

CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF RELIGION AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

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

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GENERAL LITERATURE.

THE HEBREW FOUNDLING.

(CONCLUDED.)

NOR was it for preservation alone that Moses was indebted to that benevolence which was excited in the heart of the tyrant's daughter. The education which would adapt him most completely for his arduous labours, and which in the tents of Goshen he could never have obtained, was imparted to him in consequence of her patronage.—Science unfolded to him its secrets, and he became "learned," as the martyr Stephen observes, "in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." A complete separation from his own people would however have deprived him of a species of knowledge of far greater value than any which he could derive from the philosophers of Pharaoh's court.—It was a part, therefore, of the arrangement made for him by the providence of God, that his earliest teacher should be his pious mother. She taught him to reverence the one living and true God, the Creator of all, and to offer him his daily prayer and praise. She taught him the fragments of sacred history which had been transmitted by their ancestor, from which he learned to regard his people as a peculiar people, chosen by the Most High to the enjoyment of his special favour, though now in bondage. She taught him to look forward to the coming of the promised Shiloh, the great descendant of their father Abraham, in whom all nations should be blessed.—"Moses, my son," said she, "all Egypt could not recompense thee for the loss of his favour, who will gather around him the men of all ages who have borne the reproach of looking for his appearing, and will confer upon them everlasting happiness." And by these instructions, blessed by the spirit of God operating on his young mind, as that Spirit delights to operate on those for whom the prayer of faith has been presented by their parents, Moses was led to prize his birthright, and regard the Hope of Israel as of greater value than any thing that earthly dignities could yield.

The patronage of Pharaoh's daughter afforded also opportunity for the manifestation, in the matured character of Moses, of the power of religious principle. There are indeed no circumstances in which faith has not opportunity, if it be genuine, to exert a visible influence on the heart and conduct. To the man who in ancient days looked forward to the coming of Messiah to bruise the head of the arch-adversary, and to restore rebellious sinners to their allegiance, and to the man who in subsequent times has looked back on the suffering Redeemer, dying on Calvary, the just, for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, faith has always been purifying, as well as consolatory. Repentance for sin, love to God, and a readiness to submit to his authority and obey his laws, necessarily spring from just apprehensions of the grace of God towards us, as exhibited in Emanuel.

Whatever be the condition of the true believer his faith will produce perceptible fruits. The patience of the Christian slave beneath

the lash, the resignation of the Christian captive in the dungeon, and the meekness of the Christian martyr in the midst of his persecutors, bring glory to God, and show the efficacy of his grace. But in nothing is the power of religious principle more strikingly evinced than in the renunciation of worldly ease, affluence, and honour, in obedience to the dictates of an enlightened conscience. "By faith," we are told in the Epistle to the Hebrews, "Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt; for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward." Hb. xi. 24—26. A course like this could not have been adopted by one in the circumstances of Moses without internal conflict.

It is easy to imagine him seated in the palace, deliberating with great anxiety respecting the prospects which lay open before him. "Is it cowardice or is it prudence that prompts me to hold myself at a distance from my Hebrew connexions, and push my fortune at the court of Pharaoh? Shall I throw away recklessly the advantages of my position, stepping down from the elevation which a merciful providence has assigned me? Shall I grieve the heart of my kind patroness, by avowing my kindred, and renouncing those bright hopes which she has taught me to cherish? What are those expectations which my nurse, who tells me she is my mother, has excited in my mind? God, she declares, has promised to make our nation prosperous, and to raise up in the midst of us a prince of unequalled glory; but four hundred years have passed away since this promise was first given, and what sign do we see of its fulfilment? Is not the present better than the distant future? If I possess Egypt, may I not spare the reversion of an inheritance in Canaan?"

Such might have been the language of Moses. To such reasonings thousands have yielded. But that God who had been his protector in infancy was his guide in manhood; and he influenced his heart to make a just and wise decision. He felt that everlasting interests were at stake, that the fashion of this world is passing away, and that human life is but a vapour. He felt that the friendship of the Omnipotent would more than compensate for whatever loss or contumely he might be called to sustain. "He is my God," said he, "and I will prepare him a habitation; my father's God, and I will exalt him."

Should any reader be led by similar considerations to surrender his heart to that Redeemer, an interest in whose salvation appeared to Moses to be more valuable than any dignities which Pharaoh could bequeath, he will probably have to experience some reproach and temporal loss.—The course of this world must be resisted by him who follows Christ, and the natural propensities of the heart must be repressed and mortified.—But "this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

"Then we begin to live indeed,
When from our sin and bondage freed
By this beloved Friend;
We follow him from day to day
Assured of grace through all the way,
And glory at the end."

London Baptist Magazine.

THE DYING MOTHER.

"There is a sweetness in woman's decay,
When the light of beauty is fading away;
When the bright enchantment of youth is gone,
And the tint that glowed, and the eye that shone,
And darted round its glance of power,
And the lip that vied with the sweetest flower
That ever in Parson's garden blew,
Or ever was steeped in the garden dew—
When all that was bright and fair is fled,
But the loveliness lingering round the dead."

PERCIVAL.

IT was a summer's day, so bright and beautiful, that an angel wandering from his heavenly sphere might almost have fancied himself still in paradise, and forgotten that man had ever sinned. Streams of water danced and sparkled in the sunbeams, sweet flowers sent forth their fragrance upon the air, and the birds warbled their wildest songs in the shady grove. All seemed joy and gladness; but at that very hour, in the stillness of her chamber, and surrounded by her sorrowing friends, one of the loveliest of God's creatures was bidding adieu to the earth and all its joys. In the spring of youth and hope and feeling, when life seemed sweetest, and the ties that bound her to earth were strongest, her spirit was slowly passing away.—They had moved her couch to the open window, and now the golden rays of the setting sun streamed richly into the chamber of the dying. The warm breeze kissed the pallid cheek, and played upon her bright tresses, thus clustered around her brow for the last time. She knew that she should never look upon the bright beautiful world again. She felt that life was ebbing away, and few were the moments left to her on earth, and as she looked that last long look, her eye beamed with "unwonted fires," and a bright smile lightened up her countenance. Her lips parted, and a low, sweet voice broke the solemn stillness—"Bring hither my child—let him receive his mother's dying blessing."

They brought to her bedside a young and happy boy, who had never before known sorrow; but now his joyous laugh was hushed, the smile had vanished from his lip, and his bright eyes were sad and wondering.—They had told him that his mother was dying, and although he knew not what death meant, he felt that death was something terrible.—He placed his little hand in hers; and looked fearfully into her face; but that smile re-assured him, and he lisped that word so dear to every woman's heart, "mother!"—What a host of agonised feelings were stirred up in the heart of the invalid as he uttered that word. She closed her eyes, and for a moment her countenance was convulsed with the intense struggle. It was only for a moment: she was calm, and the same bright smile was there again. All was hushed in breathless silence until she spoke.

"My son, you will soon be deprived of a mother's love and care. You hear me speak for the last time on earth; but when my voice is hushed in death, and my body laid low in the tomb, remember my dying words. Resist temptation; and if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.—Pray to thy God, morning and evening; and when you kneel alone, remember how often I have knelt down with you, and told you that you had a parent in heaven, who would always take care of you. May your mother's dying blessing rest upon your head through all the trials of this life; and when you are tempted to sin, remember that her last breath was spent in prayer for you." She paused for a moment, and when she spoke again her voice was faint and husky.

"My husband, come hither; place your hand beneath my head, and let me rest upon your bosom. I would feel your breath upon my cheek, and hear your voice once more."

He did as he was desired, but a convulsive sob shook the strong man's frame as he pressed her to his heart, and the tears that he struggled not to restrain, flowed down his cheeks. She raised her eyes, beaming with the intensity of woman's love and exclaimed with sudden energy, "Oh! 'tis very hard to part with you; but we shall meet again, in heaven."

Her head sunk back, a slight convulsive passion over the pale face, and was succeeded by a smile, and all was still. The mourners were alone with the dead. The eyes that once beamed with love and gladness were closed, the tongue that never spoke but to bless was silent, and the heart that beat with all the woman's generous feelings and warm affection was still forever.

The wife and the mother was dead, but she still lives in the hearts which had loved her. The son never forgot her dying words; and in after years, when upon the verge of crime the same sweet voice seemed to whisper in his ear, "My son, resist temptation." That husband never suffered another to beguile his heart from its homage to the dead, but ever treasured her memory, and looked forward to the time when he should meet her in a happier world, never again to part.

A CHAPTER ON TEMPER.

How inconceivably would the social and public happiness of man be improved, by the universal prevalence of good temper. The principal evils of life are not inevitable. They do not arise from poverty which cannot be averted, or pain and sickness which cannot be avoided, but from the infictions of bad temper. We suffer from the ebullitions of others, and what is worse, we suffer from our own. The passionate, the fretful and peevish, the irritable, the provoking, the envious, not only scare peace from their own bosoms, but drive it from their firesides and neighbourhoods. Like the ocean, they are never at rest, but foaming, roaring, and "casting up mire and dirt." Evil temper is a fiend, which, on its entrance, has converted a happy house into a bedlam, alienated the dearest friends, and clouded the most pleasing prospects of worldly enjoyment.

"How happy," said Lorenzo, "must Philander be: his estate is large; his house, garden, and park are furnished with every luxury which invention could suggest, or wealth purchase; his wife is beautiful and intelligent, and his children are growing up around him in health and manly beauty."

But how mistaken was Lorenzo; true happiness was a stranger to Philander's house; passionate and fretful, he would neither be happy himself, nor suffer those around him to be happy. His servants hated him, his children feared and avoided him, and his wife was rendered discontented and peevish by his unreasonable petulance.

The inevitable ills of life might be endured with comparative ease, were it not for the perpetual annoyances from this source. What is

poverty to a mind which is exempt from envy and peevishness? And what is pain to one whose mind is at peace? But evils of this kind are indefinitely increased in magnitude and pungency, where they fall upon one who has not learned to control and subdue his own temper.

Serenity of temper beautifies the countenance, and counteracts a mere defect in features; it beams forth so pleasantly as to attract general admiration: while, on the contrary, the most regular and beautiful features are distorted by the scowl which a bad temper imprints upon them.

Who, then, wishes to be beautiful and beloved, a blessing to themselves and to all around them? let them cultivate a right temper, which shall neither annoy themselves, nor disturb their neighbours; and never let it be forgotten, that in order to success, the holy aids to religion must be sought.—*Presbyterian.*

BIOGRAPHY.

From the London Evangelical Magazine.

NOTES ON THE LAST ILLNESS OF MRS. HEMANS.

"For she was born beyond the stars to soar,
And kindling at the source of life adore."

It is peculiarly delightful to the intelligent and devout mind to learn, in any instance, that an individual possessed of superior acquirement, and pre-eminent talent, is under the influence of the grace of the gospel, and that that individual enters eternity, reposing unlimited confidence in the love and atonement of the Redeemer; and when this person is one who exerts a commanding power over his age, as a writer, whether in prose or poetry, it is most refreshing to ascertain that the divinity of the Christian religion is recognized; and the claims of that religion are experienced; and that in the dying hour the supports of that religion are enjoyed.

Few writers of the age, it is obvious, have imparted so much pleasure to persons of cultivated minds, poetic taste and sensibility, in every district of the land, as the late Mrs. Hemans; and in the productions of few female authors do we find more beautiful specimens of polished language, vigorous imagination, graceful, tender, and glowing thought. The versification of her poems, the imagery employed, the range of subject, and the vivid and impressive manner in which her principal compositions are penned, combine to render her one of the most captivating and influential writers of the British empire. How delightful, then, is it for the Christian to be able to cherish the hope that, during her last illness, she was brought effectually to the Saviour, and that when she expired, she died calmly and happily in the Lord,

—"Soaring to the world of light, and fadeless joys above."

A few concise notes to exemplify the correctness of these observations, may prove interesting and beneficial to every enlightened believer in Jesus who peruses these pages, and may augment the gratification of those who often read her exquisite poems, "A Domestic Scene;" "The Graves of a Household;" "The Better Land;" "The Silent Multitude."

Shortly after her arrival in Ireland, where Mrs. Hemans died, she was extremely unwell. When among the mountain scenery of the fine country of Wicklow, during a storm, she was struck by one beautiful effect on the hills; it was produced by a rainbow diving down into a gloomy mountain-pass, which it seemed really to flood with its coloured glory. "I could not help thinking," she remarked, "that it was like our religion piercing and carrying brightness into the depth of sorrow and of the tomb." All the rest of the scene around that one illuminated spot was wrapt in the profoundest darkness.

During her last illness, Mrs. Hemans delighted in the study of sacred literature, and particularly in the writings of some of our old and choice divines. This became her predominant taste, and it is mentioned respecting her, that the diligent and earnest perusal of the Holy Scriptures was a well-spring of daily and increasing comfort. She now contemplated her afflictions in the right manner, and through the only true and reconciling medium, "and that relief from sorrow and suffering for which she had been apt to turn to the

fictitious world of imagination, was now afforded her by calm and constant meditation on what alone can be called 'the things that are.'"

When the cholera was raging in Dublin, she wrote to a dear relative—"To me there is something extremely solemn, something which at once awes and calms the spirit, instead of agitating it, in the presence of this viewless danger, between which and ourselves we cannot but feel that the only barrier is the mercy of God. I never felt so penetrated by the sense of entire dependence upon Him, and though I adopt some necessary precautions on account of Charles, (her son) my mind is in a state of entire serenity."

While the work of decay was going on surely and progressively, with regard to the earthly tabernacle, the bright flame within continued to burn with a steady and holy light, and at times even to flash forth with more than wonted brightness. On one occasion she finely expressed, when there was a favourable change in her condition—"Better far than these indications of recovery is the sweet religious peace which I feel gradually overshadowing me, with its dove-pinnions, excluding all that would exclude thought of God."

This gifted lady wrote, with peculiar beauty, on another occasion, "I wish I could convey to you the deep feelings of repose and thankfulness with which I lay, on Friday evening, gazing from my sofa upon a sunset-sky of the richest suffusions, silvery green and amber kindling into the most glorious tints of the burning rose. I felt his holy beauty sinking through my inmost being with an influence drawing me nearer to God."

The sufferings of Mrs. Hemans, prior to death, were most severe and agonising, but all were borne in the most uncomplaining manner. Never was her mind overshadowed by gloom; never would she allow those around her to speak of her condition as one deserving of commiseration.

Her sister finally remarks, "The dark and silent chamber seemed illumined by light from above, and cheered with songs of angels, and she would say, that, in her intervals from pain, no poetry could express, nor imagination conceive, the visions of blessedness that flitted across her fancy, and made her waking hours more delightful than those even that were given to temporary repose."

At times her spirits would appear to be already half etherealized. Her mind would seem to be fraught with deep, and holy, and incommunicable thoughts, and she would entreat to be left perfectly alone, in stillness and darkness, to commune with her own heart, and reflect on the mercies of her Saviour. She continually spoke of the atonement, and stated that this alone was her rod and staff when all earthly supports were failing.

In the heaviest affliction, she desired the assurance to be given to one of her friends, that the tenderness and affectionateness of the Redeemer's character, which they had contemplated together, was a source, not merely of reliance, but of positive happiness, to her:

"The sweetness of her couch."

The powers of memory, for which Mrs. Hemans had already been so remarkable, shone forth with increased brightness while her outward frame was so visibly decaying. She would lie for hours without speaking or moving, repeating to herself whole chapters of the Bible, and page after page of Milton and Wordsworth.

The conviction of the inestimable value of affliction, as the discipline of heaven, was ever present to her mind, mingled with the deepest humility, the most entire resignation, an equal readiness to live or die, a saying with the whole heart, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it unto me according to thy word."

"I feel," she would say, "as if hovering between heaven and earth," and she seemed so raised toward the sky that all worldly things were obscured and diminished to her view, while the ineffable glories of eternity dawned upon it more and more brightly.

In her physician, Dr. Croker, Mrs. Hemans was wont to say, she had at once a physician and a pastor. He frequently read to her from a little book which she dearly loved, and which he had first made known to her—a selection from the works of Archbishop Leighton. The last time of her listening to it, she repeatedly exclaimed, "Beautiful! beautiful!" and with her eyes up-

raised, she appeared occupied in communion with herself, and mentally praying.

When her spirit was nearly gone, she said to her darling Charles, and her faithful sister Anna, that she felt at peace within her bosom. Her calmness continued unbroken, till, at 9 o'clock on the evening of Saturday, May 16, 1835, her spirit passed away, without pain or the endurance of a struggle, and the pleasing hope is cherished, was translated, through the mediation of her blessed Redeemer, to that uninterrupted "rest which remaineth for the people of God."

The remains of this gifted lady were deposited in a vault beneath St. Anne's Church, in Dublin, almost close to the house where she died. A small tablet was placed above the spot where she lies, inscribed with her name, her age, and the date of her death, and with the following lines, from a dirge of her own:—

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit rest thee now;
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath;
Soul, to its place on high:
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die."

THE TRAVELLER.

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

BUT beyond question, the most interesting and memorable spot which this celebrate valley (the valley of Jehoshaphat) contains, is the garden of Gethsemane. To this garden an undying interest attaches, as the scene of our Lord's agony. "When Jesus had spoken these words, he went forth with his disciples over the brook Kedron, where was a garden, into the which he entered." And here it is, lying on the foot of the Mount of Olives, on the east side of the Kedron, and "occupying the very spot one's eye would turn to, looking up from the page of Scripture." It is an even plat of ground, "not above fifty-seven rods square," enclosed by a low broken stone fence. A footpath intersects it in an oblique direction; and as the monks have determined that this is the ground on which Judas walked when he betrayed his Master with a kiss, they have walled it off from the rest, and pronounced it accursed. Eight venerable olive trees still grow here, and vindicate its claim to be regarded as the very garden to which Christ resorted on the night alluded to, and where he offered the prayer—"Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." The soil below them is bare, without flower or verdure of any kind, as if the penal fires which smote the human nature of the Son of God with such terrible energy had withered also the earth on which he stood, and dried up all the springs of its fertility.

No more fitting spot could have been chosen for the awful event, of which, eighteen hundred years ago, it was the scene, and which has given to it an eternal interest. Overhung on the one side by the mountain, and on the other by the battlements of the temple and city, while the shadows of the night were still further deepened by the spreading olives of the garden—this was the very spot to which the soul of our Surety, which now began to be "exceeding sorrowful," would naturally turn. The wilderness could not have afforded him a more secluded spot, where his sorrows might flow unseen; and here he was near at hand, and ready against the hour when he was to be "led as a lamb to the slaughter."

With regard to the olives of the modern Gethsemane, the monks affirm that they are the literal trees which stood here on the night referred to. This is impossible, since all the trees in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem were cut down by Titus, to serve in the siege of the city. The olive possesses the power of shooting out afresh after it has been cut; and it is just possible that the modern olives of Gethsemane are stems from the old roots. The trees are unquestionably of great age, and of enormous size.

The monument we have described, partakes deeply in the desolation which characterizes all the scenery around Jerusalem. It has a withered and ruinous aspect. The western acivity has a white chalky appearance. The generally dry bed of the Kedron, which occupied the bottom

—the mouldering tombstones in the Jewish and Turkish burial-grounds—the grey rocks at the bottom of the mountain—the inclosing hills, whose sides, nearly naked, are of a dull red colour, and relieved only by a few black and parched vines, with some groves of wild olive trees—the silent city above, "whence no smoke rises, no noise proceeds"—"from the ruinous state of all these tombs, overthrown, broken, and half open, you would imagine that the last trump had already sounded, and that the valley of Jehoshaphat was about to render up its dead." No one can survey the scene without calling to mind the touching lament which the Saviour poured over the city in the days of her pride, as he surveyed her from the Mount of Olives. "O Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them who are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." And how awfully has the closing prediction been fulfilled—"Behold, your house is left unto you desolate."

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

IS IT NOT TIME TO STOP?

THIS question might be asked with reference to many classes of our fallen race. *Is it not time to stop?* Ye young and vain, it is now time for you to stop and consider! Your race is short—life is uncertain—the soul is precious, and you are yet in your sins!—Like the ball rolling down a declivity, the longer you continue in your course the faster you move onward. Solemner thought! Easier to sin—to cast off restraint and the fear of God—to reject the overtures of mercy—to restrain prayer and live in rebellion!

If these things be so, *where* will you stop, and *when* will you be likely to stop unless you heed the warning voice now! Stop, young sinner, stop and think. "Boast not thyself of to-morrow." To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth. Behold now is the accepted time, and to-day is the day of salvation."

Is it not time to stop? Ye men of business, who have long paid your Lord in promissory notes!—Your youthful days have passed away, and your early vows have not been paid. Business now fills the mind—there is but little thought bestowed on eternal things! Are you a parent? What a prayerless parent! Is it not time for you to stop and ask, how shall I meet my dear family at the seat of Christ? There you must meet them, and how awful will be that meeting, if you continue in sin! Now you are anxious to lay up for them treasures on earth; then you will realize that anxiety should have been felt for your own soul, and the souls committed to your care. Here, *money* is the chief good; there, *religion* shall be so acknowledged! Oh! the contrast when viewed in the light of eternity! Man! look into your Bible, and if you lack wisdom ask of God. "Incline your ear and come, hear and your soul shall live."

Is it not time to stop? Ye aged who are unparadoned, and whose grey hairs bespeak a speedy departure. Surely you will heed this last warning. Childhood and youth and riper years have all gone by! God has permitted you to live while many, very many, have fallen around you. A life, *a long life spent in sin!* "Laden with sin." What a solemn thought! "The sinner being an hundred years old shall be accursed." Your account—what is it?—The days, the months, the years you have lived—the health, the influence, the money bestowed—the Bible with its Saviour, its warnings and invitations—the living teacher, his sermons, prayers and tears!—Oh! how can you, my aged friend, meet all these in judgment! Where will you find shelter when the great day of his wrath shall come? Can you abide the day of his coming? You are yet the subjects of gospel address, and for you there may be pardon. Come to Jesus with your accumulated guilt, and he will have mercy and abundantly pardon.

Reader, *is it not time to stop?* If it be so that you are engaged in promoting the cause of our Immanuel? No. Go on—pray on—give on, work until life's last sand shall have been spent, and then "crown him," your Saviour, "Lord of all."—*Bapt. Rec.*

A WARM HEART.

"I have a cold heart. I cannot pray!" But I ask you, is not a warm heart a good gift? If it is so, then I add, it stands written, "If ye who are evil yet know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more will your Father bestow favour upon them who ask it." It is a mistake, a dangerous error to suppose that man should pray only when his heart prompts. What shall one do when his heart dies away, and incites him no more? Knowest thou not, that the soul is stimulated to prayer, by prayer itself. Hast thou never yet experienced that happy state when the soul, grieving over its inward barrenness and coldness, casts itself down, and begins with frigid feeling to pray, and this very prayer transforms the heart of stone into one of flesh, and thine affections begin to swell within thee and to pour themselves out more and more freely, and the words flow forth in richer and richer abundance, and thou canst find no end to them, and thou art overpowered, and criest aloud—"Yea verily, oh God, thou canst do superabundantly above all that we ask and think?" But you say—"Alas! my supplication falls back again so cold and faint upon me. It seems as if I needed God with prayer, full of words but without soul."—Brother, I ask you only one question: Do you hunger for the bread of life; if you do, then certainly you do not mock your God with your supplication. Shall it be that you entreat longingly for bread, and are refused? Nay, nay, heinously we behold all that is paternal hath required, "What man is there among you, who if his son ask for bread, will give him a stone? Cry out in full thirst, "Bread, Father! I wish! Thou who givest earthly bread to the young ravens, thy child longeth for the bread of the soul." And do you think that to you alone, among all mortals, there would come a refusal?—*Tholuck.*

BLESSED EFFECTS OF CHRISTIANITY.

WHEN subjected to the multifarious ills which flesh is heir to, what is there to uphold our spirit but the discoveries and the prospects that are unfolded to us by revelation! What, for this purpose, can be compared with the belief, that every thing here below is under the management of infinite wisdom and goodness, and that there is an immortality of bliss awaiting us in another world? If this conviction be taken away, what is it that we can have recourse to, on which the mind may patiently and safely repose in the season of adversity? Where is the balm which I may apply with effect to my wounded heart, after I have rejected the aid of the Almighty Physician? Impose upon me whatever hardship you please; give me nothing but the bread of sorrow to eat; take from me the friends in whom I had placed my confidence; lay me in the cold hut of poverty and on the thorny bed of disease: set death before me in all this, only let me trust in my Saviour, and pillow my head on the bosom of Omnipotence, and I will fear no evil; I will rise superior to affliction; I will rejoice in my tribulation. But let infidelity interpose between God and my soul, and draw its impenetrable veil over a future state of existence, and limit all my trust to the creatures of a day, and all my expectation to a few years, as uncertain as they are short, and how shall I bear up, with fortitude or with cheerfulness, under the burden of distress? or where shall I find one drop of consolation to put into the bitter draught which has been given me to drink? I look over the whole range of this wilderness in which I dwell, but I see not one covert from the storm, nor one leaf for the healing of my soul, nor one cup of cold water to refresh me in the weariness and the faintness of my pilgrimage.—*Thomson.*

THE FRUITS OF GENUINE CHRISTIAN LOVE.

LET him that hath ingenuity plan, and him that hath strength labour, and him that hath money give, and him that hath none of these, as well as him that hath all of them, bow the knee, and with the faith of Abraham and the fervour of Elijah, pray that the kingdoms of this world may become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ. To believe our neighbour immortal, and yet, in our love, to regard and treat him only as a mortal—to know he has a soul, and yet to feel

no concern and take no care of his soul—to feed him with the bread that perisheth, and yet never offer his famishing spirit a morsel of the bread of heaven—to find him fainting with thirst, and yet give him none of the waters of life—to help him along through this brief world, and yet never seek to throw one kindly influence upon his immortal course—should be to love our neighbour as God intended we should.

THE ROSE AMONG THORNS.

A *PROV* man, deeply wounded and sick at heart under the persecution of his enemies, walked up and down in his garden, almost doubting the ways of Providence. As he paused and remained standing before a rose-bush, the spirit of the rose thus addressed him: 'Do I not animate a beautiful plant?—which is, in the name of every flower, a cup of thanksgiving full of sweet odors—an incense-offering to the Lord? And where dost thou find me?—Amongst thorns! But they pierce not; they protect me and give me nourishment. Even so do thy enemies to thee, and should not thy spirit be more firm than a transitory flower?' Strengthened, the man turned away, and his soul became a cup of thanksgiving for his enemies.

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1842.

CHANGE.

THE following beautiful remarks on this subject, which we copy from the Halifax Guardian, will be found peculiarly adapted to the present season:—

"All nature bears its impress. It is written on every object with which we are conversant, in characters variable as its own nature, yet legible to every eye—on the world, its productions and its inhabitants—on man, and on the mightiest as well as the most insignificant of his works. The faint dawn of early light, is succeeded by the blush of morning, and the splendour of meridian day, which again declines till it fades into 'twilight grey'—till the shadows of the evening are stretched out, and darkness spreads her sable mantle over earth, and sea and sky. During the night, the moon walking in brightness amidst the host of heaven, holds on her ever changeable path above a sleeping world, till 'the breezy call of incense breathing morn,' arouses its inhabitants to life and energy.

"The vegetable tribes start into existence at the voice of spring, and, decked with its foliage, successively put forth the flowers of summer, and the fruits of autumn; then, chilled by the icy breath of approaching winter, they fade, die, and disappear. The lofty oaks, the ornaments of the mountains, which have for ages braved the elements, at length decay—are uprooted by the storm, or prostrated by the hand of man; who, in his all changing career, converts the forest into a fruitful field, and, again, the fruitful field into a forest. Man himself passes through the helplessness of infancy, the thoughtlessness of childhood, the confidence of youth, the struggles, the trials, the vicissitudes of manhood, the helplessness and imbecility of old age, and sinks at last into the cold embrace of death.—Kingdoms and empires, like the individuals by whom they are peopled, have their periods of infancy, vigour, decay and dissolution. Time, in short, has left the traces of his wasting and all changing hand, not only on the most enduring works of man, but on the most stable objects in the material world—on the Pyramids of Egypt, and on the storm-scathed summits of the everlasting hills,—nay, the hour we are assured is coming, and to this catastrophe the appearances of nature as well as the declarations of inspiration point, when the earth itself, and the works that are therein shall be burnt up.

"Meditating upon these tokens of endless mutability, do you exclaim, 'Is there nothing stable but the throne of Jehovah? Nothing unchangeable but the Eternal? Yes, Reader! Before you and us, there is an unchangeable state—a state of felicity as inconceivable as it is everlasting, or of misery as unutterable as it is unending. But ere you can attain the former of these, or escape the latter, a change must pass upon you; a change which nature amid all its vicissitudes, cannot accomplish— which nothing but divine grace can effect. Joys which the tongue of Seraphs alone can express, if even by them they can be adequately declared; and agonies which can be described by none, but the inhabitants of the regions of despair, equally urge you to implore this change—to take with you words, and turn to the Lord, through Jesus, 'the way, the truth and the life,' pleading his own gracious promise, 'I will sprinkle clean water upon you and ye shall be cleansed; from all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you.' 'A new heart will I give you, and a right spirit will I put within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and to keep my judgments, and do them.'"

THE following interesting account of the arrival of Bishop Alexander at Jerusalem, was originally published in the London Times, and written by a correspondent of that journal. We are, however, indebted for it to *The Church*:—

ARRIVAL OF THE LORD BISHOP ALEXANDER AT JERUSALEM, Jan. 27.—The entry of the Bishop of Palestine into the city of David was marked by as favourable circumstances as could possibly have been anticipated by the most sanguine friends of Protestant Missions in the East. On the morning of the 20th instant our little community was much excited by the arrival of a messenger from Jaffa, with the intelligence that the British Consul General and Bishop Alexander had arrived off that port in a steam-frigate, and might be expected in Jerusalem on the following day. Mr. Nicolayson, a highly respectable and talented Holstein Danish gentleman, who is now a clergyman of the Church of England, and the head of the mission for promoting Christianity among the Jews at Jerusalem, immediately started to meet them. The rencontre took place at Ramleh, the Ramah of Scripture (still a considerable town), where the Bishop, the Consul General, and a numerous suite, halted to pass the night. The Bishop took up his quarters at the house of the American-Consul, the wealthiest Christian in the place, and the Consul-General, with several officers of the *Devastation* steam frigate, alighted at the Armenian Convent. On the following day they made their entry into our ancient capital, in a procession which will be remembered by those who saw it to the latest day of their lives. When within five miles of the gates they were joined by the few British and American residents on horseback, headed by Mr. Proconsul Johns, who is architect of the intended church, as well as *locum tenens* of Mr. Young. On approaching the town the calvalcade, which already consisted of 50 or 60 persons, was swollen by the junction of the Bey, second in command of the troops, who, accompanied by a guard of honour, and the Janisseries of the Pasha, had been sent to compliment Colonel Rose on his arrival, while all the loungers of Jerusalem turned out for the occasion. The throng passed on, and the scene which ensued at the Bethlehem-gate, by which it entered the town, baffles all description; on the one side were the gray massive battlements and picturesque towers of Jerusalem—no mean specimen of the solidity with which Sultan Suleyman fortified the conquests of his predecessor Selim; and on the other was the vale that leads to Bethlehem, now rugged and now undulated, with all its light and shade softened in the approaching twilight, while the dark and singularly even and unpeaked line of the mountains of Moab beyond the Dead Sea vailed in the prospect. The wildly-accounted and unearthly-looking Bedouin irregulars, who had been playing the djereed, and

gamboling around the procession at the full speed of their desert horses, contented themselves with firing off their muskets, being now hemmed in by the motley throng of citizens and fellahen,—Musulmans in their furred pelisses and well-folded turbans, down to the filthy old Polish Jew in the last stage of wilful hydrophobia. After acknowledging the presentation of arms at the Bethlehem-gates, the party moved on to the house of Mr. Nicolayson, and just as the new comers turned their heads to admire the Titan-like masonry of the tower of Hippicus, which dates from the days of Herod the Tetrarch, the guns thundered forth the salute for the eve of the Courban Bairam. Thus, by an odd chance, the Protestant Bishop made his public entry into one of the four holy cities of Islam (the others are Mecca, Medina, and Damascus,) on the occasion of one of the greatest festivals of the Mahomedan religion. Colonel Rose descended at the Spanish convent of Terra Santa. Dr. Alexander took up his quarters temporarily with Mr. Nicolayson, his own residence, which is upon the Pool of Hezekiah, being as yet unfurnished. On the 22d, Colonel Rose, Dr. Alexander, and a large party, inspected the intended site of the new church. It will be built upon the most elevated part of the city; the body of the church will be Gothic, and the towers in the style of Mosque minarets, which accords admirably both with the church itself and with the other public edifices of the city, for Gothic and Saracenic are the twin daughters of the Byzantine style. The Bishop's residence will be Elizabethan. The stone necessary for the edifices will be procured from the Mount of Olives. In the afternoon of the same day Col. Rose presented Dr. Alexander to Tahir Pasha, who, as I have understood, received him with great politeness. Of course, it would be an illusion to suppose that this reception proceeded from any sympathy with the objects of the mission on the part of the Turkish authorities. On the 23d the Bishop preached his introductory sermon, choosing for his text Isaiah, chap. 60, and verse 15:—"Whereas thou (alluding to Jerusalem and the Jews) hast been forsaken and hated, so that no man went through thee, I will make thee an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations." The tendency of the Right Rev. Prelate's discourse was to show that, although Jerusalem had endured, and might still endure, much suffering in the fulfilment of inspired prophecy, nevertheless brighter days were at hand.

The mission is sure of the firm support of the British Ambassador at the Porte. As regards Syria, the Consul-General has lent all the force of his official authority, personal influence, and popularity, to set the undertaking afloat, while the mild and benevolent character of the Bishop, and the sound practical sense and valuable local experience of his coadjutor, Mr. Nicolayson, are sure guarantees that caution, charity, and conciliation will preside at all their efforts.

CONGREGATIONAL THEOLOGICAL ACADEMY.—

We perceive by the last *Harbinger*, that this institution is now fully organized. The Rev. J. J. Carruthers, of the Universities of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, will occupy the office of Theology, Biblical Criticism and Literature, and generally superintend the Classical Department. The Rev. H. Wilkes, of the University of Glasgow, will lecture on Intellectual and Moral Philosophy. The object of the institution is "to secure for the rising Congregational ministry of Canada, a thorough intellectual training."

ON Monday, April 11, the Methodists of the New Connexion held their first Missionary Meeting in this city. The meeting was of an interesting character. After singing and prayer, J. Dougall, Esq. was called to the chair, which he filled with his usual ability. The Report, read by the Rev. H. O. Crofts, stated that this body of Christians has forty agents employed in preaching the "everlasting gospel" to the benighted and destitute in these countries. The meeting was addressed with great ability by the Revs. T. Osgood, (of the Bethel Union,) H. Wilkes, A.M. (Congregationalist,) J. Borland, (Wesleyan,) J. Hutch-

inson, (Met. New Connexion.) J. Girdwood, (Baptist,) J. J. Carruthers, (Congregationalist,) and Mr. J. Morris. A Committee and Collectors were appointed for the ensuing year, to raise funds to assist the Parent Society in England; and at the close of the meeting, a vote of thanks was given to the Chairman, and to the Ministers of the different denominations who assisted on the occasion.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.]

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

In view of the numerous advantages we have for extending the kingdom of Christ, our abundant opportunities of doing good, and our lasting obligations to Christ and to his cause, to the Church and to the world,—few, we think, will deny that our spiritual state is not what it *ought* to be, and what it *must* be, before the promises of the Word of God respecting the Church and the world can be accomplished.

If we are to expect no other agency than that already employed for the evangelization of the world, it naturally follows that new life and greater energy must be infused into the means already possessed by us, to make them effectual to the desired end. What are our churches, in their collective or individual capacity, doing *generally* for the conversion of sinners to Christ? For whilst we would thank God, and take courage, for what has been done and is doing in one or two of our churches in this city, manifesting that they are alive to this all-important object, yet in our most flourishing communities of Christians, how few of them have been directly instrumental in the turning of sinners from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God.

It is beyond all doubt evident, that Christians, composing a church or churches, are the instruments to be employed for the conversion of souls. These have the means, and are, therefore, placed under the solemn and lasting obligations to spread abroad the knowledge of the truth, and to labour to bring sinners to repentance. This is not merely the work of ministers alone, or of gifted Christians, but the work of *Christians*, as such. Where much is given, much is required. Seeing that *grace* and *holiness* do more than *gifts* in leading a sinner to repentance, the humblest Christians—those with the fewest attainments and the humblest gifts—are not to be *useless*: without fruit to the glory of God and to the saving of souls; nor *can* they be, without sin to themselves. A Christian, whatever may be his gifts, if full of love to Christ and to souls, will not labour in vain, whilst the most splendid talents, without corresponding grace, will be of little worth as to the great end for which he lives. Every Christian has his own sphere of labour in the Lord's vineyard, and his own walks of usefulness; he is placed in certain connexions, having a degree of influence over the sinners within that sphere, and it would be perilous to himself not to use that influence, or attempt to shift from his own shoulders to those of others the work entrusted to him, of bringing these sinners to repentance. Supposing he is not responsible for the *success*, he is responsible for the *use* of the means.

At the present period, when the "mystery of iniquity" is still at work; and when many, who have "gone out from us," manifesting "that they were not of us," are holding forth human fancies and reasonings, to make void the faithful sayings of God, it behoves every member of every church, to awake to the great end and object of his vocation, and not only earnestly contend for the faith once delivered to the saints, but rise himself to greater holiness, honour, and happiness in the benevolent work of raising others from the horrible pit and the miry clay.

That time has gone by, in many of our religious communities, and would to God we could say in all of them, when, if a person's sentiments were scriptural, and his walk were orderly, the door of the church was thrown open to receive him. Something more is now required. Principles in more active exercise, is wanted, to keep pace with the present "signs of the times;" the tone of piety much more lively and vigorous; our labours more abundant in the cause of

Christ;—the mere attendance at his altars is not, and cannot be, sufficient;—proofs of *usefulness* is required, as evidences of piety and as marks of good membership. Let us ever bear in mind, that there will not only be a great change in the moral desert, making it become a fruitful field; but as great a change will take place in the fruitful field, making it to be counted for a *forest*.

May the Lord give grace to those whom he has placed as watchmen on the walls of Zion, to blow the trumpet and warn the people; and may the same grace lead the people to take the warning, that they may save their own souls and the souls of others.

April, 1842.

L. Z.

WAR WITH ENGLAND.

ITS MORAL EVILS.

THE physical evils of war defy calculation; but the climax of its mischief to mankind will be found in its *moral results*. Its chief evil lies in its spirit of malice, and its deeds of rapacity and lust, of wrath and revenge. It is steeped in *malevolence*. It reeks with pollution. It is a mass of sin, a system of gigantic, wholesale wickedness. It is a hotbed of the foulest, fiercest, deadliest passions. It teaches man to hate, and to harm his fellow. It makes the butchery of mankind a science, a profession, a livelihood, a support to wealth, and fame, and power.—The war-system incorporates every vice, and excludes nearly every virtue. It is a concentration of all crimes—injustice, fraud, theft, robbery, lust, violence, rapine, murder. There is not in the world such a theatre of unmingled, unmitigated, outrageous crime as a field of battle; and well did an officer of our own call it "a hell upon earth."

Such is war in general; and would a war with England form an exception? Would it not make the heart of both nations swell with malice, and pant for revenge? Would it not debase the intellect, and sear the conscience, and steel the heart, and tend more or less to brutalize the whole soul, and multiply every species of wickedness? Yes; it would turn each country into one vast laboratory of mischief and crime. It would give a wide and fearful impulse to the worst forms of iniquity. Drunkenness and debauchery, violence and fraud, theft and robbery, would soon start up like mushrooms. Every war-sloop, every recruiting rendezvous, would become a prolific nursery of vice and crime. The war would demoralize more or less the whole community, and lead to a degeneracy of morals from which ages could not entirely reclaim us.

Still worse would be its effects on the spiritual interests of mankind. Its bare excitement would suffice to check the progress of pure, undefiled religion. It would withdraw vast multitudes from the ordinary means of grace, and thus ripen them with fearful rapidity for perdition. It would suspend the Sabbath; it would shut up the Sanctuary; it would withhold the Bible itself; it would sweep away or neutralize the only influences that can reclaim men from sin, and fit them for heaven. It would make them forget their own immortal interests; it would disqualify them for a saving reception of the gospel; it would prevent the use of means indispensable to their salvation; it would do much to destroy the efficacy of whatever means might be used for this purpose; it would provoke a God of peace to refuse the influence of his grace, and thus leave us to a long dreary death of vital godliness. Such has been the actual result of every war in this country; and still worse, in all probability, would be a war with England now.

Mark, then, its baleful influence on all the great enterprises of the age. England and America are the leaders, the only effective agents in them all; and without their agency, every one of them would soon come to a dead pause. A war with England! what fearful havoc would it make of these glorious enterprises! It would well nigh suspend every department of reform—for during its progress nothing could be done for peace, and little for temperance, purity, or freedom. All the reforms of the day it would throw back a whole generation, and render it extremely difficult to resume them with success. It would also derange, if not suspend, most of our benevolent operations at home; it would cut off, or greatly impede communication with our foreign fields; it would deeply, almost incurably prejudice millions of unevangelized minds against our religion; it

would absorb in its own support, the greater part of the time, money, and zeal now devoted to these godlike objects, and thus leave us not half the opportunity, ability, or disposition we now have to promote them. How it would cripple, and derange, and roll back the whole machinery of benevolence! Our tract, and Bible, and missionary, and kindred societies would all droop, and might come to the verge of utter extinction. The great work of a world's enlightenment and redemption would be arrested in its progress, nor be able in a whole generation, if in half a century, to recover entirely its present position and prospects.

I cannot well conceive a greater crime or curse: and well might heaven weep, and hell itself blush at such a libel of blood upon our peaceful religion.—These descendants from a common ancestry, these worshippers of the same God of peace, these disciples of the same Prince of peace, these joint pioneers in converting the world to their religion of peace and love, now turning from this heavenly work to imbue their hands in each other's blood, and beseeching their common God and Redeemer to take part with them in the wholesale butchery of one another!! Can there be in hell itself aught worse than this? In communities thus employed, could a religion of peace, purity, and love flourish?—*Boston Recorder*.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

GOOD NEWS FROM THE EAST.

We have much pleasure in presenting to our readers the following late and very interesting intelligence respecting the progress of the Gospel among the Armenians and Mountain Nestorians; which is extracted from the proceedings of the late Monthly Concert of the Amer. Board of Foreign Missions, published in the *New York Observer* of the 9th inst.

THE ARMENIANS.

Letters have been received from Mr. Dwight, to January 18th, from which extracts were read. There appears to have been no change in the character of the great work of grace which has long been going on among them. It is only becoming more powerful and extensive. Mr. Dwight had been preaching abundantly on that cardinal doctrine of the Reformation, Justification by Faith, without the deeds of the law. Many of his hearers have acquired very clear and satisfactory views on this important subject; and the consequence is, that they are able, of themselves, to see the true value, or rather worthlessness, of all superstitious and idolatrous observances. The Armenian brethren, on finding the truth for themselves, at once become active for the salvation of their countrymen. Christ is preached by numbers, some of them men of great influence, whom the missionaries never saw. The influence of the mission has reached them through other Armenians; and they purposely avoid all intercourse with the missionaries, that they may preserve unimpaired their influence among those who are hostile to the mission. The intercourse of the missionaries with the Armenians, however, is becoming more free. Visits from earnest and anxious inquirers after the way of life, are not unfrequent. In short, the general prevalence of the reformation among the Armenians of Western Asia, appears certain. Yet there is a powerful opposition to be encountered.

INDEPENDENT NESTORIANS.

Letters from Dr. Grant have been received to Nov. 15. He was then at Mosul. The report of the invasion of the country, and the burning of the Patriarch's residence by the Koords, is confirmed; but the Nestorians had not been subjugated. Yet Dr. Grant was apprehensive that their independence was virtually gone, so that it would be for their interest to make the best terms they could with the Turkish government. In his opinion, nothing had occurred to discourage missionary effort among them.

Dr. Anderson added, that two missionaries were designed for this field, one of whom is now waiting in this city (Boston) for an opportunity to embark; and that the Committee intend to send still other reinforcements as soon as practicable. Let me add a few words concerning this invasion. The invaders are the Hakary Koords, a powerful and ferocious tribe on the north of the

eastern part of the Nestorian country. As the passes into the mountains from Ooromiah and from Van lead through the Hakary country, this tribe has been a wall of defence to the Nestorians against all invaders from that quarter. Within two or three years, the chief of this tribe has made his peace with the Turks, and placed his country under their jurisdiction; not because he has been conquered by them, but for the sake of strengthening himself by the connexion. The Patriarch's residence, which has been burned, was on the very borders of the Hakary country, and the Koords had no more difficulty in reaching it, except the resistance of the Nestorians, than in passing from one of their own villages to another. The most powerful of the Nestorian tribes are at some distance to the west and south-west. On the west are the Tyary, the most warlike of the tribes, and estimated at 50,000. The country between them and the seat of war is extremely difficult to pass. The Jews, and other tribes farther south, are less numerous; but the natural obstacles which an invader from the north must overcome, are still greater. The great body of Nestorians, then, has not been reached, and will not easily be overcome by this movement from the north. The danger is, that there may be a combined movement of the Hakary on the north, and the Koords of Amadih and others on the south and west, supported by the energetic Pasha of Mosul. Such a movement, the Nestorians might find it very difficult to resist. Still, such is the natural strength of the country, the known bravery of its inhabitants, and the consequent probability that the conquest would be an expensive one, that the Pasha of Mosul would probably make peace on easy terms; the Patriarch, perhaps, acknowledging the supremacy of the Sultan and paying a trifling tribute, and retaining the government in his own hands, much as it has been.

THE DRUZES.

The report of the mission at Beyrout for 1841 has been received. Since the cessation of hostilities, prospects are most encouraging. All the Druzes with which the mission formerly had intercourse, have renewed their acquaintance; all the schools which had been broken up are resumed, four or five more are requested, and other applications are expected. The Seraskier Pasha, whom the Sultan had sent to pacify the country, (by the way, he did not come till the war was over, and the Maronites expelled from among the Druzes,) was there; the Druzes appeared to be regarded with favour, and there was thought to be no danger that the Maronite Patriarch would ever regain his power. In the course of the year, one door of access and of hope after another was closed, till expulsion from the country appeared to be nearly inevitable. Now, the doors are all thrown wide open—wider than ever before. The mission is in correspondence with nearly all the Druze sheikhs, concerning the means of enlightening their people. Nor is this all. They have received an application to establish a school among the Metawieh. The Metawieh profess to be Mohammedans of the sect of Aly, but are regarded by the Turks as heretics. Their principal residence is in the province of Belad Besharah, which includes Tyre, and south and east of the river Leontes, and running up on the north-east nearly to the latitude of Sidon. This is the first instance of an application from them for missionary labour.

MADAGASCAR.

From this island, your readers will recollect, all missionaries were expelled some years since, and native Christians have been subject to a violent and bloody persecution, in which many have lost their lives, and many compelled to flee to other countries. Yet it has lately been ascertained, that the native Christians are more numerous there now, than they were when the missionaries were expelled.

FRUITS OF INSTRUCTION.

It is stated that in Medway, (Mass.) about thirty persons have recently passed from death unto life, of whom twenty-seven are members of the Sabbath-school.

We learn that in Bedford, (Mass.) a few weeks since, twenty-seven persons made a public profession of religion, most of whom were connected with the Sunday-school.

In the Tabernacle, (Baptist) church, N. Y., sixty have lately been received into communion,

a large proportion of whom trace their serious impressions to the exercises of a Bible class.

THE JEWS.

WE copy the following truly cheering intelligence respecting God's "ancient people," from the last number of the *Harbinger*. We hope the time is not far distant, when the Jews shall be gathered in with the fullness of the Gentiles, and there shall be "one fold under one shepherd." May the great Head of the Church abundantly prosper the means employed for so glorious a consummation.

The Rev. T. S. Grimshaw, known to American Christians as the biographer of Leigh Richmond and Cowper, has lately returned from a visit to the East. At a meeting held at Shrewsbury, England, in behalf of the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, he said he found in Greece, Turkey and Syria, an extraordinary spirit of inquiry among the Jews. There seemed to be a general impression that the period was at hand when the Jews, as a nation, would return to their own country; that the prophecies mentioned by Daniel and the other prophets were being fulfilled; and that the finger of God was pointed toward Jerusalem, and bidding the Jews to march forward. There was a universality in it that seemed to be of God; he found it prevailing in these two cities, and throughout the whole of the Levant. It existed along the banks of the Danube, and he heard of it generally diffused among the Jews of Poland. In Egypt also he found a similar impression, and he learned from travellers that it prevailed through Abyssinia; and he discovered that it was also prevalent in Palestine. He had no hesitation in stating that the restoration of the Jews is firmly and universally believed by the Jews themselves, more especially in the East, and presumed to be drawing nigh. A Jew, at Constantinople, told him that all they wanted was freedom of inquiry. "Go, sir," said he, weeping, and moistening his (Mr. Grimshaw's) hands with his tears, "to your own land—go to the land of civil and religious liberty, and intercede for the poor Jews, and obtain for them a participation in those privileges by which you yourselves are so greatly distinguished, and know that there are hundreds of us already secretly convinced of the truth of Christianity, who are prepared openly to embrace it. Did I say hundreds," he added, "I would rather say there are thousands, who are inwardly convinced that Jesus is the promised Messiah."

PUBLIC RECANTATION OF ROMANISM.

A most interesting ceremony took place lately at St. Jude's Church, Liverpool, when five persons publicly recanted the errors of the Romish Church, in which they had been nurtured. The church was filled to an overflow. The church of England having no prescribed form of recantation of error, the Rev. Hugh M'Neile, the incumbent, prepared one, and which has been printed for circulation. The conversions from Popery are rapidly increasing.

The *Dublin Statesman* says:—From our clerical correspondents, located in various parts of the country, we continue to receive the most cheering advices relative to Protestantism amongst members of the Popish communion. Since we were last enabled to report on the public recantations which were made, several individuals have privately joined our church who were not possessed of sufficient daring openly and in the face of persecution to declare themselves no more the slaves of spiritual oppression. This private renunciation of the baneful errors of Popery has been the effect of the noble example set by those who, in the first instance, came over publicly to our communion. Nor is it all the effect that can be looked for. Already several are preparing to follow in their footsteps, and formally break off from the connection in which they were trained, and all but victimized. We trust that very shortly we shall have it in our power to announce the recantation of a large party of Romanists who are now candidates for admission into our scriptural confederacy.

THE American Board of Foreign Missions has been the means of gathering in heathen lands fifty-nine churches, including twenty thousand

members. The donations to this Board during the month of December, amounted to \$28,396.

The receipts of the Am. Board of Missions during the month of January, were over forty thousand dollars.

THE PRESENT KING OF PRUSSIA.

Our correspondent, while at Paris, obtained the following item of intelligence in reference to the present King of Prussia, who has recently visited England, as one of the sponsors at the baptism of the young Prince of Wales.

"I think I have not yet mentioned the very delightful Christian intelligence from Prussia, received from the Rev. Mr. Grona Pierre, of Paris, who has recently returned from Berlin. The facts may be relied upon—some of which are familiar to you. The King and Queen are decidedly pious—also, the four principal ministers of state, and a number of generals in the army. The leading members of the University (which has 144 Professors,) have become decidedly evangelical—also, the court preachers, and twenty-three, being a majority, of the pastors of the town.

"The king, when a young man, was often at a Bible-class, when his father was at the theatre; and he declared, at his coronation, that it would be his effort not only to be a just but a Christian king. He is said to be much interested for the Jews."—*Epis. Recorder*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE DRUZES.

THE Rev. Eli Smith, Missionary of the American Board, has written home a letter from Beyrout, giving an account of some of the causes which have led to the civil war in which the inhabitants of the mountains of Syria have been involved. From this letter it seems that the Druzes have been goaded on by one indignity after another, received from the Maronite Christians, till they have risen in vengeance, to assert their rights, and seem determined to drive the Maronites entirely out of their part of the mountain. Mr. S. adds:

"All this while, the Turkish commander-in-chief in Syria is sitting in his house at Beyrout afraid or unwilling to interfere. If the war goes on it can hardly fail to attract the attention of the European powers, especially of England, who still maintains here a small military establishment. And where it will end, if foreign interference commence, I venture not to divine. In the meantime, as you may well imagine, the passing events are full of interest to us. The Patriarch has business enough on hand now, without persecuting us, and we are left in quiet. We even ask ourselves the question, whether God is not about to visit him for his iniquities in the martyrdom of Asand Shidiak, and all his persecutions of the truth. But in the meantime, how much misery is produced! Thousands and thousands of poor people burnt out of their houses, and robbed of their stores; and what are they to do through the approaching winter? They are flocking to Beyrout; and even here I am seriously afraid of a scarcity approaching to famine. And then, what permanent injury to the mountain! A generation will hardly restore what these few days destroyed. Formerly, Mount Lebanon was without ruins, and the only part of Syria where the traveller did not meet them at almost every hour. Now it is full of them. The whole is but another step in the rapid downfall of Turkey. Do what they will, the European governments cannot uphold her power. Every measure but hastens her ruin. God has decreed her fall, and who shall resist his will?"

A NEW DISCOVERY.—A new and extraordinary discovery has just been made in Prussia, by which printed works of any kind can be copied with perfect accuracy, and copies multiplied with no further expense than the cost of paper and press-work. The plan is kept a profound secret by the inventor; but he has demonstrated its efficacy by copying two pages of the London Athenæum, which so closely resemble the original as to be scarcely distinguishable from them. By the process it would appear, that old manuscripts can be accurately transferred; illuminated copies of ancient books imitated; books of all kinds reprinted in numbers, and with a facility and correctness that almost exceeds belief.—*London Athenæum*.

INFLUENCE OF YOUNG WOMEN.

ADMITTING that the general influence of young men upon society is great, and that the stations they are called to fill are predominantly eligible and responsible, yet hath not God also put honour upon the weaker vessels? Hath he not made her influence to operate powerfully upon all the relations of life? To whom do some of the brightest stars in the horizon of Zion owe their first coruscations of spiritual light; and many too who have gone up to blaze in the firmament of glory; to whom are they indebted for much of their resplendence? Is it not to woman. "What do we want in France," said Napoleon, "to insure to our children the best possible education?" "We want mothers, sire," was the answer, and an answer worthy of the celebrated Madame Campan. She meant mothers, emphatically those who would exemplify the character, and not disgrace the name. And what do we want in our Zion, that her breaches may be repaired, her waste places cultivated, and her bulwarks strengthened? We want mothers, faithful devoted Christian mothers. Then shall our sons, led by such guides, and instructed by such wisdom, "be as plants grown up in their youth, and our daughters as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace."

THE FOLLY OF PRIDE.

AFTER all, take some quiet, sober moment of life, and add together the two ideas of pride and of man; behold him, a creature of a span high, stalking through infinite space, in all the grandeur of littleness.—Perched on a speck of the universe, every wind of heaven strikes into his blood the coldness of death; his soul fleets from his body like melody from the string; day and night, as dust on the wheel, he is rolled along the heaven, through a labyrinth of worlds, and all the creations of God are flaming above and beneath. Is this a creature to revel in his greatness? Is this a creature to make to himself a crown of glory; to deny his own flesh, and to mock at his fellow, sprung from that dust to which both will soon return? Does the proud man not err? Does he not suffer? Does he not die? When he reasons, is he never stopped by difficulties? When he acts, is he never tempted by pleasure. When he lives, is he free from pain? When he dies, can he escape the common grave? Pride is not the heritage of man; humility should dwell with frailty, and atone for ignorance, error, and imperfection.—Sidney Smith.

If we reckon with the ancients, that a generation lasts thirty years, then in that space eight hundred millions of human beings are born and die; consequently seventy-four thousand and thirty-nine must be dropping off every day.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

(From the New York Commercial Advertiser.)

LATER FROM ENGLAND.

The packet ship *Montreal*, Capt. Tinker, arrived this morning from London via Portsmouth, which port she left on the 7th of March. We are indebted to Capt. T. for a London paper of the 5th, and a Portsmouth paper of the 7th, the day of sailing.

PARLIAMENTARY SUMMARY.

Lord Montague moved for the appointment of a select committee to inquire into the Exchequer bill frauds, and went into a long history of that affair, for his own vindication.

The Duke of Wellington expressed his opinion that there was no necessity for the proposed committee, after what had taken place in the other house, and Lord Montague withdrew his motion.

In the House of Commons official notice was given that the return of Mr. Gregory, for Dublin, where he defeated Lord Morpeth, would be contested.

After the conversation between Sir R. Peel and Sir C. Napier on corn imports from America,

Sir C. Napier moved for a return of the number of vessels laden with corn which had arrived from America, from the 1st of January, 1841, to the 1st of January, 1842, at the port of Liverpool; and also a return of the number of days occupied by each in the voyage.

Sir R. Peel immediately laid the returns on the table amidst considerable laughter.

Sir G. Staunton gave notice that he would, on Monday, move for copies of correspondence with Capt. Elliot relative to proceedings in China.

Sir V. Blake gave notice that he would, on Tuesday, move that, in consequence of the distress which pre-

vailed in the country, all duties on the importation of corn be suspended until the 1st of January, 1843.

Col. Sibthorp gave notice, that on going into committee on the corn importation bill, he should move that the duty be levied at the time of importing the corn, and not when taking it out of bond.

Sir Robert Peel's new corn bill was then brought in and read a first time. On moving its second reading he stated that he proposed its coming into operation upon the determination of the first six weeks' averages after its passage.

Wednesday the 8th was assigned for the second reading, Lord John Russell giving notice that he should then take the sense of the House upon the measure.

Mr. S. Herbert brought forward the navy estimates. He stated that the number of ships in commission would be, probably, slightly reduced, but he should not propose any decrease in the number of seamen; by which means the government would be enabled to send the ships to sea in the most perfect state of equipage. The hon. gent. concluded by moving that 43,000 men be voted for the service of the ensuing year.

In answer to Lord Ingestrey

Lord Stanley stated, that it was not the intention of the Government to send out any new expedition to the Niger, still less one composed of white persons.—On the part of the Government he disclaimed all wish to assert any right of sovereignty in that quarter of the world. It was not deemed altogether expedient to abandon the settlement already made, and although any persons going out to settle there must do so on their own responsibility, yet Government would give them the protection of a small armed steamer, manned by Negroes. The other proceedings were of no interest.

LONDON CORN EXCHANGE, March 4.—We have again to report a very dull trade in grain of all kinds. Of English Wheat there was scarcely any offering, and the few parcels which changed hands brought about the same rates as those realized on Monday. Foreign free Wheat barely maintained its previous value. In bonded nothing whatever was done.

The Bank of England has received a very important addition to its stock of bullion; some estimates make it as much as £300,000.

The Lord Mayor of Dublin says that the last ticket (for a tectotaller) he saw signed by Father Mathew, was marked five million two thousand seven hundred and two. At least 10,000 more have taken the pledge since.

All transported convicts will henceforth be sent direct to Van Dieman's Land, in place of Sydney, New South Wales.

THE WILL OF LORD SYDENHAM.—An examination of the will of the late Lord Sydenham has been received from the Court of Probate in Canada, and lodged in Doctors' Commons. His Lordship has by this will, which was made only the day previous to his lamented death, left the whole of his property to his brother, Mr. Poulett Scrope, absolutely, subject only to the payment of the following legacies:—To his nephew, Mr. Wm. Baring, £1000; to Lord John Russell, as a remembrance of his friendship, £500; to Mr. T. W. C. Murdoch, £500; to Mr. Weguelin and Mr. Henry Wordsworth, his executors in England, £500 each; and a few legacies to servants. His Lordship appointed Major Thomas Edmund Campbell and Mr. Dowling to act as the executors of his will, in all that related to his property in Canada, by whom the will has been proved there. The personal within the province of Canterbury are sworn under £25,000, which is exclusive of the testator's foreign funds and his property in Scotland and Canada.

CHINA.

We extract (says the *Transcript*.) from the New York papers the following items of intelligence from China. It will be seen that little or nothing of importance had transpired since former departures; the reports that Keshen has been re-appointed Commissioner argues favourably for the interests of peace, but it is evident that little reliance can be placed upon the Emperor's professions, since one day he seems inclined for peace, and the next returns to the old habit of railing at the outer barbarians, and issuing his harmless edicts against them:—

The ship *Hannibal*, Captain Scott, arrived at New York on Wednesday from Canton. We have received by her papers and letters to the 11th Dec. Mr. Edwards, the Supercargo of the *Hannibal*, it will be recollected was seized by the Chinese, and maltreated. He informs us that when he left Macao, all was quiet about Canton, though the Chinese were again erecting forts around that city, and endeavouring to render the approach to it by water impracticable by sinking large quantities of stone.

We learn, however, one important fact by this arrival, and that is, that the Emperor of China had restored Keshen, (who was at Canton when the English attacked it) to his former rank, and directed him to proceed to Ningpo for the purpose of communicating with the British Plenipotentiary.

The British forces were in winter quarters at Chusan, and were not expected to make any further movement for some time.

About seven Chinese trading vessels had been seized by the British ships in the vicinity of Canton, taken to Hong Kong, the British settlement, and condemned as lawful prizes.—Their cargoes were of little value except one, on board of which \$1400 were found.

Fears are entertained for the safety of the *Medusa* steamer. She left Manila on the 5th and was spoken on the 11th November by the *Autumnus*, to the northward of Cape Bolino, on her way to China, but has not since been heard of.

LORD ASHBURTON

This long looked for personage has at last arrived at Washington, and been presented in due form to the President of the United States. The gentlemen composing his suite are understood to be Mr. Milburn, from the Foreign Office, Mr. Bruce, brother of the Earl of Elgin, and Mr. Steppings, as Private Secretary. After his presentation to the President, Lord Ashburton proceeded to the Capitol, and visited the two houses of Congress. We have already expressed an opinion that but little practical advantage will result from it, an opinion which we shall be happy to see satisfied by the event, for surely it is clear as noon day that it would be for the advantage of both countries that all obstacles to the continuance of peace should be removed. The permanent interests of all classes in both nations can best be promoted by peace, nor is there as yet any good reason for appealing to the last argument of nations—war. Negotiation has not yet been exhausted to no purpose; mutual compromise, and mutual surrender of supposed rights, have not been made, and consequently we ought still to hope that an accommodation so necessary to the interests and the character of both nations will be secured.—*Transcript*.

MEXICO AND TEXAS.

The rumours of war from these countries have been even more than usually contradictory; nor does there appear to be as yet any means of judging how far the various rumours are to be believed. At first there was said to be a body of 12,000 Mexicans concentrated at various points in Texas, carrying everything before them; in a day or two the reported number had dwindled down to 800, and the Mexicans were said to be in full retreat. It is now said, that the retreat was but a feint to allure the Texans to the pursuit, before they were properly armed and drilled, and that a force of twenty-one thousand men is now advancing against President Houston and his brave slaveholding ironmen and compatriots. Time will soon determine the truth of the reports.—*Ib*.

MONTREAL MARKETS.

TUESDAY, April 19, 1842.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Oats, per minot,	1	3	a	1 6
Barley, "	2	6	-	2 9
Pease, "	3	0	-	3 4
Buckwheat, "	2	6	-	3 0
Turkeys, per couple,	5	0	-	12 0
Geese, "	4	0	-	6 0
Ducks, "	2	0	-	3 4
Fowls, "	2	6	-	4 0
Partridges, "	1	6	-	2 6
Eggs, fresh, per doz.	0	6	-	0 7 1/2
Butter—dairy, per lb.	0	10	-	1 0
Do. salt,	0	7	-	0 8
Pork, per hundred,	20	0	-	27 6
Beef, "	25	0	-	35 0
Flour, per cwt.	12	6	-	13 0
Beef, per lb.	0	3	-	0 6
Pork, "	0	2 1/2	-	0 5
Veal, per quarter,	1	6	-	10 0
Mutton, "	1	6	-	10 0
Lamb, "	2	6	-	5 0
Lard, per lb.	0	0	-	0 6
Potatoes, per bushel,	1	0	-	1 6
Lintseed, "	5	6	-	6 0

Our readers are respectfully informed, that the office of the CHRISTIAN MIRROR will be removed, on the first of May next, to Great St. James Street, next door to the workshop of Messrs. Richard Robinson & Son, and opposite the residence of Dr. Holmes,—where every description of Printing will be executed in a superior style, and on very reasonable terms.

Opportunity is also taken of requesting those subscribers to the MIRROR who may change their residences on the 1st May, to leave their new addresses at the office.

POETRY.

THE BEAUTY OF EARLY PIETY.

'Tis beautiful to gaze upon the sun
Arising from his bed of crimson clouds,
And with the brightness of his ruddy cheek,
Compelling gloom and mist to flee away
From earth and skies; which re-awake, and hail,
With smiling looks, and fragrant scents, and notes
Of joy, creation's young and mighty king.

'Tis beautiful to see the cheerful Spring
Appear, and dissipate the cold, and snow,
And barrenness of Winter's dreary reign,
And by its quickening beams, and gentle winds,
And sparkling dews, and softening rains, array
The landscape in the many coloured robes,
Which wrap the forms of cheering loveliness.

'Tis beautiful to view the deathless mind
Spring forth, with native energy, and leave
The dark and painful shell of ignorance,
And plume its wings, and soar, untiringly
Towards the splendid orb from which the rays
Of knowledge stream, undazzled by their light,
And drinking in the joys they freely yield.

But far more beautiful it is, to mark
The child of guilt and sinfulness begin,
In early life, by penitence, and prayer,
And faith in Christ, to seek the grace of God;
And with the ardent glow of youthful zeal,
Unfold the lovely virtues which adorn
Seraphic tribes, and glorify the Lamb,
Who bled to save him from the second death.

Amidst the church on earth, the pious youth,
Encircled with the graces that reflect
Jehovah's image, shines in beauty pure,
And bright as smiling stars in cloudless skies;
On this attractive object angels look
With rapturous emotion, and pronounce
Him beautiful as flowers in Paradise.
And when the Lord of everlasting life
Shall come to number up his earthly gems,
His hand of love will place this sparkling one
Amongst the rarest and the loveliest.

P. J. WRIGHT.

AGENCY & COMMISSION BUSINESS.

THE Subscriber begs respectfully to inform his friends and the public, that he will be prepared, on the opening of the navigation, to transact business as a GENERAL AGENT, COMMISSION MERCHANT, and GOODS BROKER.

He will give his best attention to the sale of consignments, and purchase of every description of GOODS, PRODUCE, &c., Liquore excepted, and will spare no exertions that will render his services advantageous to those who may confide their interests to his care.

He begs to say, that for the last eleven years he has been employed in one of the most extensive HARDWARE ESTABLISHMENTS in this city, during the last seven of which he has had the charge of the business, and that for the seven years preceding he was employed in the GROCERY LINE, and has engaged the services of a person who possesses an intimate knowledge of DRY GOODS.

In offering his services as a Goods Broker, he begs respectfully to remind Importers and Consignees of Groceries, Produce, &c. that this mode of effecting sales substituted for auctions, would save the Provincial and Municipal Auction Duties.

Will purchase Goods merely as an Agent, not in his own name.

Will have correspondents in QUEBEC, NEW YORK and LIVERPOOL.

Charges very moderate.

Premises St. Jean Baptiste Street.

Has the pleasure of referring to
Messrs. FORSYTH, RICHARDSON & Co. Montreal.
Messrs. FORSYTH, WALKER & Co. Quebec.
Messrs. H. & S. JONES, Brockville.
JOHN WATKINS, Esq. Kingston.
T. D. HARRIS, Esq. Toronto.
DANIEL MACNAB, Esq. Hamilton.
Messrs. HOPE & HODGE, St. Thomas, (U.C.)
Messrs. EDWARD FIELD & Co. New York.
Messrs. WILLIAM SMITH & SONS, Liverpool.
ALEX. BRYSON.

Montreal, April 21, 1842.

CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

A REASONABLE PRICE will be paid for clean copies of the FIRST NUMBER, on application at the Office.

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.

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.

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.

ROBERT MILLER,

STATIONER, AND
GENERAL BOOK-BINDER,

Entrance of the Main Street, St. Lawrence
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HAS on hand, and offers for Sale, very low for CASH, a general assortment of SCHOOL BOOKS, PRAYER BOOKS, PSALMS OF DAVID; WESLEY'S, WATTS', and other HYMN BOOKS; Writing Paper, Steel Pens, Quills, Wafers, Sealing Wax, States, Fank 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 for the Country punctually attended to.

August 12, 1841.

SEIGNIORY OF MONTREAL.

THE SEMINARY OF SAINT SULPICE OF MONTREAL being under the necessity, in compliance with the requirements of the Ordinance, to REGISTER THEIR CLAIMS to the ARREARS OF SEIGNIORIAL RIGHTS, request all TENANTS in the TOWN AND SUBURBS OF THE CITY OF MONTREAL to call and settle immediately their accounts for LODS ET VENTES; and also to bring with them their Title Deeds.

Office hours, from 9, A.M. to 4, P.M. every day, (Sundays and holidays excepted.)

JPH. COMTE, PTRE.
17-h

March 24, 1842.

BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN
BOOT AND 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 signalized 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.

W. GETTESS,

IMPORTER, MANUFACTURER & DEALER

HATS, CAPS, AND FURS,

Of every description, Wholesale and Retail,
CENTRE OF ST. PAUL STREET.

N. B.—Country Merchants supplied at the lowest Rates.

August 12, 1841.

NEW
PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,

PLACE D'ARMES,

Next door to the Union Bank, entrance by the
Green Gateway.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Proprietor of the CHRISTIAN MIRROR, respectfully announces to his Friends and the Public, that having purchased a NEW PRINTING OFFICE, and established himself as above, he is prepared to execute, in the best style, every description of PRINTING, viz:

Catalogues,
Law Blanks,
Circulars, Cards, &c.
Funeral Letters,
Bill Heads,
Labels of all kinds, &c. &c.

All Orders entrusted to his care, shall meet with immediate attention.

Charges very moderate.

JOHN E. L. MILLER.

J. H. TAAFFE,

GENERAL GROCER,

No. 85, Notre Dame Street,

NEARLY OPPOSITE THE ENGLISH CHURCH,
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WILLIAM GEMMILL,

TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,

BEGS to inform his numerous friends and the public in general, that he still continues the business at the old stand, No. 2, Place d'Armes; where he will be happy to execute all orders on the shortest notice and LOWEST TERMS, for cash or short approved credit.

N. B.—Three first rate Journeymen Tailors wanted immediately.

February 10, 1842.

JOSEPH HORNER,

SILK-DYER,

Notre Dame Street.

MONTREAL.

August 12, 1841.

EDWARD HOWELL,

GROCER,

OPPOSITE MESSRS. GIBB & CO.

Notre Dame Street.

August 12, 1841.

JOHN LOVELL,

BOOK AND JOB PRINTER,

St. Nicholas Street.

MONTREAL.

All orders punctually attended to.

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“ B. J. KENNEDY, . . . *Philipsburgh.*

“ W. FOSTER, . . . *Isle-aux-Noix.*

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“ A W KENDRICK, “ *Compton.*

“ A DELMAGE, . . . *Napierville.*

“ A B JOHNSON, . . . *East Bolton.*

“ A AMSDEN, . . . *Sherbrooke.*

“ H HAZELTINE, . . . *Hatley.*

“ R MORE, P M . . . *Durham.*

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“ D B LEE, . . . *Curillon.*

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