

# CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF RELIGION AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

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

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## POETRY.

For the Christian Mirror.

### THE CHRISTIAN.

BY S. O. H.

WHEN slowly opens the rosy-finger'd dawn,  
That tints with gold the woods or verdant lawn,  
Night's shadows yielding to the blushing east,  
To daily toil recalling man and beast,  
Ere the majestic sun hath shot a ray  
The mountain tops above, proclaiming day—  
Then is the time our souls to sacrifice,  
With blessings fresh let grateful incense rise,  
To Israel's God, who slumbers not nor sleeps,  
And watch o'er our unguarded hours keeps;  
Whose undiminish'd mercies, small nor few,  
Our wearied bodies vigorously renew;  
O then! how sweet, with primordial breath,  
Fresh as the blooming rose on dewy heath,  
With hearts obedient and submissive, yield  
Him grateful homage for all sorrows heal'd;  
To God the humble Ebenezer raise,  
In tranquil prayer and orisons of praise.  
The Christian patriot thus devoutly kneels,  
Far from the crowd tumultuous he steals—  
Holy emotion in his bosom swells,  
Whilst twilight hovers o'er the distant hills;  
Forth gushing from his swelling heart o'erflows  
Devotion's kindling fire; and upward throws  
The heart's n'it holy-caest, upborne on high,  
Mingling with faith and love the earnest cry,  
The penitential tear and broken sigh  
Accepted is;—for him the Saviour pleads,  
And for his heav'n-born child He intercedes;  
In solitude sweet intercourse he holds  
With God; his ev'ry trouble there unfolds,  
And in reserve he views the dazzling crown—  
Answers of peace his Father scatters down,  
Like dew descending on the meadow down,  
Wat'ring the seed his Holy Spirit's sown;  
With mind unburden'd and with vigour new,  
The glorious prize and Christian race pursue;  
With thankful heart, when none but God is there,  
Morn, noon and eventide ascends his prayer.  
The babbling worldling cannot there intrude  
To rob his panting soul of heav'nly food;  
Thus forth delighting in his Maker's smile,  
Boldly defiance bids to Satan's guile—  
Triumphant feels amid the sceptic's sneers,  
And frowning foes, and scoffers' snarling jeers;  
Warring beneath the blood-stain'd cross; he wields  
The Spirit's sword and faith's emblazon'd shield,  
Fed by his Parent gracious day by day,  
Stoops to adversity, and weeds his narrow way.

Montreal, June, 1842.

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

### MY FIRST AFFLICTION.

I HAD heard often of the grief of parents at the loss of children, I thought I sympathized with the afflicted, and so I did to a certain extent. I never could see a fond mother bend over the dead form of her beloved child without desiring to weep with her—but ah! with that grief a stranger intermeddled not. To me there was always something affecting in the deep and solemn dignity of death, and in the speechless eloquence of the grave. Living for

the most part of my days within sound of the sweet village bell of New England, nothing could be more solemn than its knell, when tolling at the occasional burial of an inhabitant—But oh, how different the sound, when it was for my child! Little Gertrude had wound her silvery cords round and round my heart.—From the time of her birth she had gradually insinuated herself into the bosom of parental affection, until no child seemed so tender, so lovely, so triumphant over a father's heart.—How mysterious the growth of attachment! It is the work of God, that he may fulfil his purposes! What a chaos of *disjuncta membra* would the world present without it! So little Gertrude lived for me, and I—too much for her. At table she sat next me—abroad she walked with me, at church she sat by my side, at night she lay by my bosom—she loved me with the pure simplicity of a child, and with the enthusiastic ardour of a daughter, yes, a daughter.—Let no father impatiently long for sons. He may please himself with the idea of boldness and masculine energy, and moral or martial achievement, but to no one he will meet little else than forwardness, recklessness, imperiousness, ingratitude. 'Father give me the portion that falleth to me,' was the imperious demand of the profligate prodigal, who had been indulged from his childhood. This case is the representation of thousands. The painter that drew that portrait, painted for all posterity.—But the daughter—she clings, like the rose-leaf around the stem, to the parental home, and the parental heart; she watches the approving smile, and deprecates the slightest shade on the brow; she wanders not on forbidden pleasure grounds; wrings not the hearts at home with her midnight absence; wrecks not the hopes to which early promise had given birth, nor paralyzes the soul that doats on this, its chosen object. Wherever the son may wander in search of fortune or pleasure, there is the daughter within the sacred temple of home, the Vestal Virgin of its innermost sanctuary, keeping alive the flame of domestic affection, and blessing that existence of which she is herself a part.

As my youngest cherub threw her arms around my neck, and breathed into my ear, 'Dear Father,' could I have imagined that that very night would witness her little form struggling with a fierce disease? But so it was. Ah! father, fond doating father! you think that child is yours. Its cheeks are full in bloom—her eye, gay with childhood's, innocent joys, looks cheerily and confidently into your own delighted face, her step bounds over the garden path, and in her little hand she brings you a bunch of flowers. This is happiness too exquisite for death to permit. It was mine. In one month it was mine. In the next it was all buried in the depths of the grave that opened to receive the precious form of my Gertrude. I then learned a lesson, of which I had not before a suitable conception, that I do not own any thing in the creation of God. I had closed the dying eyes of my beloved mother, and much I loved her, no child could love her more; but a lingering consumption, after de-

taining her a long time in view of the promised land, at length let her go to take full possession. I had buried a beloved sister, who under a similar course of protracted discipline, was ripened for her heavenly rest; but this was my first affliction.

Every parent understands me. Every father knows I speak the truth. There is not on earth a tie so peculiar, so mysterious, so inexpressible.—Ten thousand infinitely minute fibres are instantly sundered at that bold stroke of death. The breaking of a million arteries would not cause such a flow.—The actual loss is not indeed like that of losing a conjugal partner, but the feeling, the emotion, the perplexity of griefs is too intense to be surpassed. A part of both yourselves dies, the pledge of your affection—the joy of your souls, the concentrating point of your love, is snatched away, and an appalling vacancy is created in the soul. The strength of a parent's love is seen in the appropriate evidence, while life lasts—in the anxious look, the eager inquiry, the restlessness of the heart, the assiduity of attention, the sleepless vigilance. Oh how the mother watched over that child! Every power, faculty, and appetite of the system seemed to pay its tribute to the impending danger. When nature was exhausted, the mother would lie on the bed in vain efforts to sleep; her soft and suppressed groans re-echoing through the silence of midnight the afflicting groans of the little sufferer. To see a child, whose powers of moral agency have no suitable sense of responsibility, writhing under the scourge of a relentless disease, looking at you most imploringly for that help which you can no more give than create a world; this is as humiliating as it is heart-rending—you are the cause of those sufferings—you can entail, but you cannot relieve. You could be the means of a sinful, painful existence, but could not impart holiness to that existence.

In the case of my sweet Gertrude, hope clung to the last relic of probability of recovery—nay, forced itself an existence in the very mouth of despair, and even tried to rally its expiring energies over her breathless corpse. After four weeks suffering, the last night came. Gertrude requested me to lie by her side that night, as if to give me some consolation for the approaching stroke of Death, and ere the morning dawned her spirit had fled! That indeed was the opening of a new scene in the hurried drama which was passing before me. It was my first affliction. I could write a volume on its impressions and its tendencies, but it would weary.

In a lonely grave, in a romantic situation, repose the remains of my cherished one, secure alike from present suffering and the danger of future ills. That spot I love to visit, and to repeat in Kirke White's touching lines:

Securely laid

In this thy last retreat,  
Unheeded o'er thy silent dust  
The storms of life shall beat."

And another day (which the Father hath in his own power) shall gather me and my belo-

with unity in our common circles, where tears and trials forever cease, and love and joy fill every heart.—*Journal of Commerce.*

#### "SAY YOUR PRAYERS IN FAIR WEATHER."

RETURNING by the Belfast mail to my distant parish in the north, from the Dublin clerical meetings of the year 1839, I found myself opposite to a gentleman whose appearance engaged, rather than attracted, my most profane attention.

His age, as he afterwards told me, was sixty; and perhaps I should have conjectured as much, though exposed to weather, care, a violent and dangerous, with a certain air of severity which seemed, as it were, to preside over them all, spoke, more than the effects of time, the progress of my fellow-traveller's earthly pilgrimage.

In fact, his countenance was such a one as no observant physiognomist would contemplate without interest, or mark its available and diversified expression without respect and love. The countenance which was at last scarcely cleared the pavement, and rolling along the comparatively silent highway, when my companion addressed me with great ease and politeness. A few minutes sufficed to show that the predominant sentiment of his heart was religion. His conversation was almost exclusively of that character; and, as he poured out the rich stores of Gospel truth and experience from the exhaustless treasury of a converted soul, the night insensibly wore away, and the sun was long risen, as we changed horses at the last stage.

Little more than an hour remained, and I must probably part forever from a man by whose conversation I had been expressively captivated. I felt, as may be easily conceived, a strong desire to learn his history, and thus fix more permanently on my mind the impression he had made. Accordingly, I asked him whether the turning of his heart to God had been effected by any sudden danger, or merely connected with his seafaring life, (he had already told me that he commanded a vessel trading between Liverpool and America,) or was a gradual growth. My question seemed to please him; at least, he replied to it with the utmost civility, saying, that in the last year but one of the late war, he was waiting in port with a fleet of merchantmen till convoy should arrive, it being deemed unsafe to sail without such protection. His habits, he observed, had always been exceedingly irregular, to give them no stronger term; and he passed the period of detention in practice, he could not look back on without sorrow.

At length the signal to weigh anchor was made; his ship, as were also many others, was short of hands, so that he was glad to accept of any person who offered himself, however unexperienced he might be in navigation. At the very instant of departure a boat came alongside, out of which a tall robust man climbed actively upon deck, and gave himself in, as a seaman, ready to engage for the voyage. The boat which brought him had returned to the shore, and the wind was blowing nearly a gale; but under every circumstance, my friend said he was glad to get even the addition of one equivocal hand to his scanty crew. His pleasure, however, was of short duration, for the new comer was soon found to be of a most quarrelsome, untractable disposition, a furious blasphemer, and when opportunity offered, a drunkard. Besides all these disqualifications, he was wholly ignorant of nautical affairs, or counterfeited ignorance, to escape duty. In short, he was the bane and plague of the vessel, and refused obstinately to give any account of himself or his family, or his past life.

At length a violent storm arose—all hands were piped upon deck, and all, as the captain thought, were too few to save the ship. When the men were mustered to their quarters, the sturdy blasphemer was missing, and my friend went below to seek for him; great was his surprise at finding him on his knees, repeating the Lord's Prayer with wonderful rapidity, over and over again, as if he had bound himself to countless reiterations. Vexed at what he deemed hypocrisy or cowardice, he shook him roughly by the collar, saying, "Say your prayers in fair weather." The man rose up, observing, in a low voice, "God grant I may ever see fair weather to say them."

In a few hours the storm happily abated, a week more brought them to the harbour, and an incident so trivial passed quickly away from the memory of the captain—the more easily, as the man in question was paid off the day after landing, and appeared not again.

Four more years had elapsed, during which, though my friend had twice been shipwrecked, and was grievously hurt by the falling of a spar, he pursued, without amendment, a life of profligacy and contempt of God. At the end of this period he arrived in the port of New York, after a very tedious and dangerous voyage from England.

It was on a Sabbath morning, and the streets were thronged with persons proceeding to the several houses of worship with which the city abounds; but the narrator, from whose lips I take this anecdote, was bent on other occupation, designing to drown the recollection of peccate and delinquencies in a celebrated tavern, which he had too long and too often frequented.

As he walked leisurely towards this goal, he encountered a very dear friend, the quondam associate of many a thoughtless hour. Salutations over, the captain seized him by the arm, declaring that he should accompany him to the hotel. "I will do so," replied the other with great calmness, "on condition that you come with me first, for a single hour, into this house, (a church) and thank God for his mercies to you on the deep." The captain was ashamed to refuse, so the two friends entered the temple together.

Already all the seats were occupied, and a dense crowd filled the aisle; but by dint of personal exertion they succeeded in reaching a position in front of the pulpit, at about five yards distance. The preacher, one of the most popular of the day, rivetted the attention of the entire congregation, including the captain himself, to whom his features and voice—though he could not assign any time or place of previous meeting—seemed not wholly unknown, particularly when he spoke with animation. At length the preacher's eyes fell upon the spot where the two friends stood. He suddenly paused—still gazing upon the captain, as if to make himself sure that he labored under no optical delusion—and after a silence of more than a minute, pronounced with a voice that shook the building, "Say your prayers in fair weather."

The audience were lost in amazement; nor was it until a considerable time had elapsed, that the preacher recovered self-possession to recount the incident with which the reader is already acquainted; adding, with deep emotion that the words which his captain uttered in the storm, had clung to him by day and by night after his landing, as if an angel had been charged with the duty of repeating them in his ears; that he felt the holy call as coming directly from above, to do the work of his crucified Master; that he had studied at college for the ministry, and was now, through grace, such as they saw and heard.

At the conclusion of this affecting address, he called on the audience to join in prayer

with himself, that the same words might be blessed in turn to him who first had used them. But God had outrun their petition—my friend was already his child before his former shipmate had ceased to tell his story. The power of the Spirit had wrought effectually upon him, and subdued every lofty imagination. And so when the people dispersed, he exchanged the hotel for the house of the preacher, with whom he tarried six weeks, and departed from him to pursue his profession, with a heart devoted to the service of his Saviour, and with a holy and happy assurance, which (as he declared to me, and I confidently rely in its truth) advancing years hallowed, strengthened, and sanctified.

From that companion of a night I then parted, probably not to meet again till we stand before the judgment-seat of Christ. His history is too palpably instructive to require that I should add my own reflections. And with one only I conclude—addressing those persons who seek God merely in the hours of danger and trouble, in the words of the captain.—"Say your prayers in fair weather."—*Church of England Magazine.*

#### THE TRAVELLER.

From the *Edinburgh Quarterly Review.*

BIBLICAL RESEARCHES IN PALESTINE, MOUNT SINAI, AND ARABIA PETRÆA, &c. BY EDWARD ROBINSON, D.D. Professor of Biblical Literature in the Union Theological Seminary, New York.

[CONCLUDED.]

Among the excursions which our travellers made from Jerusalem, the most interesting was that to the shores of the Red Sea. Their description of the Western Desert is very good, and it is remarkable how many names, familiar to us in the Scripture, live either in the popular names of places, or in those which have been preserved by the Arabs, with but slight alteration. "At one spot in 'the mountains of Judah' we could enumerate before us not less than nine places, still bearing apparently their ancient names: Man (Main), Carmel (Kummil), Ziph (Zif), Jutta (Yutta), Jethar, (Atir), Socoh, (Shuweikeh, or Shaukel), Anab, Eshtemoa (Semur), and 'Kijath A-ba,' which is Hebron." Besides these we find Tekoa (Tekeo) and Ain Jidy (Engedi.) At the Pink Mountain, Dr. Robinson places, with great probability, the Herodium, the strong fortress which Herod the Great kept, as it were, as a secure place of refuge, in case of insurrection against his tyranny; and which, to guard his mortal remains against the hatred of his groaning subjects, he chose for his burial-place. It would scarcely be just to the authors of a book of travels, in a country not merely unvalled as to associations and reminiscences, but in itself in many parts highly romantic and picturesque, not to give some illustrations of their powers of description.—Our readers must not, however, expect any of the glowing and poetic printing of Lamartine; theirs are good, plain, and prosaic, but therefore more trustworthy accounts of what they saw.—Our travellers were approaching the Dead Sea, by Engedi.

For the last two or three hours of the way, we had been subjected to continual disappointment. At every moment we had expected to obtain some glimpse of the sea, and to arrive at the shore nearly upon a level with its waters. But the way at every step seemed longer and longer; and it was now only after nearly seven hours of travel that we arrived at the brow of the pass.—Turning aside a few steps to what seemed a small knoll upon our right, we found ourselves on the summit of a perpendicular cliff overhanging 'Ain Jidy and the sea, at least 1500 feet above its waters. The Dead Sea lay before us in its vast deep chasm, shut in on both sides by ranges of precipitous mountains; their bases sometimes jutting out into the water, and again retreating so as to leave a narrow strip of shore below. The view included the whole southern half of the sea, quite to its extremity; and also, as we afterwards found, the greater portion of the northern half; although the still higher projecting cliff el-Mersed intervened on our left, to prevent our seeing the extremity of the sea in that direction.

One feature of the sea struck us immediately, which was unexpected to us, viz. the number of shoal-like points and peninsulas which run out into its southern part, appearing at first sight like flat sand-banks or islands. Below us on the south were two such projecting banks on the western shore, composed probably of pebbles and gravel, extending out into the sea for a considerable distance. The larger and more important of these is on the south of the spot called Birket el-Kkulil, a little bay or indentation in the western precipice, where the water, flowing into shallow basins when it is high, evaporates, and deposits salt.—This spot is just south of the mouth of Wady el-Khubarah. Opposite to this, nearly in the middle of the sea, is a long low narrow bank, also apparently composed of pebbles and gravel, running from N. E. to S. W., and joined towards the south end to the eastern shore by an isthmus of some breadth. This long peninsula extends towards the south beyond the western shoal or point above described; so that from the spot where we stood, they seemed to interlock, and we saw the end of the peninsula across the point of the shoal.

Towards the southern extremity of the sea a long low mountain was seen running out obliquely towards the S. S. E., extending from near the western cliffs apparently to the middle of the ghor. This our Arabs called Hajr Usdum, "Stone of Solomon," and said it was composed wholly of rock-salt, too bitter to be fit for cooking, and only used sometimes as a medicine for sheep. The sea washes the base of this mountain, and terminates opposite to its S. E. extremity as here seen; though, as we were still unacquainted with the features of that region, the water seemed to us to extend further south, and to wind around the end of the mountain. This appearance, as we afterwards found, must have arisen from the wet and slimy surface of the ground in that part; which, by reflecting the rays of the sun, presented the optical illusions of a large tract of water, and deceived us as to the extent of the sea in that direction.

The mountains on both sides of the sea are everywhere precipitous; those on the east were very very distinct, and obviously much higher at some distance from the shore than those upon the west. Across the isthmus of the low peninsula, towards the S. E. we could look up along a straight ravine descending from the east on a chain; at the head of which Kerak with its castle was visible, situated on a high precipitous rock far up near the summit of the mountains. Opposite to us was Wady el-Mojib; and farther north, Wady ez-Zurka. At the foot of these mountains there is a passage along the eastern shore for the whole distance to the south of the peninsula, but further to the north this would seem to be impossible. From the spot where we stood the line of the western cliffs ran in the direction about S. by W. 1/2 W., with a passage along the shore all the way south of Ain Jily. At nearly one-half the distance towards Usdum, just south of Wady es-Seyal, the next beyond the Khubarah, a ruin was pointed out on a high pyramidal cliff, rising precipitously from the sea, to which our guides gave the name of Sebbeh.

The features now described, together with flat shores, give to the whole southern part of the sea the appearance, not of a broad sheet of water, but rather of a long winding bay, or the estuary of a large river, when the tide is out and the shoals left dry. Only a comparatively narrow channel remained covered with water. This channel of the sea (so to speak) is in some parts quite narrow, and winds very much. Between the point of the western shoal and the peninsula, the distance cannot certainly be more than one-fourth or perhaps one-sixth of the whole breadth of the sea, if so much. The direction of the peninsula, and then that of Usdum, causes the channel apparently to sweep round first towards the west and afterwards towards the east, giving to this portion of the sea a very irregular form.—Our Arabs, both the Ta'anirah and Rashaideh, knew of no place where the sea could be forded. As we looked down upon it from this lofty spot, its waters appeared decidedly green, as if stagnant, though we afterwards saw nothing of this appearance from below. A slight ripple was upon its bosom, and a line of froth was seen along and near the shore, which looked like a crust of salt.—Vol. ii. pp. 204-208.

From the foot of the Dead Sea our travellers pursued their way to Wady Musa, and to the city

of Petra. But their departure from Petra was rather precipitate, on account of the turbulent and menacing conduct of the Arabs. Petra, with its wonderful ruins 'in the clefts of the rocks, its tombs, and its temples,' is as yet by no means exhausted. Dr. Robinson refers to the descriptions of the first travellers who visited this city, Berckhardt, and Irby and Mangles, as the most accurate. Laborde's views have made the singular site and character of the buildings known to the general reader; but, in all this region of Syria and its adjacent provinces, we still want a traveller of profound architectural knowledge, who has studied the art itself and the history of construction in all its various ages. Dr. Robinson, we doubt not, possesses a fair general knowledge on such subjects, and his remarks on the different styles of building appear, on the whole, judicious and trustworthy. We would have, however, an authority who shall discriminate, on scientific and historic principles, the periods to which the various magnificent ruins in all this region ought to be assigned. We would know whether, in Petra, or elsewhere, there are any or what remains of the old Asiatic form of building, the ante-Grecian epoch, that of the kings of Tyre or of Solomon—how far Egyptian forms had been adopted in those times—in what period of art the beautiful Grecian forms, the columns, the porticoes, the sculptured pediments, began to prevail—how much belongs to the more florid and gorgeous Roman period of the decline of art.

There can be no doubt that the greater part of the buildings at Petra are of this later period—the Roman-Grecian of the Antonines and their immediate successors: they belong to the Nabatean, not to the Edomite city. It is extraordinarily how entirely, how ingeniously ignorant, most writers on this subject have been concerning the rise and fall, the vicissitudes rather, of this remarkable city. That it stands on the site of the ancient city of Edom there can be no doubt; the graphic allusions of the Jewish prophets designate it with meaning accuracy. Nor can there be the least question that their awful denunciations were completely fulfilled in the utter devastations of this hostile city, and at the time and in the manner best fitted to vindicate their truth. We next truly presume that predictions of this kind against the enemies of the chosen people, who took the opportunity of their danger and desolation to league with their powerful foes the Assyrians or Chaldeans for their ruin, were designed to raise the hopes of the Israelites, and confirm their trust in their God; or as warnings to the neighbouring tribes, and assertions of the superior might of the God of Israel. Their own age, the existing generation, or that immediately following, no doubt beheld the full accomplishment of these fearful denunciations.

We content ourselves with thus directing attention to this curious subject. In the meantime, we conclude our observations on a work which, considering the beaten ground which the travellers have trod, by the industry, good sense, and erudition displayed throughout its pages, does great credit, and, we trust, is of happy omen to the rising literature of America.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE REV. DR. JOHN HARRIS, THE PRIZE ESSAYIST.

[CONCLUDED.]

SHORTLY after the publication of "Mannion," the Committee of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society offered a prize for best essay on the claims of seamen to the regard of the Christian world; when Mr. Harris again became the successful competitor, and published his work under the title of "Britannia," having first received from his late Majesty, William IV., a beautiful letter authorizing the dedication of the volume to His Majesty. This admirable work has also been republished in the United States, under the altered title of "Zebulun."

But we cannot now dilate, as we would, on his "Christian Citizen," his "Witnessing Church," his "Union." All these have combined with his previous labours to place him in the very first rank of theological authors. Nor will his eminence be at all lessened by the recent decision of such men as Drs. Welsh, Wardlaw, and Bunting, and the Rev. Messrs. Crisp and Melvill, that he is entitled to the prize of two hundred guineas for his essay on Christian Missions, about to be

published under the title of "The Great Commission." The theological chair at Chesham College having become vacant by the decease of the Rev. W. Broadfoot, the trustees of that Institution, in 1837, presented to Mr. Harris a most cordial and unanimous request to occupy it. He acceded to their wishes, and entered on his duties in the early part of 1839. Over this institution we pray that he may long continue to preside with the ability and success which have hitherto distinguished his career. In June of that year he became united in marriage with Miss Widdowham, of Epsom, a companion of the venerable Archbishop of that name; and in September following, the College of Amherst, in the United States, (the President of which, the Rev. Dr. Humphrey, had republished his "Great Teacher" with an able introduction) conferred on Mr. Harris the degree of D. D.

As a preacher, no man is more popular than Dr. Harris. With a beautifully sweet and distinct voice, he unites a most attractive manner, and style of delivery which commands general admiration, while the thoroughly evangelical character of his discourses makes them equally acceptable to believers in Jesus of every class. This is indeed evident from the fact that Christians of every denomination invite his services, and flock by thousands to the chapels where he preaches; while the missionary societies connected with the Independents, the Wesleyans, and the Baptists, have all sought and been favoured with his aid on their anniversary meetings.

We have already intimated that the whole of Dr. Harris's works have been republished in the United States, where they have attracted unprecedented interest. We happen to know that when the Rev. Dr. Wayland, the distinguished President of Brown University, was lately in this country, he not only sought the society of Dr. H., and spoke of it as one of the highest treats he had enjoyed in England, but took to the library of the University over which he presides, the MSS. of all his works, esteeming them as some of its richest treasures.

We have spoken of Dr. Harris as a Sunday school teacher, and we know too much of the nobleness of his heart to believe that he would wish a fact so interesting to be withheld. We have heard an interesting account from his own lips, since he has attained his present eminence, of a visit he paid privately to the Tabernacle at Bristol, and of his placing himself on the seat which he once occupied as a Sunday scholar, that he might cherish feelings to be indulged in their full extent nowhere else. Would that we could know from his own pen what those feelings were! Still, from our own experience, we think we know something of them.

To Sunday school teachers we may be allowed to say that they never ought henceforth to think of the name of Dr. Harris, without deriving from his history inducements to a more vigorous and prayerful prosecution of their duties. How many men are there eminent for piety and usefulness, fulfilling the engagements of the Christian ministry in our land, and of the missionary in heathen climes, who were once in our schools. And has the Sunday school furnished all the agents for doing good which it is capable of doing? No; there are many yet in our classes who may become the heralds of salvation, or the Presidents of our colleges. Sunday school teachers, "Attempt great things!" Your work is God's, your object is His glory; the result of your labours will characterize eternity.

ACTIVITY.—I have often had occasion to observe that a warm blundering man does more for the world than a frigid wise man. A man who gets into a habit of enquiring about prophecies, and expeditions, and occasions, often spends his life without doing any thing to purpose. The state of the world is such, and so much depends on action that every thing seems to say loudly to every man, "Do something!"—"do it!"—"do it!"—*Ced.*

ALL FOR THE BEST.—As all the rivers upon the face of the globe, however circuitous they may be in their course, meet at last in the ocean, and there contribute to increase the mass of water, so all seemingly discordant events in the life of a good man, are made to preserve upon the whole an unerring tendency in his good, and to concur and conspire for promoting it at the last.

## RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

## VALLEY OF DEATH AND IMMORTALITY.

To every thoughtful mind, Death and the Grave will suggest many reflections of a pensive nature, which, but for the cheering intelligence conveyed by the Gospel, might induce a feeling of despair. Behold the death-bed of man! An intelligent creature in the spring of life; or in the prime of manhood; or in the maturity of age, laid prostrate by the derangement of some organ or function of his material frame; deprived of all that hope had anticipated, or activity pursued, or experience gathered,—a Captive to death—a Prisoner in the grave.

Look to the Grave!—Multitudes which no man can number of human bodies, once as vigorous as our own, buried in deep forgetfulness, a prey to corruption and the worm! Go into every land, the same appears: all regions are the same—every land is the sepulchre of the dead! The Grave is a melancholy scene, in which more than any other we are personally interested, since that vast emporium of the dead contains a large portion of our dearest kindred, and will soon receive our own mortal remains. Dark indeed would be the end of man, were the grave his final resting-place! and over the wreck of the human family, we might have wept with unavailing anguish, had we not heard the Saviour's voice—"I am the Resurrection and the Life; if any man believe in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live again."

The Bible gives us consoling views of this melancholy theme, in connection with that grand and consoling scheme of grace which gilds with the rays of hope and peace the gloomiest prospects of man. It represents death and the grave, and the region of separate spirits, as being under the jurisdiction and superintendence of the same divine person, who, as the Redeemer of man, exercises a sovereign dominion over all the affairs of the present world. Time with its events, and Eternity with its awful issues, and Death, the passage which leads from one to the other, all are equally under his control; so that into whatever state of untried existence any of his people may be brought, they cannot by any change in their circumstances be placed beyond the bounds of his jurisdiction, or the reach of his guardian care. Death, which severs them from every other connection, and the Grave, which shuts them up from all other help, cannot separate them from his love, nor exclude them from his watchful eye; for he presides over death not less than over life. To him the sepulchres of the dead are as accessible as the abodes of the living; and go where they may, after death he meets with them, and cares for them in the state of disembodied spirits, and will ultimately bring them into the general assembly of the just in heaven. Both worlds are equally subjected to his authority; and the dark pathway betwixt one and the other is also under his special care; so that, whether we live in the body it is because he sustains us; or whether we die, it is because he summons us; or whether we enter into the invisible world, it is because he admits us; and every where, and at all times, on earth, or in the grave, or in the separate state, we are equally under the protection of One who, possessed of infinite power, unerring wisdom, and unquenchable love, will order all things that concern us, so as to fulfil his own gracious purpose in doing for our redemption, and to promote our present progress and our eternal perfection in holiness and peace. These views are strikingly presented in the sublime exordium to the Apocalypse, where, appearing to the beloved Disciple in the august yet amiable character of God-man, the Redeemer declares—"I am he who liveth, and was dead; and behold I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death."

Therefore, the Redeemer is possessed of absolute power over the course of our lives on earth, over the time and manner of our departure out of the world, and over that invisible state on which our spirits enter when they quit their mortal tabernacles; and this to his disciples may be useful in dissipating their anxieties, and in fortifying their courage, when they contemplate either the future course of their pilgrimage here, or the solemn prospect of its termination, or the still

more solemn, because untried and eternal state on which hereafter they shall enter.

Has the Redeemer the keys of death? Then this consideration ought to relieve our minds both of the anxieties and the regrets which we are too apt to feel in reference to the changes of the present life. It should mitigate the anxiety which often preys upon the mind when we look forward into futurity, and contemplate the prospect of our own dissolution; for it must be consolatory to know that the key of death is in the Saviour's hands, and that come what may we cannot be forced out of the world, till he open the door and bid us depart. It should prevent or repress the anxiety which is too often felt respecting the mode and circumstances of our dissolution, not less than respecting the time of its occurrence. Die where we may, we cannot be beyond the reach of the Redeemer's protection. The fact that he has in his own hand the key of death is a proof that he is present with us—for *there* where we die he summons us, and we should be ready and willing to depart at his call. It is equally fitted to fortify our minds for the last struggle of nature, since Christ will then be with us. We cannot know what it is to die. Who shall attempt to describe what may be passing in the soul when the tie which binds it to the body is breaking? and what renders that scene more awful is—we die alone! In that hour of separation from human fellowship—in that solitude of death, when placed on the verge of the invisible world—O! how consolatory to reflect, that death itself is subject to the Redeemer's power—that he watches over the dissolution of his people, and keeps his eye not only on the busy scenes of life, but also on the secret mysteries of death. There He is, where most we need a friend and comforter, standing at the gate of death, with absolute power over every enemy that can assail us, and with unquenchable zeal for our welfare: for "precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

## THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1842.

## E D U C A T I O N.

We hope we have not as yet quite exhausted the patience of our readers on this popular topic. Its general interest will, we conceive, warrant our return to the subject.

"Evil communications"—whether by precept, example, immoral works, (the expression is not limited in its meaning)—"corrupt good manners." The text is often repeated, but the moral cannot be too frequently inculcated, or too seriously enforced. In the moral, as well as in the physical world, "nature abhors a vacuum." If good principles are not early imbibed in the mind of youth, bad ones will spring up like weeds, and grow to a fearful height. This is proved by daily experience. Nothing is more pernicious to the tender blossoms of intellect, than a certain class of books, plentifully disseminated in the present day—in which are artfully interwoven with matter of no small interest, the seeds of vice. History, science, useful knowledge, nay, religion itself, are thrown aside as worthless by the majority of young people of this generation, left indiscreetly to the unrestrained freedom of their wills, for novels and light reading of every description, that have the most evil tendency. Hence, impressions are made on the mind which can rarely be eradicated, evincing their results in the very great frivolity which characterises the country; nay, we fear not to assert that this is a melancholy sign of increasing depravity—nor is it confined to any special section of society.

There is, however, a certain class to whom this may apply more especially—an extensive one too. If those who undertake the very important task of educating (if such it may be called) this numerous class, were as careful to keep from them and

their families bad works and licentious song-books—as they are the Word of God—we should then see moral regeneracy make speedy advancement.

This is an awful perversion of the Divine law, to which the eyes of the Canadian people begin to be open. Truth is unfurling her banners, and many are deserting from the ranks of superstition.—and, ere long, an exceeding great multitude shall be formed on her side, "fair as the moon, bright as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners," to the entire demolition of the kingdom of Satan.

UNDER the head "Religious Intelligence," will be found some interesting details of the progress and present state of Christian Missions in foreign countries, extracted from the New York Observer—to which we beg to direct the attention of the friends of Missions. Through violent and determined opposition, it will be seen, the Gospel is winning "its widening way," and the heralds of the Cross are enabled to shout "victory through the blood of the Lamb."

A WRITER in the New York Observer states, that "twelve dollars a year, or one dollar a month, will, in the course of six or eight years, give a young man what is there at least (in India) equivalent to a collegiate education here; and place him in a situation where there is much probability of his conversion and salvation, and of his becoming the means of saving many others;" and then introduces the following forcible arguments, which we insert for the benefit of our readers:—

"When you build, or repair and ornament your house, will you not remember that there are hundreds of youth in Madras district and other parts of India, who would be glad to live in a house the walls of which are mud, the floor earthen, and the roof grass, that they may attend school? When you buy furniture, will you not remember that these youth would be content to have only one dish for their food, and set it on a mat on the ground when they eat; and to sleep on a mat spread on the ground? When you purchase clothing will you not remember that these young men are willing to go without a coat for their back, shoes for their feet, or a cap for their heads, though to be respectably dressed as students, they should have them; and to wear only a single piece of plain cotton cloth wrapped about them, in order to obtain the advantages of a good education in a mission boarding school, and not have it cost more than one dollar a month? When you spread your table abundantly with comforts, and perhaps with luxuries, will you not remember that they would be glad to live day after day, and month after month, on rice, with a little seasoning of salt fish, or fruit, or a pungent gravy called curry? But the missionaries are obliged to refuse them admission to the schools for the want of one dollar a month to feed, clothe and lodge them? And when you put your money at interest, or invest it where you hope it will be accumulating, for your own or your children's benefit: will you not think of those youth, and the benefit it might confer on them, and, through them, on thousands of their benighted countrymen?"

You want your handsome and convenient house and elegant furniture, and fashionable clothing, and delicious fare, and increasing property: but will you not recollect to ask yourself whether you need them, and especially need them in so great profusion, as much as those youth need an education, and the frequently saving influence of a missionary boarding school? If what these things cost you were used to educate some of those young men for respectability and usefulness in this life, and very probably for heaven! might it not make you also, and your family, more happy? If it would bring you more enjoyment by being laid out for conveniences, elegancies, luxuries, or accumulation, for the next 10 or 20 years, would it for the next 1,000?"

We have been favoured by the Rev. T. Osgood with a copy of some "Friendly Hints," purporting to be the outlines of a plan for the estab-

blishment of a "Relief Union," having for its object the amelioration of the condition of the destitute. The following is the plan proposed:—

I. This Institution to be called the Relief Union, for aiding the Poor.

II. Ten guineas paid in advance, or the Annual Subscription of One Guinea a year, will entitle to membership.

III. Each Member will have liberty to vote in all public meetings, and recommend any destitute person, for the number of months, which he may have paid guineas.

IV. This Institution shall be conducted by seven suitable persons, chosen annually, by the Subscribers. The Committee will appoint their Chairman, Secretary, Treasurer, and all necessary Agents, reporting annually.

V. All Members are expected to walk by the Saviour's Rule, in Matthew vii. 12.

VI. Each Member of this Institution shall have the liberty to transfer his share in the funds to another, who shall have all the privileges of an original subscriber.

VII. Additions or amendments may be made by a majority of two-thirds present at a public meeting, to be called by the Committee, or any ten Subscribers.

The Rev. gentleman, to whom the public is indebted for these hints, is well entitled to the gratitude and hearty co-operation of the friends of suffering humanity, for his benevolent and unwearied exertions in so good a cause. We earnestly recommend the object to the serious attention of the Christian community.

SUMMERFIELD.—Sermons and Sketches of Sermons, by the late Rev. John Summerfield, to which is prefixed an introductory essay by the Rev. Dr. Bond. 1 vol., octavo. Harper & Brothers.

Seventeen years have passed away since the young saint, the fragments of whose productions are here collected, was called to his rest. He was taken from us "in the dew of his youth;" and albeit so long a time has elapsed since his decease, the tones of his voice yet float upon our ears like a dream of sweet music dying in the distance. His figure, his face, his action, are all before us now, as when we first heard his persuasive appeals in behalf of the American Bible Society, in the saloon of the City Hotel, long, long time ago. The volume before us contains between seventy and eighty sermons, and skeletons, that have been culled from the far more ample manuscripts which he left behind; and although the speaking eloquence is not here—for it could no more be put upon paper than you could paint the melting hues of the rainbow—yet there is much that is beautiful, both in thought and in language. Both the complete sermons and the skeletons show that, great as his labours in the pulpit were, he never ascended it without ample preparation; and these "remains" will be precious to his friends. Although a number of these sermons are written out in full, yet the author always preached extemporaneously. His manner of preparing was peculiar. It was his rule—and he advised others to practise it—first thoroughly to digest his subject in his mind, and commit the skeleton to paper, but to take no thought of the words he was to use. Those he left to the inspiration of the occasion—writing his sermons out afterward in the language he had used, according to the best of his recollection. The introduction by Dr. Bond is admirable, and his conception of the talents of Summerfield—the order of his mind—the character of his eloquence—is, according to our own ideas, eminently acute and just. The work is dedicated to the Rev. Joshua Soule, one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who was a warm personal friend of Summerfield.—*N. Y. Com. Adv., May 3.*

SABBATH SCHOOLS.—All the friends and followers of truth ought to patronise and encourage Sabbath Schools. They are the nurseries of piety and virtue, a little preparatory Heaven. Many of the most devout and devoted pillars in the Church—many of the most able, eloquent and successful Preachers of the Gospel, both at home and abroad—received their first religious impressions in a Sabbath School. The mind of a child is like wax to receive—but like marble to retain. If Sabbath Schools are countenanced as they should be—the winged wheels of time will soon bring about that happy period when a Nation

shall be born in a day—when the broad bow of universal peace shall span the world—when the thirsty soil shall drink the last red wave from the field of strife—when the Prison shall become a Chapel, and the Poor-house be to let;—when light and love shall fill the world from centre to circumference—when Earth shall become a Heaven below, and its occupants sublunary angels.—*Niagara Reporter.*

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.]

MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL CONSTITUTION OF MAN.

NO. III.—AGENCY OF DISEASE ON THE MIND.

WHEN creation, at the mandate of Deity, sprung into vigorous being and activity, the morning stars had scarcely completed their anthem of melodious strains, ere man, for his disobedience, came under sentence of dissolution. His mind, also, became corrupted, and, through successive posterity, degenerated. The sentence still stands against him, and will, till the consummation of all things. But it is an indisputable fact, that from the first chapter of Genesis to the last of Revelations, we have not the slightest shadow of authority to prove that the decree of natural death was to be accompanied by disease. But, it may be asked, how are you to prove this bold assertion, and wherefore? I answer to the latter interrogatory, because physical disease is a great impediment to the development of the intellectual powers, and materially injures the constitution of the mind. The former question I shall endeavour to solve somewhat at large—and draw my inferences, to prove my position, from history, from animal creation, and from Scripture.

God is an infinite, perfect Spirit—uncreated, without "passions and without parts;" therefore, his attributes, productive of his actions, must partake of the same nature—in his government over the moral, as well as the natural world, "the same yesterday, today, and forever"—hence, inconsistency could not subsist. Therefore, the command given to man, to earn his bread, from the tillage of the earth, by the sweat of his brow, was not originally intended to be counteracted by the effects of disease and debility. Degeneracy of constitution, lassitude, and sickness, have been the consequence of the violation of the laws of nature, never infringed with impunity.

We like to trace effects to their original causes. This is diametrically opposed to the doctrine of necessity, which teaches that human actions are the result of natural laws, operating independently of human will. For if men will infringe the principles upon which material matter is based—if they run counter to the inscrutable laws of Divine Providence displayed in creation—they must abide by the consequences.

Previous to proving what has been already advanced, we must interrupt the immediate thread of our argument, by considering another question, which comes under our notice on this head.

Were the seeds of death incorporated into the bodily organisation before the fall? Most undoubtedly not. Therefore, the human frame must have undergone a radical change, in order to become the subject of dissolution—for it is utterly impossible to suppose that the Divine Architect would create his favourite imperfect. Perfect himself, he could not be the author either of imperfection or evil; consequently, man, made in the image of God, could not have had the seeds of death woven into his system until he became self-immolated and self-destroyed, through voluntary transgression. Besides, such a supposition would presuppose a foreordained design, independently of volition on the part of the creature—of absolute necessity to sin. Here, then, is the grade of God's eternal purpose magnified in the redemption of the world—and the free agency of man confirmed. The expression eternal purpose may seem an anomaly, when placed in juxtaposition with the free will of the creature. But God, because he is omnipotent, is not necessitated to display his power but *how and when* he pleases. This we shall have occasion to advert to in the sequel.

But to sum up,—What did man lose in the fall? Answer: 1st, The constitution of the mind remained fundamentally the same in its relative principles to the

bodily frame—but it became weakened—intellectual supremacy was placed on a neverer balance with animal passion; 2d, the brilliant light of conscience became darkened; 3d, the physical organisation was subjected to decay, frailty, and death—but not (by necessity or decree) to disease; and 4th, it was only by a conditional acceptance of, and as a party in, the covenant of grace, that he could be saved from spiritual and eternal death.

What, then, was the original cause of misery, sickness, pain, hereditary and constitutional diseases? We answer, non-compliance with the rules, laws, and principles of material and relative matter—and a continued opposition to Divine ordination, acting as if totally ignorant of it, or as though man expected a suspension of the laws of nature. In the next article, this will be proved and illustrated by the Jewish history, other historical facts, and present existing circumstances.

Montreal, June, 1842.

OVERSEA.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

SYRIA.

Mr. Smith writes from Beirut, April 5, that since the late war, the Maronite influence is completely crushed for the present, so that neither the patriarch nor any of his papal allies are able to hinder the progress of the truth. The mission has free intercourse with the Maronites and Greek Catholics. Formerly the Patriarch's influence rendered it almost impossible to procure Arabic teachers. Now, as many as are wanted, of the best in the country, are easily obtained.

April 8, Mr. Thomas wrote, that a new scene had opened. Omar Pasha and the Druze sheiks were at sword's points. Omar, it was said, had caught the principal sheiks by treachery, and imprisoned them. The report was, that he invited them to a feast, and seized them at his own table. The Maronites were preparing to fall upon the Druzes, in concert with the Turks. The roads were all stopped. Not a Druze was to be seen in the streets of Beirut. Ships of war, about to sail, delayed their departure, and the English pack-boat was detained, to collect and carry more perfect information. There were indications of such a storm as Lebanon had not yet witnessed. Yet, in a month, the door might be more widely opened than ever. At least, the face of the Druzes turning Mohammedans is at an end.

THE ARMENIANS.

Dr. Dwight's journal for the last quarter of the year 1841 is full of encouragement. In the protracted struggle between the people and the bankers, the people have been steadily gaining, and have now a juster share of influence in the government. This contest has done much to awaken thought, and produce freedom of conversation and enquiry. The evangelical Armenians have taken advantage of this greater freedom, to preach the gospel more boldly and more abundantly. Juster views of the nature of the gospel, and of the difference between real and merely nominal Christianity, are becoming prevalent. Mr. Dwight gives an example. An Armenian placed his son in Mr. Hamlin's seminary, telling him, "My object in sending you there is, that you may become a true disciple of Christ. Mind, that you make that your great business." Five years ago no man would have given his son such a charge; for all supposed that every Armenian, observing the forms of their church, was a true disciple of course. Now, there are many who think and feel as this man did, and come to the missionaries with serious inquiries concerning spiritual religion. The Seminary was rising in favor and usefulness.

Mr. Goodell mentions the remark of a priest, who says that the word "Protestant" is coming into use in a remarkable way. When people are conversing together, and some show a cavilling disposition, or any want of sincerity, it is customary to say, "Come, let us speak Protestant fashion;" which means, "let us speak the plain, sober truth, in good earnest."

An intimate friend of the missionaries has been appointed as the patriarch's vicar, and there is some talk of his being appointed Patriarch.

Mr. Dwight mentions a visit from an enlightened teacher at Ada Bazaar, who brought a gratifying report of the progress of truth and piety

in that vicinity. The ex-patriarch had been there. Some complained to him that a new sect had sprung up, which was spreading its poison everywhere. He inquired the names of the leaders of the new sect, sent for them, and questioned them. They told him that they had not separated, and did not intend to separate, from the church; and that their only peculiarity was, they kept the Sabbath, read the Bible, and endeavored to follow its instructions. The ex-patriarch being satisfied that they gave an honest account of themselves, told them, "very well,—go home and go on."

Mr. Van Leuven has spent some months in Adrianople, in European Turkey. While there, he attended a fair in a neighbouring town, at which 2000 copies of the New Testament were sold to Bulgarians of the Greek Church. It appears desirable to establish a mission in that region as soon as funds permit.

#### NESTORIANS OF TURKEY.

BESIDES the two divisions of the Nestorian people with whom your readers are already acquainted, there is a considerable population living under Turkish rule, on the declivity of the Koorish mountains, between the country of the Independent tribes on the north, and Mosul on the south. Several generations ago, this patriarch became a papist, and affairs have been so managed by him and the court and emissaries of Rome, that they are all obliged to acknowledge him as their civil head, in transacting business with the Turkish government. Of course, they are all considered as members of what the court of Rome calls "the Chaldean Church." Though many of them still adhere to Nestorianism, many others care little and know less about the difference. Last autumn, Dr. Grant and Mr. Hinsdale made a tour among them. The papists were busy in attempting to complete their conversion, and not without success. In one district, sixteen villages had gone over to them since Dr. Grant's first visit to that region, leaving only eight or ten villages adhering to their ancient faith. Their principal arguments are, offers of temporal advantage; money; the assertion that the books of Nestorians have all been confuted, and that almost all the world have become "Christians;" that is, papists,—for so they use the word. Some of their converts are easily made, and as easily lost. One priest said that he joined them for a certain sum of money, equal to about one dollar and seventy-five cents; but that, three or four days afterwards, having spent the money for food, and eaten it, and having no advantage remaining from his change, he gave up his new religion, and returned to his former creed. It was found on investigation, that in villages reported as converted to popery, only a part of the inhabitants had actually gone over, while others remained firm in their ancient faith. It would seem, therefore, that "the Chaldean Church," of which Rome has boasted not a little, is a much more considerable affair on paper, than it is in reality; and if a suitable missionary force could be sent in and sustained, a large part of it might yet be rescued from the "man of sin."

It was reported at Ooroomiah, that the Jesuit, Bone, who has been hovering round that region for several years, and who established a little school at Adishai, had followed Dr. Grant's track into the mountains, and offered the Patriarch the protection of the French government, if he would submit to the pope.

Dr. Grant and Mr. Hinsdale also visited the Yezidees, between the Nestorians and the Tigris; of whom there are at least fifty villages. They were kindly received. The Yezidees and Nestorians are supposed to be of the same descent.

#### JACOBITE SYRIANS.

THE English Church Missionary Society has for some time had a mission among the Syrian Christians of the Malabar coast, in Southern India. Dr. Grant found at Mosul, a Syrian priest from Malabar on his way to Mardin, to be ordained by the Jacobite Patriarch. He appeared to be enlightened, and truly pious. He had been preaching the gospel to the Jacobites at Mosul, with such effect, that several of them were awakened to serious inquiry after spiritual religion. Meanwhile, an Evangelical Armenian from Constantinople had awakened no little zeal for schools and education in the Jacobite Patriarch himself. So the influence of a mission in Malabar meets the influence of a mission in Constantinople, in the centre of Mesopotamia.

#### TAMUL MISSIONS.

THE whole district of Madura is open to missionary labors. A million of Tamul people are as really thrown upon the mission as ever the Druzes seemed to be, or as ever the people of the Sandwich Islands were. There is scarce a town or village in the whole district, in which the people have not called for schools and missionary labors. The missionaries believe that there is no spot on earth that calls more loudly for help.

The mission seminary at Batticotta, in Ceylon, has 207 students, of whom 91 are church members; the female seminary of the Ceylon mission has 118 pupils, of whom 20 are church members and of its schoolmasters, 46 are church members. The two printing establishments at Madras and Manepy have struck off 37,000,000 pages in a year. The Brenda, with the Rev. Mr. Meigs, and a reinforcement, reached Columbo in safety. All were well except Mrs. Smith, who appeared to be in a decline.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

##### THE PREACHER AND THE PIRATES.

###### REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF DIVINE INTERPOSITION.

A NATIVE of Sweden, residing in the south of France, some years since, had occasion to go from one port to another in the Baltic sea. When he came to the place whence he expected to sail, the vessel was gone. On inquiry, he found a fishing boat going the same way, in which he embarked. After being for some time out at sea, the men observing he had several trunks and chests on board, concluded he must be very rich, and therefore, agreed among themselves to throw him overboard. This he heard them express, which gave him great uneasiness. However, he took occasion to open one of his trunks, which contained some books. Observing this, they remarked among themselves, that it was not worth while to throw him into the sea, as they did not want any books, which they supposed was all the trunks contained. They asked him if he was a priest. Hardly knowing what reply to make, he told them he was; at which they seemed much pleased, and said they would have a sermon on the next day, as it was the Sabbath.

This increased the anxiety and distress of his mind, for he knew himself to be as incapable of such an undertaking as it was possible for any one to be, as he knew very little about the Scriptures; neither did he believe in the inspiration of the Bible.

At length they came to a small rocky island, perhaps a quarter of a mile in circumference, where was a company of pirates, who had chosen this little sequestered spot to deposit their treasures. He was taken to a cave, and introduced to an old woman, to whom they remarked that they were to have a sermon preached the next day.—She said that she was very glad of it, for she had not heard the word of God in a great while. His was a trying case, for preach he must, and still knew nothing about preaching. If he refused, or undertook to preach and did not please, he expected it would be his death. With these thoughts he passed a sleepless night. In the morning, his mind was not settled upon any thing. To call upon God, whom he believed to be inaccessible, was altogether in vain. He walked to and fro, still shut up in darkness, striving to collect something to say to them, but could not even think of a single sentence.

When the appointed time for the meeting arrived, he entered the cave, where he found the men assembled. There was a seat prepared for him, and a table with a Bible on it. They sat for the space of half an hour in profound silence, and even then the anguish of his soul was as great as human nature was capable of enduring. At length these words came to his mind,—“Verily there is a reward for the righteous; Verily, there is a God that judgeth in the earth.” He arose and delivered them; then other words presented themselves, and so on till his understanding became opened—his heart enlarged in a manner astonishing to himself. He spoke upon subjects suiting their condition; the rewards of the righteous—the judgments awaiting the wicked—the necessity of repentance, and the importance of a change of life. The matchless love of God to the children of men, had such a powerful effect upon the minds of these wretched beings, that they were melted into tears. Nor was he less as-

tonished at the unbounded goodness of an Almighty God, in thus interposing to save his spiritual as well as natural life, and well might he exclaim—“This is the Lord's doings, and marvellous in our eyes.” Under a deep sense of God's goodness, his heart became filled with such thankfulness, that it was out of his power to express.

What a marvellous change was thus suddenly brought about by divine interposition! He who a little before disbelieved in communion with God and the soul, became as humble as a little child. And they who were so lately meditating his death now are filled with love and good will towards each other, and particularly towards him; manifesting affectionate kindness, and willing to render him all the assistance in their power.

The next morning they fitted out one of their vessels, and conveyed him where he desired.—From that time he became a changed man.—From sentiments of infidelity he became a sincere believer in the power and efficacy of the truth as it is in Jesus.—S. S. Instructor.

#### THE STORK.

THE annexed extract is from a work lately published in London, written by Frederic Strong, Esq., Consul at Athens for the kings of Bavaria and Hanover:—

“Speaking of the natural history, we have a singular anecdote.

“Storks, which used formerly to pass the summer in Greece in great numbers, are now never seen. It is a singular coincidence that they left the country on the breaking out of the revolution in 1821; and the superstitious Greeks call them in consequence ‘the Turk's friend.’

“Captain Jesse also alludes to this fact, and tells a remarkable story in connexion with it.

“I heard (he says) it remarked by several persons at Athens, that when the Turks left that city after the revolution, the storks, which for generations had built on almost every house in the town, immediately deserted it. There are numbers of these birds in the south of Russia; before migrating, which they always do at the approach of winter, they assemble from all parts, and kill the young ones that are not strong enough to accompany them in their long flight. This characteristic is remarkable, and in strong contrast to the affection they generally display towards their young. Of this, the following anecdote, related to me by a merchant of my acquaintance, is an example. He was on his way to Kharkoff, when he observed one evening several peasants assembled around something in a field near a village; ordering the zemstchik to stop, he alighted from his carriage, and went up to them to see what was going on. Arriving at the spot, he found that they were looking at two dead storks, which were lying on the grass; and upon his inquiring the reason of their taking such an interest in these birds, one of the bystanders gave him the following singular account of their death:—

The storks had a nest in the field they were then lying in; the hen-bird had been sitting that morning, the male having left her, as usual, in search of food; during his absence the lady, either with the same intention, or to have a bit of gossip with some of the female storks in the neighborhood, also took her departure. No sooner had she left her nest than a species of hawk, very common in the steppe, seeing the eggs unprotected, pounced upon and sucked them. A short time after this the male bird return; and, finding them destroyed, he threw himself down upon the shells, and gave way to every demonstration of grief. The female also returned; but immediately he observed her coming, he ran up, attacked her with his beak, and seizing her between his claws, soared up with her to a great height. He then compressed his own wings, and both falling to the ground together, they were killed.”

WALTER SCOTT.

BISHOP MEADE is publishing in the *Southern Churchman*, a series of letters, respecting matters in England and Scotland. In one of them he thus speaks of the Author of the *Waverley Novels*:—

“I tried a day in the neighborhood, and visited Abbotsford, finding it within and without such as might be expected from the former owner, being filled within, and surrounded without, with all the military curiosities and antiquities that could be collected.”

“While I could not but admire all these things, neither could I otherwise than ask myself, what is genius?—what fame?—what the monuments of the departed? The works of Sir Walter Scott were not of avail to save him from the miseries of death while living, and what will they avail him if he has nothing infinitely better before God. Next to the Bible, the writings of Scott were the cheapest and most abundant I met with in Scotland; but were they next to the Bible in spirit also, although amongst the most innocent of their kind? He once tried his genius on the composition of two sermons, having succeeded in every thing else, but how far were they from the Gospel of Christ. I heard nothing in Scotland to raise the estimate I had formed of his religious sentiments and character. I understood that the report of his being an elder in one of the churches was unfounded. His writings, however, and the monument on Castle Hill, at Edinburgh, will long preserve his memory to Scotland.”

**PARENTAL INFLUENCE.**—Where paternal influence does not convert, it at least hampers: it hangs on the wheels of evil. I had a pious mother who dropped things in my way. I could not rid myself of them; I was a professed infidel in company, rather than when alone: I was wretched when by myself. These principles, and maxims, and data, spoiled my jollity. I find in myself another evidence of the greatness of parental influence. I detect myself to this day, in laying down maxims in my family, which I took up at three or four years of age before I could possibly know the reason of them.

“Parental influence must be great because God has said it shall be so. The parent is not to stand reasoning and calculating. God has said, that his character shall have influence: and so this appointment of Providence becomes often the punishment of a wicked man. Such a man is a complete *selfist*. I am weary of hearing such men talk about their ‘family’—and their ‘family’—they ‘must provide for their family.’ Their family has no place in their real regard—they push for themselves. But God says, ‘No! you make the rods for your own backs. They shall be your curse. They shall rise up against you.’ The most common of all human complaints is—parents groaning under the vices of their children! This is all the effect of parental influence.”—*Cecil*.

**OUR FUTURE STATE.**—Let us not listen for a moment to a doctrine so irrational, as that our present characters do not follow us into a future world. If we are to live again, let us settle it as a sure fact, that we shall carry with us our present minds, such as we now make them; that we shall reap good or ill according to their improvement or corruption; and of consequence, that every act which affects character will reach in its influence beyond the grave, and have a bearing on our future weal or woe. We are now forming our future lot. He who does a bad deed says, more strongly than words can utter, ‘I cast away a portion of future good, I resolve on future pain.’—(Wm. E. Channing.)

**FLUENCY OF SPEECH.**—The common fluency of speech in many men and women, says Swift, is owing to a scarcity of words; for whoever is master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt, in speaking, to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them, and these are always ready; so people come faster out of church when it is nearly empty than when a crowd is at the door.

**SOUL PROSPERITY.**—The celebrated Andrew Fuller relates the following experience: would it not be well for all desponding, unhappy Christians to make it their own? “I have found the more I do for Christ, the better it is with me. I never enjoyed so much of the pleasures of religion, as I have within the last two years, since we have engaged in the missionary business. Mr. Whitefield used to say, the more a man does for God the more he may.”

Among the best of men, there is hardly one to be found but he is liable to be hanged ten times in his life, if all his actions and thoughts were strictly to be examined. We are so far from being good according to the laws of God, that we cannot be so according to our own.

Never employ your authority in its full extent; temper whatever is severe in it by an air of sweetness and good nature. Never abuse the fear and respect which your dignity and rank inspire. It will do you honour to adapt the exercise of your power to the circumstances and situation in which you are placed.

THE FARMER.

**TOWN AND COUNTRY.—ATTRACTIVE INDUSTRY.**—It has been said that God made the country, but man made the town. If we needed any argument at this time to prove the perfection of God’s work, and the imperfection of man’s, it is in the facilities moral and social independence, physical health and real comforts which the country enjoys.

In the town we see men and women, barteting that liberty which is their birthright, for baubles; pedury and want treads on the heels of improvidence, and the revulsions of trade bring with them more evils than were contained in Pandora’s box with no hope at the bottom.

But to the country the Lord has promised a seed time and harvest; man has only to improve the blessings by that attractive labor which receives a renewed zest in the joyous certainty of reward, and the bright aspect of nature arrayed with a splendor, in comparison with which the gay decorations of art are poor indeed.

But to make rural industry truly attractive, the laborer must study and understand Nature’s laws. He who labors blindly upon the earth’s surface, content with the mere results of his toil, is only an animal working from mere coercion or necessity, without intelligence, dignity or enthusiasm; and yet, as Brisbane says in his admirable essays on associated attractive industry, “such has been the condition of the Industrial Classes of all ages, and as a consequence, in busy has been an ignoble, unattractive and a degrading function!”—*N. G. Farmer*.

**CLOSE PLANTING.**—A Scotch farmer residing in the town of Sohus, Wayne county, N.Y., informs us that he raised, the past season, 400 bushels of Indian corn on four acres of land, notwithstanding the dryness of the season. He attributes his success mainly to his manner of planting, and thinks farmers generally plant too thinly. His mode is to plant in rows three feet apart, and drop two grains in a place, only fifteen inches apart in the rows. The variety used is the Red Blazed Flint. The soil is sandy loam, and 100 loads of manure were put on the four acres. The corn ripened and was cut sufficiently early to sow the ground with wheat.—*Albany Cultivator*.

**CABBAGE WORMS.**—A writer in the *Southern Cultivator* says, “he had a square of very fine cabbages in his garden, upon which the worms had commenced making great ravages. Pennyroyal was gathered and scattered over the cabbage heads plentifully, and the work of destruction ceased.” The writer did not know whether the discovery was a new one, but it seems to have been a very easy and effectual one, and well worth a trial.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

LATEST FROM ENGLAND.

The intelligence from England is to the 4th instant. The papers are filled with particulars of a most diabolical attempt on the part of a wretch named Francis, to assassinate Her Majesty. It appears that an attempt was made on the Queen’s life the day previous, (Sunday) as Her Majesty was riding through the Mall in the Park; but having failed, the inhuman monster made a second attempt, by firing a pistol at Her Majesty, just as she was running in a barouche and four from her evening ride towards the Palace, on the following evening. But, it is matter for gratitude to Almighty, God, that by the interposition of his Providence, the pistol missed fire, and thus has the life of our beloved Sovereign been spared, we trust, to be a blessing to her people and to the world.

In alluding to the circumstance, the *Morning Chronicle* of June 1 says:—

We little thought when the case of Oxford was disposed of, that we should so soon be called on to record another attempt on Her Majesty’s life. Who could

have thought that in a country in which there is more security for person than, perhaps, in any other in the world, the most beloved of our Sovereigns, who truly lives in the hearts of her people—a lady who in private life would be the object of the affectionate regard of all who approached her, should, in the space of two years, have twice been singled out for assassination. While we believe that the crime is that of a solitary individual, we are still astonished that there should be found two individuals into whose heads the idea of hurting a hair of Her Majesty’s head should enter. We may add that there are few, indeed, of Her Majesty’s subjects who will not heartily subscribe to the sentiment so happily expressed by Lord John Russell, “that when Her Majesty goes abroad among the people for the purpose of taking recreation or exercise, there is not one among her subjects who has less reason to fear an enemy, in any single individual of millions who constitute her subjects.” The sentiment was loudly cheered will be re-echoed by the nation.

The news from India is of mixed character. Ghuznee had fallen, but on the other hand General Sale had made a successful sortie from Jellalabad, and strong hopes were entertained that he would be relieved by Col. Pollock. We extract from a second edition of the *London Times* the following Indian intelligence, received by extraordinary express:

“The Indian real which arrived at Marseilles on Wednesday night, brings, we lament to say, an account of the fall of Ghuznee. The place capitulated and surrendered, on condition that the garrison be safely conducted to Cabul. On the other hand, Colonel Pollock had forced the Khyber pass, and taken possession of the fort commanding it, and would, no doubt, march to the relief of Jellalabad. General Sale, in a sortie from that place, overthrew the insurgents.

“A rumour prevailed that Akherr Khan had been fatally wounded.

“General Knott had gained some advantage on the side of Kandahar, but General England had not yet joined him. It is reported that Shah Soojah had been imprisoned.

The fall of Ghuznee comes unexpectedly upon us, for, according to the accounts hitherto received, the fortress was well provisioned, the garrison in good spirits, and sanguine of being able to hold out until the arrival of the liberating army, and the strength of the walls such as to be deemed impregnable against any attack from a readily disciplined army without, which, even if supplied with a heavy artillery train, could have no skill-dengineer officers to render it effective. It must, therefore, notwithstanding the previous reports of ample provisions, have been reduced to surrender by famine. Let us hope that the brave but unfortunate garrison have not been sacrificed to Afghan treachery, like the hapless army of Cabul, but that the capitulation will be faithfully observed. In the mean time the hour of retribution is drawing nigh. Colonel Pollock had gallantly forced the Khyber pass, and was doubtless in full march to the relief of the courageous band in the position at Jellalabad, under the orders of the intrepid Sale, who, nothing daunted by the disasters of Cabul, had again chastised the foes by whom he is surrounded.

It is evident that if General Pollock should prove unfortunate, the hostile tribes can be restrained only by the greatest possible efforts. We notice an opinion expressed by some papers that the ill success of the British is owing in no slight degree to the want of camels, for the transport of the baggage and other material of war. Fifty thousand camels are said to have been destroyed within so short a period as since Lord Keane commenced his march against Cabool; nor is there any beast of burden to be obtained at any sacrifice, so well fitted to the country and the climate.

CHEAP STANDARD WORKS.

THE Subscriber solicits attention to the following excellent assortment of STANDARD WORKS, which (having been received in a damaged state,) he has rebound, and now offers for sale, at Reduced Prices, for Cash:—

- Blair’s Sermons,
- Paley’s Works,
- Josephus’ do.
- Robinson’s do. 1 vol.
- Hervey’s do.
- Young Man’s Best Companion,
- Goldsmith’s Animated Nature,
- Logan’s Sermons,
- Boston’s Fourfold State,
- Hume & Smollett’s England,
- Wesley’s Sermons, 3 vols.
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- Wesley’s Hymns, from 1s. to 5s. each,
- Bibles, Testaments, and Prayer Books,
- Morrison’s Book-keeping,
- Smith’s Wealth of Nations,
- And a great variety of other Works.

R. MILLER,  
No. 9, St. Dominique Street,  
Montreal, June 30, 1842.

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H A V I N G an EXTENSIVE CIRCULATION in MONTREAL, the EASTERN TOWNSHIPS, and in UPPER CANADA, offers advantages to Advertisers, not inferior to any Newspaper in the Province of Canada.

TERMS.—In Montreal, 15s. per annum; when sent by post, 18s.; and 15s., in advance, when money is transmitted post-paid.

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IS published at the same Office, every TUESDAY AFTERNOON, and contains every thing of importance brought by the American mail of that day. It is sent to all parts of the Province.

All advertisements inserted in the *Montreal Transcript*, will have one insertion *gratis* in the *Weekly*—thus securing to advertisers advantages unsurpassed in the Province.

The *Weekly Transcript* contains 40 columns of close reading matter, and is in a very convenient form for binding—forming, at the end of the year, a handsome volume of 416 pages, containing 2,080 columns.

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June 30, 1842.

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SUCCESSORS TO C. CARLTON & CO.  
St. Paul Street.

H A V E 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.

**W. GETTESS,**

IMPORTER, MANUFACTURER & DEALER  
IN  
HATS, CAPS, AND FURS,  
Of every description, Wholesale and Retail,  
CENTRE OF ST. PAUL STREET.

N. B.—Country Merchants supplied at the lowest Rates.  
August 12, 1841.

**BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN  
BOOT AND SHOE MART,**  
NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

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

This Establishment is constantly receiving from England BOOTS and SHOES, of the first make and quality.

Montreal, August 12, 1841.

**THE SUBSCRIBER.**

H A S 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.

**JOSEPH HORNER,  
SILK-DYER,**

Notre Dame Street.  
MONTREAL.

August 12, 1841.

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

N. B.—Orders for the Country punctually attended to.

May 3, 1842.

**SHEFFORD ACADEMY.**

THE SUMMER TERM of this Institution has now commenced, under the superintendance of

S. C. L. CURTIS, A.B., PRINCIPAL.

A thorough and systematic COURSE OF STUDY will be pursued; well calculated to make finished Scholars, both in the English branches, and the Classics.

**TERMS.**

English Branches, 5s. per quarter.  
For Pupils in the Classics, an extra charge of 5s. do.  
Board—including washing—can be procured in the Village, by Pupils from a distance, at from 7s. 6d. to 8s. 6d. per week.

By order of the Trustees.

DAVID FROST, Secretary.

Frost Village, }  
April 25th, 1842. } 20c

**J. H. TAAFFE,  
GENERAL GROCER,**

No. 35, Notre Dame Street,

NEARLY OPPOSITE THE ENGLISH CHURCH,  
MONTREAL.

**SEIGNIORY OF MONTREAL.**

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

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

JPH. COMTE, P.TRE.  
17-h

March 24, 1842.

**AGENCY & COMMISSION BUSINESS.**

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

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

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

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

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

Will have correspondents in QUEBEC, NEW YORK and LIVERPOOL.

Charges very moderate.  
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Messrs. EDWARD FIELD & Co. New York.

Messrs. WILLIAM SMITH & Sons, Liverpool.

ALEX. BRYSON.  
Montreal, April 21, 1842. 19

**WILLIAM GEMMILL,  
TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,**

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

February 10, 1842. c

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All orders punctually attended to.

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

Charges very moderate.

JOHN E. L. MILLER.

Montreal, May 5, 1842.

**EDWARD HOWELL,  
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OPPOSITE MESSRS. H. BENSON & CO.  
Notre Dame Street.

August 12, 1841.

**N. Y. CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER.**

**PROPOSITION**

To Clergymen, Students, and Others.

ANY Clergyman, Student, or other person, who will send us the names and Post-office address of six new subscribers to the *CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER*, together with fifteen dollars, current money, free from expense to us, will be entitled to Prof. Robinson's work, and Maps complete,—delivered to his order at this office, and the paper will be sent one year to the address of each subscriber.

And any person who will send us the names and Post-office address of four new subscribers, together with ten dollars current money, free from expense to us, will be entitled to the "ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE," delivered to his order at this office, and the paper will be sent one year to the address of each subscriber.

Any person who will send us the names of five new subscribers, together with twelve dollars and fifty cents in current funds, free of expense, will be entitled to a complete set of Dr. Chalmers' Works, viz. seven volumes.  
New York, May, 1842.

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- " COCHRAN, Bytown.

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