it translates them thus: “Thou shalt adore and serve perfectly one God only.” It interprets them thus: Thou shalt make unto thee graven images, thou shalt place them in thy temples, and in thy house, thou shalt bow down and worship them.

“If any one teach any thing contrary to these decrees, or hold other sentiments, let him be cursed.”—*Council of Trent, Sess. 24.*

Such is the respect Rome has for the commandments of God, commandments which shall continue as long as the world lasts.

“For the customs of the people are vain; for one cutteth a tree out of the forest, the work of the hands of the workman, with the axe. They deck it with silver and with gold, they fasten it with nails and with hammers, that it move not. They are upright as the palm-tree, but speak not, they must needs be borne because they cannot go. Be not afraid of them, for they cannot do evil, neither is it in them to do good. Jer. ch. x. v. 3, 4, 5.

Rome teaches, “Keep inviolably our decrees, because they are holy and infallible, pray to images, revere relics of bone, wood, cloth, &c., because it is a good and useful thing to pray to them, and humbly to beseech their protection and assistance.”—*Coun. of Con., Sess. 24.*

“For according to the number of thy cities, were thy gods, O Judah.” (Jer. xi. 13.) Rome says—we will raise altars to the memory of the creature. Their pictures enriched with gold shall be exposed in the temples and public places.

We desire that people pray to them, show them a religious worship, and burn incense in their honour.

"And the rest of the men which were not killed by these plagues, yet repented not of the works of their hand, that they should not worship devils and idols of gold and silver, and brass and stone, and of wood." (Rev. ix. 20.)

Notwithstanding the most distinct declarations of the Old and New Testaments, the Romish Church persists in giving religious worship not only to beings once possessed of life, but also to inanimate objects.

"The children gather wood, and the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead their dough to make cakes to the queen of heaven, and to pour out drink offerings unto other gods, that they may provoke me to anger." (Jeremiah vii. 18.)

I know not who is the queen of heaven to whom the prophet here alludes; but do we not see fires blazing upon altars consecrated to the creature? do we not daily hear the arches of the temples re-echo to the sound of "*Ave, Regina Cælorum*," "*Salvation, queen of heaven*." One might almost fancy they heard the poets of Greece or ancient Rome singing the praises of Juno, queen of heaven. At the death of Jesus, his garments became the property of his murderers, but we do not find that Jesus, after his resurrection, said to his disciples, take them from the profane hands of the soldiers, reverence and worship them, yet, whilst he was alive, the sick who touched the borders of these garments were made whole. How distressing to the Christian mind to discover in the very bottom of Christianity such a mixture of paganism and idolatry. A doctor of the Romish Church said with truth, in speaking of Paganism, that Nature was worshipped in detail, and the whole Universe was but one temple of idols. Shrouded in his own superstitions this learned Doctor could not see that his remark was equally applicable to his own Church.

In these days, however, the Church of Rome is unwilling to allow that she worships the creature, or that, revering it, is equivalent to offering a religious worship.

In former days, Rome held different language. In proof of this, we need only glance over the history of past ages, to find that relics and images of saints were worshipped in the same manner as God himself. There is a ceremony on Holy Friday, called, in their own words, "*The adoration of the Cross*." The ministers and people come kneeling to adore the Cross, on which the figure of Christ is, at the time, veiled, because, according to the doctrine of the Church, He is now in limbo. During the adoration of the Cross, a hymn is sung, in which is repeated, at least twenty times, "*Salvation, Oh Cross, our only hope*." As they proceed along, what is called "*the way to the Cross*," at each station these words are recited, "*Oh, adorable Cross, on whom my Saviour died, I adore you with all my heart*." The object of adoration here is most distinctly not God, but the Cross itself; for if this is not adoring the inanimate creature, we would ask, what is adoration? More than adoring, they place in it their whole hope and trust.

In the ceremony of Mass, when the holy sacrament is brought forth, they make use of these words, "*Let us adore eternally the most holy sacrament, the Mass*," viz., the bread which the priest uses in the sacrifice of the Mass. Thus many things are adored which are not God, contrary to the express prohibition of God, who teaches, in many passages of Scripture, that he alone is to be worshipped, and that to him belong honour, praise, and glory forever.

"Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me." (John v. 39.) The doctrine of Rome is. Do not search the Scriptures, for you cannot of yourselves understand them. You would derive none but dangerous nourishment. Eternal Father! Divine Jesus! can it be that thou wouldst lead men into error? For among those who profess to teach thy doctrine, there are men who regard as dangerous those sacred books which contain it. God of mercy, pardon their deplorable ignorance. Extend thy grace to those in the Church who, either from indifference, or in obedience to the prohibitions of their spiritual directors, neglect to seek truth as its pure source. "If ye abide in me, and my words

abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." (John xiv. 17.) Rome says, If you do not remain in our Catholic and infallible Church—if you cease to keep our commandments—if you separate from it on any ground whatever, you become the child of perdition, and cannot hope to be saved, for there is no salvation out of the Church of Rome.

Here the people are not directed to take hold of the doctrine contained in the Scriptures, but to attach themselves blindly to the doctrines taught by that Church, which profess so much solicitude for her children, and undertakes to provide for all their spiritual wants, without any care or anxiety on their part.

"But when ye pray use not vain repetition as the heathen do." (Matt. vi. 7.) The language of Rome is, When ye pray, make use of numberless repetitions; for instance, in the office of the Virgin Mary, but particularly in the Mass, whose recitation form an essential part of the religious duty of the priests and people. "*Ave Maria*," or the salutation is repeated forty, fifty, often a hundred times, without interruption, whilst the Lord's Prayer is only introduced at intervals. When it was said to Jesus, by those who stood about him, "*Behold thy mother and thy brethren!*" he did not reply, build temples to the honour of my mother and brethren, raise altars to them, pray to them, worship them, invoke their aid. The Church of Rome, fertile in invention, has been able to supply the deficiency.

"Ye have made the commandments of God of none effect by your traditions, teaching for doctrine the traditions of men." (Matt. xix.) Such is the respect the Church of Rome pays to the sacred text, that it gives, as articles of faith, the uncertain and often ridiculous traditions of men, and, under pain of eternal condemnation, ordains these commandments to be inviolably preserved.

It is well known, that Rome has instituted its own commandments, which were formerly seven in number, but, during the Reign of Terror in France, they were reduced to six,—the seventh, which touched upon the tithes, being omitted.—In their prayers, morning and evening, the people are enjoined to repeat the commandments, and especially not to omit the seventh, as the one of first importance.

The impiety of this act was a cause of much grief to Rome; it was never alluded to but in terms of sorrowful remembrance of fallen greatness, which it is continually endeavouring to recover, and again rule with an iron yoke over the people.

This Church, so terrible, holds in its hands two swords; formerly it sent its thunders over all nations, causing alike kings and people to tremble; and included in the same condemnation the innocent with the guilty.

Rome, however, is, in some instances, very complaisant to the disobedient, especially when any temporal interest is at stake. It can lay down with great force, commandments and prohibitions which bind the conscience, and can as easily dispense with them, on a sufficient consideration. Thus the same act is at once permitted and prohibited, approved and condemned by God. This Church maintains it is in all things, under the guidance and inspiration of the Spirit of God. The spirit which animates the Church of Rome, must be, indeed, of a very inconsistent nature,—but it is quite impossible to conceive such weakness and extravagance, such an outrage to reason and to God, the result of inspiration by any Holy Spirit.

(To be continued.)

PROGRESS OF THE FREE CHURCH.

On Wednesday evening week, a large and influential meeting, favourable to the cause of the Free Church of Scotland, took place at Halifax, in the specious room of the Royal Hotel, St. James's-road.

The Rev. Dr. Candlish, in his speech, related the following incident:—I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of a minister of the Church of Prussia at the time of the Assembly in 1842; he came over to attend that Assembly, to endeavour to ascertain the meaning of the events then going on in Scotland. He is a man of devoted piety, of high intelligence, and exalted in the favour of his Sovereign, being one of the chaplains of the King of Prussia. He listen-

ed to all the debates of that Assembly, and heard it adopt the Charter of Rights—a document in which the Church set forth her grievances and demanded redress—with the solemn declaration, that if redress were refused, she could continue to act in the capacity of an Established Church no longer. I met him no more after that Assembly until I was coming out of the Assembly in 1843, in the train of our fathers. At the door of the Assembly I again hailed, after the lapse of a year, my Prussian friend, who grasped my hands with tears in his eyes, and his language to me was, "What would I not give to see such a scene as this in my native land?—I would give," said he, hesitating for a moment—"I would give all that you have given."—*Edinburgh Witness.*

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, FEB. 1, 1844.

THE world is frequently called "a waste howling wilderness," and a vale of tears. Some, when describing their trials and difficulties, are in the habit of saying, "*I have walked through deep and bitter waters*;" and others who have been required to endure more, pour out their complaints in language that forcibly appeals to the Divine compassion,—"*All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me*." Job, speaking from experience, said, "*Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward*;" and in another place, this eminent saint describes the troubles to which flesh is heir, in language that would form a suitable epitaph for all the children of men: "*Man that is born of a woman, is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not*."

Were it possible for us to collect all the tears that have been shed from the first produced by the grief and penitency of the primal transgressor, down to those which are gushing from the hearts—trembling in the eyes—and rolling down the cheeks of thousands, they would form a vast liquid mirror, in which the effects of sin would be painfully reflected. The Christian believer beholds this object with grief and wonder; but suddenly it is changed into a sea of glass, mingled with fire; and then a multitude of beautiful forms rises up before him, clothed in white raiment, having golden harps in their hands, and singing, "*Sing praises unto the Lord, sing praises, for he hath dried up our sorrows, and wiped away all tears from our eyes*."

Tears—what shall we say of them? They are endued with a voice which speaks louder than words—and with more power than either music, eloquence or poetry. These have accomplished in barbarous society, as well as in polished and fashionable circles, what neither diplomacy, negotiation, nor force could effect; they have allayed the fiercest passions—they have soothed the agitated and afflicted mind—they have driven away care and melancholy—they have inspired the timid with courage and determination;—yea, in the language of an old author—music, eloquence, and poetry, are the three great magicians whose powerful dominion all men acknowledge.

But, after all, where even these have utterly failed, *Tears* have been successful.

What the harp of the minstrel could not effect—what all the charms of rhetoric could not accomplish—what the sweetness of poetry could not produce—have been achieved by tears. Music charms us with its sweet sounds—eloquence delights us with its modulated tones—and poetry leads us captive in the silken cords of its harmony;—but tears—precious tears, powerful tears—they speak to the heart—they speak to the soul—their language awakens the warmest sympathies, and the holiest affections; and then tears respond to tears—affections flow into affections—and souls mingle with souls—and then “we weep with those that weep; and mourn with those that mourn;” but in the midst of our weeping and mourning, the spirit of prophecy condescends with us, and thus comforts our hearts: “*Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light; and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.*”

THE favourable manner in which “The Courier,” and other contemporary prints, have noticed Councillor MATHEWSON’S laudable efforts to promote the observance of the Lord’s Day, among cab, caleche and cariole men, &c. affords us pleasure and satisfaction. The influence of “*The Fourth Estate*” can never be better employed—never more legitimately exercised, than when it is endeavouring to uphold the moral government of “The blessed and only Potentate.” The Sabbath was made for man; it is a divine institution—the violation of its sanctity is a disgrace to the community—and a wanton breach of those statutes which ought to be our songs in the house of our pilgrimage. The incidents associated with “THE LORD’S DAY,” constitute one of the most sublime periods of the New Testament annals—and with its typical and commemorative character our dearest and best interests are connected. For these reasons, and as the conductors of a religious Journal, we request Mr. MATHEWSON to regard this allusion to his municipal defence of the Sabbath Day, as the expression of our sincere thanks,—and this thanks we tender, in the most cordial manner, to all the members of “the Council” that shall co-operate with him.

(For the Christian Mirror.)

THOUGHTS EXCITED ON READING ADDISON’S EVIDENCES OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

NO. I.

CAN I suppose that this world shall become a “new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness,” and be re-established and maintained among the pure and unfallen worlds of immensity—the territory of the Almighty—and that *my soul* is of more value than this world, and will as assuredly as it, be re-established in all the perfection and purity of sinless Adam;—and both through the merits of Him by whom the worlds were made—as mediator!

O sublime thought! Lord forgive its presumptuousness. What and if this (to be renovated) world, should in the scenes of eternity, become a devout sphere, from which all the redeemed spirits that ever had their domicile in it, shall raise a pure adoration—yea, and the spheres generally hear and echo the animating theme:

Salvation to God and the Lamb, and glory forever and ever! But it is impossible to conceive what God has laid up for them that love him.

F.

NO. II.

WERE I to be placed on the upper surface of the moon, and to look up, I would see the (nearly) same heavens, far distant sun, moon and stars, in their vast innumerable immensity.

Were I then to be transported from them to the upper surface of a higher moon, I would there lift up my wondering eyes, and devout mind, to higher sun and moon and stars.

And were I again to be transported from this second elevation onward and upward, to a still higher luminary, from thence the same sun, with other moon and stars, would upward draw my wondering eyes and mind devout.

But O! is there no end to this glory throughout—no veil enclosing it, or rather concealing greater and ineffable glories!—not light from sun and moon and stars, but that produced by the pure presence of Light’s Almighty Maker. The Lord of Glory is amid all his worlds untainted, and receives the praises of infinity and eternity; and yet, amazing condescension! he delights to dwell in the humble soul of man! From this speck of earth on which I dwell, a worm in the dust, I raise higher and higher this bright capacious spark within me to such a theme as this!

Pardon! pardon! and lead me to my Teacher—the Way, and Truth, and Life!

F.

Aug. 14, 1841.

LITERARY NOTICE.

JOURNAL OF TWO VISITS TO THE KINGDOM OF ASHANTI, IN WESTERN AFRICA, BY THE REV. THOMAS B. FREEMAN, to promote the Objects of the Wesleyan Missionary Society; with Appendices. Together with an historical Introduction, by the Rev. John Beechman. Second Edition. 12mo. pp. 196. Mason.

It is, after all, a most humiliating reflection, that, although the maritime Christian states of Europe have held commercial intercourse with the coast of Guinea for upwards of three centuries; until a late period, but very few attempts have been made to communicate to the native population the blessings of the Gospel. In the year 1751 a Minister of the Church of England, who had spent five years in America as a Missionary, under the direction of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, obtained permission to proceed to the Gold-Coast, in order to discover what prospects there were of a successful introduction of Christianity into that benighted region. His health failed; but, previous to his return home, he sent to this country three native boys for education; one of whom was afterwards sent to the University of Oxford; he was subsequently ordained, and returned to exercise his ministry in his native land. For half a century he was Chaplain at Cape-Coast Castle. No success attended any endeavour that he might have made to bring his countrymen to the knowledge of the truth; at which we do not wonder, when we are informed that on his death-bed, he gave painful evidence that he had at least as much confidence in the influence of the *fetish* as in the power of Christianity. After his decease, other Chaplains were sent, who speedily sank under the influence of the climate. About twelve years ago the Basle Missionary Society commenced operations at Danish Akrah, but with little success. In the autumn of 1834 the Wesleyan Missionary Society sent an agent on a visit of observation to the Gold Coast. The facts connected with this event possess a thrilling interest. A few young men, who had learned to read the Bible at the Government School at Cape-Coast Castle, became so deeply affected with its contents that they agreed to meet at regular times, for the purpose of reading it, and of inquiring into the nature and objects of Christianity. This took place in 1831; and in 1833 Mr. William De Graft received a request from these young men, that he would use his in-

fluence to procure for them, from England, a number of copies of the New Testament. Captain Potter, from the port of Bristol, was the gentleman to whom Dr. Graft made application; who, after consulting President Maclean, and the members of the little community referred to, resolved to bring with him, on his next visit, not only Testaments, but also a herald of the cross. He communicated with the Wesleyan Missionary Society; and the Rev. Joseph Dunwell embarked with Captain Potter at Bristol, for this land of darkness and of death. The Mission speedily assumed a promising appearance, the sphere of the Missionary operations was extended, and preparations were being made for the erection of a chapel; when Mr. Dunwell was attacked with fever, under which, in the course of a few days, he expired. In September, 1836, the Rev. G. O. Wrigley, accompanied by his wife, arrived: the former entered zealously on the work of the Mission, and in prosecuting the schemes devised by his lamented predecessor, for the building of the chapel; and the latter commenced active measures, in order to ameliorate the degraded condition of the native girls. In January, 1837, the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Harrop arrived; but, alas! no sooner had they trod the shores of Guinea, than they were attacked with fever, which shortly proved fatal to them both; and Mrs. Wrigley sunk under the fatigue which she experienced while attending with affectionate assiduity, her suffering friends. These successive and complicated bereavements were too powerful for the already debilitated frame of Mr. Wrigley, who was taken ill, and within a few days departed, in the full triumph of faith, to join his sainted associates in the realms of bliss. In January, 1838, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman arrived, both of whom were attacked with sickness shortly after their arrival, which proved fatal to the latter: the former gradually recovered, and has been enabled, under the divine blessing, to establish and extend the operations of the Society in that neighbourhood. Subsequent to the formation of the Mission at Cape Coast, divine worship was introduced into Kumasi, the capital of Ashanti, by native Christians from the Coast, one of whom obtained the favourable notice of the King himself, who requested his attendance at the palace, that singing and prayer might be conducted in his presence. This field of Missionary enterprise was too important in the estimation of Mr. Freeman to be treated with unconcern; and he therefore resolved to embrace the first opportunity for entering upon it; and, after having completed the erection of the chapel and committed the societies to the watchful care of Mr. De Graft, he set out for Ashanti. The volume before us contains the result of his visits: it furnishes a valuable sequel to the interesting work of Mr. Beecham, entitled, “Ashanti and the Gold Coast;” and will be read with attention and profit by all who anticipate the time when “the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.”—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.*

TO OUR COUNTRY READERS.—The very low price at which our paper is published, obliges us earnestly to request, that all our friends at a distance will make an effort, as speedily as possible, to remit us, through our agents, (or by post, in bills,) the amount of their respective subscriptions—the expense of sending round a collector (20 per cent.) being more than the charge for the paper will warrant our incurring. The terms are:—

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We hope this arrangement will prove satisfactory to all our friends; and that they may be induced promptly to sustain us in our humble efforts to promote the spiritual and eternal welfare of our fellow men.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CONVERSION OF THE JEWS.

LETTER XI.

SUBJECT IN DISCUSSION: "And so ALL ISRAEL shall be saved." QUESTION: Does St. Paul speak this of the spiritual Israel, or of "Israel after the flesh"? (1 Cor. x. 18.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

SIR,—It has been admitted, in the progress of our argument, that the term "Israel," and its equivalent phrases, are sometimes used in the Holy Scriptures, to signify the people of God in general, of whatever name or nation—all truly spiritual Christians. So in Philippians ch. iii. ver. 3, "We are the circumcision, which worship God in the Spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh." Also in Galat. vi. 16, "And us many as walk according to this rule, peace be on them and mercy, and upon the ISRAEL of God."

These terms, however, in other passages of Holy Writ, evidently apply to the nations of the Jews, and to them alone. To ascertain, therefore, which of these significations we are to apply to any particular passage, we must have recourse to "THE CONNECTED VERSES" to which such passage may stand related. And if such passage should form a part of an argument or discussion, the obvious subject of the discussion will afford us the best possible evidence, as to the sense which the particular passage has been designed to express.

The pious and intelligent reader will perceive, that the eleventh chapter of the epistle to the Romans, is intimately connected with the two chapters immediately preceding it; and that all these three chapters, are principally occupied by an apostolical discourse concerning "Israel." From these three chapters, we propose to draw all the materials of our argument, to prove that the evident chain of the apostolical reasoning therein, is in reference NOT to the spiritual Israel, but to "Israel after the flesh"—the "nation" or "people of the Jews."

It may be deemed most fair, and candid, and straightforward, to select the instances bearing on the argument, in the consecutive order in which they lie in these chapters; and we appeal to the most ordinary understanding for a decision, that they cannot be considered as applicable to "the spiritual Israel."

We wish to remind the reader, that our present business is sincerely to find out what is really the chief subject of these three chapters. Of which Israel does St. Paul here speak, the spiritual or the natural? And we respectfully suggest to him, as he passes along, with his Bible open at the place, to pause at the end of each Scripture quotation, and ask himself this question, before he proceeds to the next:—Can this apply to the spiritual Israel? Should he adopt this reasonable plan, before he reaches the conclusion of this letter, he will find, that FIFTY-TWO times, (or as may Sabbaths as there are in the year) he will have to say—"NO!" Nor will this be deemed an inconsiderable negative argument.

Of the "Israel" to which St. Paul refers, he himself says, that:—

First, he had great heaviness and continual sorrow in his heart respecting them; chap. ix. verse 3.

Secondly, they were his brethren and his kinsmen according to the flesh; verse 3.

Thirdly, they are Israelites; to whom pertained the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, &c. ver. 4.

Fourthly, of them were the fathers, and of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came, who is over all, God blessed forever. Amen. v. 5.

Fifthly, they are not all the spiritual Israel, ver. 6.

Sixthly, they are the seed of Abraham, ver. 7.

Seventhly, they are the children of the flesh, but not the children of God, ver. 8.

Eighthly, they are vessels of wrath, fitted to destruction, ver. 22.

Ninthly, they had not attained unto the law of righteousness, ver. 31.

Tenthly, they sought righteousness not by faith, but as it were by the works of the law, ver. 32.

Eleventhly, they stumbled at that stumbling-stone, the Lord Jesus Christ, ver. 32.

Twelfthly, In relation to them, his heart's de-

sire, and prayer to God, was, that they might be saved or converted, (Eph. ii. 8.) chap. x. ver. 1.

Thirteenthly, they had a zeal for God, but not according to knowledge, ver. 2.

Fourteenthly, they were ignorant of God's righteousness, ver. 3.

Fifteenthly, they went about to establish their own righteousness, ver. 3.

Sixteenthly, they had not submitted to the righteousness of God, ver. 3.

Seventeenthly, they had not believed in Christ, ver. 14.

Eighteenthly, they had not been hearers of the Gospel, in any saving sense of the word, ver. 14.

Nineteenthly, they had not all obeyed the Gospel, ver. 16.

Twentiethly, Moses said, he would provoke them to jealousy by them that are no people, v. 19.

Twenty-firstly, Esaias called them, a disobedient and gainsaying people, ver. 21.

Twenty-secondly, they were a people, of whom it might be thought by some, that God had totally and finally cast them away, chap. xi. ver. 1.

Twenty-thirdly, Elias had made intercession to God against them, for having killed the Lord's prophets, and digged down his altars, ver. 2.

Twenty-fourthly, they had not obtained that which they sought for, ver. 7.

Twenty-fifthly, God had given them the spirit of slumber, eyes that they should not see, and ears that they should not hear, ver. 8.

Twenty-sixthly, David said of them, Let their table be made a snare, and a trap, and a stumbling block, and a recompense, unto them, ver. 9.

Twenty-seventhly, through their fall salvation is come unto the Gentiles, to provoke them to jealousy, ver. 11.

Twenty-eighthly, the fall of them, had been the riches of the world, and the diminishing of them, the riches of the Gentiles, ver. 12.

Twenty-ninthly, he wished to provoke them to emulation, that he might save some of them, v. 14.

Thirtiethly, As it respected acceptance with God, and all its connected privileges, they were already and really cast away, ver. 16.

Thirty-firstly, there was a prospect of their being yet received of God into his church, ver. 15.

Thirty-secondly, they were a lump, whose first-fruits were holy, ver. 16.

Thirty-thirdly, they were branches, whose root was holy, ver. 16.

Thirty-fourthly, they were branches broken off, ver. 17.

Thirty-fifthly, because of unbelief, they were broken off, ver. 20.

Thirty-sixthly, they were the natural branches of a good olive tree, ver. 21, 24.

Thirty-seventhly, God spared not to cut them off, ver. 21.

Thirty-eighthly, they were an Israel, on whom God had executed great and merited severity, ver. 22.

Thirty-ninthly, they were still in unbelief, ver. 23.

Fortiethly, they were not yet grafted into their own olive tree, ver. 24.

Forty-firstly, blindness in part had happened unto them, ver. 25.

Forty-secondly, this blindness should not be removed, until the Gentiles be come in, ver. 25.

Forty-thirdly, the Deliverer should turn away ungodliness, ver. 26.

Forty-fourthly, God had, by a national covenant, engaged to take away their sins, ver. 27.

Forty-fifthly, As concerning the gospel, they were enemies, for the sake of the spiritual Israel, ver. 28.

Forty-sixthly, they were beloved, for the sake of their fathers, ver. 28.

Forty-seventhly, the spiritual Israel had obtained mercy through their unbelief, ver. 30.

Forty-eighthly, they had not obtained mercy, ver. 31.

Forty-ninthly, it was the design of God, that they should obtain mercy, through the mercy shown to the spiritual Israel, ver. 31.

Fiftiethly, ultimate mercy to them, in some future generation, was the intention of the divine government over them, ver. 32.

Fifty-firstly, the conversion of this Israel, was a far more probable event, than had been the conversion of those, who, from among the Gentiles, had turned to God, ver. 24.

Fifty-secondly, Mysterious as their case undeniably is, the Holy Spirit has here specially instructed us, that their conversion shall yet take

place, when the proper instrumentality shall have been prepared for its happy accomplishment; and that the same Spirit has inspired the holy apostle so to understand the prophetic promises respecting them, ver. 26, 26, 27.

Now, we humbly and respectfully maintain, that these fifty-two references to the Israel of St. Paul's argument, can have no other consistent and Scriptural application, than that which we make of it, to "Israel after the flesh." And if so, then the future conversion of the Jewish nation to the Truth of Christ is "TAUGHT HERE," with the clearness of a sun-beam!

I remain,

Dear Sir, yours,

AN HUMBLE BELIEVER IN A MILLENNIUM YET TO BE PRODUCED BY THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST.

Near Lake Champlain, }
January 18th, 1844. }

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANECDOTE OF THE REV. DR. CHALMERS.

DR. CHALMERS, on his return from England, a few years ago, lodged in the house of a nobleman, not far distant from Peebles. The doctor is known to excel in conversation, as well as in the pulpit. He was the life and soul of the discourse in the circle of friends at the nobleman's fireside. The subject was pauperism, its causes and cure. Among the gentlemen present, there was a venerable old Highland chieftain, who kept his eyes fixed on Dr. C. and listened with intense interest to his communications. The conversation was kept up to a late hour. When the company broke up, they were shown up stairs to their apartments. There was a lobby of considerable length, and the doors of the bedchambers opened on the right and left. The apartment of Dr. C. was directly opposite to that of the old chieftain, who had already retired with his attendant. As the doctor was undressing himself, he heard an unusual noise in the chieftain's room; the noise was succeeded by a heavy groan! He hastened to the apartment, which was in a few moments filled with the company, who all rushed in to the relief of the old gentleman. It was a melancholy sight which met their eyes. The venerable white-headed chief had fallen in the hands of his attendant. It was evidently an apoplexy.—He breathed for a few moments and expired. Dr. C. stood in silence, with both hands stretched out, and bending over the deceased. He was the very picture of distress. He was the first to break silence. "Never in my life," said he, in a trembling voice, "did I see, or did I feel, before this moment, the meaning of this text, 'Preach the word: be instant in season; reprove, rebuke, with all long-suffering and doctrine.'—Had I known that my venerable friend was within so few minutes of eternity, I would not have dwelt on that subject which formed the topic of the evening's conversation. I would have addressed myself earnestly unto him. I would have preached unto him, and to you, CHRIST JESUS, and him crucified. I would have urged him and you, with all the earnestness befitting the subject, to prepare for eternity. You would have thought it, and you would have pronounced it, out of season. But ah! it would have been in season, both as respected him and as it respects you."

GAS LIGHT SUPERSEDED BY ELECTRICITY.

A LETTER from Paris dated Oct. 11, gives the following account of the first public trial of an experiment which has been more than four years in preparation, for fixing, at a given point, the electric fluid, and making it applicable to the purpose of lighting the streets and private houses:—On one of the bases of the statues called the Pavillon de Fille, on the Place de la Concorde, a glass globe of apparently 12 or 13 inches diameter, with a moveable reflector, a glass fixed in connexion with a voltaic battery, and a little before nine o'clock electric fluid was thrown into it by a conductor. At this time all the gas lights of the Place, about 100 in number, were burning. As soon as the electric light appeared, the nearest gas lights had the same dull, thick, and heavy appearance, as oil lamps have by the side of gas. Soon afterwards the gas lights were extinguished, and the electric light shone forth in all its brilliancy. Within 100 yards of the light it was easy to read the smallest print; it was in fact as light as day. The astonishment of the assembled mul-

itude was very great, and their delight as strong as their astonishment. The estimate made by other scientific persons who were present was, that the electric light was equal to twenty of the gas lamps, and consequently, that five of these lights would suffice to light the whole place most brilliantly. As regards the expense of production, nothing positive has transpired, but I think I may safely assume that it would be considerably less than that of the generation of gas, whilst the first outlay for machinery and conductors, would not amount to a twentieth part of that required for gas works. There would also be another great advantage in the electric light. It gives out no bad smell; it emits none of those elements which, in the burning of gas, are injurious to health; and explosion would be impossible. The only danger that would arise would be at the battery itself, but that would be under the control of competent persons; and even in this respect, there would be no danger, even to unskilful persons, with an apparatus of moderate size. Internal lighting would be as practicable as external lighting, for by conductors the fluid would be conveyed to every part of the house. The experiment performed last night was with a voltaic battery of two hundred jars composed as follows:—1st. an outer globe of glass; 2ndly, in this globe a cylinder of charcoal, open at both ends, and plunged into the nitric acid contained in the globe; 3rdly, in the cylinder of charcoal a porous porcelain vase, containing acidulated water, (with sulphuric acid,)—this replaces the cloth in the common battery, 4thly, in the porcelain vase a cylinder of amalgam of zinc plunged in acidulated water. The pile was on the Pavillon de Lille; the two copper conductors from the two poles, and pointed with charcoal, lead to an empty globe from which the air had been exhausted. The two fluids on meeting produce a soft but most intense light. I understand the experiment was considered highly successful by the authorities who were present, and that it is to be repeated on a larger scale. Should the thing work as well in a general way as it did last night, and the cost be less than that of gas, which it must be, there will be a dreadful revolution in the gas works. I have heard it asserted by persons who are acquainted with Mr. Acheureau, the gentleman who performed the experiment last night, that a company for the supply of the electric light would realize a handsome profit on charging only a sixth of what is now paid for gas. The strength of the electric light would not appear to me to exceed that of the hydro oxygen; but it is much more simple in the apparatus required, and much less costly in the expense of the production. The hydro oxygen light requires a double and most expensive apparatus, and is only applicable to a few localities; the electric light may be applied externally and internally in any place.

QUEER THEORY OF THE FORMER DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD.

THE Atzees, a tribe which inhabited that part of America called Mexico, supposed that four successive revolutions had at different epochs destroyed mankind.—These epochs were called ages, or suns.

The first was called the Age of the Earth, which took place 5206 years after the creation of the first sun, in which the giants who had then dominion over the earth were destroyed by famine, and those who escaped from this scourge were devoured by Tigers.

The second was called the Age of Fire, and happened 4804 years after the preceding age. At this epoch the world was destroyed by fire, and as the birds only could escape the general conflagration, men were changed into birds. A man and woman were, however, saved in a cave.

The third epoch, called the Age of Wind, took place 4010 years after the Age of Fire. In this revolution the world was destroyed by violent hurricanes, and the few men who escaped were changed into apes.

The fourth epoch, called the Age of Water, happened 4008 years after the preceding revolution, a universal deluge occurred, in which all men were turned into fishes, except a man and woman. This privileged pair was saved in the hollow of a tree; the children of this couple were all horn dumb, and were taught to speak by a dove; but every child learnt a different language.

MONK.—This word, it should be known by all, is a Greek word. Donnegan, and other au-

thors of Greek dictionaries, define it, "A bugbear, a hobgoblin, a raw-head and bloody-bones, a hideous spectre, a frightful mask, something to frighten children." It is thus used by the Greek author, Aristophanes, the comic poet. Solomon Spaulding having tried to preach three or four years and failed, then having tried mercantile business four years and failed, being a classic Greek scholar, and out of all business, wrote for his amusement what he called the "Book of Mormon;" (i. e., as he understood it and meant) the *Book of Spectres*. After his death, the ignorant Joe Smith and J. Rigdon coming into the possession of the book, and ignorantly pretending that Mormon was a sacred Jewish name, have used the book for deceptive purposes, as all the world know, and have attempted to clothe the word "Mormon" with a sacred meaning. Above is the true definition and origin of the word, as well as of the book.

MONKONS, then, the Anglicised word, or the derivative, as comprehending the people, may be defined "Devotees to bugbears, hobgoblins, and spectres." Seventeen thousand of such devotees, it is said, are now residents in Nauvoo.—*Utica Baptist Reg.*

CIVIL INTELLIGENCE.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

THE splendid mail steamship *Britannia*, Captain Hewitt, was telegraphed on Sunday afternoon, and arrived at her wharf at a quarter past 4 o'clock.—She brings sixteen days later news.

The *Britannia* had a pretty rough passage. She has 60 passengers.

The torch of the incendiary still blazes in the agricultural districts. Almost every paper which we take up contains an account of the destruction of property by this cowardly and dastardly process. The fact, which is undeniable, may be traced to the ignorance and the destitution that prevail amongst the farmers' labourers. The fires denote a combination of mental and physical destitution, disgraceful to the nation, and a libel on the vaunted civilization of the age.

A letter from Aden, of the 29th ultimo, mentions that the *Memnon* has gone entirely to pieces, with the exception of the larboard paddle-wheel with the boat on the top of it. Some of the machinery and the boilers are above the water.—The ground above the shore was literally one field of letters and papers, the boxes having been opened by the natives in expectation of finding valuables. We recovered about 3,000 letters, but most of them damaged. Bills of exchange were in the market to any amount, it being a common occurrence to pick up £5,000 under a bush, or to see a lac speeding steadily before the wind.

The underwriters at Lloyd's, through the directors of the Great Western Steamship Company, have presented Captain Hosken with the sum of £100, in testimony of their high opinion of his nautical skill in having successfully accomplished 64 passages to and from America.

We learn from Copenhagen, that on the 11th and 12th instant, a violent tempest raged in the district of Veile, in North Jutland. A great many carriages travelling along the roads were blown over. The tide rose in the port of Veile so high that the waters not only flooded the houses and stores, doing damage to the amount of 700,000*l.*, but floated off the stocks a brig that was being built. Besides those disasters, two mills were set on fire by the lightning. Upwards of 200 persons are said to have perished.

In a letter to the *Times*, Mr. Roebuck, M. P., contradicts the rumour that he was about to be appointed to an Indian judgeship.

The Ojibbeway Indians had the honour of performing their war, pipe, and medicine dances before the Queen and prince Albert, at Windsor Castle, on Wednesday se'night.

Desperate Affray with Ribbonmen.—On Monday night last an armed party of about forty ruffians, attacked the dwellings of an industrious set of men of the name of Gibbons, at Fairmount, for the purpose of swearing them to reduce the rent of some conacre, which they had set a few days previously. Having heard some shots, and suspecting that a visit would be paid them, the gallant little band (consisting of seven men) armed themselves with pitchforks and met the murderers, who it appeared had fire arms.

A desperate conflict ensued, and the Gibbonses were obliged to shelter themselves in one of the houses which they barricaded and defended till every one of them was desperately wounded. They then betook themselves to the loft, where they also fought gallantly. The Ribbonmen demolished every article in the house after they obtained an entrance.—Three or four of the leaders of the Ribbonmen were dangerously wounded with pitchforks whilst forcing the door. Upwards of fourteen of them have been arrested and fully identified.

Another murder has been committed near Finnos. James Ardill, a Protestant ploughman to Mr. Faulk-

nor, of Rodeen, near Borrisokane, was slain by a party who inflicted blows on his head with weapons called "scull crackers." His shrieks for help brought out his wife and children, to find him a mangled corpse.—There is no trace of the assassins.

A verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown, has been returned by the coroner's jury in the case of the unfortunate Ardill.

The great agitator is to dine with the Tipperary repealers on the 4th of January, on his return to take his trial. There is no other news of the slightest importance.

Lieut. Gen. Lord Downes has been employed by the government to make a circuit of Ireland, and inspect all the fortifications, &c.

The penelope steam-frigate has landed in Kingstown harbour, a large number of gun boats.—They are intended for the Upper Shannon and the large lakes formed by that river in its progress towards the lower branch. They are immense boats, with great beam, capable of carrying two guns, and accommodating a large body of men.

The *Newry Telegraph* reports of the linen-trade in the North of Ireland, "that every operative to be met with had hands full of work, and that wages had increased full thirty per cent."

The *Dublin Mail* states that the authorities, by some extraordinary and mysterious means, have become possessed of a list of persons marked out for assassination, and have given warning to those intended victims of the Tipperary Things.

INDIA AND CHINA.—By an extra mail directed from Calcutta via Suez, accounts have been received from Calcutta to the 19th Nov.; Madrid 16th Nov.; and Singapore 14th Oct.

Although the news from the Punjab is not much later than that received by the last mail, it is still important, as contradicting the report of Ilceera Singh's murder; Leenah Singh also survived. And both these chiefs, though previously opposed to each other, were reconciled for the moment, and wielded joint-sway over the Sikh Empire, that is over the 10,000 men collected in the vicinity of Lahore. To keep these 10,000 men in obedience would however require the coming in of a revenue from the Provinces and their Chiefs, of which there seemed little prospect. Goolah Singh preserved his hostile attitude. The forces left in guard at Peshawar had deserted it, and the Indian papers argue as if we were bound by the treaty 1838 with Runjeet to maintain the integrity of his empire.

At Gwalior the Rajah has been seized by the troops without bloodshed, and his reign is at an end; it is supposed that this event will render the advance of an army unnecessary.

Dost Mahomed has been shot dead at Cabul by order of the Prince of Believers, the Khan sent several papers, with his own seal to Cabul, stating that whoever should kill the Dost would go to heaven. This event will probably lead to the suspension of every effort on the part of the Afghans to occupy Peshawar.

The accounts from Sakker, are more distressing than ever. It appears that of the troops there, 1,371 are in hospital, and only 163 well. Every officer but one in each corps is inefficient from illness.

The *Delhi Gazette* of the 28th October, announces the arrival on the 4th September, of a messenger from Colonel Stoddart, at Hyderabad (in Scinde) who had left Bokhara eight days previously, but whose papers had been taken from him in the Peshawar Valley, by Meer Delkhan. He declares to have left the Colonel alive, although a prisoner in the Citadel of Bokhara; but Capt. Connolly had been put to death, as we have before heard. This messenger's story is corroborated by a letter received by Colonel Sheil, from Abdel Sammand and Popehebahe, at Bokhara, in whose house Connolly and Stoddart had lived, and who claims 3000 illaps which he had lent Connolly, as a voucher for which Stoddart had supplied him with a leaf from out of Connolly's Journal, and which had been safely delivered to Colonel Sheil.

There is a story current, to the effect that the steward of the Duke of Wellington having informed him that he had bought the land of a certain needy agriculturalist cheap, his Grace reprimanded him, had the land valued, and gave the owner the full amount, which was several hundred pounds more than the sum agreed upon.

On the morning of the longest day in the present year, many ponds of water in the eastern part of the kingdom were covered with ice; on the morning of the shortest day, the thermometer stood at 50, or nearly 24 degrees higher; and primroses are now in full blossom in many places.

A few weeks since a cabman, in London, named Jones, (who is called Bob) came into possession of nearly £30,000. The property has been in dispute for nearly 20 years. The party, who is stated to be the oldest cabman in London, is in his 83d year.

The boy Jones, who so often broke into Buckingham Palace, is on board the *Warspite*. Having lately attempted to desert, he was detected, and received a severe flogging.

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES.

WEDNESDAY, January 31, 1844.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Oats, per minot	1	0	1	1
Wheat, "	6	0	5	3
Barley, "	2	0	2	3
Pease, "	2	0	2	1
Lint Seed, "	4	0	4	6
Buckwheat, "	1	8	2	1
Turkeys, per couple	4	0	6	0
Fowls, "	1	3	1	8
Geese, "	3	4	5	6
Ducks, "	2	0	2	6
Chickens, "	1	0	2	6
Patridges, "	2	6	3	4
Eggs, fresh, per dozen	0	7	0	10
Butter—Dairy, per lb.	0	9	0	10
" " Salt, "	0	5	0	6
Pork, per hund.	22	6	26	3
Beef, "	12	6	21	3
Flour, per cwt.	12	6	13	4
Beef, per lb. (1d. to 2d. per qr.)	0	2	0	5
Pork, "	0	3	0	5
Veal, per qr.	2	6	10	0
Mutton, "	1	6	4	0
Lamb, per qr.	1	3	2	0
Lard, per lb.	0	5	0	6
Potatoes, per bushel	1	3	1	6
Corn, "	2	0	2	6
Rye, "	2	6	3	0
Beans, "	4	6	6	0
Honey, per lb.	0	5	0	6
Hay, per 100 lbs.	25	0	30	0

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of his time for the past three years,—to aid the com-
pletion of a church now erecting in his neighbour-
hood, trusts that any lengthened appeal to his brethren
of the orthodox faith, in enabling him, by subscription
to the above, or by donations to the nearly exhausted
building fund, to carry a much required object into
effect—will be unnecessary. The work will contain
nearly 400 pages, 8vo., and will be sold to Subscri-
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Reference to the Rev. A. N. Bethune, Cobourg;
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mondville; the Rev. Mr. Lonsdell, Danville; the
Rev. Mr. Kinz, Robinson, C. E. The Postmaster
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thankfully acknowledge any contributions addressed
to him.

Editors of Religious Publications are requested
to notice the above.
December, 843.

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ened and liberal views prevail.—Men will forget the
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to whatever section of the Christian Church he may
belong, has quite enough to do in combatting with his
enemies, "the world, the flesh, and the devil," with-
out disputing, or in any wise interfering, with his
fellow pilgrims on their way to the promised rest.

Believing these views to be scripturally correct, and
with an ardent desire to be made instrumental, in some
small degree, in promoting love and harmony between
Christians of different names,—the conductor of the
Christian Mirror commenced its publication—under a
conviction that such a religious periodical was a
 desideratum in Canada: a publication in which the
most fastidious Christian should find nothing to inter-
fere, in the most remote manner, with his peculiar pre-
dilections, but much that might contribute to his
edification and instruction. The fact that the Mirror
is now patronized by nearly all denominations of
Christians in this Province, is to the publisher a grati-
fying proof that he was not mistaken. The Christian
Mirror has been published for upwards of
two years; and it is pleasing to be able to say, that
it now enjoys so large a share of patronage, as to in-
duce the Proprietor, at the earnest solicitation of a
large number of the subscribers and friends, to issue
the present Prospectus—intending, should a sufficient
number of names be obtained, to publish it WEEKLY,
at the close of the present quarter, (say November
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