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## GENERAL LITERATURE.

### THE INFIDEL HUSBAND.

BY MRS. JULIA H. SCOTT.

"Oh! I ask not, hope thou not too much  
Of sympathy below;  
Few are the hearts when one same touch  
Bids the sweet fountain flow;  
Few—and by still conflicting powers  
Forbidden here to meet—  
Such ties would make this life of ours  
Too fair for aught to fleet."

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

"SUNDAY morning is certainly different from all others in the week," exclaimed Irene Bentley, as she drew her husband towards the open window, and gazed out upon the beautiful fields surrounding their pleasant dwelling. "There is a difference in its very air—it hath a balmy freshness and sweetness all unlike other days; and the sunshine seems to fall more reverently upon the meek uplifted flowers and silken grass, and even the little birds, which yesterday sang so gaily upon the sweet briar, hath now a tender melody, and singeth a holier song. Yea, all things seem to remember the Lord."

"You are a sweet enthusiast, Irene," carelessly answered her husband; "and had I not vowed before marriage, never to tolerate a fanatical wife, I know not but I should love you the more for these little bursts of insanity—they are so becoming to one of your peculiar cast of beauty."

"Bursts of insanity!—Herbert!" mournfully rejoined the wife, while a deep sickening pain (the nature of which needs no explanation to those who have bent with crushed feelings over hope deferred) crept slowly through her quivering heart, and drew from her cheek its warm and mellowing tide. "Bursts of insanity!—Oh, Herbert, how can you deem the simple aspirations of a spirit conscious of the entire dependence on its Maker, and alive to the beauties of nature, and alive to the beautiful character of Him who framed their excellencies, how can you deem these at all coupled with insanity? Let me convince you," she continued, eagerly opening the book-case, and taking from thence a much worn Bible—"let me convince you that you are wrong."

"No, no—another time will do just as well. I have a little reading of my own to do. Besides, you know conviction does not flash instantaneously upon my obstinate intellect, and it would be a waste of your precious Sunday moments; therefore, another time will do as well;" and he too advanced with an ironical smile to the book-case, and soon threw himself upon the sofa, though Irene's streaming eyes dared not attempt to discover the book he had taken with him. She thought of an interesting religious work which she had long urged him to peruse. But no—she had been too often disappointed, to hope that he had now turned his attention thitherward, and she bent her eyes close to her Bible; but the words looked dim and wavering.

"What a delightful writer Captain Marryat is, though," exclaimed Mr. Bentley, after a long interim of silence. "The manner of Japhet's taming the royal tiger, is rarely admirable. Ha! where are your responding words, Irene? You sometimes give me three for one. Well! obstinate if you will—'tis the way of all you pious folks." And the novel-reading husband turned again carelessly to his lightsome pages.

Irene did not reply, for her heart was full—full of sorrow—full of choking remembrances—full of corroding grief-drops of spiritual Marah. "Oh! Father of mercies," she sighed mentally—"must

it be ever thus? Wilt thou leave me always alone—always unblest by the gentle communion of a kindred heart?"

And tears fell faster and faster, as she remembered a visit of happiness which had once opened to her eyes, but closed again just as the light entered her spirit, and told her what a blessed thing happiness must be. "And they do call me blest," she continued, half rejecting, half encouraging the visions which had risen from the oblivious fountain of memory,—

"They call me blest: but did they know  
The grief which this sad heart consumes—  
The deep, the voiceless screams of woe,  
Which gilds with tears soft fancy's plume—  
Would they still call me blest, and bid  
Young roses round my aching brow?  
No! fitter flowers their hands could find,  
And fitter words their lips bestow.

I gaze upon the rising sun  
Ere crimson sleep hath left his eye,  
And my dark thoughts revert to one  
Bright as the pilgrim of the sky—  
I listen to the dreamy note  
Of some wild melancholy bird,  
And youth's bright visions round me float,  
Till all life's feeble strings are stirr'd."

Irene did not repeat the other stanzas, for the contrast of a former blissful but unfortunate attachment, and her present unhappiness, was too painful for long contemplation; and she again bent her eyes on the words of consolation: "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me." "Oh, if he would but search the Scriptures," murmured his wife, bitterly—"if he would search the Scriptures, that he might have life, then indeed might I catch a glimpse of life's sunshine. But oh! to think that we have lived together three long years, and that never once in that time has he voluntarily opened the lids of this blessed book—never once listened with even complacency to a few beautiful chapters which I have dared to read in his presence. Oh God! Oh God! can I look with calmness upon the alienation from thee? Saviour of the dying, can I forgive such contempt of thy cross?" And for this time, the flush of indignation threw its intense crimson upon her cheek, and she forgot for an instant that Herbert Bentley was her husband. 'Twas but for an instant—the recollection of her marriage promise, to love, honour, and obey him, flashed across her mind—and she felt that she was wrong. True, she had loved him little when she married him; but he professed a belief in her peculiar and holy sentiments—and she rightly thought that it would be no difficult task to love any one who, like herself, had a heart full of love for the Saviour. But he had deceived her. His profession was a ruse, and instead of the long expected communings of a Christian kindred heart, she had as yet experienced nothing but the cold cavillings, the coarse and bitter revilings of confirmed infidelity.

The iron seemed to enter her very soul at the cruel retrospection; but she asked herself if his depravity had altered in the least the nature of her obligations, and conscience immediately answered her in the negative—her promise was unconditional. Her heart smote her, and she arose and moved, tremblingly and weepingly, towards the sofa. Her husband was asleep. The book had fallen from his hand. She knew that he slept soundly. She knelt by his side—she

took his hand in her own—she lifted her voice to God. The spirit of earnest prayer is like the spirit of mighty winds; it needeth not the controul of man; it rusheth, almost silently, from some pure and humble desire—with scarce a view of expression from some tender half-formed wish—yet soareth aloft, as if upon the wings of the tempest, till space is made vocal with vivid thoughts, and the air vibrates with its deep and importunate petition. The silver voice of the kneeling Irene Bentley, awoke like the first soft worshipper of the breeze upon the mountain stream. But as her feelings became intense, her deep thrilling words reverberated loudly, but to herself unconsciously, along the lofty ceiling:

"Bring him back, O Almighty Father," she cried, "bring him back from his miserable wanderings to thine own dear fold—to the care of one faithful and true Shepherd. His soul is in darkness—shine thou into its benighted recesses. His wishes are against the prosperity of thy kingdom—convert them, oh God, to thy cause. Father of the fatherless—Healer of the broken heart—Smoother of the dying pillow—hear me. By thy great kindness and mercy, hear me. By the misery of his darkened soul—by the groans of this breaking heart—by the oil and blood of thine anointed and bruised One—hear me, and bring him back—bring him back!"

A convulsed hand was thrown round the neck of the fair petitioner, and a low, deep, agonizing sob was in her ear. She gazed around in astonishment—her penitent husband was at her side, and his shaken voice continued her prayer: "take me back, oh take me back!" The long, violently suppressed springs of his soul were awakened to action. Like Saul's was his conversion, sudden but lasting—and his beautiful wife soon learned by experience, that it was indeed an easy task to love one whose heart, like her own, was filled with love for the Father of our spirits, and the Saviour of man.—*Magazine and Advocate.*

### A WATER-SPOUT.

It was during this period of our voyage, that we witnessed one of those grand phenomena, which are occasionally observed, moving over the waters, in tropical seas—a water-spout. Several times, since we had passed within the "horse latitudes," had we looked upon these fluid columns, by which the ocean seems suspended from the heavens—but so far were they in the distance that we could not watch their progress, nor notice them particularly; and they were generally out of sight in a few minutes. But our situation relative to this, afforded us a peculiar opportunity for noting it in all its proportions.

When first observed, it was directly ahead of, and apparently not more than a mile distant from our ship. The water was foaming and lashing about its base, with a noise like that of winds, and spray dancing up on a stony beach; while the naked column, flashing with light, rose through the midst of the showery commotion, till high in the air it became misty, like a dense cloud; and there, majestically curving like the ascending arch of a rainbow, it became lost in the vapour that darkened the heavens. We loaded a cannon, but were in no danger.

In majesty, the glittering body moved over the waters; and though we deviated not in the least from our course, we passed it far to the leeward. In another hour it had disappeared.—*Life in a Whale Ship.*

Sins are like circles in the water—when a stone is thrown into it, one produces another. When anger was in Cain's heart, murder was not far off.—*P. Henry.*

## THE SPIRIT WORLD.

AN INDIAN TRADITION.

It is related by an elegant writer, once greatly admired, that there is a tradition among a certain tribe of our Indians, that one of their number once descended in a vision to the great repository of souls, as we call it, the other world; and that upon his return, he gave his friends a distinct account of every thing he saw among those regions of the dead.

He stated that after having travelled for a long space under a hollow mountain, he arrived at length on the confines of the world of spirits, but could not enter it, by reason of thick forests, made up of bushes, brambles, and pointed thorns, so perplexed and interwoven with one another, that it was impossible to find a passage through it. While he was looking about for some track or pathway that might be worn in any part of it, he saw a huge lion couched under the side of it, which kept his eye upon him in the same posture as when he watches for his prey. The Indian immediately started back, while the lion rose with a spring and leaped towards him. Being wholly destitute of all other weapons, he stooped down to take up a huge stone in his hand; but, to his infinite surprise, grasped nothing, and found the supposed stone to be only the apparition of one. If he was disappointed on this side, he was much pleased on the other, when he found the lion, which had seized his left shoulder, had no power to hurt him, and was only the ghost of the ravenous creature which it appeared to be. He no sooner got rid of his impotent enemy than he marched up to the wood, and having surveyed it for some time, endeavoured to press into one part of it that was a little thinner than the rest; when again, to his great surprise, he found the bushes made no resistance, but that he walked through briars and brambles with the same ease as through the open air; and, in short, that the whole wood was nothing else but a wood of shades.

He immediately concluded that this huge thick-  
et of thorns and brakes was designed as a kind of fence or quick-set hedge to the ghosts it enclosed; and that probably their soft substances might be torn by these subtle points and prickles, which were too weak to make any impression on flesh and blood. With this thought he resolved to travel through this intricate wood; when by degrees he felt a gale of perfumes breathing upon him, that grew stronger and sweeter in proportion as he had advanced. He had not proceeded much farther, when he observed the thorns and briars to end, and give place to a thousand beautiful green trees, covered with blossoms of the finest scents and colours, that formed a wilderness of sweets, and were a kind of lining to those ragged scenes which he had before passed through.

He had no sooner got out of the wood, than he was entertained with such a landscape of flowery plains, green meadows, running streams, sunny hills, and shady vales, as were not to be represented by his own expression, nor, as he said, by the conceptions of others. This happy region was peopled with innumerable swarms of spirits, who applied themselves to exercises and diversions, according as their fancies led them. Some of them were pitching the figure of a quail; others were tossing the shadow of a ball; others were breaking the apparition of a horse; and multitudes employing themselves upon ingenious handicrafts with the souls of departed utensils. As he travelled through this delightful scene, he was very often tempted to pluck the flowers that rose every where about him in the greatest variety and profusion, having never seen many of them in his own country; but he quickly found that, though they were objects of sight, they were not liable to his touch. He at length came to the side of a great river, and being a good fisherman himself, stood upon the banks of it some time to look upon an angler that had a great many shapes of fishes, which lay floundering up and down by him.

The tradition goes on to say, that the Indian had not long stood by the fisherman when he saw on the opposite side of the river the shadow of his beloved wife, who had gone before him into the other world, after having borne him several lovely children. Her arms were stretched out toward him; floods of tears ran down her eyes; her looks, her hands, her voice, called him over to her; and, at the same time, seemed to tell him that the river was impassable. Who can describe the passion, made up of joy, sorrow, love, desire, astonishment,

that rose in the Indian upon the sight of his dear departed. He could express it by nothing but his tears, which ran like a river down his cheeks as he looked upon her. He had not stood in this posture long, before he plunged into the stream which lay before him; and finding it to be nothing but the phantom of a river, stalked on the bottom of it till he arose on the other side. At his approach, the loved spirit flew into his arms, while he himself longed to be disencumbered of that body which kept her from his embraces. After many questions and endearments, she conducted him to a bower, which day by day she had embellished with her own hands from these blooming regions, expressly for his reception. As he stood astonished at the unspeakable beauty of the habitation, she brought two of her children to him, who had died some years before, and who resided with her in the same delightful dwelling; imploring him to train up those others which were still with him, in such manner that they might hereafter all of them meet together in that happy place.

## THE PROPER TREATMENT OF INFANTS.

WIDELY different is the physical state of an infant from that of an adult; the newly-formed bones of the former are soft and flexible, and may easily be made to assume any form, especially when the body is in a diseased state. This accounts for the common origin of such irregularities of forms as are not congenial, but occur at an early period of life. In proportion, therefore, to the delicacy of the infant, will be the care required in its rearing. Much has been effected in this way by constant and persevering attention; and many weakly and unpromising children have, by judicious treatment, been raised to maturity, and have passed through life in the enjoyment of a considerable share of health and vigour. A finely-formed body is favourable to the enjoyment of sound health. Every one is struck with the commanding figure, the graceful appearance of a person so formed, but few inquire into the reason why all are not so gifted. If parents would have their offspring free from personal defects, if they would have their limbs moulded into the form indicative of grace, activity and strength, they must commence their attention to them from the time of birth; and although they may not always succeed in securing for them the highest state of physical perfection, yet, they will generally be able to effect such an improvement in their constitution, and will form the basis of future health. Children should not be too early set upon their feet, but should rather be placed on their back, upon the floor, that they may exercise their limbs with freedom; the former practice is a frequent cause of malformation in the lower extremities. Especial care should be taken that the spinal column, so tender in young children, may not take a wrong direction. The manner in which a child, and especially a delicate one, is suffered to sit on the nurse's arm, should be very carefully attended to: and until it has acquired sufficient strength to keep itself erect, its back ought to receive proper support. By being suffered to sink into a crouching posture, with the head and shoulders inclining forwards, and the back projecting, a bad habit is soon contracted, which often leads to distortion of the spine. Neither is it in the arms alone, that this attention is required; the effect is not less injurious, if the child be suffered to sit upon a chair, as, when fatigued, it will naturally adopt that position which at the moment affords most ease. Here, it may not be irrelevant to notice the very common and reprehensible practice of raising a young child by its arms, in such a manner, that the sides of the chest being pressed by the hands, or rather the knuckles of the nurse, its cavity is diminished, the sternum or breast-bone pushed out, and the deformity produced in delicate children, commonly called "pigeon-breasted."—*Dr. Hare.*

**FRIENDSHIP OF THE WORLD.**—When I see withered leaves drop from the trees in the beginning of autumn, just such, thinks I, is the friendship of the world. While the sap of maintenance lasts, my friends swarm in abundance; but, in the winter of my need, they leave me naked. He is a happy man that hath a true friend in his need; but he is more truly happy that hath no need of his friend.

**PERSEVERANCE.**—When you set about a good work, do not rest till you have completed it.

## THE TRAVELLER.

THE NESTORIANS, OR THE LOST TRIBES.

BY ASAHEL GRANT, M.D.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Departure from the Patriarch's. Journey through the Mountains. Visit to a Koordish Chief. Scenes in the Castle. Arrival at Ooroomiah. Patriarch's Letter. Return to the Mountains. Visit to Julamerk.

INSTEAD of retracing my long and weary route, I resolved, after much deliberation, to proceed through the country of the Hakary Koords, by way of Salmas, to Ooroomiah. This would require me to visit the Koordish Chief who had put to death the unfortunate Shultz. If I could secure his confidence and favour, it would be an important acquisition in connexion with our Missionary prospects among the mountain Nestorians, and perhaps open a safe channel of communication between them and the station at Ooroomiah. In anticipation of such a visit, I had provided myself with letters from the Turkish and Persian authorities. The patriarch also kindly offered to send one of his brothers to introduce me in person. Learning that Shultz had fallen a victim to the jealousy and cupidity of the Koords, I took special care not to awaken these dominant passions of a semi-barbarous people.

My scanty scrip contained little more than medicines, and these I hoped, in any event, to be able to retain. To provide for the contingency of losing my purse, I had secured some small gold coin in the centre of a roll of blister salve. I had no other articles which I was unwilling to expose. I visited none of their mines on my route, and, though passing through a most interesting geological region, I procured scarcely a single specimen, lest the ignorant Koords should suppose I had come to spy out their land with ulterior designs, as was intimated in the case of Shultz. I was also careful to avoid his habit of noting observations in public, and I took the bearings of my compass unobserved.

With such precautionary measures as these, I made my arrangements to proceed on my way. The parting scene was truly Oriental. The patriarch presented me with a pair of scarlet shalwars, the wide trousers of the country, trimmed with silk, and one of the ancient manuscripts of his library. It was the New Testament, written on parchment seven hundred and forty years ago, in the old Estrangelo character. His favourite sister Helena furnished us with a store of provisions sufficient for a week, and sent me a pair of warm mittens, made by her own hands from the soft goat's-hair of the country.

Finally, a thousand blessings were invoked upon my head, and ardent wishes were expressed that I might return with associates, and commence among these mountains a similar work to that in which we were engaged upon the plain. Our last repast was finished, the parting embrace was given, and I set off towards the residence of Nooroolah Key, the famous chief of the independent Hakary Koords. He had removed from his castle at Julamerk, the capital, and was now living at the castle of Bash-Kalleh, nearly two days' journey from the residence of the patriarch.

A report that robbers were on the road occasioned some alarm as I pursued my way along the banks of the Zab. But no robbers made their appearance; and I passed on without molestation to the strongly-fortified castle of the chief, which was distinctly visible, long before we reached it, from the mountain spur on which it rests.

Most unexpectedly, I found the chief upon a sick-bed. He had taken a violent cold about three days before my arrival, which had brought on inflammation and fever. I gave him medicine, and bled him, and then retired to my lodgings in the town, at the foot of the mountain on which the castle was built.

In the evening the chief sent down word that he was very sick, and he desired that I should do something to relieve him immediately. I sent him word by his messenger that he must have patience, and wait the effects of the medicines I had given him. About midnight the messenger came again, saying that the chief was still very ill, and wished to see me. I obeyed the call promptly, following the long winding pathway that led up to the castle. The sentinels upon the ramparts were sounding the watch-cry in the rough notes

of their native Koordish. We entered the other court through wide, iron-cased folding doors. A second iron door opened into a long dark alley, which conducted to the room where the chief was lying. It was evident that he was becoming impatient; and, as I looked upon the swords, pistols, guns, spears, and daggers—the ordinary furniture of a Koordish castle—which hung around the walls of the room, I could not but think of the fate of the unfortunate Shultz, who had fallen, as it is said, by the orders of this sanguinary chief. He had the power of life and death in his hands. I knew I was entirely at his mercy; but I felt that I was under the guardian care of One who had the hearts of kings in his keeping. With a fervent aspiration for His guidance and blessing, I told the chief it was apparent that the means I had used were producing a good effect, though he needed more powerful medicine, which, for a time, would make him worse instead of better; that I could administer palliatives; but, if he considered in my judgment, he would take the more severe course. He consented, and I gave him an emetic, which he promptly swallowed, after he had made some of his attendants taste of the nauseating dose to see if it was good. I remained with him during the night, and the next morning he was much relieved. He rapidly recovered, and said he owed his life to my care. I became his greatest favourite. I must sit by his side, and dip my hand in the same dish with himself. I must remain with him, or speedily return and take up my abode in his country, where he assured me I should have everything as I pleased. As I could not remain, I must leave him some of the emetics which had effected his cure.

The chief had just heard of the case of a Koordish woman from whose eyes I removed a cataract while I was at the patriarch's residence. With a spice of the characteristic passion of her sex, she was curious to know what had been the effect of the operation, and, long before the prescribed time, she removed the bandage from her eyes. But so strange was the prospect that opened before her, that she was frightened, and immediately bound up her eyes, resolved thereafter to abide by my instructions. This story was so amusing to the chief, that he continued to divert himself by rehearsing it to his courtiers, with encomiums upon my professional skill too Oriental to repeat. He is a man of noble bearing, fine, open countenance, and he appeared to be about thirty years of age. He was very affable, and on my departure he made me a present of a horse, as an expression of his gratitude for the restoration of his health.

I now joined a small caravan, and proceeded to Salmas, and thence to Ooroomiah, where I arrived on the 7th of December, after an absence of more than eight months. For half a year I had not occupied a chair, and had long dispensed with the use of the knife and fork, in accordance with the custom of the natives. To meet again with beloved friends, and once more hear the sweet sounds of my own native tongue, and enjoy the comforts of civilized life, was indeed most delightful, after my long and weary pilgrimage: I had much to awaken the emotions of a grateful heart. Along the cold highlands of Armenia, over the sultry plains of Mesopotamia, and through the wild mountains of Assyria, I had been brought in safety to my home in Media, while bright prospects of usefulness opened before me. In all the perils through which I had passed, the angel of the Lord had encamped round about me for my deliverance; and it was sweet to unite in ascriptions of praise for the abounding mercies of our covenant-keeping God.

During the winter, two brothers of the patriarch, one of them his designated successor, made us a visit, and urged the extension of our labours through all parts of their country; and the patriarch himself wrote a cordial letter, renewing his invitation for me to repeat my visit in the spring.

The following is an extract from the patriarch's letter, in which reference is had to the desires he had expressed for the extension of our labours. It is dated from the Patriarchal Cottage, "with prayer and blessing." "My heart went with you, O doctor, in the day that you went from me; but after I heard that you had arrived in safety, I greatly rejoiced. If you inquire of my affairs, and what I have to say, it is that word which we spoke. What I said to you before is what I have to say now. You and I are one; and there is no

change-toucing the things you heard from me. And again, may you be a blessing, and blessed with the blessings of God and the words of salvation: and may He give you joyful seasons and length of years, and remove and keep from you troubles and disquietudes."

I was desirous to promote, as far as possible, the friendly regard and confidence of the patriarch, improve our acquaintance, acquire additional information, and especially to remove any remaining doubts of the practicability and safety of travelling or residing in the mountains, or among the Koords on their borders. I, therefore, resolved to pass through the regions of Central Koordistan, and revisit the patriarch, and proceed thence on my route towards my native land.

I left Ooroomiah on the 7th of May, 1840, accompanied by my little son Henry Martyn, then about four years of age, together with the two bishops, Mar Yohannan and Mar Yoosuph, who are connected as coadjutors without mission. At Salmas we were joined by the two brothers of the patriarch mentioned above, and a number of Nestorians, who were returning to their homes in the mountains after spending the winter upon the plains.

Our way over the mountains from Salmas was so obstructed by the snow, that we were benighted upon their summits, and slept under the open canopy of heaven, while the temperature was quite below freezing. But, fortunately, the patriarch's brothers had with them a quantity of carpeting, by means of which we made ourselves comfortable, and rested quietly till about three o'clock in the morning, when we proceeded on our way by the light of the moon. On descending into the valleys along the sources of the Zab, we found numerous bands of Koords living in their black tents, and pasturing their flocks; but they offered us no molestation, and we passed on to the fortress of Bash-Kalleh.

My friend the Koordish chief was absent in the Turkish dominions, where we shall meet with him hereafter. I spent the night with the local governor, from whom I received a friendly welcome. The next morning I continued my route along the course of the Zab towards Julamerk, which I reached on the evening of the second day. The road was much obstructed by the remains of avalanches which had slid down the steep mountain sides; and into one of these my horse made a sudden plunge, and sent me and my little son over his head into the snow, but without our receiving material injury. Once or twice afterward we experienced similar falls; but I usually dismounted wherever there was apparent danger.

The approach to Julamerk from the river is very grand. The road rises along the face of the mountain, till at length the traveller looks down from an almost perpendicular height of more than a thousand feet. It was a part of the road which the governor of Salmas had described in the strong figurative terms already mentioned. The castle of Julamerk stands upon an insulated mountain, in an opening between the higher ranges. It is distant three or four miles from the river, which is visible through the opening ravine.

The bridge leading to the patriarch's residence had been swept away a few hours before my arrival, so that I could not cross the river and visit the tribes of Jelu, Bass, and Tehoma, as I at first intended; but I was so happy as to find the patriarch a guest with Suleiman Bey, the then presiding Hakary chief of Julamerk. My reception was most gratifying; and during ten days, which I spent in the castle, all my former impressions regarding the practicability and immediate importance of a mission in the mountains were fully confirmed. The confidence and interest of the patriarch in our work appeared to be increased, and he was joined by the chief in his repeated invitations for me to remain or speedily return.

I everywhere found myself an object of much curiosity, as I had exchanged the wide, flowing robes and turban, worn on my former visit, with my own proper costume, which I was accustomed to wear in Persia, retaining my beard to establish my identity. But the people very properly remarked that there was quite a deterioration in my appearance. I must certainly have appeared like a smaller person; as I became aware on seeing the chief habited in my Frank dress, which he put on in his harem for the amusement of his ladies.

My intercourse with the patriarch and his numerous visitors was of a very gratifying and en-

couraging nature; and I much regretted that I could not at once enter upon my labours for the improvement of this interesting people, instead of pursuing the long journey before me. But this might not be, and I hastened my departure.

Instead of proceeding through Tiary to Mosul, I resolved to take the more direct route by way of Van and Erzeroom, to Constantinople.

## RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

(ORIGINAL.)

### REFLECTIONS ON THE CAPTIVITY OF THE ISRAELITES.

*"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"*

PSALM CXXXVII.

THE Sacred Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are the streets and courts which are round about Jerusalem. These are paved with all manner of precious stones, and are beautiful to behold—because the Lord hath, as the place of his feet, made them glorious. While we walk through them, we frequently meet the virgin, the daughter of Zion, going forth "fair as the morning," and "clothed with raiment of wrought needlework all glorious within." On these occasions, "the ark of the testimony" is carried before her, while the sweet singers of Israel, and the players upon stringed instruments, follow after, performing this beautiful anthem,—"Sing unto the Lord with the harp: with the harp, and the voice of a psalm."

But now, desolation has come upon the city: ruin is enthroned upon all its high places—solitude, deep solitude, like the ghost of departed tranquility, stalks through its deserted streets; and she, whom all the people delighted to honour, "is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers"—yea, as a captive in a strange land, and among barbarous people. In a word, to pursue the similitude no farther, the children of Jacob, who had lived "in a land flowing with milk and honey," are now prisoners of war in Babylon; and they are sitting down by the rivers thereof: sorrow is spread over them like a cloud—their harps are hanged upon the willows—and they are pouring out their souls in weeping and lamentation: "By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion—we hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof." The land of Babylon was now a house of bondage to the people of God, as the land of Egypt had been to their ancestors. Their conquerors were not permitted utterly to destroy them; but they excluded them, as aliens, from all their populous cities, and places of resort, and settled them in rural districts, and along the banks of their various rivers. And here the poor degraded children of the circumcision are now sitting, indulging their grief, and feeding their sorrow; their harps, which formerly emitted notes of joy and gladness, are hanging upon the willows; and the voices that were wont to accompany them, are uttering this bitter cry,—*"O that we were as in days that are past; when the candle of the Lord shined upon our head, and his favour made our horn to bud, and our crown to flourish."*

The Jews once were, while they continued to walk in the statutes and ordinances of God, a happy and highly distinguished people. Their religious and national privileges were, like the promises, "exceeding great and precious;" and the relationship which subsisted between them

and the Almighty, raised them infinitely above all surrounding countries. While all the other nations of the earth were sitting in darkness, they were walking in the light of God's countenance; while the voluptuous Egyptians, the fierce and intractable Chaldeans, the polished Greeks, and the invincible Romans—while these were bowing down to stocks and stones, the workmanship of men's hands, the posterity of Abraham were worshipping the only true God, who is before all things, and by whom all things consist. THEY were God's chosen inheritance—and all the rest were strangers and aliens; THEY were "the city of the Great King," built upon "the mountain of his holiness"—and all the rest were "a waste howling wilderness," "without form and void." But now their sun has gone down—their glory is departed—and the people among whom Jehovah delighted to dwell, are sitting by the rivors of Babylon, weeping; and their oppressors insultingly ask them to sing them one of the songs of Zion: "For they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion." We see them raise an imploring look; and while we behold them endeavouring to awaken tenderness in the hearts of their revilers, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land," the spirit of interceding grace is poured forth upon us, and we are constrained to cry out,—“Remember them, O Lord, with the favour that thou bearest unto thy people.”

AMICUS.

For the Christian Mirror.

## ETERNITY.

THE thought of "an hereafter," whether acknowledged or denied, is undoubtedly a subject of much importance, and one so evidently influencing our lives and actions, and so surely productive of good in the one case, and of evil in the other,—that, to effect the destruction of all government and morality in a nation, we have but to inculcate the latter belief, as, with an opposite view, we would make use of the former.

Of the several systems of infidelity which have been propagated from time to time, and stand recorded in the history of the world, it may be truly said, that none of them had the good of mankind at heart, but were all the instigations either of those of undoubtedly abandoned principles, with the worst of motives; or of those whom reason could no longer guide through the labyrinth of folly their pride had entangled them in, and who consequently fell into the most deplorable errors; or, perhaps, we may reckon a third class to include those who, pursuing a course of vice and impiety, take this method of stifling the reproaches of conscience, and of altogether obliterating (if possible) the thought of future punishment. But can any one in a healthy undisturbed state of mind, and in the full exercise of those faculties which distinguish a rational creation—can he for a moment entertain such a limited view of his existence, nor see that there must be a futurity beyond the grave, and that we came not into the world to perish like the brute creation, and be no more seen?

Were man intended for no other sphere, would not his spirit rest satisfied in the acquisition of all that earth can afford him? But is he?—Do the stores of learning offered to him in the book of nature, vast as they are—the wealth of nations, the power of monarchs, the adulation of millions—leave him without a wish ungratified? No.—He can truly answer, there is something beyond all this—something within him that demands a wider sphere, more boundless knowledge, and higher

enjoyments—something that points to ETERNITY, and tells him he is not the child of time. Should he not, then, prepare for this change?

J. D. M.D.

For the Christian Mirror.

## "LAZARUS IS DEAD."

THE effect of this announcement on the disciples of our Lord is not recorded; but it may not be improper to suppose that the amiability and one-heartedness of Lazarus which had won upon the affections of the Man Christ Jesus, had produced a like effect upon his unsophisticated followers—for they were not incapable of social love. They anticipated that his visit to Judea at this time would result in his death, and yet Thomas—unbelieving Thomas—proposed that they should go, "that they might die with him." And though, when on his apprehension this same danger closely threatened them, they all forsook him and fled; yet, among the many who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth, where is the man who is bold enough to assert, "so would not I?" The spirit indeed was willing; but when death was to be accompanied with ignominy and excommunication from the people whom they had been taught to view, and whom they still viewed, as the peculiar people of God; can we marvel that, in their then unestablished state, the flesh should prove weak? They had shewn themselves capable of sincere and ardent attachment, some by the abandonment of all their worldly goods, that they might enjoy the constant society of their Master; and it cannot be doubted, that when the death of Lazarus was announced to them, sorrow filled their hearts—nor that they would sympathise with the bereaved sisters who were the more immediate sufferers in this dispensation of Providence. But, however they were affected, or whoever were affected, the doom is pronounced—the fiat of justice is gone forth: "It is appointed unto all men once to die;" and nothing can avert the execution of the sentence—every moment of time brings it nearer, and soon the stroke must come not to be parried. The cold, dark grave—the loathsome worm—the awful stillness—the abhorrence of our lovers,—these are some of its accompaniments. Who but shrinks from such a condition? Who? He who believes the declaration: "I am the resurrection and the life;" he looks from death to death's conqueror, and knows, that though he may sojourn for a night in the dreary region, the resurrection morn shall call him forth purged only of what he has long been weary—the physical, moral, and spiritual frailties of his nature.

December, 1841.

C. R.

For the Christian Mirror.

## THE DEATH BED OF AN INFIDEL.

SCENE.—A young man extended on a couch, apparently dying, surrounded by his companions.

INFIDEL.—Ha! infidels and brother wretches, art thou come to see me die—to see me meet my fate—to see the last struggles of him whom thy pernicious doctrines have destroyed?—or comest thou to harden me in my iniquity, and add fresh fuel to the fire that rages in my bosom? Speak, for what dost thou come?

COMPANION.—How now—what's this? Brother wretches didst thou call us? Thou, who erst did take such part in our proceedings, and made thyself the captain—leader of us all! Thou who didst boldly avow, and tried to propagate, our principles by such arch reasoning, that all the world could scarce withstand! And now, dost thou effeminately recant those principles, and

make thyself a miserable wretch, because thou'rt dying? Why this weakness?—be assured there is no God—no future punishment. Thy soul is not immortal: thou diest—that's thine end.

INF.—Ah! well thou sayest—it is my end—my end on earth—the end of all my sinful pleasure. Yet, oh! 'tis but the commencement of that dread eternity, wherein all hope is lost—wherein the souls of infidels and scoffers, by Heaven's greatest anathema, are thrust down to the bottom of a burning hell. By saying there is no God, dost thou intend to mock me? There is a God, though thou wouldst fain believe there was none—a sin-avenging God; a God before whom devils fear and tremble. Even now, his searching eye pierces my inmost soul, and would make even hell itself desirable, could it but hide me from his presence. But, oh! it cannot. There it will follow me, and make hell dreadful—a thousand times more dreadful than it is. Long have I trifled with his mercy, and now his hand of justice lays hold upon me, and not all in earth or hell can save me.—O God! what mortal mind can know, without they feel, the horrors of a guilty conscience—these bitter knowings, the dread precursors of a dreaded hell! Yet, I deserve it all. I little thought, while raising my arm in impious rebellion against the Majesty of heaven, it would have come to this—to be so shorn of all my imaginary power and wisdom, and, like my great prototype, Satan, who aspiring to be as thee, from the most exalted seat in heaven, was cast down to the lowest depths of hell. His fault was pride—mine also—full of false and impious pride. I would be as a god—to rule and act as might best please myself; and oft, in my imaginary greatness, have I dared thee, the God of heaven, to strike me dead!—But now, how changed! if I had worlds to give, how freely would I give them, to be allowed sufficient length of time to expiate my many crimes, and live a life devoted to the service of that God whom I've despised, and whose existence I've denied. But, alas! 'tis useless—God is not mocked—my sentence is irrevocably fixed—hell is open to receive me. See you not the waves of that eternal lake of fire and brimstone, rolling up to receive my apostate soul, laden with infernal beings, exulting o'er my fall? O, horror of horrors! See how near they come! Where can I fly—where escape from such companions? Mark the hellish malice in their looks, as with eagerness they wait to take my soul to endless torments! See, they advance! Oh God! they take me—Farewell, companions—friends on earth, farewell! Ere long, thou wilt augment the company of hell—fit company for such wretches. But I must go—go—go—he said, and with one agonizing groan, expired.

December, 1841.

G.

## The Christian Mirror.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1841

IN conformity with the usual custom, we have much pleasure in sincerely and most heartily wishing all our respected friends and patrons, in the very best acceptance of the term, "A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

SOME time since, we directed the attention of our readers to the important duty of self-examination, and took occasion to remark, that there were seasons which were peculiarly adapted to the profitable performance of this scriptural requirement. The present season of the year especially calls upon us to examine ourselves solemn-

ly, faithfully, and with deep humiliation of soul—sincerely purposing, by Divine grace, that if spared to enter upon a new year, we shall be more zealous in the service of our blessed Master than we have been in time past, and endeavour fully to realise the blessed assurance that “His service is perfect freedom.”

The conviction that our best services are marked by imperfection, ought deeply to humble us in our review of the past—but more particularly, when we ascertain, as we cannot fail to do if we strictly scrutinize our conduct, that we have squandered away many precious hours, and neglected many gracious opportunities, which, had they been rightly employed, and faithfully improved, would have resulted in a greater growth in grace and wisdom, and a more perfect conformity to the Divine image.

It is also profitable to meditate upon the rapid flight of time, and the uncertainty of human life. How many of our fellow men, who, when the present year commenced its course, bid as fair for long life as either the reader or the writer of these plain remarks, have, nevertheless, been summoned into the world of spirits—where that which is filthy shall be filthy still, and that which is holy shall be holy still. The young and middle-aged, as well as the old—amongst whom, doubtless, were many of our acquaintance and relatives—have been removed; and—solemn thought!—many, very many, who shall commence the year one THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND FORTY-TWO, with bright hopes of many years of happiness, shall also, ere that year shall terminate, be numbered with the silent dead!—“Lord teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.”

WE are requested to intimate, that a meeting of the Sabbath Schools in connection with the Wesleyan Methodist Congregation, will take place, as usual, on New Year's day morning, in the chapel, Great St. James street—when an address to the scholars will be delivered. The parents and friends of the scholars, and all interested in Sabbath Schools, are invited to attend. The scholars to assemble at ten o'clock, and the exercises to commence at half-past ten precisely. After the exercises have been gone through, the usual refreshments of cake, &c. will be furnished to the children.

On Monday evening, January 3. the usual Tea Meeting will be held, in connection with the Sabbath School Anniversary—when a Report of the proceedings of the past year will be submitted to the meeting.

THE MONTREAL POCKET ALMANACK, AND GENERAL REGISTER, FOR 1842. Price 7½d. Montreal: Starke & Co.

This is the title of the most beautiful specimen of typography which, we believe, has ever been produced by the Canadian press. It contains 80 pages of valuable information, and reflects much credit upon the publishers. The work may be had of the different Booksellers, at a price which will place it within the reach of all.

Our subscribers and friends are respectfully informed, that the office of the “Christian Mirror” has been removed to the premises, Place d'Armes, formerly occupied by Mr. Herbert as a Musical Warehouse, and next door to the Union Bank—entrance by the green gateway.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of another article from the pen of Mrs. J. R. Spooner—too late, however, for insertion in this number: it shall appear in our next.

For the Christian Mirror.

#### THOUGHTS ON PHRENOLOGY.

NO. III.

In my last communication, I endeavoured to show that a virtuous or vicious propensity depends not on the physical structure of man, but on the character of his spiritual nature. This being proved, it follows, that if the native tendency of the human mind be to do evil rather than good, then is the scripture doctrine of human depravity confirmed by Phrenology. What matters it whether this tendency to evil be called “a disposition of the mind to abuse its organs,” or “the natural depravity of man, if the ideas be the same. Some Phrenologists, (as mentioned in my first letter,) deny this doctrine, on the ground that many of the lower propensities are unnecessary in a state of perfect innocence and security. Mr. COMBE, when treating on these propensities, says:—“Theologians who enforce the corruption of human nature, would do well to consider whether man, as originally constituted, possessed the organs of these propensities or not. If he did possess them, it will be incumbent on them to show the objects of them in a world where there was no sorrow, sin, death, or danger.”

Now, with all due deference to such a man as Mr. COMBE, I think it is for him to consider not whether man, as originally constituted, possessed these organs—but whether the mind of man is the same in its character as when his Creator breathed into his nostrils the breath of life. It is for him to consider whence arises the tendency in man to abuse his faculties. After he has considered this, any theologian can show him that man was never placed in a world where he was not liable to sin; and being liable to sin, was exposed to sorrow, to danger, and to death. Hence the necessity of the organs in question, in a state of innocence and conditional security. I shall dismiss this part of the subject by saying, that if a man's good or bad character be the result of the peculiar construction of his brain, then does human accountability cease—it being certain, that we have no controul over the formation of our heads.

The proposition that on the organization of the brain depends vice or virtue, must be false—for it involves a contradiction: as, in this case, there cannot be either. Moral character necessarily supposes freedom of will and choice, which the fate of organization renders impossible. The form of the brain may make a difference in the talents of individuals, and in the power to acquire knowledge—it may make some men appear amiable, and others sour and ill-tempered; it may even make, as it does, a great difference in the characters and peculiarities of God's people; but it is not the cause of vice or virtue, abstractedly considered.

ENCEPHALO.

#### SUMMARY OF NEWS.

##### ARRIVAL OF THE COLUMBIA.

THIS beautiful steampacket arrived at Boston on Tuesday week, after a boisterous passage of about seventeen days.—The political news is not important.—The distress among the people of England is very great. Relief, by emigrating, is viewed with much favour.—An incendiary attempt had been made to burn the Horse Guards, and St. George's Barracks. It is said that Government has ordered a return of all foreigners in England, the incendiary attempts recently made, inducing a belief that there is some foreign treachery concerned in the mischief. This we look upon as doubtful.—Fever is very prevalent in London.—There is a general and unfortunately a too well founded apprehension that in some parts of Ireland a famine will exist, owing to the failure of the potatoe crop.—The great silver seal of the Irish Exchequer has been stolen from the strong box in which it was kept.—Five hundred people have been thrown out of work in consequence of the partial destruction by fire of Bartholomew and Co.'s cotton works, near Glasgow. Loss estimated at £40,000.—Owing to the bad weather, the *Illustrious*, having Sir Charles Bagot on board, did not leave the coast of England until the 24th ult.—A number of fresh troops have been sent to China.—Chantrey, the Sculptor, is dead.—Her Majesty is doing well, she has resumed taking her airings. The Christening of the Prince is to be as private as possible.—Lord

Elgin is dead.—An association is being formed in England to encourage Emigration to British North America.—More failures have taken place.—There had been a terrible explosion in a coalpit near Barnsfield—many lives have been lost, and several persons badly wounded.—Another abortive attempt was made on the life of Louis Philippe.—The Tea market does not present any variations worth noticing.—We observe by a paragraph in a London paper that Lord Stanley, in answer to a deputation from Scotland, assured the gentlemen who waited on him, that the subject of emigration was under the serious consideration of Her Majesty's ministers. We hope that Canada will feel some of the beneficial effects of this “consideration.”

THE QUEEN DOWAGER.—We learn by the *Columbia* that the health of the Queen Dowager of England is much improved. The following was the last Bulletin issued prior to the departure of the packet:—

“The improvement of the Queen Dowager's health announced in the last bulletin has continued up to the present time, and there is every prospect of her Majesty's gradual recovery.

D. DAVIS, M. D.

“Under the continuance of the present favourable symptoms, no further bulletins will be issued.”

THE INFANT PRINCE.—We have reason to believe that Her Majesty has expressed a disinclination to perform any act in consequence of which the new-born heir to the Throne would be addressed by a title similar to that by which his illustrious father is designated and addressed. It is also said that both to the Premier and the Lord Chancellor, this feeling on the part of her Majesty has been made the subject of a formal communication, for the purpose of ascertaining how far, with due regard to established precedent, it can be acted upon in settling the style of the interesting subject of the inquiry. “The infant Prince” is the appellation which is used throughout the Household, when speaking of the Royal infant; and this title is understood to be that for which her Majesty has expressed a decided preference.—*Globe*.

The Queen, we understand, has already sketched a likeness of the infant Prince, which will immediately be lithographed. The resemblance is said to be perfect, and the circumstances under which it was made cannot fail of giving it an interest peculiarly its own.—*John Bull*.

THE ROYAL CHRISTENING.—The baptism of the infant Prince, it is rumoured in circles likely to be well informed, will not take place until February, immediately after Parliament assembles. In confirmation of this rumour, we have reason to believe, the instructions received at the Earl Marshal's Office, where all such state ceremonials are arranged, are not of that urgent nature as if the ceremony were to take place this month. The ceremony will be performed in town.

The Royal christening, which is expected to take place in about a week within St. George's Chapel at Windsor, will be attended with circumstances of peculiar pomp and grandeur. Not the least curious of the contingencies arising out of it, however, is that which will affect our present venerated and venerable Archbishop. Dr. Howley will be the first primate of England, who has crowned and married the reigning Sovereign, and afterwards baptized the heir apparent of the throne.

LIVERPOOL CORN MARKET.—The trade has continued in an inanimate state. Flour has gone off slowly at 36s. to 37s. per barrel for United States. The rates of imports have declined 1s per quarter for wheat; 1s. 6d. for oats; 7J. per barrel for flour, and have advanced 1s. 6d. per quarter for rye.

Nov. 27.—Wheat is at present 4s. 8d. per quarter dearer than it was on the 29th Nov. last year. At that time it was 61s. 8d.; it is now 66s. 6d. per quarter.—*Liv. Albion*, Nov. 29.

CANADA.—Sir Richard Jackson has, by Proclamation in the *Canada Gazette*, called the Registry Ordinance into force from the 31st December, and, for the purposes of the Act, has divided the former Province of Lower Canada into Districts, which, in general, correspond with the municipal divisions now existing. A second Proclamation makes alterations in the number of Municipal Councillors for Quebec, Montreal, Berthier, and Sydenham. The appointments are not yet gazetted.

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

## NARRATIVE

OF A WORK OF GRACE, IN PERTH, UPPER CANADA,  
BY THE REV. THOMAS C. WILSON, MINISTER OF  
ST. ANDREWS CHURCH.

In our last, we promised to give some extracts from this interesting document; and we have now much pleasure in furnishing the following: sincerely hoping that it may tend to remove the prejudice existing in the minds of many professing Christians against "Revivals of Religion." We most heartily adopt the language of a contemporary, on this subject:—"May the work spread and be perpetuated, until every church and every family obtain a time of refreshment and visitation that will long be remembered!"

"From the third week in November to the third in December, our meetings were kept up every alternate night; sometimes as many as sixty persons have come forward at once in an anxious state of mind, some of whom have been members of the church for years—the greater number, however, being persons under twenty or twenty-five years of age, and who had never been communicants. The usual exercises of every evening, from first to last, were the reading and exposition of the Scriptures, with exhortation, prayer, and praise. Since the third week in December, the practice of inviting persons to come forward has been discontinued, and, for the most part, our meetings have been held only on Sabbath and Wednesday evenings.

"During the early part of the week, I was assisted successively by the Rev. Messrs. McLaurin, Campbell, Fairbairn, and McAlister; for the greater part of the time, however, I have been alone—the elders and other pious members of the church taking a part in conducting the devotional exercises.

"In all our meetings the utmost order and solemnity have uniformly prevailed, and the reading and the exposition of the Scriptures has been accompanied with much power. Many persons from great distances attended night after night, hungering and thirsting for the bread and water of life; and, for a time, almost every thing else was, in a great measure, set aside by many, in order to attend upon the word and prayer.

"Although the heavenly shower seems at present to have in some measure ceased, its refreshing influences are still powerfully experienced by many—the Spirit is still at work, convincing here and there individuals who were not formerly affected. Those who, previous to the commencement of the work, had obtained a good hope through grace, have been greatly revived and strengthened; the doubts and darkness of many weak believers have been dispelled, formalists have been undeceived and humbled at the foot of the Cross, and numbers are now rejoicing in hope of the glory of God, who, before this gracious work began, were living without God, some of them being open enemies to the Cross of Christ, and glorying in their shame.

"From first to last about one hundred and thirty persons came forward, professing to be in a state of anxiety about their souls; ten of these the session considered it their duty to receive into communion with the Church at the administration of the Lord's Supper, on the second Sabbath of December; two have applied to be admitted at next communion in March; and about as many more were communicants before, most of whom have apparently received much good, and, if not actually converted at this time, have, at least, been more firmly established in the faith of the rest of those who came forward: none, so far as I know, have relapsed into the same state of unconcern in which they previously were. There were, it is true, some who came forward, whose minds were not at any time very deeply impressed, and who are probably as careless as before; but there are few, I believe, who were deeply convinced of sin, who are not, more or less, troubled regarding their souls. Eternity alone will reveal all that the Lord has been doing in the midst of us in this season of revival through which we have passed. It was particularly interesting to notice, during the progress of the work, the different ways in which individuals found peace, according to the particular views in which

Christ, as a Saviour, was by the Spirit presented to their minds, or the doctrines or promises of scripture upon which they first were enabled to rest. As a rock, a refuge, a sacrifice, an intercession, a way, the Saviour from time to time revealed himself to this person and the other, as all their salvation and all their desire. Many persons who attended the meetings with no intention of going forward, felt such an irresistible desire to do so, as to have afterwards declared, that no person on earth, they thought, could have kept them back, some of them feeling at the time as if they were drawn from their seats, and urged to go forward by some secret influence, which they could not withstand. Those who felt thus deeply, for the most part, found peace soon after going forward; some of them, even as soon as they had resolved in their minds to do so, some precious promise or doctrine of the word of God having been generally in such cases so powerfully presented to the mind, as to form a resting place or foundation, upon which a good hope through grace has been built.

"With regard to the people of God themselves, it may be truly said, that their understandings were opened that they might understand the Scriptures, many of them being made to feel as if they had scarcely ever known before what spiritual life was, or understood to what precious privileges they were entitled as the children of God. The assistance which I myself experienced in performing the various duties of this deeply interesting season, I shall never forget. Truly I may say, the Lord stood by me to strengthen me; and though frequently, during the continuance of the work, I was filled with an overwhelming sense of my own utter unworthiness to be employed in such a work, and with great fear lest it should be hindered by any thing sinful or unwise on my part, I often experienced much comfort and joy, and felt humbly confident that God himself would perfect what he had begun.

"As a specimen of the manner in which the minds of different individuals were affected, the following cases may be noticed. One person observed to me, that, during the meetings, he had acquired more knowledge of the Scriptures than from all the sermons he had heard during the former years of his life, although he had been accustomed, before coming to this country, to hear some of the best preachers in Scotland.

"Another, a female, a member of the church, at the commencement of the work, told me, that during the sermon at the first meeting referred to in this account, she experienced such an overpowering sense of the greatness of her sins as made her feel she was ready to sink into hell under the heavy load; and that, having gone forward when the invitation was given, her mind was very soon relieved of the intolerable burden, and she went home rejoicing in the Lord. Since then she seems to have experienced much of the love of Christ.

"Another female, not a communicant, who had been in great anxiety of mind for some days, having retired to bed one night still without hope, upon awakening during the night, found her mind in a state of peace and joy, and seems to be rapidly advancing in the divine life, looking earnestly to Christ as the way of salvation, and as very precious to her soul.

"A young man who now appears to be established in the truth, informed me that for a considerable time before the work commenced, his mind had been in an anxious state. He was tired, he said, of sin, but had not the fortitude to give up his loose companions or sinful practices. In this state of mind, he wished that something might happen, though he could not tell what, by which he might be enabled to take some decided step regarding his sinful course of life; and when the invitation was given to persons in an anxious state of mind to go forward publicly, he felt at once that this was what would just suit his case, as by going forward he would thereby publicly declare before all, his determination to turn from the evil of his ways. Even then, however, when he felt the importance of publicly avowing his determination in this way, he was tempted to keep back, by the idea that a resolution to forsake sin might be as strongly formed in secret in his own mind, as if it were openly avowed. At last, concluding that it would not be so, he summoned fortitude, and went forward; and though his mind has never been so much elevated in the experience of heavenly joy as some others have

been, there is every reason to hope that he is steadily advancing in the knowledge and love of divine things, and enjoys a degree of peace such as he never experienced before.

"I might fill many pages with a description of other cases similar to these, and which also have come under my own observation. These, however, may suffice as a specimen of the work, of which a striking characteristic throughout has been the quietness and solemnity with which it was carried on, and the comparative absence of opposition, or even evil speaking, on the part of that class of persons everywhere to be met with, who usually, on such occasions, are ready to give vent to the natural enmity which they feel to the truth. It often happened that persons who came to the meeting from mere curiosity, or even with a disposition to find fault, went away with the impression that God was surely in the midst of us, and that it was in reality His work which was going on.

"It may be proper to remark, that no extra means or efforts of any kind had been used to produce any excitement in the congregation. Before the work commenced, the usual routine of religious exercises was regularly attended to, such as the ordinary services of the Lord's day, the Bible Class, the Sabbath School, and the weekly prayer-meetings. There was no idea in the minds of any of having more frequent public meetings than formerly, till we found ourselves unexpectedly in the very midst, as it were, of a protracted meeting, and of a wonderful work of God; hundreds, night after night, in spite of the most inclement weather, and of roads in the very worst condition, flocking eagerly to the house of prayer. It is to be remarked, however, that individual members of the church, for some time back, had felt a stronger desire than usual for a revival of religion, and the conversion of souls, and were consequently praying more earnestly for an outpouring of the Spirit."

A PRESS of original matter has prevented us from earlier publishing the following interesting letter, which we have had in our possession for some weeks:—

LETTER FROM THE REV. GEORGE SCOTT, METHODIST MISSIONARY TO SWEDEN.

LIVERPOOL, Oct. 19, 1841.

To the Editors of the *New York Observer*:

The interest you manifested in the welfare of the Swedish Missionary, imposes on me the pleasing duty of sending a hurried line from this place, that my many kind friends may, through you, be informed of my safe arrival in Britain. In ordinary circumstances, such information would be considered superfluous; but as the voyage of the *Caledonia* has been unusually boisterous, and even dangerous, some little anxiety may have been felt for the safety of the ship, and those on board.

We left Boston on the 2d, at 2, P.M., with fine weather and a head wind, which the powerful steamer did not appear to feel in the least, and we all expected to land in Halifax in good time, on the morning of Monday the 4th. Little did we know, however, what awaited us. The breeze freshened during Saturday night, and on Sabbath it blew a heavy gale, which increased greatly until Monday morning, when it was perhaps at its height. On that day the sea was tremendous; and all that could be done was to place the ship in as easy a position as possible, and let her drive. One of our boats was swept into the ocean—the companion to the fore-castle, and the ice-house, with a portion of our fresh provisions, were carried off—and the foreyard, a spar 16 inches thick, was snapped through by a sea as if it had been a reed. The tiller chains broke, and for a time the ship was at the mercy of winds and waves, and, worse than all, nine of the crew were disabled in the storm. The third mate had his leg broke, the carpenter's was fractured in two places, and seven others were more or less injured. Our faithful and skilful captain declared that during the 35 years of his sea-faring life, he had never seen such a storm continue so long. He was out on the same coast in the gale in which it is supposed the *President* went down—and though he considers that more violent than the one recently passed through, it was comparatively of very short continuance. I could now understand clearly how such a vessel

as the *President* might (to a landsman's view) mysteriously disappear as a thing blotted out of creation; and I could not but feel that there was, perhaps, something prophetic in my reference to brother COOKMAN's fate, when taking farewell of my New York friends. There was danger, imminent danger, and to the Lord alone we owe it, that we are yet safe. On Tuesday night, the weather moderated somewhat; but having had no observation, it was impossible to tell where we were, and we set out in search of land. It was Thursday evening, at half-past six, when we reached Halifax, and we remained there twenty-four hours, to make such temporary repairs as were indispensable for the safety of the vessel the remainder of the voyage. The passengers feeling desirous of making a "thank offering," for the mercy of God in their preservation, a list with a suitable subscription was circulated, and £32 pounds collected, which was entrusted to the captain for the use of the injured men—the third mate generously declining all participation, that more might be given to the others.

From Halifax, our voyage, though on some days boisterous, has been rapid, and, on the whole, pleasant—though most of the state-rooms, particularly in the ladies' cabin, having been drenched during the storm, and the clean linen rendered unfit for use, our nights have not been the most agreeable. I have been able, through mercy, to keep up during the day, and besides two services on the Sabbath, the 10th, and three on the 17th, have conducted a service every week evening since we left Halifax. These have been seasons of refreshing to my own soul, and I hope they have not been without benefit to others.

Little doubt can be entertained as to the safety of good steam-vessels, in a storm, as our "*Caledonia*" has, during this voyage, been tried in every way likely to endanger a ship at sea, having not only encountered a gale ahead, but the whole of last Sabbath scudded before an equally heavy gale abaft, and in each case behaved gallantly. But to talk of comparative safety in such circumstances seems to me absurd. When we contrast the little bark we occupy with the mighty elements raging against her, all appears danger, but for Divine protection—and with that protection, all is safety. Oh, the happiness of knowing the Lord as our stronghold in the day of trouble! Ere this reaches you, I hope to be with my family, and at my regular work. May my spared life be increasingly devoted to God's glory, in the salvation of my fellow-men.

Believe me, in haste, yours in Christian love,  
GEO. SCOTT.

THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY have 205 labourers in their Missions, besides 451 native evangelists and catechists—making a total of 676 European and Native Assistants and Missionaries. The expenditure amounts to £90,000 per annum. The contributions received from the native churches the last year amounted to a sixth part of the total income of the Society.

## TEMPERANCE RECORD.

### THE DRUNKARD'S SCOURGE.

The *delirium tremens* is a most frightful malady, consequent upon the abuse of vinous and spirituous drinks. It has recently been carefully traced and minutely delineated by some of the most eminent medical men of the day; and it is said to bear with it a train of symptoms more melancholy than hydrophobia. Some time previously to the development of the worst features of this disorder, there are observed weakness, languor and emaciation. There is no appetite for breakfast or dinner; there is a peculiar slowness of the pulse, coldness of the hands and feet, a cold moisture over the whole surface of the body; cramps in the muscles of the extremities; giddiness, nausea, and vomiting. To these signs succeed a nervous tremor of the head, and likewise of the tongue; the spirits become dejected—a melancholy feeling pervades the mind, the sleep is short and interrupted; this may constitute the first stage. After this a second comes on, attended with the highest degree of nervous irritation; mental alienation is its marked feature. There is great restlessness, a constant excitement—objects of the most frightful nature are present to the imagination, the eye acquires a

striking wildness, the individual cannot lie down, he fears suffocation, he talks incoherently, he fancies he sees the most hideous faces before him, beings about to enter into a conspiracy against him. One medical writer, who has very ably discussed the subject, witnessed a very distressing incident of a patient, who, for a considerable time before his death, imagined he saw the devil at his ceiling above his bed, and as the disease, which terminated fatally, increased, he fancied the evil spirit approached him with a knife to cut his throat, and he actually expired making violent efforts to avoid the fatal instrument.

### NEW TEMPERANCE PUBLICATION.

L. C. DELAVAN, Esquire, the celebrated Temperance Advocate, has issued the first number of a new Journal at Albany, under the title of the *Enquirer*, which is devoted to free discussion as to the kind of wine proper to be used at the Lord's Supper. We extract the following notice of the *Enquirer* from a New York contemporary:—

"The first No., now before us, embraces a series of letters addressed by the editor to professing Christians on that subject, with an appendix containing important testimony from clergymen, physicians, and reformed, converted drunkards, and a description of the human stomach in the various stages of intemperance. The work is also to be accompanied with plates, exhibiting the several conditions of the stomach, from its healthful state to the termination of the drunkard's life by delirium tremens.

"The object of the publication is to promote total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, and the friends of temperance will find it a powerful auxiliary in the cause."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE PRINCE OF WALES.

It is generally thought that the style and dignity of Prince of Wales are inherited by the heir apparent to the throne.—This opinion naturally enough has arisen from the fact, that very soon after his birth (or the accession of his predecessor to the crown, as the case may be,) the heir apparent has for a long period received the title of Prince of Wales. The Dukedom of Cornwall is his by inheritance, and, of course, like all sons of the Sovereign, he is a Prince by birth.

The Dukedom of Cornwall, the most elevated dignity in the British Peerage, was first introduced by King Edward III., who created his eldest son, Edward the Black Prince, in 1337, (then Earl of Chester,) Duke of Cornwall, and subsequently Prince of Wales, when the Dukedom merged in the principality, and has ever been vested in the heir apparent to the Crown, who, at his birth, becomes Duke of Cornwall. The second dukedom was conferred, on the 6th March, 1351, upon Henry Plantagenet, (son and heir of the Earl of Derby,) under the title of Duke of Lancaster, &c.

The Prince of Wales is the eldest son of England. He is born Duke of Cornwall, and immediately entitled to all the rights, revenues, &c., belonging thereto, as being deemed in law at full age on his birth-day. His revenues, as Duke of Cornwall, have been computed at £14,000 per annum. The revenues of the principality were estimated, 350 years ago, at £4,680 per annum. This revenue is considerable now compared with what appertained to it at the time of its first institution, for in the time of King Edward III. the total revenues of the principality, with the Duchy of Cornwall and the Earldom of Chester, was £5,982 12s. 7d.

"Prince of Wales," and "Earl of Chester," are titles which are bestowed upon the King's son in after years, being thus widely unlike the title of "Cornwall," with which he is born. On his creation as Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, the investiture is performed by imposition of a cap of state, and a coronet, a verge of gold, and a ring. He holds the Principality by patent granted him and his heirs by the Kings of England.

Till the time of the creation of this title, the eldest son of England was called Lord Prince. While Normandy remained to the King of England, the eldest son was always styled Duke of Normandy; since the Union, the title is *Magna Britanica Princeps*.

The arms of the Prince of Wales are the Royal arms, with the addition of a crest of ostich feathers, and the motto "Ich dien," (I serve,) said to have been adopted by the Black Prince, from a Prince of Bohemia, whom he slew at Cressy. But all are not agreed on this account, and a very considerable party in the antiquarian world said the motto arose upon Edward the First's presenting his infant son to the Welsh, as related above, who had agreed to accept a native Prince from him, with the words "Eich dyn," (this is your man.)

The Prince of Wales is reputed in law the same person with the King; to imagine his death, or to violate his wife, and also the Princess Royal or eldest daughter of the King, is high treason by statute 25 Edward III., as much as to conspire the death of the King, or violate the chastity of the Queen; the reason of which is, that the Prince of Wales is next in succession to Crown, and to violate his wife might taint the blood Royal with bastardy. On failure of male issue, the eldest daughter of the King is Heiress Presumptive to the Crown, and, therefore, more respected by the laws than any of her younger sisters, inasmuch that upon this, united with other (fœdal) principles while our military tenures were in force, the King might levy an aid for marrying his eldest daughter, and her only.

THE QUEEN DOWAGER.—In sad contrast to Buckingham Palace, is the residence of the Queen Dowager. While health and happiness, and youthful beauty, and splendid parade, and magnificent earthly prospects, mark the one sphere,—the other has the closing of life's scenery, the couch of the dying, the soul turned from human gaiety and greatness, and fixed on the narrow house wherein is no respect of persons, and, happily, on that better world; before which earth's best scenes fade into nothingness. What a picture of human life do these Royal incidents present. The baby prince, just entered on a path of greatly varied enjoyment and importance, the centre of hopes and joys to millions,—and the dowager Queen hovering on the brink of the grave, the gay tale of life told, and its solemn conclusion arrived. Happily, the latter scene also claims the deep respect and sympathy of the English people. Amiability and virtue and religion, were the high characteristics of William the Fourth's consort; and she sinks below the horizon, reminding not of a meteor, but of that luminary whose setting and rising prefigure the Christian's death and resurrection.

EXTRAORDINARY DEATH.—Died, Oct. 20, 1841, awfully sudden, aged 56, Mr. Andrew M'Alister, for many years overseer in the establishment of the *Hereford Times* newspaper. We have rarely had (says the editor of that paper,) a more painful task to perform, than falls to our lot this week. On the morning of the fair, (Wednesday) the overseer of our printing establishment returned as usual to his duties at nine o'clock, after breakfast; we happened to be in the office at the time, and observed on his entrance that he looked rather pale; he immediately addressed us, saying—"I have just witnessed a most brutal spectacle; I have been walking through the cattle fair; when in King-street, I saw a man with a knobbed stick furiously strike an ox on the back of the head; the poor animal reeled and spun round several times, then fell, and I left it bleeding frightfully at the nose, apparently dying; it has made me quite sick." After a little further conversation on the same subject, we left the office; in less than five minutes, a messenger ran from the printing-office into the house, and stated that Mr. M'Alister had fallen down! Medical assistance was instantly on the spot; he was placed in a chair, and was for a few minutes sensible; remedies were quickly applied; he was immediately put to bed, but by this time he was quite insensible; the medical gentlemen pronounced his case to be hopeless, as life was then ebbing fast—before three o'clock he was a corpse! It appears that the nerves had received such a shock by the cruel sight he had witnessed, coupled with a previous disease of the heart, that the system could not regain its equilibrium, consequently, death ensued from gradual effusion of serum on the brain.—By his death his wife has lost a kind and faithful husband; his children, an affectionate father; ourselves, a sincere friend and valuable overseer; and Hereford a most respectable citizen.

POETRY.

ON THE BIRTH OF A PRINCE.  
 Hail! Little Royal Stranger! sent  
 To crown a Nation's prayer.  
 Welcome to every English heart,  
 Is England's Infant heir.

The centre of thy Country's hopes  
 And of thy Country's love;  
 The prayers of millions for thy weal  
 Shall reach the Throne above.

And all that love besides is thine  
 Which mean and mighty share;  
 Which greets the peasant's new born child,  
 And hails the monarch's heir.

Fond kisses on thy lips are pressed  
 To still thy vain alarms.  
 'Thou'rt welcome to a Mother's breast,  
 And to a father's arms.

Thus all are hailed with eager joy  
 As Earth were Eden still.  
 No cloud obscures hope's sunny sky,  
 No shades of coming ill.

Thy lot is cast, unconscious babe,  
 'Mong great ones of the earth.  
 Thy brethren shall bow down to thee,  
 Thou Child of Royal Birth.

Yet thine the common lot of man,  
 To care and trouble born;  
 And thine the lofty seat, that yields  
 Least shelter from the storm.

Time was, when such as thou wert served  
 With deep devoted faith;  
 When Loyalty was strong as Love  
 To master fear and death.

When even woman's feeble arm  
 To guard her king grew strong,  
 The memory of such Loyalty  
 Lives still in tale and song.

Old faith, old feeling, from the earth  
 Seems passing now away.  
 We reason where our fathers felt,  
 As wiser grown than they.

Bold thoughts, in words as bold expressed,  
 Without disguise are shown:  
 A spirit is abroad would shake  
 The Altar and the Throne.

Enthusiastic zeal might suit  
 With former times, we're told:  
 For those were Days of Infancy,  
 So long revered as Old.

We are the Ancients of the World,  
 They cry, and 'tis the truth;  
 For we have lost the generous warmth  
 That crer lives with youth.

Yes, 'mid the frost of age, some sparks  
 Of former fire are seen;  
 Still glows with love each British heart  
 For Britain's youthful Queen.

For her almost revived appear  
 The feelings of the past;  
 And manly arms and gallant hearts,  
 Shall guard her to the last.

So may her gentle virtues cast  
 A halo round the Throne,  
 And thou be cherished for her sake,  
 And doubly for thine own.

Sweet be thy sleep, unconscious babe,  
 Good Angels guard thy bed.  
 May blessings, as the dew of heaven,  
 Rest on thy infant bed.

Through every future stage of life,  
 Thy Heavenly Father's arm  
 Be ever round thee, to uphold,  
 And guide, and guard from harm.

Long life be thine, if length of days  
 A blessing be from Heaven;  
 But marked by great and virtuous deeds  
 Whate'er the portion given.

So thou, who wailing comest forth,  
 'Mid joy breathed loud and deep,  
 May'st calmly quit this earthly scene  
 While all around thee weep.

MARY REVETT.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

—ALSO—  
**TIN SMITHS' MACHINERY AND TOOLS**, in complete sets, or single pieces—same maker.

Terms Liberal.  
**SCOTT & SHAW.**  
 Montreal, December 16, 1841.

**THE** Subscriber has received by the Spring Arrivals, a very extensive assortment of **SHELF and HEAVY HARDWARE**, consisting of House Furnishing, Building; Manufacturers', Artists' & Traders' **IRONMONGERY**,—amongst which are Register and Half Register Grates; Fenders, of various sizes and sorts; Fire Irons, in pairs and sets; Patent Imperial Dish Covers, Rogers' superior Cutlery; Brass Window Poles, &c. &c.

—ALSO—  
 A general assortment of **BAR, ROD, HOOP, and SHEET IRON.**

**JOHN KELLER.**  
 Montreal, August 12, 1841.

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

**JOHN HOLLAND & CO.,**  
**SUCCESSORS TO C. CARLTON & CO.**  
 ST. PAUL STREET,  
**HAVE** constantly on hand, an assortment of **ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, and INDIA FANCY GOODS, COMBS, RIBBONS, &c. &c.** suitable for Town and Country Trade,  
**WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,—TERMS LIBERAL.**  
 August 12, 1841.

**BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN BOOT & SHOE MART,**  
 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.  
**EDWIN ATKINSON**, in tendering to his Patrons, the Gentry and inhabitants of Montreal generally, his thanks for the distinguished encouragement he has received, begs to assure them that the advantages that have hitherto signalised this Establishment, and gained him a preference for a good article at a moderate price, will ever be adhered to; and as it is his intention to sell **ONLY FOR CASH**, he will be enabled to offer a further Reduction of from **FIVE TO TEN PER CENT.**

This Establishment is constantly receiving from England **BOOTS and SHOES**, of the first make and quality.  
 Montreal, August 12, 1841.

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

**SCHOOL-BOOKS, BOOK-BINDING, &c.**  
**THE** Subscriber has constantly on hand an extensive assortment of **ENGLISH and FRENCH SCHOOL-BOOKS**, which he will sell by Wholesale and Retail, at the Lowest Prices, for Cash, or short approved Credit.  
**BOOK-BINDING** in all its branches; Blank Books made to any pattern; Paper Ruling, &c.  
**CAMPBELL BRYSON,**  
 St. Francois Xavier Street, facing St. Sacrament Street.

**JAS. PATTON & CO.,** Manufacturers and Importers of **CHINA, GLASS, and EARTHENWARE**, have a large and well assorted Stock, and are expecting a further supply by the *Fanny*, *Thomas Hughes*, and other Vessels.  
 N.B.—**J. P. & Co.** will receive Orders for the Manufactory, Staffordshire Potteries, and have them executed there at Pottery prices.  
 McGill Street,  
 Montreal, August 12, 1841.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

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

**FANCY & STAPLE DRY GOODS STORE,**  
*Wholesale and Retail,*  
**MUIR'S BUILDINGS, PLACE D'ARMES.**  
**THE** Subscriber has constantly on hand a large and well assorted Stock, which he will sell **Low for CASH.**  
 Expected by the Fall Arrivals, a fresh supply of Goods, suited for the Fall and Winter seasons.  
**E. THOMPSON.**  
 Montreal, August 12, 1841.

**ROBERT MILLER,**  
**STATIONER,**  
**AND GENERAL BOOK-BINDER,**  
*Entrance of the Main Street, St. Lawrence Suburbs,*  
**HAS** on hand, and offers for Sale, **VERY LOW for CASH**, a general assortment of **SCHOOL BOOKS, PRAYER BOOKS, PSALMS OF DAVID; Wesley's, Watts', and other HYMN BOOKS; Writing Paper, Steel Pens, Quills, Wafers, Sealing Wax, Slates, Blank Books, Children's TOYS** in great variety, &c. &c.

**PAPER RULED and BOUND** to any pattern; and every description of **BINDING** executed with neatness and despatch, on the most reasonable terms.  
 N.B.—Orders from the country punctually attended to.

**W. GETTESS,**  
**IMPORTER, MANUFACTURER, & DEALER**  
 IN  
**HATS, CAPS & FURS,**  
*Of every description, Wholesale and Retail,*  
**CENTRE OF SAINT PAUL STREET.**  
 N.B. Country Merchants supplied at the lowest Rates.  
 August 12, 1841.

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

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

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

**THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR,**  
 IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED AT MONTREAL, ONCE A FORTNIGHT, BY  
**JOHN E. L. MILLER,**  
 At the Printing Office, Place d'Armes, next door to the Union Bank.—JOBING neatly executed.