

Christian Mirror.

NEW SERIES.

WEEKLY.]

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

[7s. 6d. PER AN.

VOL. III.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1843.

No. 14.—N. S. No. 8.

POETRY.

CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

When Jordan hush'd his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill;
When Bethlehem's shepherds, through the night,
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light;

Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptur'd soul.

Then swift to every startled eye,
New streams of glory light the sky;
Heaven bursts her azure gates to pour
Her spirits to the midnight hour.

On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came:
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they struck their harps and sung:—

O Zion! lift thy raptur'd eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh,
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

See Mercy from her golden urn,
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn;
Behold, she bids with tender care
The bleeding bosom of despair.

He comes! to cheer the trembling heart,
Bids Satan and his hosts depart;
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom:

O Zion! lift thy raptur'd eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh:
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign!

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

From the Ladies' Temperance Mirror.

DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM A FRAGMENT.

Ah! that was a fearful hour when the anger of the Lord was poured upon Jerusalem to the uttermost; when the cup of her iniquity, already full and trembling at the brim, received its last drop of bitterness, and overflowed in tears and blood, and amidst the shouts of the victors, and shrieks of the vanquished—amidst the peal of trumpet—the clash of arms, and the crash of walls, and tower and temple thundering down, amidst fire and smoke upon the crushed combatants below. The glory of Jerusalem was extinguished forever, and the heathen passed on in his pride and fury, through streams of blood, and over the mangled bodies of the dead and dying, to trample under foot the City of the Lord.

Here lie ten thousand warriors weltering in their gore, and strewn in promiscuous carnage around, you behold the helpless infancy, hoary age, and feeble womanhood. You witness the falling tear, suppressed agony, and fierce convulsions. You hear mild entreaty, fervent prayer, bitter curses, the loud manic laugh, horrid blasphemy, and groans of unutterable woe! Here is a rush of armed men to the temple—ten thousand men are around it, and six thousand are within its walls, resolved to defend, or to perish with it. And now amidst the din of battle and clouds of dust and smoke, the Roman eagle is seen darting onward, and the Roman battle-axe is heard doing its work of death; and there are cleft helmets and broken swords, and shivered lances, and shields transfixed in the fight; and the bleeding arm is just severed from the body, and the gasping head is just rolling from

the trunk, and ten thousand souls passing away with shrieks into eternity. When from the topmost temple there bursts a broad black cloud, and from it, as from the bosom of a volcano, issues one wide sheet of lurid flame, consuming the six thousand within its bosom, and blazing upward to the sky, and shedding a bright light on the scene of ruin below! Jerusalem is fallen! Her lofty towers, her stately palaces, her gorgeous temples, levelled with the dust, and their broken fragments strewn upon the ground; the ploughshare of destruction has passed over her!

It is mournful, indeed, to stand thus amidst the wreck of human greatness, and see all man's pomp and power and pride, the choicest products of his genius, the proudest monuments of his power, lie shattered and shivered at your feet. But there is a far more mournful spectacle than this; it is an immortal mind in ruins! its fine proportions marred, its noble lineaments defaced, and all the mighty elements of its being let loose in wild confusion to war against each other.—*Rev. D. S. Burchard.*

THE CHANGES OF LIFE.

A few days are sufficient to teach those who have entered upon the journey of life, that the world through which they are passing is one of constant change. The recorded history of nations—governments that have swayed the sceptre of a world—kingdoms that have successively risen and fallen, are written on the pages of the past, to admonish succeeding generations that change and uncertainty is the lot of all terrestrial things. The monarch that to-day may have awed with terror the world, to-morrow has surrendered to a conqueror!

Napoleon Buonaparte, once the arbiter of Europe's destiny, and who by his talents and genius placed himself "above all Greek, above all Roman time," yields up his breath, an exile on the island of St. Helena!—General Bertrand, who was the companion in arms and enjoyed the friendship of Napoleon, and who was one of the greatest generals of the French Empire, now remains but a monument of that eventful era when, side by side, they were pushing their mighty efforts of universal conquest. The sudden and untimely end of Belshazzar, of Hannibal the Carthaginian warrior, and of Alexander, who vied for another world to conquer, furnish lessons of wisdom upon this subject.

We need not, however, refer to the nations of antiquity; the events which are daily occurring around us are fraught with instruction. In taking a retrospective glance over a brief period, we are led to contemplate changes which have occurred within the circle of our acquaintance, and to exclaim, "How are the mighty fallen!" Many a man, the morning of whose life was dimmed by no cloud, has seen the sun of his prosperity go down at noon! What numbers in this single city, who once possessed wealth, and were surrounded by friends, have seen their riches "make to themselves wings, and flee away," and their friends in prosperity, now in the hour of calamity, "pass by on the other side!" Ask of those who are clad in the habiliments of mourning the cause of their grief, and they will answer, "the changes of earth!"

Change and uncertainty, then, being inseparably connected with all that pertains to sublunary things, it is not the part of wisdom to depend upon them for our greatest good;—myriads of the human family have tried them, but the last accents which have quivered upon their dying lips, has been "disappointed hope." Let us, then, place our affections not on the things of the earth, but on things above; and then, having struggled a little longer with the maddening storms of adversity, and the furious whirlwinds of disappointment, we shall be moored upon the shores of immortality, where tears will be wiped from every eye, and change and disappointment be known no more.

OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

Galileo, when suspected of the guilt of atheism, took a straw from the floor of his cell in the Inquisition, and informed his accusers that in the construction and design of that vegetable tube he saw the hand of God most distinctly revealed, without the necessity of any other evidence whatever.

But how should we stand reprov'd and self-con-

dem'd, from considering how little accordance in general there is between the demonstrations of God, which are daily and unceasingly pouring in around us, and the ordinary tenor and habitude of our minds? What folly, what inconsideration, what enmity against God, characterises the heart and the thoughts of man! The whole scene of nature and providence is fitted to arrest and to fix our attention upon Him who ruleth over all, and who is everywhere present, beholding the evil and the good. The morning proclaims his loving-kindness, and the evening his faithfulness. The varied seasons of the rolling year all speak of him. Whether it be the howling blasts of winter or the gentle opening of the budding spring—the gay luxuriance of blooming summer, or the abundant riches of gathered autumn, that draw our attention to God, all direct us to lift the hymn of gratitude to His name, who has fixed their ordinances with a regularity that shall endure as long as the earth remains. The universe is replete with the evidences of his presence—the traces and manifestations of his divine perfections. When you look to the heavens you behold the magnificence of his creative and constructive power, in those vast systems, receding into endless space, which perform, in immeasurable fields, their majestic and ceaseless revolutions. When you walk abroad through nature's landscapes, each scene of loveliness that meets your eye—each object of interest that fixes your attention—all the organisation and beauty that you admire, whether in things animate or inanimate—the very flowers of the earth, the grass of the field or the insect that almost eludes your observation as it fulfills its ephemeral destiny—all proclaim to you the being and the perfections of him, who is the universal parent of all, and whose every work reveals him to be excellent in working and wonderful in counsel. But instead of telling you where you may find God, let us rather ask, where is he not? Can you see from his presence or hide yourselves from his Spirit, or leave behind you the proofs of existence, or escape beyond the limits of his authority and of his law? The creation through out all its departments, is a witness of God, and an impressive demonstration of accordance to his sovereign will. It responds to every impulse of his power, and fulfils every dictate of his mind. How pointedly does the sun from day to day-keep his track, and observe his time of rising and going down! With what regularity do the waters of the great deep ebb and flow; and all the processes of nature observe their appointed courses. And is it, that the human heart the seat of unholy passions and rude tumultuous desires, is the only place where God is not obeyed, and his will not complied with? O what a miracle of wickedness is every ungodly, impenitent man! He appears as a dark blot on the face of creation, that absorbs without reflecting or manifesting the image of its Author—a jarring chord, that mars the sacred symphony of that mighty harp, whose every string tells in sweetest music that the hand which framed, and which touches it is divine. Let every irreligious man consider the host of witnesses around him and above him, which declare the power and glory of God. Let him meditate upon the Divine Majesty—the infinite excellence of the adorable Jehovah. Let him ponder his divine and unquestionable right to receive from his rational creatures, all praise, and honour, and blessing, and thanksgiving. "The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens and his kingdom extendeth over all. Bless the Lord, ye his angels that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word. Bless ye the Lord all ye his hosts, ye ministers of his that do his pleasure. Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominions. Bless the Lord, O my soul!"—*Dr. Forbes of St. Paul's, Sermon on Psalm xvi. 5. 6.*

FOR THE LADIES.—The following is particularly recommended to the ladies. "Let your ear-rings be Attention encircled by the pearls of Refinement; the diamond of your necklace Truth, and the chain of Christianity; your breastpin Charity, ornamented with the pearls of Gentleness; your finger-rings be Affection, set round with diamonds of Industry; your girdle Simplicity, with the tassels of Good Humour; let your thicker garb be virtue, and your drapery Politeness; let your shoes be Wisdom, secured by the strings of Perseverance."

GENERAL LITERATURE.

ELIOT, THE APOSTLE OF THE INDIANS.

(From a Review of *Carne's Lives of Eminent Missionaries, in the Wesleyan Magazine.*)

[CONCLUDED.]

He first opened his Mission amongst them in 1616; but it was not until 1651 that they built their first town, and were organized into a regular society.

Highly interesting as Eliot's history is, his character is still more attractive. By the good providence of his God, he was blessed with a wife who was in every respect after his own heart. He had been engaged to her before he left England; and she followed him, the year after, to America, where they were united.—Both the character of Eliot's mind, and the nature of his public engagements, unfitted him for the management of his family concerns; but Mrs. Eliot was eminently qualified to conduct the affairs of her household, and free his mind from domestic cares. No man felt more of the power of melting charity: the poor and the destitute were the objects of his constant solicitude. At the same time it is no matter of surprise that a man so abstracted from the world should sometimes forget that prudence ought to guide even the hand of benevolence. Mr. Carne observes—

"There was another and a silver cord, by which he drew the affections of his people to him—charity, as pure and lasting as ever was exercised by any man. 'How often,' says his biographer and friend, 'with what ardour, what arguments, he became a beggar to others, for them that were in sorrow! The poor of his people, and they were many—for disasters often came on the colony—seldom failed to repair to his home with tales of their distress. A hinderance, however, like the interpreter's in the Pilgrim's Progress, stood between them and success, and this was Mrs. Eliot, who would look keenly and coolly on the petitioners, and sift the tares from the wheat; and even then deal out the dole with a prudent hand, while she suffered little ingress to her husband's study.

That there was some cause for her prudent interference, may be inferred from what follows:—

"It was a joy to the poor when they spied him coming across the fields, or through the forests, to their lonely homes; for they knew that his charity had little prudence in it. Dr. Dwight says, that one day the parish treasurer having paid him his salary, put it into a handkerchief, and tied it into as many hard knots as he could make, to prevent him from giving it away before he reached his own house. On his way he called on a poor family, and told them he had brought them some relief. He then began to untie the knots; but finding it a work of great difficulty, gave the handkerchief to the mistress of the house, saying, 'Here, my friend, take it; I believe heaven intended it all for you.' Such a man had need of an excellent manager at home.

"The wife of his youth,' says Mather, 'lived with him till she became the staff of his age; and she left him not until about three or four years before his departure to those heavenly regions where they now together see light. She was a woman very eminent, both for holiness and usefulness. God made her a blessing, not only to her family, but her neighbourhood; and when at last she died, I heard and saw her aged husband, who else very rarely wept, yet now with tears over the coffin, before the good people, a vast confluence of which were come to her funeral, say, 'Here lies my dear, faithful, pious, prudent, praying wife! I shall go to her, and she shall not return to me.'"

They had six children, five sons and a daughter; but two only survived their venerable parents. They all gave such evidence of piety as enabled him to say, "I have had six children; and I bless God for his free grace, they are all either with Christ, or in Christ; and my mind is now at rest concerning them." And when asked how he could

bear the loss of them, he replied, "My desire was, that they should serve God on earth; but if God will chose to have them rather serve him in heaven, I have nothing to object against it; his will be done."

His ministry was peculiarly adapted to the character and circumstances of those he had to address. He knew how to employ the imagery that was familiar to the Indian mind, to illustrate and impress the great truths which he had to inculcate.

"To a man of strong imagination," says Mr. Carne, "these sermons in the wilderness borrowed wings of light and glory from the scenery around. If Wesley's discourses were observed to possess more vigor and beauty when he stood on the rugged shores of Cornwall, with wild rocks and the wilder waves on every side, much more did Eliot's, when he spoke in the eternal forests of America, or on the shore of her mighty rivers. No man could tell of the things of immortality in such scenes, with the wave, the boundless plain, and the awful gloom of the forest, like that of the shadow of death, the dark, solemn, and listening circle of warriors around, without feeling his fancy kindle, and his heart burn within him. How then felt Eliot? who wept night and day that he might bring the Indians to God."

If such were his feelings when breaking up the fallow ground, and sowing the seed, what must have been his emotions of gratitude and joy when he witnessed the fruit; when the wilderness became a fruitful field, and blossomed as the rose! He at once forgot all trials and labour. It was as "the joy of harvest, and the joy of the Lord was his strength." It is true, he had to mourn over some who "went back, and walked no more with him;" but in the greater number he found the abiding seals of his ministry; and the last end of some of these greatly strengthened his hands. The Chief Wanhon was one of these. He was the first fruit of Eliot's ministry; and was the first Indian that welcomed him to his roof, and opened the way for his future success. To this Chief his attachment was strong to the last.

"But the time was come when this first friend and convert was to be taken from him. Wanhon had several times attempted, by public discourses and confessions, to be of use to his countrymen. These efforts were by no means deficient in force or eloquence. In his dying hour the spirit of the Indian Chief broke in triumph above his pains and weakness. It was the hour that a stranger would have yearned to see; for his friends and warriors were standing around him; and Eliot was there. 'I desire you all, my friends and my children,' such were his words, 'do not greatly weep or mourn for me in this world; my body is broken to pieces by sickness and agony; yet I desire to remember thy name, my God, till I die. I will say with him of old, O that my words were now written, that they were printed in a book, that they were graven with an iron pen in the rock forever! For I know that my Redeemer liveth; and that though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see him. This is thy love, O my God!' In so saying he died."

When Eliot was in the eighty-second year of his age, but still free from disease, or much infirmity, his people consented, at his request, to provide a minister in his stead. A graduate of Harvard College was chosen.

"The good old man," says his friend, "with unspeakable satisfaction gave the garment of his ministry to his successor; he said he could no longer serve them as he fain would do; that they should draw a curtain of mercy over all his failures."

This was not insincere language in his mouth, though old age is the strong hour of vanity: when the passions are dead, when the flowers of life are all gathered, the past career rises in all its pride, and memory treasures up all that we have suffered and won. "I am drawing home," he writes to the Honourable Robert Boyle; the shadows are

lengthening around me; I beseech you to suppress the title of 'Indian Evangelist.' Give not any glory to me for what is done, give it to God who hath strengthened me."

At this advanced period of life—

"He persisted in going forth, as far as he was able, to visit his loved settlements; for such was the excellence of his constitution, that his frame was not yet bowed, and his eye was still bright. Earth had nothing so welcome to him as to mingle yet awhile with his Indians; sit in their assemblies and listen, when he could speak to them no longer.

"The Indians saw, as they expressed it, that their father was going home. His mind was vigorous to the last. How elevated, how enviable, and above all human joy, were the feelings of that mind, in these last visits to the wilderness; when he entered the dwelling that had received him fifty years before, or sat beneath the tree in whose shadow he had first told of the things of life; or rested on the shore, or the boundless plain, once the dominion of darkness and death; but now light and glory had come there!"

Eliot was not like many who in their old age are least sensible of the decay of their abilities; but for a considerable time before his departure, he could scarcely be prevailed upon to engage in any public service, saying, "It would be a wrong to the souls of the people for me to do anything among them when they are supplied so much to their advantage."—The last time he preached was on a public fast; when he gave a distinct and useful exposition of the eighty-third psalm, and concluded with an apology, begging his hearers to pardon the poorness, meanness, and brokenness (as he called it) of his meditations: "but, added he, 'my dear brother here will, by and by, mend all.'"

The closing scene now drew nigh; he thought himself past service: with an air peculiar to himself he would sometimes say—

"I wonder for what the Lord Jesus lets me live. He knows that now I can do nothing for him.' And yet, adds his friend, he could not forbear essaying to do something for his Lord; and conceiving that the English could not be benefited by any gifts which he now fancied himself to have only the ruins of, yet who could tell but the negroes might? He had long lamented that the English used their negroes but as their horses or oxen; and that so little care was taken about their souls. He looked upon it as a prodigy, that any, wearing the name of Christian, should confine the souls of their miserable slaves to a destroying ignorance, merely for fear of losing the benefit of their vassalage. He therefore invited the English, within two or three miles of him, to send their negroes once a week, that he might instruct them in the things of God.

"At length his Lord, for whom he had been long wishing, and saying, 'Lord, come, I have been a great while ready for thy coming,' came and fetched him away into his joy."

A fever, with which he was attacked, compelled him to lay aside his employment, and he lay in the extremity of his suffering. On one who had known little pain till the age of eighty-six, his bodily agony fell heavily; but he said that death was no more to him than sleep to a weary man. "The evening clouds are passing away," he said; "the Lord Jesus, whom I have served, like Polycarp, for eighty years, forsakes me not. O come in glory! I have long waited for that coming. Let no dark cloud rest on the work of the Indians. Let it live when I am dead." Ere his voice failed forever, the last words it uttered were, "Welcome joy!" What thoughtful mind can forbear the wish, "Let me" thus "die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!" We will only add, that his highly esteemed friend and correspondent, the celebrated Baxter, when near his end, wrote thus—"I am now dying, I hope, as Eliot did. I lay reading his Life in bed, and it revived me. There was no

man on earth whom I honoured above him. Till between one and two after midnight I continued to read it. It pleased me to find in his words my own case: 'My memory, my tongue, my hand, and pen fail; but my charity faileth not.'

LIFE'S TRAVELLER.

From the *Literary Gem*.

AN aged man of God encountered a traveller, who smote his breast and broke into loud and deep lamentation. And he said, 'My brother, what is thy affliction, that thou wailst thus on the way?' And the traveller answered, 'My path is long and weary; it is full of thorns and thistles; my feet are bleeding with sharp rocks, and my bosom is torn with briars; my sight is dim, and I fear to lose my way: darkness gathers around me, and I know not which way to turn; my ear is dull, and I hear not the voice of the torrent till it roars at my feet; the bitter north winds pierce me through; the sun looks fiercely upon me, and I faint; they who travel with me and who should assist me in my feebleness, rush rudely by, and overturn me as they pass; they darken my way by intercepting its faint light; they toss the brambles from their own feet under mine; they bewilder me by adverse councils, and lead me into crooked paths as I follow them; they pluck rich fruits by the wayside, which I in my weakness cannot reach, and forget that I am fainting. There were those who travelled with me for a season, whom I loved, and who held up their light that I might also see; and they pitied my wounds, and bound them up as we journeyed, and they pointed out the green places, and we sat together by the fountains in the wilderness, and I gathered strength as we held sweet converse. But one by one they have faded like a vision from my sight; they have all passed away! they sit by me in my dreams, but they mock my grasp; their voices come upon my ear on the night breeze, but I call on them and they do not answer? Askest thou why I lift up my voice in sorrow?'"

And the holy man inquired, 'Whither dost thou travel? What is the goal of thy journeying?' And the traveller said, 'I am journeying to the house of my Father; I am travelling home; I know that there I shall be welcome; for though my dim sight so often mistakes the direction, yet hath my Father sent me his chart and compass to guide me on my way.' And the man of God once more questioned, 'In this thy Father's house, what is it that awaits thee?' The faith of the traveller kindled at the thought, and he replied, 'Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, the fulness and the joy thereof. All the glories and delights, which I see at a distance on my way, and for which I also mourn, are as nought to the least of the abundance that is there awaiting me. The glorious hues that fade out here as we gaze, are the enduring colours of that mansion. The waters that shine there upon the eye have no bitterness, and there, there is no drought. There is no separation there, and no chill of doubt, or decay, or jealousy cometh there, between hearts that love. And the shadow of death entereth not there! And they whom I loved, and with whom I talked of that blessed home as we journeyed, are all there! Though they passed from my sight like the morning dew, yet have they left me a sign and a token where I should find them.'

'And thou weepest, O traveller,' said the aged man, 'and falterest on thy way to a home like this! Why girdest thou thy spirit not up, in the strength of that which is before thee? Go steadily on thy way. Why dost thou foolishly look to thy fellow-travellers for

guides? Behold they are weak; they are dim-sighted; they are bewildered as thou art. Hast thou not the chart and compass of thy Father? Why askest thou their support, and seest not they are fainting at thy side? Thou shrinkest from the thorns in thy way, and seest not that their feet are bleeding. Thou lookest on the fruits they chance to pluck, and forgettest that thou gatheredst when they were an hungered, and they shared not. If thy sight is dim, and thine ear dull, hast thou jostled no one in thy path, and flung the thorns from thy feet under those of no other! Hast thou not past by him whose wounds thou shouldst have bound up, and heard not the cry of him who asked thy help? Complain not, O man, of thy brother, nor embitter thy soul by thinking he careth not for thee. Look not upon the length of the way, nor upon its toils, nor its desolateness, nor yet upon the deep waters, nor the valley and shadow of death thou must finally pass. But fix thine eye steadfastly on the home beyond; and though dimness be upon thy vision yet shalt thou pass on in safety and rejoicing, as one indeed, who, weary and worn from a long journey, yet beholdest, from afar off, gleaming through the wilderness, the lights of his Father's mansion.'

RESOLUTION.

THIS, of all the qualifications of a great man, is perhaps the most efficient and important. A retentive memory, a lively imagination, an acute judgment and strong passions, may all be useful as qualities of a great man; but they all need resolution to bring them to a point. As in the case of a burning-glass the rays will not burn without the glass, nor the glass transmit heat unless it had the property of collecting the rays into a focus; so it is resolution which combines and powerfully applies the other talents. Some are prolific in schemes of usefulness, but are miserably poor in execution. Like some trees, they spend themselves in blossom, and never yield fruit. A gentleman last summer showed me a fine tree in his grounds, which, he said, he had resolved to cut down; for although for years it had produced a finer blossom than any other tree in his orchard or garden, yet it never bore fruit. He mentioned this to a friend, who said, the fact is, the tree spends itself in blossoms. I advise you to cut the rind off it, nearly half way round it, and it will probably have less blossom but it will bear fruit. He did so, and the result was that it afterwards produced more and better fruit than any other tree in the garden. Let me therefore advise you to cut some of the rind from your schemes, that they may work out into the fruits of usefulness. Sir Isaac Newton is said to have declared, that he did not consider himself to possess any advantage over other men, except that whatsoever he considered of sufficient importance to begin, he had sufficient resolution to continue till he had accomplished his object. Dr. Johnson, on the other hand, confessed and lamented that he was so deficient in this necessary qualification, that he could never do any thing till he was forced to it either by his appetite or by his creditors. Try therefore to acquire the habit of resolution.—*Griffin*.

THE SHITTIM-WOOD OF SACRED SCRIPTURE.

From the *Scottish Christian Herald*.

THE tabernacle of Moses was, by divine appointment, wholly built of one species of wood, called *shittim*. Of this were formed, not only the boards and bars, or the outside of that edifice, but also its furniture, the altar of burnt-offering, the ark, the table of shew-bread, &c. Exod. xxv. An injunction so positive, and so frequently repeated,

naturally incites the inquiring mind to seek for the reason of it: particularly when we reflect, that although Solomon employed a variety of kinds of wood in building the temple, yet we find not a single inch of the *shittim* among the whole. Cedar, olive, and fir found a place among the materials of that superb structure, but the *shittim* finds no place in the catalogue. Wisdom built both these houses; and wisdom must ever act upon such reasons as shall make her every measure justified by her children. Why, then, did she order her tabernacle to be built of *shittim*-wood only? The reason, I think, must be sought for in the design of the tabernacle, and of its appointed worship.

Here it will be granted that the portable tent, called the tabernacle, was intended to be a figure of the humble and changeable state of the Church of God, during her march through the different stages of the present world, looking for a city that has foundations, wherein she may abide. It also represented the state of our Lord himself, when, being made flesh, he tabernacled in us, or in our nature. The great design of its ordinances of worship was to keep in memory the introduction of sin, and its stated connection with death; while, at the same time, the expiation of sin, by the death of a substitute in the room of the sinner, was vividly expressed before the eyes of the worshippers in the periodical rotation of the rites of sacrifice. Examining the tabernacle in this point of view, we may perhaps find the propriety of this measure of divine wisdom appointing this temporary tent to be constructed of *shittim*. It seems now to be admitted that this tree was not the cedar, as some have thought, but the black acacia, which grows in that part of the Desert of Arabia where the tabernacle was erected. Now, this species of tree being low in stature, only a small shrub compared with the lofty cedar, and far inferior to the latter in glory and durability also, was it not happily chosen to suit a structure that was only meant to be a humble, portable, and temporary habitation of God? The lofty, sublime, and durable cedar became the temple, an edifice built by a great monarch, and meant to continue in one place, and that for a long series of ages; but the lowly, less showy, and less durable acacia was better fitted for the tabernacle. How properly, too, this humble appearance, and less durable nature, of the acacia expressed the appearance and condition of the Church of God in this world, as also of the appearance and state of our Lord's body when he dwelt among us, 'a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief,' the reader will easily discern.

And not only did the appearance and quality of this tree suit these purposes, but its name strongly impresses the same thing. The Hebrews called it *shittim*, derived from a root which signifies hated, persecuted. And was not this the fate of Jesus? and has he not assured his followers that they shall be hated of all men, and persecuted for his name's sake? I add, the Church of Christ is not only connected with the cross, but is founded on it, yea, constructed, in a manner, of it. All her doctrines, her system of faith, are the doctrines of the cross. The preaching of the apostles was the preaching of the cross: 'We preach Christ crucified.' So they preached, and so we believe. Believers in Christ are believers in the cross, and must take up the cross and follow him.

Thus, whether we consider the Church of Christ as a system of doctrines and ordinances of worship, or as a society of people, our tabernacle is still constructed of wood, of *shittim*-wood, the hated, the accursed tree. What tree more despised, hated, and abhorred than the cross? Even the law of God has denounced it accursed. Yet in this despised, loathed, hated tree, and in it only, Christians are taught to glory; and God forbid they should glory in anything besides! So properly was the *shittim*, the black, the despised acacia, chosen to furnish materials for the figurative tabernacle, the shadow of the true. The true tabernacle has all its parts connected together by the faith of the cross, and the figurative one had all its boards joined and confirmed by bars of *shittim*-wood, some perpendicular, and some across, exactly in the form of a cross.

The altar of burnt-offerings was also made of *shittim*-wood. The great design of the offerings on this altar was to call up the remembrance of sin, and also to point out the means heaven had appointed for its expiation. Now, as sin and

death came in by a tree, when the sacrifice was laid on the altar bearing the iniquity of, and suffering the death due to the sinner, did not this serve to put him in mind of the introduction of sin and death, as here he saw both still connected with a tree, the very name, as well as the use of which, was calculated to point out the divine hatred at sin, and the curse God has annexed to it? And when he saw the expiation of his sin issuing from the same tree, and the blood upon it, did he not see the greatest good educed from the greatest evil,—serving to explain the name of the original tree of which the shittim was the memorial,—the tree of knowledge of good and evil?

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, DEC. 21, 1843.

THE NATIVITY.

We confess we have no sympathy with those who suffer the anniversary of this unspeakably glorious event to pass unnoticed, and consequently unimproved; merely because they are not quite satisfied that the 25th day of our month December was actually the day when the "greatest gift from heaven to men" appeared in our lower world, that he might, in his own sacred person, endure the punishment which must otherwise have fallen upon our guilty race.

Others, again, object to the religious observance of this day on the ground of its general abuse. We may just as well object to the observance of the "Holy Sabbath," because, in too many instances, its sacred hours are desecrated to the worst of purposes. The abuse of any thing on the part of some men cannot be regarded as an argument against the proper use of it.

It is enough for us to know that the great majority of Christians observe this day with devout and holy emotions of joy, and spend its sacred hours in the contemplation of the glorious Advent, work, and atonement of the "Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

In order to assist the meditations of our readers, we have condensed from the *Wesleyan Magazine* the following eloquent passages from Gregory Nazianzen's "Oration on the Nativity":—

Jesus is begotten!—laud and glorify. He descends from heaven!—go forth to meet him.—He stands upon the earth!—be ye exalted to the skies. Let the whole earth sing unto the Lord; or, that I may comprehend in a word all nature, let the heavens exult, and the earth rejoice, on account of Him who existed in the heavens, and then appeared upon the earth. Jesus is manifested in the flesh!—rejoice at once with joy and trembling: with trembling, by reason of thy transgression; with joy, by reason of thy hope. Who adores not Him, who existed from everlasting; or glorifies not Him, who through eternity shall endure?

Again darkness is dispersed; again is light created; Egypt again is visited with darkness, Israel is again enlightened by the fire-girt pillar. Let the people who sit in the gloom of ignorance behold the resplendent beam of knowledge.—The ancient things have passed away, and lo! all things are new. The latter recedes, the spirit abounds. The shadows flee away, and the substance enters. Clap your hands, ye nations! for "unto us a Son is born, and unto us a Child is given, whose government shall be upon his shoulder." Let John proclaim, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." I also will proclaim the potency of this wondrous day. The Incorporeal is invested with a form; the brightness of the World is veiled; the Invisible is beheld; the Intangible is felt; the Everdaring is born in time; the Son of God becometh the son of man. "Je-

sus Christ, to day and yesterday the same, and throughout eternity!"

We celebrate this day the sojourning of God with man, that man might dwell with, or rather return unto, his God; for it is more suitable thus to speak, that, having put off the old man, we may be clothed with the new; that, as we died in Adam, so we might live in Christ, having been buried with Him, and with Him arisen.

Wherefore let us rejoice, not as if we were celebrating a festival, but as if we were engaged in divine employments; not as if we were inhabitants of the earth, but as if we were raised above it; not according to our human inclinations, but according to the will of him, who is become our own, or rather whose servants we are become; not according to our native weakness, but to the divine remedy; not according to our natural birth, but to the spiritual renovation. And how shall this be done? Let us not institute festive dances, or enwreath the vestibules, nor decorate the streets with flowers; let us not prepare a banquet for the eye, nor delight the ear with melody, nor recreate the smell with fragrance, nor pamper luxuriously the appetite, nor gratify the touch in the ways that lead to sin, on the threshold of iniquity. Let us not render ourselves effeminate with the delicacy and costliness of apparel, whose chiefest beauty is in its inutility; nor with the gorgeousness of gems, the brilliancy of gold, the device of painting, which giveth the lie to natural beauty, and dishonoureth the image of the Creator. Let us not indulge in feasting and drunkenness, from which I am assured other immoralities result; for evil are the instructions of evil teachers, and the fruit of baneful seeds is baneful. Let us not recline on elevated couches, gratifying the appetite with things of luxury, nor be charmed with the delicious fragrantcy of wine, or a profusion of costly ointments. Let not the earth and the sea bring in the tribute of their dross; nor let us strive to surpass each other in intemperance: for whatever is superfluous I deem intemperance, especially when many of those who are formed of the same clay, and fashioned like ourselves, are hungering for what we waste.

God, having created man, placed him in paradise, [whatever that paradise may have been] and endowed him with liberty of will, that the practice of virtue might depend not less upon his choice than upon Him who had sown the seeds. But deceived through the envy of Satan, and the ruin of Eve, which she sustained as being of a more yielding nature, and imparted to Adam, as being more likely to persuade, he forgot the commandment which had been prescribed, and was overcome by that bitter taste. Then, by reason of his transgression, was he exiled from the tree of life, the bowers of paradise, the favour of God, and clothed in garments made of skins, perhaps a more gross and perishable form; and hence he discovered his nakedness, and fled from his Creator. He is doomed to death; yet even here he experiences a benefit, the cutting off of sin, lest sin should prove immortal.

As these things needed a greater remedy, they obtained a greater. This was He, the Word of God; He the Everlasting, the Invisible, the Uncircumscribable, the Incorporeal, the Light outbeaming from the Light, the Beginning proceeding from the Beginning, the Fountain of life and immortality, the Impress of the all-beauteous Archetype, the indelible Character, the unvarying Image, the Word of the Father, commensurate to his illimitable nature. He approaches unto his own image; to redeem our bodies, he is invested with a body; and to redeem our souls, he unites himself to a rational soul, that, by human nature, human nature may be purified. In every respect, save only in respect of sin, he becomes a man, and is born of a virgin who had previously been purified in soul and body. As God assumes this nature in the moment of its creation, and thereby prevents its individual subsistence, from two contrarious natures one Christ is formed; of these, the one was stamped with divinity, and the other impressed that divinity upon it. O unprecedented union! O ineffable conjunction! The Ever-Living begins to be, the Uncreate is formed, the Infinite is circumscribed, he is circumscribed by a rational soul, the intermediate link which connects the incorporeal nature of material beings. He who possesses the riches of the universe is rendered poor; he is clothed with the garment of my

poverty, that I may be enriched with the treasures of his Godhead. He who is full of blessedness is emptied; yea, for a little season, he is emptied of his glory, that I may participate for ever in his fulness. O what an exuberance of the riches of his goodness!

He was sent forth; but as a man; for he possessed a two-fold nature. So also, he was wearied; he hungered and was athirst; he was agonised; and he wept: but it was in his earthly form. Yet, supposing he was sent forth in his divine nature also; what then? Considering that this was the "good pleasure" of his Father, to which he referred his every action; honouring him as the eternal Fountain of Deity, and combining in unity of purpose. So also, he is said to have been betrayed; but it is likewise written, that he rendered up himself. It is said, that he was raised by his Father, and was carried up to heaven; but it is likewise written, that he raised himself, and returned thither. That evinces the "good pleasure" of his Father; this demonstrates his inherent power.

But now receive, with gratitude, this gift of the conception. Honour lowly Bethlehem, for it hath restored thee unto Paradise: revere that manger, through which, when devoid of knowledge, thou wert nourished by the Word. Whether thou be one of the poor, and subject to the law, and meet for sacrifice; or whether thou hast hitherto been impure, unfit to be offered, and of the portion of the Gentiles; move on in concert with the star; and with the Magi present thine offerings,—gold, and myrrh, and frankincense; as unto a king, as unto God, as unto him who died for thee. Glorify with the shepherds; join the dance of angels, and swell the chorus of archangels! Let there be an harmonious concelebration of the earthly and supramundane powers! For I am persuaded that they also rejoice this day with us, and celebrate with us the festival; if, indeed, they be lovers of man, and lovers of their God; like those whom David introduceth, ascending with Christ after his passion, and coming forth to meet him, and prescribing to one another the elevation of the gates. Let one circumstance connected with his birth excite thy loathing and exprobration,—the murder of the infants by command of Herod: and yet, thou shouldst reverence this also; regarding it as an oblation of those whose age was the age of Jesus; the forerunner of that novel sacrifice—Does he flee into Egypt? Eagerly participate his flight: it is an ennobling thing to flee with Jesus in his persecution. Does he linger in Egypt? Summon him from thence, by adoring him even there. Pass blamelessly through every age of Christ, and through all his virtues. Be purified as becometh his disciple; be circumcised in heart; rend the veil of thine earthly generation. Teach in the temple, and drive from thence the traffickers in sacred things. Consent to be stoned, if it be needful: thou shalt escape thy persecutors, and shalt pass securely through the midst, as did the Saviour; for the Word was not stoned. If thou should be brought before Herod, answer not. He will respect thy silence more than the protracted speech of others. If, like Christ, thou should be scourged, be emulous of the sufferings which yet remained. Since thou hast tasted of sin, thou must taste the gall and must drink the vinegar. Seek to be spit upon, to be stricken, to be buffeted; submit to be crowned with thorns,—the sharp trials attendant on a life of holiness. Be invested with the scarlet robe; receive the reed in thy hand; and be scoffingly adored by those who deride the truth.

O! may he now illuminate your minds, as far as in this earthly prison ye can endure his radiance; through Jesus Christ our Lord; to whom be ascribed everlasting glory. Amen!

We have just received a communication, in which the following question is asked,—“Ought Protestants to provide for the temporal necessities of poor famishing Roman Catholics, and to what extent are they to relieve them?” We unhesitatingly answer the first part of the question in the affirmative. We do contend that, generally speaking, the subjects of suffering and hunger should be instantly relieved, “without (to use the language of the Strangers’ Friend Society Report,

which we lately published) any reference to religion or country." But we rather think that our correspondent alludes to a systematic mode of relief, and not to isolated cases of individual suffering; for he proceeds to inquire, "Ought not every church to support its own poor? Is it not the duty of Roman Catholics to support their's? And yet there are at this moment hundreds of them in a starving condition, particularly in Grifftown, totally neglected by their priests and their church." Under these circumstances, we humbly conceive it to be the duty of Protestants to represent such cases whenever they are met with, in the proper quarter; and we believe the application will not be in vain. We strongly deprecate any mixture of narrow-mindedness or sectarianism, in the dispensation of our charity. Let Protestants be influenced by that holy motive suggested by our Lord himself,—“That others seeing your good works may glorify your Father which is in heaven.” But we would not be understood to say, that no distinction should be made in the amount and permanency of the relief afforded; for we are commanded to do good to all, but “especially to them who are of the household of faith.” While the former should not by any means be neglected, the latter should be treated as “brethren” in a more peculiar sense. We fully agree with the concluding remarks of the communication before us, viz: “I am no advocate for state provision for the poor; a large proportion of such provision is generally squandered in large salaries on officials, and the poor pittance doled out to the poor is given in so improvident a manner that it only serves to make paupers of them. In a Christian country every individual ought to belong to some church; and if any are in pecuniary distress, it is the duty of the church to take care of them. To this end some efficient plan should be adopted, which should form an important and integral part of the affairs of the church. Lending money is better than giving it; in case it be not paid back it can at all events be no worse than giving it away. Labour for money is still preferable. One shilling earned by labour or otherwise, is worth two received as a gift.”

THE Annual Meeting of the Christian Mutual Improvement Society (late the Young Men's Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge) was held on Tuesday evening last, in the basement story of the Wesleyan Chapel; when a most interesting Report of the Society's proceedings was read; from which it appears that the object of the Association has been fully realized, and that it is now in a very flourishing condition.—After the company had partaken of some excellent refreshments, the meeting was favoured with some valuable addresses from the Rev. Messrs. Wilkes, Lang, Cooney, and Dr. Carruthers. The surplus receipts of this meeting have been appropriated to the funds of the Strangers' Friend Society—whose claims were most ably advocated by its Treasurer, Mr. Yates. The company separated at an early hour, highly gratified and doubtless much edified. We heartily recommend the Christian Mutual Improvement Society to the young men of our different churches, (for it is purely anti-sectarian) as an

excellent means of strengthening Christian principles, and promoting advancement in the knowledge and love of God.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CONVERSION OF THE JEWS.
LETTER IX.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

SIR,—We shall now endeavour to bring to a close our controversy on the above subject; and which we hope may the more easily be done, since your respected correspondent, who has defended the negative of the argument, has withdrawn from the discussion. This we the less regret from his unhappy and almost incurable infirmity of misunderstanding and misapplying the “plain declarations of the Word of God,” and which has occasioned a considerable delay in regard to the primary object of the correspondence. But for this source of interruption, it must have been long since most obvious that for the future national conversion of the Jews to the faith of Christ we have special reasons of hope which do not with equal force apply to any other nation.

In reply to our first letter in favour of this animating doctrine, J. H. complains that we have “scarcely advanced a single argument”—a declaration which early discouraged the hope that a discussion, having the most pacific intentions, would produce any desirable influence on his own mind. But still it is hoped that not a few will have seen that while, in that communication, we only attempted one point of argument, we assuredly did not fail to accomplish the object we therein proposed.

The first objection started by J. H. to the future conversion of the Jewish nation is, that “the purposes for which they were raised up as a nation were accomplished at the advent of the Messiah;” and hence, that as a separate and distinct people, God will no more deal with them. Our first letter was intended to overthrow this position. And if there be any signification in words, “the pious and intelligent reader” will have decided that this objection of J. H.'s arises from such a want of correct acquaintance with the subject as, considering the positiveness of his tone of writing, he will allow us to say, was truly not to his credit as a Christian controversialist.

Our argument was founded on Rom. xi. 11, 12, 15, in which Saint Paul triumphantly calculates on unprecedented benefits (THEN, and STILL future) to be derived to the world at large, through the instrumentality of the nation of “Israel.” Surely, from this, the only rational conclusion is that the Jews were raised up for purposes of utility and subserviency to the Divine government which were not “accomplished at the advent of the Messiah.”

If this objection was by him advanced as an argument that the Jews are no longer to be considered by us in their distinctive character as a separate nation, and hence that their national conversion on that account is not to be expected; by the reversal of that argument we have laid a foundation for the reversal of its inference; and it must be conceded that so far as that argument is concerned we have immovably established the contrary position.

The smooth and conclusive course of our discussion was, however, soon interrupted by a theological objection on the part of J. H., but which he has only substantiated by an appeal to his own JUDGMENT; which, he says, is his supreme authority in such matters. The objection is, that the eleventh chapter of the Romans has no application to the subject: that Saint Paul is there referring by no means “to Israel as a nation,” but to “the spiritual Israel”—the possessors of “the faith of Abraham,” of whatever nation. Could this objection be supported, our position would indeed become untenable. But, in truth, no support is produced. Without any argument drawn from the chapter to prove the validity of his objection to our application of its contents, J. H. considered it amply sufficient to declare as follows: “For my own part, I CANNOT SEE what bearing these verses have on the subject!”

From this, the reader will see that instead of our reasoning having been pronounced “scarcely an argument,” it ought to have been pronounced a most triumphant refutation of his first objection, since he was unable to furnish any

counter-reasoning. There was an air of impertinancy in all this which, unless it amused by its self-importance, would be sure to offend by its perverseness. Happily the latter was not the effect. But every well-informed and well-regulated mind will regard it very much in the light of an insult, to have the force of his argument bluntly denied, unless also the accuracy of his reasoning shall be fairly disproved.

At this point, we confess, we had one of two alternatives presented to our choice, either at once to proceed to a condign chastisement of such an unjustifiable polemical transgression, or to pursue a more lenient course. We determined, by a goodnatured forbearance, which induced somewhat of a style of desultoriness, to encourage your eccentric correspondent to bring out all he had to say on the subject, in his own antinomian method; of this we have had as *unique* a specimen as perhaps, on the part of any respectable writer, can be found in all the records of literary production. The sum and substance of the whole, so far as the eleventh chapter of the Romans is concerned, has never gone farther than this: “This chapter is generally misunderstood. It has never been properly elucidated. It ought to be explained. I CANNOT SEE that the conversion of the Jews is taught here!”

It may be sufficient to reply to this, that while we may lament your respected correspondent should have to make so deplorable an avowal of his defect of intellectual vision, we, for our own part, have to be thankful we do not labour under the same melancholy disadvantage. We beg to assure him, we “SEE” plainly enough, whether he does or not, that the conversion of the Jews as a nation IS TAUGHT HERE. Nor will he expect that others will close their eyes to the truth because unhappily he “CANNOT SEE.”

Were we singular in our opinion of this chapter, or only supported therein by persons not more knowing than ourselves, we hope we should have sensibility enough to avow such an opinion with a modest and becoming deference for the judgment of our “betters.” But it is a satisfaction that so many of the most celebrated “SEERS” of “the Church” have borne testimony as to what may be SEEN in the chapter.

Previously to his denial of the applicability of the eleventh chapter of the Romans to our side of the argument, we respectfully contend that J. H. should have produced his argument against it, deduced from an analysis of the contents of the chapter and a review of its connection. He has adopted another and singular mode; first to refuse our quotation, and then to call for an explanation of its real meaning. This certainly looks too much like a disposition to “wrest the Scriptures” to suit a pre-conceived notion. Common sense and common propriety would both dictate, that unless he produced a better explanation he would be bound to abide by the one we had assumed; especially since, after all, he was obliged to admit it to be “confessedly difficult” to explain it in favour of his own position.

J. H. seems so far to have taken the dimensions of the understanding of your readers as to conclude that his “I CANNOT SEE” would perfectly convince them all that NOTHING IS TO BE SEEN in the chapter to encourage special hope for the future conversion of the Jewish nation. Your correspondent dates his letters from “MONTREAL.” And this (to use a trading phrase) may be “a very good fit” for some in that influential city, while others will assuredly reject it. But, for the credit of our neighbourhood, we assure you, Mr. Editor, there are several, even in these country parts, for whom such an argument is very considerably “TOO SMALL.”

We would be sorry to discourage the laudable attempt of an enterprising spirit in any honourable department of useful science; but, as a theological instructor, J. H. must be prepared to be regarded by “the pious and intelligent reader” with no small degree of distrust, after his announcement respecting the epistle to the Romans; that the judgment of “the Church” is it has never yet been properly explained. With some readers this alone would inspire them with the most unbounded confidence in his critical qualifications. “There must be some of THAT sort to make up some of ALL sorts.” There are individuals who, according to his own showing, would instantly proclaim so bold and adventurous a writer to be an expositor of the Holy Scriptures

infinitely superior to all his predecessors in the sacred work. This is to be accounted for according to the universal law of intellectual affinities.

But with many the effect will be completely the reverse of this. Reflecting men, who know and can appreciate the value of the sanctified learning and talent which has been employed in the elucidation of the Holy Scriptures, will be astounded at the insufferable contempt poured thereon by J. H., of Montreal. They will revert back to the days of their own childhood, in which they were instructed to write and to reverence those kindred sentiments: "Humility is an ornament"—"Modesty is commendable."

The startling words of your respected correspondent are, "The whole chapter is confessedly difficult, and a good exposition of it, which will harmonize with other portions of Scripture, and with facts, is still a desideratum in the Church."

That J. H. should find the chapter "confessedly difficult" is not surprising, since he appears so disinclined to take it in its obvious, and natural, and generally acknowledged sense. What we have to complain of, and which, in our opinion, justly demands an apology, is this, that he should DENY the validity of our argument, and yet admit that it is "confessedly difficult," so to explain the chapter to which we have appealed as to DISPROVE that argument. We humbly resent this insult offered to our understanding and the understandings of your other readers: We complain of it, and protest against it. All interpretations which are "confessedly difficult" should be CONFESSEDLY DIFFIDENT. "In Biblical criticism, it is a good and safe rule, What is FORCED must be FALSE."

The following holy and learned men have written very luminously on the chapter now in question, and have not by any means found it "confessedly difficult" to shew therein, and that most clearly, the future conversion of the Jewish nation, triumphantly foretold. The Revs. Mayer, Doddridge, Burkit, Wesley, Scott, Clarke, and Benson. Many other not less learned names might be added to the list. These only have been enumerated to evince that the individual who denies that this Scripture teaches the future national conversion of Israel, is, in the language of Solomon, "wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason." Proverbs xxvi. 16.

Differing, as these devout scholars do on other points, they all agree in assuring us that this doctrine "IS TAUGHT HERE."

So that unless your respected correspondent be a very aged person, which we do not suspect him to be, he may safely conclude that "A GOOD EXPOSITION" of the chapter, which to him is so "confessedly difficult," instructed and gladdened the hearts of "the Church" LONG BEFORE HE WAS BORN.

I remain,
Mr. Editor, yours,

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

Near Lake Champlain,
December 13, 1843. }

MISCELLANEOUS.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

How many associations, sweet and hallowed, crowd around that short sentence, "Saturday night!" It is, indeed, but the prelude to more pure, more holy, more heavenly associations, which the tired frame and thankful soul hails with new and renewed joy at each succeeding return.

'Tis then the din of busy life ceases—that cares and anxieties are forgotten—that the worn-out frame seeks its needy repose, and the mind its relaxation from earth and its concerns—with joy looking to the coming day of rest so wisely and beneficently set apart for man's peace and happiness by the Creator.

The tired labourer seeks now his own neat cottage, to which he has been a stranger perhaps the past week, where a loving wife and smiling children meet him with smiles and caresses.

Here he realizes the bliss of hard-earned comforts, and at this time, perhaps more than any other, the happiness of domestic life and its attendant blessings.

Released from the distracting cares of the week, the professional man gladly beholds the return of "Saturday night," and as gladly seeks, in the clustering vines nourished by his paternal care, the reality of those joys which are only his to know at these particular seasons, and under these congenial circumstances—so faithfully and vividly evidenced by this periodical acme of enjoyment and repose.

The lone widow too, who has toiled on day after day to support her little charge—how gratefully does she resign her cares at the return of "Saturday night," and thank her God for these kind resting places in the way of life, by which she is encouraged from week to week to hold on her way.

But on whose ear does the sound of "Saturday night" strike more pleasantly than the devoted Christian? Here he looks up, amid the blessings showered upon him, and thanks God with humble reverence for their continuance.

His humble soul looks forward to that morn, when, smiling, the great Redeemer shall burst death's portals, and complete man's redemption. His willing soul expands at the thought of waiting on God in the sanctuary, on the coming day, and gladly forgets the narrow bounds of time and its concerns, save spiritual; that he may feast on joys ever new, ever beautiful, ever glorious, ever sufficient to satiate the joy-fraught soul that rightly seeks his aid.

It leads him to the Lamb of God for protection, and rationally points out the way to joys on high—an endless Sabbath—a perpetual rest for the vigilant, the watchful, the thankful.

AFFECTION.

This is the charm of life, the soother of sorrows, the balm for wounded hearts; it is the link that binds mortals to heaven. O! who does not feel a thrill of joy at his heart when he thinks of the loving eyes that gazed on his childhood, that brightened with approval of his good actions, and grew dim with sorrow when he was tempted to sin, that closed not in sleep if he needed their watchful care? Who does not remember a mother's love? Ask the reclaimed from vice, and he will tell you that when a wanderer from virtue, a wretched tempest-tossed sinner, the memory of his mother, and the low-breathed prayer that ascended night and morning for blessings upon his head, had ever a power over his seared and blackened heart, to arrest him in his evil course, and finally, though repelled and struggled with, to win him back to the paths of peace from which he had strayed.

And a sister's love. The dear playmate of our days of sports and fun—the merry, laughing little romp, with her curling hair and bright eyes. Does not the imagination warm and glow with the picture—the sweet kiss from those dear ruby lips—the twining arms, and the prattle of affection?—How lonely, how desolate would our path be through life, were it not strewn with the flowers of love? Cherish then, children, in your hearts the kindly feelings, the quick sympathies, that will endear you to all who call you friend. Be gentle, mild, and patient, under whatever trials may fall to your lot, remembering that none are exempt from such, and that your heavenly Father does not afflict his children but for their good. Thus shall you win for yourselves the love and approbation of your fellow beings, and, above all, you shall insure to yourselves that peace of mind which is beyond price.—*Cold Water Army.*

THE UNFEELING MOTHER.

THE Bowchee people (says Mr. Lander, in his "Records of Captain Clapperton's last Expedition to Africa,") appear to have no natural affection for their offspring. They sell their children as slaves to the greatest strangers in the world, with no more remorse of conscience than if they were common articles of merchandize. The following touching scene took place at Fallindushie whilst I was in the town:—

"A travelling slave-dealer passing through the place had purchased several of their children, of both sexes, from the inhabitants, and, amongst others, a middle-aged woman had an only daughter, whom she parted with for a necklace of beads. The unhappy girl, who might have been about thirteen or fourteen years of age, on being dragged away from the threshold of her parents' hut,

clung distractedly, like a shipwrecked mariner to a floating mast, round the knees of her unfeeling mother, and looking up wistfully in her countenance, burst into a flood of tears, exclaiming with vehemence and passion, 'O mother, do not sell me! What will become of me? What will become of yourself, in your old age, if you suffer me to desert you? Who will fetch you corn and milk? Who will pity you when you die? Have I been unkind to you? O, mother, do not sell your only daughter! I will take you in my arms when you are feeble, and carry you under the shade of trees; as a hen watches over her chickens, so will I watch over you, my dear mother. I will repay the kindness you showed me in my infant years. When you are weary, I will fan you to sleep; and when you are sleeping, I will drive away the flies from you. I will attend on you when you are in pain, and when you die I will shed rivers of sorrow over your grave. O mother! my dear mother! do not push me away from you,—do not sell your only daughter to be the slave of a stranger! Useless tears! Vain remonstrances! The unnatural, relentless parent, shaking the beads in the face of her only child, thrust her from her embraces, and the slave-dealer drove the agonized girl from the place of her nativity, which she was to behold no more." How striking a confirmation of the truth of the description which the Apostle Paul gives of the heathen, "without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful!" They are destitute of those holy principles which the Gospel inculcates, and they are solely under the influence of their unrenewed and deceitful hearts. But let a pure Christianity find its way among them, a change of the most gratifying kind is speedily effected. The hard and stony heart is converted into a heart of flesh, and the cruel savage, instead of breathing slaughter wherever he goes, becomes meek and peaceful as a lamb. Hence the necessity for diffusing, as extensively as possible, the truth as it is in Jesus; and we may rest assured, that Christianity will bring in its train all the blessings of civilization and true refinement.

MARY TENDING THE BABE JESUS.

I HAVE of late been much led to think of Mary, tending the blessed Babe of Bethlehem; how inexpressibly sweet must have been her employment! Never woman had such a treasure committed to her trust; lying down, and rising up, and carrying about with her the "most holy thing" that ever God created, the *holy human nature* of her Lord and Saviour. She had indeed much to ponder in her heart. What intercourse and traffic must she have had with God himself, about such a child! And, although his majesty and glory were veiled, when he became a little weeping babe,—yet who can conceive how wonderful must have been those opening rays of divine glory, which would now and then appear to a careful observer, even in the child Jesus,—the first holy lisplings of his soul in prayer! What secret acts of devotion must his mother have witnessed in the very morning of life!—what unabating, unceasing love to God and man, ever flowing in his heart, and dwelling on his lips! How very dear must the society of such a child have been to a mother of such exalted piety! Once only we hear of her reproving him, and that once she was in the fault. After having witnessed such a childhood and youth, followed by a life of such devotedness to the advancement of his Father's glory, it was no wonder that she should press near him in the last awful scene, although it was to find verified the prediction of a venerable saint to herself, "a sword shall pierce through thine own soul." Who can conceive the state of Mary's mind at this awful moment?—*Mrs. Simpson.*

THE SLANDERER.

Of all that's low, and mean, and despicable—that the scorn and hate, and the utter detestation of the good and virtuous—the vile slanderer stands first and foremost. We despise him as much as we do a serpent; and although he may have the form and visage of a man; he has neither the heart, the soul, or the generosity of a man. No—there is nothing just, or manly, or honorable about him. He is hardly on a level with brutes—and is far below the smallest specimen of humanity that ever existed. He is unfit to live in civilized society. No one could associate with him. All should avoid and

shun him as they would the tiger and the hyæna—or as they would the pestilential air of an infected city, where some frightful malady is sweeping off its victims by thousands. There is something poisonous and contaminating in the very breath of the slanderer. The ignoble wretch who is guilty of the foul crime of slander—he who wantonly and maliciously assails the character of his fellow-man—ought to receive the contempt, the hatred, and the curses of the world.

THE ARTS OF MEMORY.

THE arts of memory have at all times excited the attention of the studious; they open a world of undivulged mysteries, where every one seems to form some discovery of his own, rather exciting his astonishment than enlarging his comprehension. Le Sage, a modern philosopher, incapable of acquiring languages, and deficient in all those studies which depend on the exercise of the memory, it became the object of his subsequent exertions to supply this deficiency by the order and method he observed in arranging every new fact or idea he obtained; so that in reality, with a very bad memory it appears that he was still enabled to recall at will any idea or any knowledge that he had stored up. The late Wm. Hutton, a man of an original cast of mind, as an experiment in memory, opened a book, which he had divided into 365 columns, according to the days of the year: he resolved to try to recollect an anecdote for every column, as insignificant and remote as he was able, rejecting all under ten years of age, and, to his surprise, he filled those spaces for small reminiscences within ten columns.—*D'Israeli.*

THE CHINESE EMPIRE.

THE London Morning Chronicle says:—"It is calculated that this empire contains at least half as much wealth and industry as the remainder of the globe. The great body of the people are much wealthier, and more advanced in knowledge than the inhabitants of any other Asiatic country, and the advantages which their soil and climate give them in the production of valuable articles of export, and the effective demand which their wealth and taste for luxury create for the products of other countries, are such as to render them capable of becoming better customers than the same number of people in the far larger half of Europe and America."

GIVING THE DEVIL HIS DUE.—Swift, in preaching an assize sermon, was severe upon the lawyers for pleading against their consciences. After dinner, a young counsel said some severe things upon the clergy, and added that he did not doubt, were the devil to die, a parson might be found to preach his funeral sermon. "Yes," says Swift, "I would, and would give the devil his due, as I did his children this morning!"

CIVIL INTELLIGENCE.

CLOSE OF THE SESSION.

LIST OF BILLS ASSENTED TO IN HER MAJESTY'S NAME BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.

An Act to repeal an Ordinance of Lower Canada, intituled, "An Ordinance concerning Bankrupts and the administration and distribution of their Estates and Effects," and to make provision for the same object throughout the Province of Canada.

"To abolish imprisonment in Execution for Debt, and for other purposes therein mentioned.

"To regulate the inspection and measurement of Timber, Masts, Spars, Deals, Staves, and other articles of a like nature.

"To facilitate the proof of the Laws of Upper and Lower Canada, and to declare protests of Notaries Public Evidence in certain cases in Upper Canada.

"To regulate and facilitate the study of Anatomy.

"To continue for a limited time the duties imposed on Agricultural Produce and Live Stock imported into this Province.

"To provide for the calling and orderly holding of Public Meetings in this Province, and for the better preservation of the public peace thereat.

"Further to provide for the establishment and maintenance of Common Schools, and for apportioning the fund for the support of the

same, and also to grant an indemnity for the payment of certain portions of the School monies for the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-two, and further to provide for the apportionment and distribution of the balance of the said monies for the years one thousand eight hundred and forty-two and 1843.

"To repeal a certain Act therein mentioned, and to make further provision for enabling the Provincial Government to purchase the Stock held by private persons in the Welland Canal.

"For vesting in the Principal Officers of Her Majesty's Ordinance the Estates and property therein described, for granting certain powers to the said Officers, and for other purposes therein mentioned.

"To exempt Public Officers from the New Commissions on the demise of the Crown.

"To prohibit the hunting and killing of Deer and other Game, within this Province at certain seasons of the year.

"For the better preservation of certain species of Fish in the Rivers and Waters of the Counties therein mentioned.

"To provide for the Summary Trial of Small Causes in Lower Canada.

"To repeal certain Acts and Ordinances therein mentioned, and to make better provision for the Administration of Justice in Lower Canada.

"For the establishment of a better Court of Appeals in Lower Canada.

"To establish the District of Gaspé and to provide for the due administration of Justice therein.

"To alter the Terms of the General Sessions of the Peace in and for the District of St. Francis.

"To amend the Ordinance providing for the Registration of Titles to Real Property, or Incumbrances thereon, in Lower Canada; and further, to extend the time allowed by the said Ordinance for the Registration of certain claims.

"For taking the Census of the inhabitants of Lower Canada and for obtaining statistical information therein mentioned.

"To alter and amend certain provisions of the Ordinance of the Governor and Council of Lower Canada of the second year of Her Majesty's Reign, intituled, "An Ordinance for establishing an efficient system of Police in the Cities of Quebec and Montreal."

"To exempt Vehicles conveying manure from the Cities and Towns of this Province from the payment of Tolls on Turnpike Roads, and for other purposes therein mentioned.

"To detach Isle Bizarre from the Registration District of the Lake of the Two Mountains, and to annex it to the Island and County of Montreal, for the purpose of Registration.

"To empower the seigniors of the Fiefs Nazareth, Saint Augustin, and St. Joseph, in the City and County of Montreal, to commute the tenure of the Lands now held *en censive* in the said Fiefs respectively.

"To detach the township of Chatham, Gore, otherwise called the Gore of Chatham, from the County of Terrebonne, and to annex it to the County of Two Mountains.

"For the establishment and maintenance of Common Schools in Upper Canada.

"To enable Courts of Law in that part of this Province called Upper Canada, to give relief against adverse claims made upon persons having no interest in the subject of those claims.

"To fix the period for holding the Courts of General Quarter Sessions of the Peace in that part of the Province formerly Upper Canada.

"To render more summary the means of enforcing the returns of process by Sheriffs and Coroners in that part of this Province called Upper Canada.

"To afford to persons having been Boundary Line Commissioners, a more easy and less expensive mode of recovering Costs still due on Judgments rendered in that capacity.

"To prevent obstructions in Rivers and Rivulets in Upper Canada.

"To explain an Act passed in that part of this Province called Upper Canada, in the third year of the Reign of Her Majesty, intituled "An Act to confirm and regulate certain Sales of Lands for Taxes in the Ottawa District."

"To confirm and make valid certain official Acts in the offices of Registrar, Clerk of the Peace, Clerk of the District Court, and Registrar of the Surrogate Court, in and for the District of Ottawa.

"To divide the Township of Hawkesbury, in the Ottawa District, into two Townships.

"To amend the Act relating to the Boundary Line between the Niagara and Gore District.

"To declare a debt contracted by the Committee of Magistrates of the Johnstown District, to enable them to complete the New Gaol and Court House of the said District, to be a debt payable by the District Council.

"For better defining and establishing the Eastern Boundary Line of the third concession of the Township of Cornwall in the Eastern District.

"To naturalize Cyprian Morgan and others.

"To authorize the Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens of Montreal to purchase, acquire, and hold the property now known as the Montreal Water Works.

"To incorporate Charles Cunningham, Richard Norman, Samuel Amory, and others, forming a Joint Stock Company for carrying on the Fishery in the Gaspé District and Gulf of St. Lawrence, and Coal Mining in the said District.

"To incorporate the Members of the Mercantile Library Association of Montreal.

"To confer certain powers on the Bishop of Montreal in the transfer of certain Lands.

"To incorporate the Education Society of the District of Quebec.

"To incorporate the Association called "La Congregation de Notre Dame de Quebec."

"To incorporate Les Dames Religieuses du Sacre Cœur de Jesus, of the Parish St. Jacques de l'Achigan, in the District of Montreal, for the purposes of Education.

"To renew and continue for a certain time, the privileges granted by a certain Act of Lower Canada therein mentioned, to Alexis Gosselin, and his Heirs and Assigns, with regard to a certain Bridge over the River Boyer, in the County of Bellechasse.

"To amend the Act incorporating the Tay Navigation Company.

"To authorize the Court of Queen's Bench and the High Court of Chancery, at their discretion, to admit Samuel Beasley Harrison to practice as an Attorney and Solicitor thereof respectively.

"To authorize the Chairman of the Committee of the Canada Inland Forwarding and Insurance Company to sue for, and recover Debts due to the Company.

"To amend the Charter of the Catarqui Bridge Company.

"To alter and amend the Act of Incorporation of the Kingston Marine Railway Company.

"To authorize the Commercial Bank of the Midland District, and the Bank of the Niagara District, to open Books for the transfer of their Stock in the city of London, and to set aside aside certain portions of their Stock for that purpose.

"For incorporating and granting powers to the Upper Canada Trust and Loan Company.

"To incorporate the Kingston Mineral Wells Company.

"To retain Party Processions in certain cases.

His Excellency was pleased to reserve the following Bills for the further signification of Her Majesty's pleasure thereon, viz:—

An Act for the better securing the Independence of the Legislative Council of this Province.

"For the better securing the Independence of the Legislative Assembly of this Province.

"For the discouragement of Secret Societies.

"To incorporate the Church Societies of the United Church of England and Ireland, in the Dioceses of Quebec and Toronto.

"To incorporate certain persons carrying on Banking in the City of Montreal, under the name of the Banque du Peuple.

"To amend the Act incorporating the Bank of the Niagara District by providing for the extension of the time limited for the paying up of the Stock of the said Bank.

"To repeal certain Acts therein mentioned and to make better provision respecting the admission of Land Surveyors, and the Survey of Lands in Upper Canada.

"For vesting the Market Block in the Town of Niagara in the Council of the said town, and for other purposes.

"To alter and amend certain parts of "An Act therein mentioned relating to the Navigation of the River St. Lawrence, in so far as the same relate to the Port of Quebec."

The new Post-office Regulations for British North America are not to come into force till the 5th of January. It is our intention before then to publish the Treasury Warrant containing them. They will not be of the benefit it has been expected they would.—*Ch. Guar.*

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES.

WEDNESDAY, December 20, 1843.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Oats, per minut	1	0	a	1 2
Wheat, " "	5	0	5	6
Barley " "	2	0	2	3
Pease " "	2	0	2	3
Lint Seed " "	4	0	4	6
Buckwheat " "	2	0	2	3
Turkeys, per couple	2	6	6	0
Fowls " "	1	8	2	0
Geese " "	3	0	5	0
Ducks " "	1	3	2	6
Chickens " "	0	7	1	8
Patridges " "	2	6	4	6
Eggs, fresh, per dozen	0	6	0	9
Butter—Dairy, per lb.	0	8	0	9
" " Salt " "	0	6	0	6
Pork, per hund.	20	0	25	0
Beef " "	12	6	21	3
Flour, per cwt.	12	6	13	4
Beef, per lb.	0	2	0	5
Pork " "	0	3	0	5
Veal, per qr.	1	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	5	2	10
Beans, " "	4	6	6	0
Honey, " "	per lb.	0	5	0
Hay, " "	per 100 lbs.	25	0	30

JUST PUBLISHED, and may be had of Mr. C. Bryson, Bookseller, St. Francois Xavier Street, THE THRONE OF JUDAH PERPETUATED IN CHRIST, &c. By R. Hutchinson. December 14, 1843.

TO BE PUBLISHED,

When a sufficient number of Subscribers will guarantee the expense,

A SERIES OF FOURTEEN DIALOGUES ON THE SUBJECT OF UNIVERSALISM:

WHEREIN all the chief arguments of the advocates of that system are distinctly stated and refuted, and the truth of the leading doctrines of the Christian faith, viz.—The Fall of Man, Origin of Sin, Immortality of the Soul, Divinity of Christ, The Trinity, The existence of a Devil—a Hell—and a future Judgment,—vindicated: whereby any person of ordinary understanding may be able to defend the orthodox faith against the insidious arguments and calumnies of its *Universalist* and *Socinian* adversaries. With copious indexes to the controverted passages.

By HENRY EVANS, Esq., KINGSEY, C. E. The author having dedicated the profits of the above Work,—the compilation of which has occupied much of his time for the past three years,—to aid the completion of a church now erecting in his neighbourhood, 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 Subscribers at 6s. 3d. per copy.

Reference to the Rev. A. N. Bethune, Cobourg; the Rev. John Butler, Kingscy, C. E., the Rev. Mr. Fleming, Melbourne; the Rev. Mr. Ross, Drummondville; the Rev. Mr. Lonsdell, Danville; the Rev. Mr. Kim, Robinson, C. E. The Postmaster of Kingscy will receive Subscribers' names, and will thankfully acknowledge any contributions addressed to him.

Editors of Religious Publications are requested to notice the above. December, 1843.

D. R. ROBINSON

HAS REMOVED

TO SAINT RADEGONDE STREET, Opposite the New Weigh House, near Beaver Hall.

November 9.

4w

J. H. TAAFFE,

GENERAL GROCER,

No. 35, Notre Dame Street,

NEARLY OPPOSITE THE ENGLISH CHURCH, MONTREAL.

PROSPECTUS OF A NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR: PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT 7s. 6d. PER ANNUM.

IN proportion as the influence of the Religion of Christ prevails—just in the same ratio will enlightened and liberal views prevail.—Men will forget the minor shades of difference in their theological notions, and, with common consent, rally round those great truths, and fundamental principles, which all Evangelical Churches believe to be essential to salvation.

We are fully satisfied, that every disciple of Christ, 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," without 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 interfere, in the most remote manner, with his peculiar predilections, 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 gratifying 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 induce the Proprietor, at the earliest 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 next.)

For the information of such as may not be acquainted with the character of the Mirror, it has been thought proper to publish the following synopsis:—

Concerning that Missionary efforts are among the most important and interesting movements of modern Christianity, a large space is devoted to the advocacy of Christian Missions, and the publication of the latest Missionary Intelligence. It may here be remarked, that an additional supply of Missionary and other religious Periodicals is about to be ordered.

A portion of the paper is also devoted to the interests of the great Temperance Cause—which has been so signally blessed to thousands of our fellow-men.

In its management, the discussion of all party politics is most sedulously avoided; while in its pages will always be found a summary of the latest secular News, state of the Markets, &c.

The Mirror also comprises:—Extracts from Modern Travels, especially those which tend to throw light on Biblical History and Biblical Records.

Religious Literature, being extracts from the most popular writers on Divinity, that is, such as interfere not with the neutral principles of the paper.

Moral Tales, Anecdotes, and Short Articles for Youth.

In consequence of the increasing circulation of the Mirror, it is strongly recommended to the commercial community as a good advertising medium.

Agents and friends generally are respectfully requested to procure new subscribers, to meet the additional outlay consequent upon a weekly issue.

Subscriptions thankfully received by the undersigned publisher.

J. E. L. MILLER,
158, Notre Dame Street.

ROBERT MILLER,

BOOK-BINDER,

Nun's New Buildings, Notre Dame Street, over the Bookstore of Mr. C. P. Leprohon.

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

J. G. DAILY,

CABINET-MAKER, UPHOLSTERER,

AND

UNDERTAKER,

ST. GERMAIN STREET,

Off Bleury Street, St. Lawrence Suburbs. Montreal, December 1, 1842.

MR. HAMBY F. CAIRNS,

ADVOCATE,

NO. 3, SAINT LOUIS STREET,

OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE,

QUEBEC.

September 7.

GEORGE MATTHEWS,
ENGRAVER, LITHOGRAPHER, AND
COPPERPLATE PRINTER,
NO. 10, ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET,
(NEAR NOTRE DAME.)

COMMERCIAL BLANKS, (in a variety of forms.) Bill Heads; Business, Visiting, Invitation, and Society Cards; Druggists', Grocers', Confectioners', and other Labels—of every design and colour.

Fac Similes, Circulars, Plans, Views, &c. &c. &c. on the most liberal terms.

N.B.—Funeral Circulars on the shortest notice.

J. & J. SLOAN,

FASHIONABLE BOOT & SHOE MAKERS,

No. 14, St. JOSEPH STREET,

Nearly opposite St. George's Church,

MONTREAL.

August 11, 1843.

J. E. L. MILLER'S

PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT

IS REMOVED TO NOTRE DAME STREET,

Near St. Francois Xavier Street, over Mr. D.

Milligan's Dry Goods Store.

Where every description of Printing is neatly executed, on very reasonable terms.

JOSEPH HORNER,

SILK-DYER,

Notre Dame Street.

MONTREAL.

JOHN HOLLAND & Co.,

SUCCESSORS TO C. CARLTON & CO.

St. Paul Street.

HAVE constantly on hand, an assortment of ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, and INDIA FANCY GOODS, COMBS, RIBBONS, &c. &c. suitable for Town and Country Trade.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,—TERMS LIBERAL.

August, 12, 1841.

AGENTS FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

Mr. ROBERT PATTON, Post Office, Quebec.

" WM. GINNIS, Three Rivers.

" ABRAHAM McINTYRE, Ceau-du-Lac

" B. J. KENNEDY, Phillipsburgh.

" E. CHURCH, Terrebonne.

" F. VAN VLEIT, P.M. Lacolle.

" W. VAN VLEIT, Odell Town.

" E. BAKER, P.M. Dunham.

" A. BISSETT, Lachine.

" T. B. MACKIE, P.M. Saint Sylvester.

" C. A. RICHARDSON, Lennoxville.

" A. W. KENDRICK, Compton.

" A. DELMAGE, Napierville.

" A. B. JOHNSON, East Bolton.

" A. AMSDEN, Sherbrooke.

" H. HAZELTINE, Hatley.

" R. MORE, P.M. Durham.

" WM. SCRIVER, Hemmingford.

" G. SUTTON, Carillon.

" E. H. ADAMS, Woonsocket, R. I.)

" DEWAR, St. Andrews, (Ott.)

" COCHRAN, Bytown.

" CAMERON, Lochaber.

" WM. ANGLIN, Kingston.

" JAS. CARSON, Buckingham.

" R. HARPER, Smith's Falls.

Capt. SCHAGEL, Chatham.

Hon. JOHN McDONALD, Gananoque.

Jas. MAITLAND, Esq., Kilmarnock.

H. JONES, Esq., Brockville.

D. DICKINSON, Esq., Prescott.

R. LESLIE, Esq., Kemptonville.

DR. STEIGER, P.M., St. Elizabeth.

Mr. N. RUSTON, Huntingdon.

" H. LYMAN, P.M., Granby.

" J. GRISDALE, Yaudrevil.

" BAINEBOROUGH, St. Johns, Chambly.

" " " " Isle-aux-Noix, &c.

" R. C. PORTER, P.M. New Ireland.

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR,

Is printed and published at Montreal, every Thursday, by J. E. L. MILLER, at his Office, Notre Dame Street, near St. Francois Xavier Street, next door to Mr. Fleming, Merchant Tailor—to whom all communications (post paid) must be addressed.

Terms.—Seven Shillings and Sixpence per annum in town and country, payable yearly or half yearly in advance.