

Christian Mirror

NEW SERIES.

WEEKLY.]

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

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POETRY.

THE MOTHERLESS.

The following is one of the most touchingly beautiful things we have ever read. The whole scene is one of exquisite tenderness, and its beauty lies in its entire truthfulness. There is no attempt, no effort to make grief—what is written, is written because it was felt—because the heart was full, and was relieved by utterance. It is real, not invented. None can doubt this is the language of a husband and a father, with a spirit stricken by the loss of one fondly loved as a wife, and as the mother of his precious ones. How full of nature is the third verse! How like what we would look for—and how beautiful the fourth!

You're weary, precious ones! your eyes
Are wandering far and wide;
Think ye of her, who knew so well
Your tender thoughts to guide;
Who could to Wisdom's sacred lore
Your fixed attention claim?
Ah! never from your hearts erase
That blessed mother's name!

'Tis time to say your evening hymn,
My youngest infant dove!
Come press thy velvet cheek to mine
And learn the lay of love;
My sheltering arms can clasp you all,
My poor deserted throng!
Cling as you used to cling to her
Who sings the angel's song.

Begin, sweet birds, the accustomed strain,
Come, warble loud and clear;
Alas! alas! you're weeping all,
You're sobbing in my ear!
Good night—Go say the prayers she taught
Beside your little bed;
The lips that used to bless you there
Are silent with the dead!

A father's hand your course may guide,
Amid the thorns of life;
His care protect those shrinking plants,
That dread the storms of strife:
But who upon your infant hearts
Shall like that mother write?
Who touch the strings that rule the soul?
Dear, smitten flock!—Good night!
Halifax Guardian.

THE CASKET.

The following eloquent extracts are from the pen of the late Dr. Griffin.

WHERE ARE THEY?

Perhaps we scarcely step from our doors without treading on dust that was once animated with life. We are constantly walking up and down in the midst of graves, and moving over skulls which once laid schemes of ambition and gain. Our "fathers, where are they? and the prophets, did 'they live for ever?" Where are now the people who first settled this town? Where are they who filled these streets and composed this congregation and church before we were born? They are swept away, and all that remains of them this side of eternity now sleeps in the womb of yonder consecrated ground. Where are some of those whom my eyes lately beheld in this assembly? But it comes too near.

Where are now the ancient empires of Assyria, and Babylon, and Persia, and Greece, and Rome?

Where are the emperors, statesmen, philosophers, and bards of antiquity? Where is now the immense army of Xerxes, which seemed to darken Asia, and to sink with its weight the land of Greece? Where are the exhaustless hordes of barbarians which issued from the North to overwhelm the Roman empire? Where can you find those stupendous monuments of human art, the glorious cities of Nineveh, Babylon, Palmyra, and Memphis? Where is now the dust which was attached to the souls that lived before the flood? Where are now the many millions who have filled the world with noise and contention, with fame and folly, for a hundred generations? Kingdom has trodden on the heel of kingdom, and nation has followed nation down to the land of forgetfulness. Their dust has long since returned to the common mass, and has perhaps lived and died scores of times. That which sat upon the throne has since sat upon the dunghill, and that which sat upon the dunghill has since sat upon the throne. Here is the dust, but where is their immortal part? Where are the many thousands of millions of souls that in different periods of time have escaped from dying beds, or from the field of battle? They have all stood before their righteous Judge, and received their unaltered doom. Many of them have been transported with the joys of Paradise for four and five thousand years, and have calmly looked down, and have seen kingdom after kingdom moulder to decay, while they stood secure and unchanged in immortal life.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

DEATH OF CHRIST.—Come with us a moment to Calvary. See the meek sufferer standing, with hands fast bound, in the midst of his enemies, sinking under the weight of his cross, and lacerated in every part, by the thorny reeds with which he had been scourged. See the savage, ferocious soldiers, raising, with rude violence, his sacred body, forcing it down upon the cross, wrestling and extending his limbs, and, with remorseless cruelty, forcing through his hands and feet the ragged spikes which were to fix him on it. See the Jewish priests and rulers watching, with looks of malicious pleasures, the horrid scene, and attempting to increase his sufferings by scoffs and blasphemies. Now contemplate attentively the countenance of the wonderful sufferer, which seems like heaven opening in the midst of hell, and tell me what it expresses. You see it indeed full of anguish, but it expresses nothing like impatience, resentment, or revenge. On the contrary, it beams with pity, benevolence, and forgiveness. It perfectly corresponds with the prayer, which, raising his mild, imploring eyes to heaven, he pours forth to God: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Christian, look at your master and learn how to suffer! Sinner, look at your Saviour, and learn to admire, to imitate, and to forgive.

Unless we could ascend into heaven, and see the glory and happiness which our Redeemer left; unless we could descend into the grave, and learn the depths of wretchedness to which he sunk; unless we could weigh, as in a balance, all the trials, toils, and suffering of his life; never, never can we know the immeasurable extent of his love. But these things we cannot do. None but the omniscient God knows what he left, or what he suffered; none but the omniscient God, therefore, knows the extent of his love.

If at any time you have enlargement in prayer and are favoured with access to the throne of grace, do not go away satisfied and self-complacent. Pride says, "I have done very well now;

God will accept this." You perhaps discover that this is the suggestion of pride: it then takes a new turn. Another would not have discovered it to be pride; I must be very humble to detect it. Thus if you continue the search, you will find pride, like the different coats of an onion, lurking one beneath another to the very centre.

FRUGALITY IN HUMBLE LIFE.

"Of the extraordinary frugality with which some persons in humble life live, even where prices are high, I may as well in this place as any where, give an example which came under my observation. In Arbroath, near the magnificent ruins of the Abbey of Arbroath, I heard the movements of a hand loom, and I took the liberty, with due ceremony, of going in. A middle-aged Scotch woman, of pleasing appearance and neatly dressed, was weaving. I asked her how much she was able to earn. She replied, if she rose early, at five o'clock, and worked all day through the week, after paying for the use of the loom and the cost of winding her spools, her week's work would amount to four shillings. She received no parish assistance. She paid three pounds sixteen shillings for the rent of her house. Her fuel cost her ninepence per week; and out of the remainder—less than two shillings—she had to support and clothe herself and an aged mother, who was infirm and incapable of helping herself. What the support that either of the poor creatures could have under such circumstances, must be difficult, but she made no complaint; and present an example of true Christian philosophy which would have done credit to a superior education and the highest condition in life."

YOUTH, AGE, AND GOD.—People place youth and age opposite to each other, as the light and shade in the day of life. But has not every day, every age, its own youth—its own new attractive life, if one only sets about rightly to enjoy them? yes the aged man, who has collected together pure recollections for his evening companions, is manifold happier than the youth who, with a restless heart, stands only at the beginning of his journey. No passions disturb the evening meal of the other—no restless endeavours disturb the cheerful gossip of the evening twilight; all the little comforts of life are then so thoroughly enjoyed; and we can then, with more confidence, cast all our care and anxieties on God. We have then proved him.

RELIGION AND MORALITY.—There is no religion without morality: and there is no morality without religion. "This is the love of God, that we keep his commandments." He who loves God keeps the commandments in principle; he who keeps the commandments loves God in action. Love is obedience in the heart; obedience is love in the life. Morality, then, is religion in practice; religion is morality in principle.

THE IMMENSITY OF NUMBERS.—We never hear of the Wandering Jew, (says the spirit of the Times) but we mentally inquire what was the sentence of his punishment? Perhaps it was calculation. Perhaps he was told to walk the earth until he counted a trillion. But, will say some folks, he could soon count that number. We fear not. Suppose a man count one in every second of time, day and night, without stopping to rest, to eat, to drink, or to sleep, it would take thirty-two years to count a billion, or 32,000 years to count a trillion! What a limited idea we generally entertain of the immensity of numbers!

GENERAL LITERATURE.

THE LOVE OF GOD ILLUSTRATED.

(From the Cincinnati Ladies' Repository)

Of all the reminiscences of by-gone days, none thrill so sweetly and so touchingly upon the soul as those which are associated with a mother's love. An incident which occurred to a young friend of mine, while yet in the merry morn of life, recently came before my mind with all the vividness of reality; and I bring it now before your readers, not only as evincing a mother's tender affection, but as forming a basis for an illustration of a higher and more enduring love—that of our heavenly Father toward his erring children.

The home of Susan G. was in a retired but pleasing part of the land of steady habits. At a distance from the crowded city, the good people of L. knew but little of its vanities, nor envied the luxuries of which they did not feel the need. Their duties often became a source of pleasure as well as profit. Their rest was sweet, and their recreations few and simple. Susan's mother being early left a widow, found it necessary to teach her children the benefits arising from industry and self-reliance. Having no brothers, she was often intrusted with the commission of duties which would seem to have required an older or a more masculine hand. Sometimes she was sent at a distance from home with a horse and carriage, either alone or accompanied by a younger sister, and was well acquainted with the country for ten or twelve miles in every direction. One summer day, when about fourteen years of age, Susan left home soon after dinner for a long ride of several miles. After passing over a short distance, she came to a point where two ways met. Either of these would lead her to the house which she sought; and she concluded it was no difference which she took. And yet there was a difference—a right and wrong road—as she well knew. The road which ought to have been taken, although rough and uninviting, was direct—the other much longer, yet possessing, to Susan, many charms. To make the subject more clear to our youthful readers, it was like going to New-York from Cincinnati by the way of New Orleans, instead of following the common route. I do not know what was the sage reasoning by which she prevailed upon herself to take the wrong road, but suppose it was something like this: "If I follow the usual route, I shall have a very dull time of it—it is rough, and abounds with deep ruts, long hills and dreary woods. The other road, although longer, will not seem so, as I can stop and rest when about half-way. I shall see my cousin Mary, who I am sure will be glad to meet me. I shall pass through the centre of the town, and my mother will never know anything about it. Indeed, I hardly think she would care if she did know.—So, come up pony, you may rest by and by." On went pony, and on went Susan. An hour's ride brought her safely to her cousin's house; and here she took another wrong step. It being not very pleasant to proceed alone, especially with a burdened conscience, she offered her cousin a pleasant ride, assuring her that she would bring her home in good season. The delighted girl accepted the offer, and they jogged merrily on until they reached L., where they prevailed upon a young companion to join them; she, however, proceeding on horseback, which was her favourite manner of riding. The little party now moved on in high glee, Susan having succeeded in hushing the upbraiding of her conscience, by concluding that no harm was done to any one by the course she had pursued. In the course of an hour they arrived at the residence of Mr. B., and were met at the gate by another young companion, about as thoughtless as any of the trio. The errand upon which they came being successfully performed, they were preparing to return, when Miss B. proposed that the party should extend their ride, and visit the Housatonic river, which was only about three miles distant. "But," interposed Susan, "I am six or seven miles from home—it is full three o'clock—I shall have to return by the way of L. with the girls, and my little pony looks already somewhat fatigued." To all this her eager companions replied that there was time enough, that the day was oppressively warm, and that the best thing that could be done would be to let the pony rest an hour or so, while they were amusing themselves in a manner which

was certainly innocent, as well as improving. "Riding is fine exercise," said cousin Mary.—"The scenery of the Housatonic is so beautiful," said Miss B., "and my horse is ready saddle. Come, Susan, we will ride double—no more objection." Susan, thus silenced, overcame a second time the scruples of her conscience, and the giddy company were soon riding rapidly forward. Meeting with no hinderances, they arrived at the river in a short time. Susan had always been passionately fond of romantic scenery. But beautiful as was the winding river, basking in its pellucid waves, the bending flowers upon its banks, and merrily as sung the feathered minstrels in the grove beside, she felt that it was not for her to look or listen with delight. An uncontrollable dejection came over her mind, and she begged her young friends to hasten their return. As they were remounting their horses, Miss B., who rode with Susan, in endeavouring to gain her seat, sprang too far over, and they were both thrown off backwards. They were somewhat hurt, though not dangerously. Susan fell on her head, and in doing so broke a pretty comb which her mother had given her not long before, and which she prized highly. She now began to feel the bitterness of disobedience. Perhaps some young readers will say, "In what had she transgressed? She had performed her errand." She had not fulfilled what she knew was her mother's wish, by performing her duty in the right manner. It was now getting late in the afternoon, and they hurried on. They were all merry excepting our heroine, who was ill at ease. Nature seemed less pleasant than a few hours before. The hills appeared to have increased in length, and the way in roughness. She gladly resumed her carriage, and by sundown, having, according to engagement, seen all parties safely home, the poor child proceeded, with an aching head and a trembling heart, on her lonely route. She had still three miles to go. What would become of her? There were lonely woods to pass through, and steep hills to ascend. A thousand strange thoughts filled her soul with terror. Her carriage might upset, or she might be attacked by prowling robbers. Besure, there were many dwellings scattered here and there: but they were useless to her—they were not her home.—She knew that her mother was anxiously awaiting her return, and would soon be much alarmed. There was but one thing to do, viz., to make all haste. So giving Charley the reins, he dashed gaily on, thinking, no doubt, of his supper and stable. It was nearly dark when he reined up at the door. Having confined him to a post, his young mistress, with a shrinking heart, went into the house. Her mother not happening to be in, she passed into her own room, and hastily undressing, threw herself upon the bed, and gave vent to her distress in an agony of weeping. She was possessed of an active imagination, which was liable to extremes of excitement, and now she thought there was no forgiveness for her.—Her mother soon entered the room, and hurried to the bed-side, exclaiming, "Susan, my child, what is the matter?" Susan answered only by her tears. The mother feared, she knew not what; and anxiously did she labour to ascertain the cause of her daughter's distress. At length, yielding to her affectionate entreaties, Susan summoned resolution to confess the whole. Relieved of her fears, Mrs G. felt that she had much cause for gratitude. Her child had been preserved amidst dangers seen and unseen. She uttered not one word of reproof, not one upbraiding syllable, but silently leaving the room, hastened to her chamber, and selecting the best that it afforded, she returned, and, with many soothing and endearing words, besought her child to partake of some refreshment. If any thing was wanting, this expression of maternal love would surely have been sufficient to have melted the most obdurate heart. Susan was completely humbled; but, relieved from the burden of her sin, her mind was at peace, and she was soon soundly asleep. In reference to her, the events of that day were important.—She never forgot them; and probably her feet were often saved from falling, by the remembrance of the consequences of one false step.

PERSEVERANCE.

A FRAGMENT.

(From the Ladies' Temperance Mirror.)

Perseverance, viewed as a trait of character, may be defined to be a strong and remarkable

tenacity of purpose, a purpose that seizes its object, but, never lets go of it, a grasp of the mind, not to be changed.

The opposite character is that of *fickleness*, consisting in a purpose so feeble, that it expires at the moment of its birth. It may here be remarked that perseverance is either good or bad, according to its qualification. Its object ought always to be good; when this is not the case, perseverance becomes a most deadly and destructive attribute of character. The course to be pursued ought to be well defined and thoroughly understood. A man needs to know others, to know precisely what he proposes to do, or he can have no steadiness of purpose. He must also understand the science of adapting means to ends, and of selecting such ends as are possible in view of the means. Many persons have frittered away their talents and their power to no purpose for the want of this knowledge. They are visionary, attempting to do what cannot be done, or applying improper means to what can be done. In either case, perseverance accomplishes no more than to demonstrate the folly of its subject. The canvass which a vessel carries must be in proportion to the hull and the cargo. So a man's purposes and means of execution must be proportionate. A celebrated man made the following a motto of his life. "If that cannot be done which thou wilt, will that which can be." Singleness or oneness of object is essential to perseverance. He who divides his mind amid a thousand objects will not accomplish much in respect to any. He will be an unstable man, unstable in all his ways.

Ample illustration of the power of perseverance might be gathered from the page of *secular* and profane history. It might be shown that every noble achievement, every triumph over difficulty, every discovery in the arts has been the result of intelligent perseverance.—This trait of character gives effectiveness to comparatively small means. By continual gnawing a mouse can bring to the ground the sturdiest oak. By constant dropping, water may dig a deep cavern in a solid rock.

"Gutta cavat lapidem non vi, sed sarpe cadendo," was a Roman adage.

The celebrated Timour the Tartar, relates the following incident in his own life. "I was once forced to take shelter from my enemies in a ruined building where I sat alone for many hours. To divert my mind from my hopeless condition, I fixed my observation upon an ant that was carrying a grain of corn, larger than itself up a high wall. I numbered the efforts it made to accomplish this object: the grain fell 69 times to the ground, but the insect persevered and the seventieth time, it reached the top of the wall. The sight gave me courage, at the moment, and I never forgot the lesson it conveyed."

What a rebuke this incident contains to the tardy, irresolute and unstable course of men. By perseverance the little ant can build a mountain on the land and the coral insect another in the ocean. What may not man do in possession of this quality.

It is a curious fact in the history of this world that great results very often spring from the operation of small causes. The falling of an apple led Newton to his sublime discoveries. The neighing of a horse placed Darius upon the Persian throne. It was a rusty key, and flying kite, with which Franklin caught the electric fluid from the clouds. It is said of Daniel Webster whose intellect is the pride and wonder of this nation, that defeat at a petty election waked up his slumbering energies and started him off upon a most brilliant successful career. Others have commenced under the depressing influence of poverty, and by the power of perseverance have thrown mountains of obstacles from their path and have worked their way to fortune and to fame.

GAMBLING AND LATE HOURS.—AN INCIDENT IN REAL LIFE.

We fear that in all our large cities gambling is carried on to a ruinous extent, and to the destruction, annually, of many promising young men. The case of young Davis, who is now in prison in New York, charged with having robbed his employers of \$6000, is one in point. It affords a solemn warning to all who are in the habit of visiting the tempting places of iniquity with which our cities abound.—We are assured that some of

these establishments are fitted up in elegant style, and that connected with them are decoys, or young men of fallen fortunes and genteel appearance, who are employed for the purpose of inveigling, within the doors of gaming-houses, the inexperienced, the loose in morals, the sons of affluent citizens—all, indeed, who afford any chance of plunder. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, ruin is certain to follow those who make a habit of visiting resorts of this kind, no matter how discreet they may fancy themselves, how cool, cautious or deeply skilled in the various games. In the case of the wretched young man, Davis, he boasted to his companions that some nights he won \$300 and \$400. On such occasions, he was doubtless in high spirits, and fancied, under the delusion of the moment, (a delusion that is invariably associated with gaming,) that in the end he would be able to make good all his losses. But what was the result? He first lost all his own means, then robbed his employers to the extent of thousands, lost the whole of this sum, was detected and thrown into prison.

We remember an anecdote of an individual in this city, which may serve to show the terror with which the wise and experienced look upon gambling, and the mistake in which some young people indulge in believing that they can visit gaming houses once, twice, or three times a week, in secret, without serious loss, or other disadvantage. A dashing young man of our city, who was a clerk with a wholesale dealer, paid attention to the youngest daughter of a wealthy merchant. The young man received a salary of \$800 a year, was intelligent, handsome, and well acquainted with his business. He was indeed, rather a favourite, not only with his employers, but with the old merchant, the affections of whose child he was endeavouring to engage.—The daughter was loved and cherished as something dearer than life, and her father seeing from the appearance and manners of the suitor, that he was well calculated to win the affections of the artless and enthusiastic girl, deemed it his duty to ascertain, if possible, the habits of the lover. In the first place, he soon discovered that he kept late hours—that he frequently remained from his boarding-house till after midnight, and this too, when he had left the house of the merchant between 9 and 10 o'clock. A bad sign certainly, and one well calculated to excite apprehension, next ascertained that the youth kept no Bank account of his own, that he took up his earnings at his employer's as rapidly as they became due, and that he nevertheless neglected to pay his ordinary bills for boarding, clothing, &c. with due promptness. Late hours and expensive habits—mused the old merchant—what can he do with his money? The subject was one of serious thought, and as he gradually withdrew his child from the acquaintance of the youth, he also determined to discover, if possible, the true secret of his late hours and heavy expenses. Thus affairs stood, when the merchant had occasion one night to pass the door of a certain house near Chesnut-street, and just at that moment the suitor for his daughter's hand came out. The latter evidently saw the merchant and was abashed. A thought flashed upon the mind of the excited and suspicious father—he made the necessary inquiries, and found that the house, whence his intended son-in-law had issued, was occupied, in its upper rooms, as a fashionable gambling house! The whole story of the late hours and heavy expenses was told in a word. The young man's visits were discouraged—the daughter had the good sense to see and appreciate the awful fate which awaited her, should she identify her destiny with that of a gambler, and a match, of the most desirable kind to the suitor and clerk, was thus broken off forever.—Young men—be warned! The hundreds who fancy that they may gamble in secret and in safety, only deceive themselves. In nine cases out of ten they are known.—*Philadelphia Enquirer.*

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT OF FISHES.

John xxi. 3, &c.

This passage of the sacred writings is entertaining, and to an attentive and pious mind highly instructive. We find several of our Lord's disciples employed in fishing; probably for their own support. They toiled all night in vain, for they caught nothing. "But when the morning

was come, Jesus stood on the shore; but the disciples knew not that it was Jesus." He said unto them, "Children, have ye any meat? They answered him, No. And he said unto them, Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find. They cast therefore, and now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes." St. John, who modestly speaks of himself in the third person, as "that disciple whom Jesus loved," saith unto Peter, no doubt with surprise, gratitude, and joy, though with holy reverence, "It is THE LORD."

These facts occurred literally as they are related. But we may perceive a further meaning in them. Our Lord had called Peter and others from their nets, and had promised to make them "Fishers of men." Hitherto they had laboured to little purpose; but soon they were to enclose a multitude in the gospel-net. The miraculous draught of fishes, mentioned in this narrative, may justly be considered as a type of the success of St. Peter on the day of Pentecost, Acts ii; (and the success of that Apostle and others afterwards;) for then the words of our Saviour were fulfilled, which he addressed to Peter on a similar occasion, "Fear not, for from henceforth thou shalt catch men."

Some useful lessons may be learnt from this part of sacred history.

I. Ministers, and even Apostles of Jesus Christ, can do little without their divine Master. "We are not sufficient of ourselves," saith Sr. Paul. Whatever abilities men possess, natural or acquired, unless Christ be with them, they can do nothing. However extensive their knowledge, however important and interesting the truths delivered, and however pathetic and pointed the manner of delivery: though it may appear to men likely to be successful, and though many may be pleased and delighted with hearing the truth as it is in Jesus; yet if the Lord give not his blessing, they "toil and catch nothing." No sinner is awakened, no mournful heart gladdened, no believer established. Should not this induce those who minister in holy things to pray for themselves, as Mr. Philip Henry prayed for his son Matthew, *That they may be taken off their own bottom, and depend entirely upon the Lord?* And ought not the hearers to look through men to Him, from whom proceedeth every good and perfect gift?

2. The disciples having toiled all night in vain, readily complied with the request of the stranger, (for such they supposed him,) and let down the net on the right side of the ship; "and now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes."

Humble and teachable men are sure to be directed of the Lord, and succeeded by his blessing: And extensive usefulness, in all probability, will follow. How easy it is to our Lord and Master, to illuminate the minds of his servants, to direct them to subjects suited to the states of their hearers,—to suggest the most important and interesting matter on those subjects, and to give clearness and energy in the delivery, by extending the views, and enlarging the hearts of his servants! How easy to him to enable them to preach the gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven! Then, "signs follow the word." It "runs and is glorified." Sinners are turned "from darkness to light, and from the power of satan to God: They receive remission of sins, and an inheritance among the sanctified." On such an occasion, every one who has spiritual discernment, cries out, "It is the Lord: Let him have the glory." And if any undiscerning, though sincere persons, appear to look too much at the instruments of this work, faithful ministers, like Peter and John, when they had cured a lame man, will say, "Ye men of Israel, why look ye so earnestly on us, as though by our own power or holiness, we had made this man to walk?"

What encouragement may the servants of Christ derive from these considerations! They may say with the utmost propriety, "We cannot open the eyes of the blind: We cannot convert men:—We cannot, by our own exertions, however great, build up believers in holiness; But we are not alone;—our divine Master is with us. He says, 'Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.'" We therefore expect to be useful, not because we are wise or eloquent; but because we are the servants of Christ, preach his truth, and have his promised

presence with us. With the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in our *earthen pitchers*; (compare 2 Cor. iv. 6, with Judges vii;) we will go forth with courage, shouting, "The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

In this spirit, and with these views and expectations, the first preachers of the gospel set out, and proceeded in their work: and though opposed by all the world; though they had to combat the boasted wisdom of philosophers, the superstition and deep-rooted prejudices of idolators, the interest of pagan priests, the vile and impetuous passions of wicked men, the enmity of the Jews; and, at times especially, the sword of the Roman Emperor; yet *without carnal weapons*, they increased, prevailed, triumphed; and the preaching of Christ crucified, "turned the world upside down." Surely this was the Arm, the Power of the Lord revealed!

Let all who love Son, and desire her peace and prosperity, interest themselves in the success of the gospel: Particularly, be much in prayer for those who labour amongst you in the word and doctrine. Cry mightily to God that they may be strong in the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ;—that they may be full of faith and the Holy Spirit;—that, as stewards of divine mysteries, they may be faithful; that multitudes may be caught daily in the gospel net, and all the Lord's people be holy.

"And now, Lord, grant unto thy servants, that with all boldness, they may speak thy word, and that signs and wonders may be done by the Name of thy holy Child Jesus." With great power may they give witness of the Resurrection of Christ, and the glory that follows." And may great grace be upon all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." Amen.

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

THE UTILITY, MAGNIFICENCE, AND HARMONY OF THE WORKS OF GOD, AS DISPLAYED IN THE VISIBLE CREATION.

"And yet was every faltering tongue of man, Almighty Father! silent in thy praise;
Thy works themselves would raise a general voice,
Even in the depth of solitary woods
By human foot untrod, proclaim thy power,
And to the quire celestial Thee resound,
The eternal cause, support, and end of all!"

A partial consideration of the universe is ever apt to dishonour its great Author; but a judicious survey of all the parts, as forming one grand whole, strikingly exhibits a system useful, magnificent, and harmonious. The stamp of an all-wise Being is impressed in the most legible characters on all his works. The good of all his creatures is an end worthy the best, as well as the wisest of all Beings. The various parts of the creation of God are subservient one to the other. The immense chain of being has a vast number of links, each one depending upon the other, and the whole massy chain fastened to the throne of God. Hence in the grand scale of being and existence, there is nothing deficient, nothing redundant. Let not any then pretend to arraign infinite Wisdom, or prescribe limits for the track of Omnipotence. The savage beast we dread, the domestic animal that obeys our will, and the lamb we feed upon, jointly and equally promote the same great end. A Divine power and skill was requisite to the formation of the insect, whose minuteness escapes our notice, as well as in the huge structure of the stupendous and "half-reasoning" elephant. The smallest reptile which we tread upon, answers the purpose for which its existence is designed, as well as the enormous bulk of the whale, which requires a sea to sport in, and yields "rivers of oil." The same creative power that formed the magnificent and resplendent plumage of the peacock, gave the bat its form, and the owl the figure which it bears.—The American sea-serpent, the prodigious wonder of the mighty deep, is only a greater display of the same power that gave life and being to the shrimp. Every atom and particle, from the most refined substance to the dullest clod, fill up their due place in the order of things, and join together in a beautiful harmony, to form that admirable union which supports the whole. The connexion and order of the general series of existence will be as much broken, by striking off one of the lowest, as one of the upper links; for whatever is taken away, must leave a chasm which nothing but itself could fill up.

"In nature's chain, whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, bursts the chain alike."

The mountains, which have by some nice artists been censured as shapeless protuberances, open a much more agreeable variety of prospects than the boundless extent of a flat level, which would rather fatigue than please the eye: but if we consider them as yielding the best and most commodious habitation to a great number of animals, affording the richest storehouse and repository for the fossil kingdom, giving rise to fountains, stopping and condensing vapours, with many other admirable uses, we shall be far from wishing our globe destitute of these advantageous and majestic elevations, that we must own, their beauty alone would well compensate for the want of use, and the benefits we receive from them make us ample amends for their seeming deformity. The winds, at which some of too delicate a frame are apt to shudder, and which blow in such a variety of directions, and with such different degrees of force, from the gentle breeze that fans the grove, to the destructive hurricane which overturns it, that they seem only fortuitous instruments of mischief, yet are produced by regular causes, for the most beneficial purposes. In their ordinary course they sweep away the stagnant vapours that are grown unfit for the service of the globe, and bring on a fresh succession of purer air. They transport our ships to the remotest regions, and make us partakers of the blessings which are scattered with such wide profusion by a beneficent God over the face of the earth. In their extraordinary effects, when the destroying angel directs the whirlwind where to pour its force, we hear the voice of heaven reading us an alarming lesson of our dependence: yet at the same time, this more effectually clears and purifies the air, and fills our reservoirs with sudden showers. Thus we see, whatever damage may sometimes happen to particulars, from the violence of the tempest, the whole is by no means able to subsist for any length of time, without the good office of these excellent agents, which may be called the wings of commerce, and the ventilators of the whole atmosphere. When we survey the grand and stupendous phenomena of nature, we can have no doubt of the benevolence as well as the power and wisdom of their Great Author. For, without his upholding hand.

"The great globe itself,
Yea, all that it inhabits must dissolve,
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision
Leave not a wreck behind."

Every thing around us strongly intimates the gracious interposition and constant energy of God. The snow yields a kindly warmth, and gradual moisture to the ground like wool; and the frost which is scattered upon it, manures it like ashes. (Psalm cxlvii. 16.) Justly is God said, in the elevated language of the Holy Scriptures, "to make the clouds his chariot, and to fly upon the wings of the wind; to remove the foundations of the earth, and make it tremble at his presence." But though we are afraid of the voice of his thunder, and dismayed at his lightning shot forth like arrows, it is no small consolation to reflect "that fire and air, hail and vapour, wind and storm, are only fulfilling their great Creator's word." To conclude, nothing in the whole chain of being is without its use, because nothing could be created without the concurrence of such infinite power and wisdom; as it is absurd to imagine it should be employed about any thing not productive of some singular good. The same admirable design and contrivance, the same order and harmony are displayed in the brightest characters over every part of the creation, from the fine texture of the mite, to the stupendous fabric of the solar system. Praise, wonder, and gratitude are our province; censure, and correction of the operations of nature, will never become us, till a finite creature can comprehend infinity, and one hid in this vale of darkness shall be able to spy out every secret spring that actuates the boundless whole; till he can extend his view

"Beyond the flaming barriers of the world;"

and take in all that immense ocean of being of which he himself makes so inconsiderable a part, as would be overlooked by any thing less than that Omniscience, and unbounded Goodness who so insolently arraigns, and so impudently endeavours to scan.

"Let no presuming impious railer tax
Creative Wisdom; as if aught were form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?
—Has any seen
The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
From Infinite Perfection to the brink
Of dreary Nothing, desolate abyss!"

FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE DUTY OF MOTHERS

BY MRS. C. L. BARNES.

(From the New York Ladies' Temperance Mirror.)

THE sphere occupied by a mother, is one of transcendent importance—the influence she is capable of exerting over her children extends beyond time—it reaches, in its blessed or baleful effects, through eternity. From her, they receive their first and strongest impressions. She directs their thoughts, forms their habits, and often fixes their destiny forever. She sits as a sun in the domestic system, and from her are to emanate all those influences which are to enliven, invigorate, and bless, for two worlds, the children of her love. If there is a law, by which children inherit the looks and features of their parents, much more, as by an invisible Daguerreotype, is their moral image fixed upon their soul. Youth has been justly styled the seed time of life: then are deposited the seed which will spring up, and produce the precious fruits of immortality or the grapes of Sodom and the clusters of Gomorrah; then is the proper season for cultivating the benevolent affections, for expanding the intellect and impressing the heart. It will be seen from this view that the responsibilities of a mother are solemn and overwhelmingly great. And to qualify her for the appropriate and successful discharge of her high duty, she needs intelligence, virtue, and religion. And yet how many a young lady thoughtlessly rushes into the domestic relations and renders herself liable to these weighty responsibilities without any adequate preparation, without ever counting the cost. And when it is too late she regrets her rashness and folly. It is painful to look into the domestic economy, and see the wreck and ruin brought on many a lovely daughter by the ignorance or improvidence of mothers. They have been more solicitous to have daughters dress well, sing well, and dance well, than to shine as lights in the moral firmament, shedding a living lustre over all the relations of life. Daughters thus trained will emerge from under the parental roof, ignorant of the practical duties of life, incapable of sustaining with honor to themselves or with comfort to others that relation on which Heaven has placed its own signet; and should they ever become mothers they will raise up an intellectually feeble and effeminate race, and thus prove a curse instead of a blessing to the world.

What is the duty of mothers? Let them first be properly educated themselves; and then train their daughters to habits of industry and economy, to habits of reading, to habits of thought, vigorous and intense, to habits of pure and spiritual devotion. Let them be taught, before entering the marriage relation, the important lesson, that a virtuous and well educated woman is the joy and crown of her husband. Let them be impressed with the thought, that while mere personal beauty may fascinate the inconsiderate for a day, it will not permanently captivate and charm. It is like the beautiful flower that opens its leaflets to dazzle the eye, but soon fades and leaves no lasting impressions of its former freshness and fragrance. The adornments of the mind, on the contrary, will increase as age declines, and shine brighter and brighter when the attractions of face and form shall fade and be remembered no more. O, could mothers be impressed with this subject, could they be awakened to a sense of their duty, we should not see so many broken hearts, so many desolate dwellings, so many abandoned females, who wander, in the night season, like fallen stars, a grief to their parents, a curse to themselves, and a disgrace to their sex.

BURY ME IN THE GARDEN.

BY E. DURRITT, ESQ.

There was sorrow there, and tears were in every eye; and there were low half-suppressed sobbings heard from every corner of the room;

but the little sufferer was still; its young spirit was just on the verge of departure. The mother was bending over it in all the speechless yearnings of paternal love, with one arm under its pillow, and with the other, unconsciously drawing the little dying girl closer to her bosom. Poor thing! in the bright and dewy morning it had followed out behind its father into the field; and while he was engaged in his labour, it had pateted around among the meadow flowers, and had stuck its bosom full, and its burnished tresses with carmine and lily-tinted things; and returning tired to its father's side, he had lifted it upon the loaded cart; but a stone in the road had shaken its seat, and the ponderous, iron-rimmed wheel had ground it down in the very earth-path—and the little crushed creature was dying.

We had all gathered up closely to its bed-side, and were hanging over the young bruised one, to see if it yet breathed, when a slight movement came over its lips, and its eyes partly opened.—There was no voice, but there was something beneath its eyelids, which a mother could alone interpret. Its lips trembled again, and we all held our breath—its eyes opened a little farther, and then we heard the departing spirit whisper in that ear which touched those ashy lips, "Mother! mother! don't let them carry me away down to the dark, cold grave-yard, bury me in the garden—in the garden, mother."

A little sister, whose eyes were raining down with the meltings of her heart, had crept up to the bedside; and taking up the hand of the dying girl, sobbed aloud in its tears! Julia! Julia! can't you speak to Antoinette.

The last, fluttering pulsation of expiring nature struggled hard to enable that little spirit to utter one more wish and word of affection: its soul was on its lips, as it whispered again: "Bury me in the garden, mother—bury me in the garden"—and a quivering came over its limbs—one feeble struggle, and all was still.

STARTING CHILDREN IN THE WORLD.

The following extracts from the works of a living writer, is replete with sound philosophy and common sense.—It is well worth the attention of parents:

"Many an unwise parent labors hard and lives sparingly all his life for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man afloat with money left him by his relatives, is like tying bladders under the arms of one who cannot swim: ten chances to one he will lose his bladders and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim and he will never need the bladders. Give your child a sound education and you have done enough for him.—See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to the laws which govern man, and you have given him what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies. You have given him a start which no misfortune can deprive him of. The earlier you teach him to depend upon his own resources the better."

THE DUTY OF PARENTS.—The last duty of parents to their children is that of giving them an education suitable to their station in life; a duty pointed out by reason and far the greatest importance of any. For as Puffendorf very justly observes, it is not very easy to imagine or allow that a parent has conferred any considerable benefit on his child by bringing him into the world, if he afterwards entirely neglects his culture and education, and suffers him to grow up like a beast, to lead a life useless to others and shameful to himself.

THE TRAVELLER.

TRAVELS IN SYRIA.

BY DR. HAVES.

"I have seemed to myself in the midst of paradise, and could hardly think it possible that the people could be otherwise than happy. But on turning to view the moral and social aspect of things, I have again and again been overwhelmed by the dark and gloomy contrast. The people are poor, ignorant, degraded and miserable beyond what I had before supposed possible. Family and domestic comforts are unknown: children ragged, dirty, neglected;—houses and vil-

lages in ruins; plains and valleys of exuberant fertility are lying waste and barren.—Crowds of beggars are thronging on every side, and degradation and misery are everywhere visible. Such, especially, is the state of things in Syria and Palestine, where I have last travelled. In a rich and fertile region beyond the Jordan, 466 villages have been found in ruins, and nowhere, as I passed from Mount Lebanon through Galilee and Samaria to Jerusalem, did I witness one single mark of progress, or improvement in anything; but everywhere the most affecting signs of decay and hastening ruin. The cause of all this, I said, is sin—is departure from God, and neglect and abuse of his visitation. Nothing else, I felt sure, would sink the people so low, or make them so miserable; and nothing, I am sure, but a return to God and duty, through the blessed influence of the gospel of his Son, can bring intelligence and happiness to the people, or save them from misery everlasting.

I have a deeper impression than ever of the great difficulty of introducing the gospel in its purity and power among the people of these lands. They are shielded by many corrupt forms of Christianity.—They are held under the power of superstition and ignorance by a corrupt and selfish priesthood; are ground down to the earth by oppressive governments; as disheartened, broken-spirited, and, to a deplorable extent, are led captive by the devil, who as a strong man holds them in quiet subjection to his will.

The people are furnished with numerous substitutes for the pure gospel; are riveted to dead forms; believe themselves to belong to the only true church, and heirs of salvation, because they are baptised, or have been on a pilgrimage, or have done some work of supposed merit. At the recent celebration of Easter in Jerusalem, it is supposed there were 5000 pilgrims present, from different and distant parts of the world. All are seeking salvation in a way in which it is not to be found, and resting perfectly satisfied with their state and prospects; often having come through the proscribed forms and ceremonies, washed in the Jordan, and visited the various holy places around Jerusalem.—*New York Evangelist.*

EASTERN SALUTATIONS.

Some of the modes of salutation in the East are rather puzzling to those who are not familiar with them. The mountain embrace of welcome and friendship consist in throwing the right arm over the shoulder, bringing both faces in contact, and sometimes, kissing the cheek. "Many is the time and oft," says Col. Napier, "when undergoing this ordeal at the hands of some grisly old emir or sheykh, I have wished the loving venerable at the bottom of the Red Sea, or that he deputed one of his grand-daughters to perform the ceremony in his stead." An English gentleman in walking in the streets of Damascus, when up comes a respectable-looking Turk and slaps him on the breast; the Englishman not knowing what to make of this, stares at the Turk, who seems quite disappointed at not receiving a return in kind for his civility. In the end it turns out that the blow was not meant as an invitation to a pugilistic set to, but as a friendly token of recognition, such as is common throughout the East. Again, a traveller riding towards the ruins of Casarea, sees two Arabs advancing in the opposite direction, mounted on very fine horses. As soon as they catch sight of him they raise their long spears in the air, and shouting "Yallah!" dash at him full tilt; he halts; they circle round him once, they wish him a happy journey, and ride on their way. Here is an incident of a somewhat similar kind that occurred to Sir Frederick Henniker—"We were now within a few paces of the tent when seven men sprang upon their feet; four of them drew pistols from their belts, and presented them at our heads; a fifth raised an axe; and the elder of the party, raising a tremendous yell, ran forward towards our sheykh, wielding a club as if to kill and bury him at a blow; in an instant he dropped his herculean weapon, and placing his right hand against the right hand of the sheykh, and then on his own breast, said: "Salam alekum?—Peace be to you!" This was answered by "Aleikum salam!" and a similar movement of the hand. The same ceremony was performed respectively and respectfully by each individual of our party with each individual of theirs;—and thus having given and

received the Arab assurance of friendship, we were at liberty to consider ourselves safe. To take aim at a person is meant as a compliment, which is sometimes increased by firing. Scenes like this, though common place affairs in the Desert, must be looked on by persons new to the ways of the Bedouins with something like the wonder which a Son of the Desert would probably feel at witnessing the salutes exchanged between an English frigate and a friendly fortress.—*Library of Travel.*

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, AUG. 8, 1844.

In the Montreal Courier, of the 26th July, there appears a paragraph under the head "Ecclesiastical," copied from the Cobourg Star, in which it is stated, that at a meeting of the "Windsor and Eaton Church Union Society," lately held in England, Mr. Kent, the former editor of the Church newspaper, made the following statement: "Canada is indebted for whatever it possesses of Christian knowledge to the Venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, &c." This remark of Mr. Kent's has called forth from the Rev. W. M. Harvard a communication, inserted in the Courier of the 1st instant. In this letter, Mr. Harvard says: "This statement is made by Mr. Kent, a gentleman who is said to have lived for a considerable time in Canada, and than whom, it is further said, that the Church of England in Canada never had a more honest advocate and defender. A twofold statement, which has been indorsed in the Province itself by both the Cobourg Star and the Montreal Courier." Mr. H. further says, "I am a friend to the Church of England, and I heartily disbelieve both the statements, and especially the latter, since I am unable to conceive of HONESTY separate from VERACITY." The Rev. gentleman then goes on to say, that he knows "of other venerable Societies which have laboured and now labour in Canada"—from which it is clearly inferred, that Canada is not entirely indebted to the Society above mentioned for whatever of Christian knowledge it possesses.

A letter, signed "D. Falloon," purporting to be a reply to the Rev. Mr. Harvard, appears in the same journal of the 5th instant. This letter, instead of being a reply, is little better than a tissue of low abuse against Mr. H. and the Wesleyan Church. Two or three expressions, which we select out of several, will give the reader some idea of the Rev. gentleman's style and spirit. He calls Mr. Harvard's letter "a rude and wanton attack." He styles him "a Methodist preacher of the name of Harvard." The Methodist Ministers, "those who trade in disunion, and receive their support by the propagation of schismatical principles." Another specimen, "all the filth he can collect in his filthy pen."

Our respect for the Church of England causes us sincere regret that any of her Ministers should so far forget themselves as to write in such a strain. Such productions will do more injury than all the writings of her enemies; and if all her Ministers should adopt the same course, she might well exclaim, "Save me from my friends."

In conclusion, we would say, that, while we venerate every institution that has for its object the spread of religious truth, with the view to the salvation of man, we cannot agree with Mr. Kent that "Canada is indebted for whatever it possesses of Christian knowledge to the Venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel," as we are fully satisfied that the great Head of the Church has succeeded with his effectual blessing the instrumentality employed by various denominations of Christians of long standing in this country, in bringing many to "a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus."

ON Wednesday, the 31st ult., the Juvenile Teetotallers held their Annual Pic Nic and Procession. About one o'clock, P.M., they assembled on the side of the mountain, above the residence of John Redpath, Esquire. To the eye of a spectator, they presented the most animating sight. All seemed to be in the highest state of good humour, and conducted themselves remarkably well. Cakes and other refreshments being handed round, the children were addressed by the Rev. H. O. Crofts. At four o'clock the procession moved off, under the direction of the grand marshal, preceded by the band of the 93d Regt., and proceeded down St. Antoine and Notre Dame Streets, and returned by Little St. James Street to the Place d'Armes, where they were dismissed, after having given three cheers for the Queen, the band playing the national air.

THE Free Church Congregation, recently organized in Toronto, have sent a call to the Rev. Dr. Burns, of Paisley, offering him a salary of £400 currency per annum, and £100 to defray his expenses in coming to Canada. The sum of £980 has already been subscribed towards building a church in Toronto.

It is said, that Joe Smith's wife has had the box in which the dead body of Joe was carried to Nauvoo, sawed into suitable strips for walking canes, and that she is distributing them to her friends as mementos of the prophet.

The Rev. Mr. Williams, Wesleyan Missionary, has been appointed by Sir John Harvey as one of the Commissioners of Protestant Schools.—*Novascotian.*

We find by the *Hatifax Times*, of the 30th ultimo, that, on the morning of that day, Johnston alias Trevaaskis, Charles Anderson, the Swede, George Jones, and John Hazelton, whose trial for piracy and murder committed on board the *Saladin* appeared in the *Herald* of the 30th ultimo, were, in pursuance of the sentence of the Court, publicly executed on the hill west of the Roman Catholic cemetery—in view of that sea which they had polluted with their crimes—and in the presence of a large concourse of spectators. To all outward appearance, these murderers die penitent, owning the justice of their sentence, and devoutly attentive to the religious exercises in which they were engaged immediately previous to suffering the penalty of their crimes.—*Herald.*

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

THE JEWS.

At a late Anniversary Meeting of the London Society for promoting Christianity amongst the Jews, the following interesting report of the Society's operations was read. Before the business of the meeting began, the children of the Hebrew schools sang several hymns:

"The aggregate amount of contributions received during the past year was £25,325 8s., being an increase of £259 5s. 6d. above the receipt of the preceding year. This amount had been contributed in the following proportions:—General purposes of the Society, including the Jerusalem Mission and Scriptural Funds, £24,267 8s. 5d.; Hebrew Church at Jerusalem, £267, 0s. 2d.; Hospital at Jerusalem, £295 13s. 11d.; Operative Institution and School of Industry at Jerusalem, £21 11s.; Jewish Converts' Relief Fund at Jerusalem, &c., £130 19s. 1d.; General Temporal Relief Fund, £342 15s.; total, £25,325 8s. After defraying the expense of the year, the Society had, for carrying on the work for the ensuing year, the sum of £7,000 vested in Exchequer Bills, and £2,528 15s. 6d. in the hands of the Treasurer. The increase in the funds had by no means kept pace with the increased sphere of exertion, as, while the expenditure had been increased by the sum of £2,524 11s. 5d., the increase of the receipts had been only £259 5s. 6d.

In adverting to the Society's operations it was stated, that the services at the Episcopal Chapel had been continued, as mentioned in former reports. The attendance of baptized and unbaptized Jews and Jewesses, at each of these services, averages from thirty to sixty adults.—There had been during the year twenty-three baptisms, of whom twenty-one were baptized as infants, and two as adults, making a total of 375 on the baptismal register of the chapel, of whom 133 were children. The number of children now in the schools is fifty boys and forty-four girls. In the Hebrew College there were thirteen missionary candidates,—of this number, ten were themselves members of the house of Israel. The Rev. C. Reichardt prosecuted his labours in the important station now occupied by him for the last sixteen years, and continued to superintend the Operative Jewish Converts' Institution, in which his labours had been signally blessed. The number of inmates who had enjoyed the benefits of the institution during the last year, for a longer or shorter time, was thirty-one; and the whole number of Israelites who had been in connexion with the institution, since its establishment in 1831, amounted to 162. Of these, several were employed as missionaries of the Society, and three were admitted into the Hebrew College a few months ago. The stirring events of the first year which followed the entrance of the Bishop of Jerusalem into the holy city, the spirit of inquiry which spread among the Jews who reside there, the baptism of eight converts, and the public profession of their conviction by others who had been much respected among their brethren, could not but provoke a spirit of bitter opposition among the enemies of the Gospel. Their efforts, however, proved unavailing. From the time of the last anniversary until the end of the year, two ordinations and confirmations had been held, and eleven Israelites have been baptized in the Holy City. The temporary chapel in which for two years divine service had been daily performed, during the last rainy season, became so unsafe that it became necessary to select another building on the Society's premises for the purpose of divine worship. The new chapel, large enough for 150 persons, was first used for divine service on Christmas-day. The number of communicants on that day was thirty-three, among whom was only one stranger, while some of the regular members were absent from sickness and other causes. The Rev. W. D. Veitch, late Rector of St. Thomas's, Winchester, who has been appointed head of the College, and to act as Chaplain to the Bishop, reached the holy city on December 29. From *Safet*, the journals of the missionaries afforded ample proof that they had not been suffered to labour in vain. The Rev. H. Winbold was admitted to holy orders as deacon, by the Bishop of Jerusalem, on April 30 1844, and has since entered on his important duties, at Beyout. The Committee had appointed four missionaries to Bassorah and Bagdad:

The opening afforded by the acquisition of territory in China, and the settlement of our countrymen in that vast country, which contains a great number of Jews, had not been lost sight of by the Committee, who had been in correspondence with a gentleman well qualified to assist them in their enquiries on this subject. The preaching of the Gospel appeared to have made considerable impression upon many of the Jews in Smyrna, several families having repeatedly declared their readiness to renounce Judaism, if they were not prevented by local circumstances. During the past year, missionary journeys have been undertaken by the missionaries residing at each of those stations—Warsaw, Lublin, and Kalisch—into the interior of the kingdom of Poland. Fifteen Israelites had, during the year 1843, been received by baptism into Christ's Church. Twenty-eight individuals have enjoyed the advantages of the Institution for proselytes at Warsaw during the year 1843. The inmates were employed in bookbinding and printing. Several tracts had been reprinted for circulation among the Jews; and also some new ones had issued from the press. The mission at Cracow met with but little sympathy among the few Protestants resident there, while they had to encounter the most determined hostility from a large part of the nominally Christian population. The Rev. R. Bellson, who during the past year was stationed at Posen, had been much occupied in the regular instruction of inquirers, and had also good opportunities for proclaiming the truth to those Jews who called on him to converse on the subject of religion. At Frankfort-on-the-Oder, Mr. Hartmann had met with great encouragement in publicly preaching to the Jews. During the fairs he had the assistance of Mr. Graf, who also made several journeys in the duchy, in every one of which he had opportunities for delivering lectures to the Jews. Much interest had been excited in the Jewish cause among Christians at Frankfort, and a Society had recently been formed there for assisting proselytes. At Konigsberg, during the past year, 1,600 copies of the Holy Scriptures had been circulated, among which number were 400 New Testaments. The money received by their sale amounts to about £88 sterling. The number of Israelites baptized in the Province of Prussia, during the year 1843 was twenty; seven of those were Russian Jews. Dantzig had been frequently visited by the missionaries during the last twenty years, and a school for Jewish children was established there in 1828, by the Rev. M. S. Alexander, now Bishop of Jerusalem, then missionary of this Society to the Jews at Dantzig, and the Rev. W. Ayerst. There were about 1,000 converts resident in Berlin. The public services of the Rev. B. W. H. Pauli had been attended by great numbers of Jews. Sixteen individuals had been baptized by him during the past year; while above sixty had been under instruction for a longer or shorter period. Many copies of the Old and New Testament, as well as tracts, had been circulated.

The Report then noticed the varied success which had attended the preaching of the Gospel and the circulation of the Scriptures and religious tracts among the Jews in other places.—*Christian Guardian*.

THE NEW MISSIONARY SHIP JOHN WILLIAMS.

On June 5, agreeably to previous announcement, a large number of the friends and supporters of the London Missionary Society assembled at the London-bridge wharf, to take leave of the missionaries. At an early hour a number of highly-respectable persons had assembled, crowding every avenue leading to the packet. At half-past nine o'clock the "Star" steamer, which had been engaged to convey the missionaries, with their wives, &c. to the ship, started, having on board between four and five hundred individuals, among whom we noticed several of the directors of the London Missionary Society, the secretaries of the society, the Reverends Messrs. Tidman, Freeman, and Arundel. Nothing particular occurred worthy of notice until the arrival of the steamer off Greenhithe, whither the *John Williams* had proceeded. As soon as the vessel was descried, the greatest interest was excited, and, on arriving alongside of her, but one expression escaped the lips of all—"Oh! what a beautiful vessel!" She is indeed, a fine ship, and, with her flags flying, presented a gay scene.

The vessel is elegantly fitted up, and in the chief cabin we perceived the portraits of Williams and Moffatt, by Mr. Baxter, in splendid frames, presented by that gentleman to the ship. The tonnage of the vessel is 296 tons; length, 103 feet; breadth, 24 feet 8 inches; 16 feet depth in the hold; and has 10 state-rooms. The steamer having been fastened to the vessel, preparations were immediately made for the missionaries to leave. Previous, however, to doing so, an opportunity was given to all on board to take a final leave of them. They sat at the hinder part of the steamer, when the whole of the company passed by, bidding them an affectionate adieu. At the conclusion of this, a short service was held in the centre of the packet. The Rev. J. Hunt having given out the hymn, "Go, ye heralds of salvation," &c., the Rev. T. Binney most affectionately addressed the missionaries, becoming, as he said, the voice of utterance to the many hearts that surrounded him. "Now," said he, addressing the missionaries, "is the time to fortify yourselves, by relying upon those great principles which can alone sustain you. Imitate the first great Missionary, who left the bosom of his Father, and came to earth to redeem us. 'If any man love father or mother more than me, he cannot be my disciple.' By leaving friends and country, you show your great love to Christ. Think of his love; and this will calm your bosoms. Rely upon God's Spirit for aid while preaching the glorious Gospel to the heathen. Believing in the efficacy of prayer, we will offer up fervent prayer on your behalf. May you be faithful unto death. Better that John Williams should have died as he did than have disgraced his work. Rather let us hear anything about you than that you have prove unfaithful." Mr. Binney said there was something very interesting about the ship they were to sail in. It had been *bought by the lamb of the fold*—those for whom Jesus had manifested, when on earth, the most tender regard. "May the Lord be with you, and bless you!" The Rev. J. Arundel then offered up solemn prayer, commending the missionaries, with their families, as well as the captain and crew, to the Divine protection and favour. The scene now presented was one of the most affecting kind. The moment of separation had arrived, the time when the last shake of the hand, and when the last expression of farewell must be given. The missionaries having been placed on board the ship, sails were unfurled, and the vessel glided through the waters, the Star packet keeping company with her for several miles, till she reached Gravesend, where she dropped her anchor. Several hymns were sung, alternately, by the missionaries on board the ship, and the company in the steamer. About three o'clock, the Star sailed round the ship, the company on board giving three times three cheers, which was immediately returned by the *John Williams*. The vessel was soon left behind, and the company returned, highly gratified by the day's proceedings, which were so well arranged that nothing occurred to mar the pleasure. The children's missionary ship, purchased by the gifts of Sunday-School children, is now on her way to the Southern Seas, and will be accompanied by the best wishes and prayers of multitudes. We shall conclude this notice by quoting a verse from one of the hymns sung on the departure of the "Camden," which had carried to New-Zealand, John Williams the murdered missionary:

"Bound for the Southern Seas,
A bark is leaving home;
Her canvass swells the breeze,
Her prow divides the foam,
Impatient of delay;
And weeping friends are there,
A long, a last farewell to say,
To breathe the parting prayer." *Ibid.*

SPEECH OF DR. SCUDDER.—The following is part of an address delivered by Dr. Scudder, in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, May 5, at a meeting held previous to the departure of his son, Henry M. Scudder, to India. Dr. Scudder has laboured about 25 years, in the missionary field. His visit to this country has been beneficial to his health, and he expects, after the lapse of some months, to return to India. We hope parents who read this address will seriously consider the question, whether they are willing to consecrate their offspring to Christ—for the missionary service.

It is of great importance that we should, from time to time, ascend some moral eminence, and cast our eyes over the map of our sin-stricken world. Were we more frequently to take such a survey, we should doubtless be better Christians. We are apt to dwell too much at home, thinking only of ourselves, and of those in our immediate vicinity. The consequence is that our sympathies are circumscribed, and our hearts are contracted. We have met together to-night for the purpose of having our sympathies enlarged, until they catch the spirit of the upper temple—for the purpose of having the strings which bind these contracted hearts of ours, burst in sundry, that they may be expanded to the four corners of heaven. There are many Christians whose sympathies have never been awakened in behalf of a dying world. The epithet, foreign missions, has no place in their vocabulary. We should rather pity, and pray for such, than to censure them. Their defect consists in this: they have gotten into some great hoghead, and are ever looking out at the bung-hole, instead of sitting upon the top of it, and viewing the whole of the landscape round them. And the best of us are too apt to resemble them. But let the past suffice. On the present occasion let us go upon the highest eminence we can find, that we may look over into yonder Eastern world, and other heathen lands, and view the darkness of that night, which has scarcely been penetrated by a single ray from the Sun of Righteousness. What mighty phalanx is that, a mile in width and a hundred miles in length, which is ever moving onward, to yonder awful precipice? It is a mass of immortal beings—beings who have been wreted from the authority of Heaven by that arch fiend, the devil, and who is leading them all to destruction. I wish that we may have something of a realizing, feeling sense of the extent of the great mass of our perishing fellow-men. Think of an oblong square, whose width extends from this house to the Battery, and whose length extends from this city of New York to the city of Philadelphia, and this square filled with human beings as thick as they could conveniently stand and move, and you will catch some little glimpse of the extent of that great mass of heathens who are on the road to the death which dieth not. Phalanx after phalanx of this kind has entered eternity since Christ lifted up his voice and cried "It is finished;" and the astounding cry comes up to us from the bottomless pit, that forty thousand millions—yes, forty thousand millions have since that period been added to the congregation of the lost. The phalanx now on the road to death, consists of six hundred millions. And what are we doing to arrest them in the downward course?—something, yes, blessed be God, something. We have met together to-night to take leave of one, whom we are about to send to tell the heathen of the misery of their condition, and to point out to them the road to Heaven. But what is one? What are a dozen to the great mass? To quote the words which I used on a former occasion—this is like sending one to storm a fort, two to conquer a province, or three to subjugate an empire. Those who have been sent can do nothing more than to make an attack, here and there, on the outer ranks of this great phalanx. The impression, of course, is a most feeble one. We need thousands of young men, who shall run into its very midst, who shall throw the whole of it in disorder, and get them to stand still till they can listen to the message sent to them from the King of Zion. About twenty-five years ago, in conjunction with several others, we left this land for the East. We commenced our spiritual warfare against them, and, with the blessing of God, a few heard our voices, escaped the ranks they were in, and turned their feet to the ways of Heaven. But the great mass are gone, irrecoverably gone. They have fallen from the precipice at the end of the road, to rise no more for ever.—And what is still more appalling, the great mass now on the stage, and those who are to follow them, will meet with the same doom, unless a mighty and vigorous onset be made on their ranks. And how, and by whom, should this onset be made? I answer by the young men of our churches. We must use our utmost exertions to make them give up their merchandise, their law, their medicine, their farms, and other secular pursuits. Those of us who have pious, and otherwise well qualified sons, must dedicate them to this work. We must leave no means untried to induce them to enter

upon it. We should faithfully warn them to beware how they put forth their hands to any secular work, while the vineyard of the Lord lies waste. And now the question comes up. Who that profess to love the Saviour will dedicate their children to this work? As I put the question, you will perhaps be ready to ask, what are my feelings on this point? I answer here is one son, whom I have dedicated to it, and who is about to leave for a foreign land. And here is another, who expects soon to follow him. It may be that I shall never see their faces again. I give them up cheerfully, thankfully, and cordially. It will be time enough for them, and me to meet, and rehearse our joys together, on that world where "adieux and farewells are a sound unknown," and where those parting sounds shall pass our lips no more. May the blessed Redeemer grant us but the privilege of meeting there, to unite with each other in saying, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and has made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to Him be glory and dominion, for ever and ever!" and it will be enough—enough. But do you ask me respecting my other two sons, who are hopefully pious? I have only to repeat what I have already said. I have dedicated them also to the missionary work, and they have their eyes fixed upon it, determined, if God will spare them, they will preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ. Through these sons I hope to be preaching the gospel when, through grace, my feet shall stand on the battlements of Heaven, and I shall look down to see how goeth the contest between hell and the Lord of Hosts. O, it may be that I shall be one of those ministering spirits, who shall be sent forth to guard those who are heirs of salvation—to guard their spirits, and, if they prove successful in their work, to bear the tidings from earth to Heaven, that another and another soul has been born into the kingdom of grace—tidings which shall bring a new revenue of hallelujahs to the Redeemer, while there is joy among the angels over sinners who have repented.

I have yet four sons. Those also have I offered to the Lord for the same work, and prayed that the Head of the Church would accept of the offering. May they be spared to follow their elder brothers to a heathen land! But what shall I say about my two tender daughters; one of them is the child of my riper age—my little Benjamin? Can I give her up, and her sister also? Yes, through God's grace, I can give them up. The dear companion of my earlier and later years, and myself, are willing to be written childless, if our children, by leaving us, can be made instruments in promoting the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom. I have now, I trust, answered the query which I supposed you might make and would return to the question which I before asked, viz., Who of you will dedicate your children to the missionary work?—*Ibid.*

IRISH WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.—The Wesleyan-Methodist Conference for Ireland is this year held in the city of Dublin. The sittings were to commence June 25th. The preparatory Committees began their work Friday morning, June 21st, at ten o'clock when the Committee of Chairmen met to examine the Finances and Returns of Members. It appears that the funds are better than might have been expected from the state of affairs during the last year; and that the numbers in Society are about 400 more this year than last, besides nearly 600 emigrations. The School Committee met at one o'clock on Friday also, when a resolution was passed, to be brought before the Conference, respecting the adoption of means to extend the schools in Ireland, if possible. A long conversation ensued, in the prospect of establishing a school similar, in some respects, to the one at Sheffield or at Taunton.

CONVERSIONS TO PROTESTANTISM.—The Rev. John O'Brien, late Roman Catholic curate at Kilkeel, made his recantation on Sunday in the parish church of Kilrush, and embraced the Protestant faith. This is the third priest that has abjured the church of Rome, in Ireland, within the last three months—viz., the Rev. Mr. Frost, at Dublin; the Rev. Mr. Burke, at Kilkenny; and the Rev. Mr. O'Brien, at Kilrush. The Rev. Mr. Frost is now preparing at Achil to undertake the duties of a mission in the Protestant Church, into which he brings a name and character void of reproach. A Roman Catholic conformed to the Protestant faith at Newmarket-on-Fergus Church, last Sunday.

MISSIONARIES TO CHINA.—A meeting was held yesterday in the chapel of the brick church (Dr. Spring's) for the purpose of a farewell interview between the members of the Presbyterian Church, and Messrs. Culbertson, Loomis Lloyd, and Hopper, four young Ministers who are sent out by the Board as Missionaries to China. The ship Cohocac, with the Missionaries on board, went to sea this morning.—*N. Y. Express.*

CIVIL INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER CALEDONIA.

FIFTEEN DAYS LATER FROM ENGLAND.

By the arrival of this steamship at Boston on the 1st instant, having left Liverpool on the 19th ult., London papers have been received to the 18th, and Liverpool to the 19th. The intelligence is of no special importance. We make the following extracts:—

The subject of the Slave Trade had been brought before the House of Commons by Lord Palmerston.

The House of Lords had not come to any result on the State Prisoners' Trial. Mr. O'Connell has no hopes that the appeal will be successful.

The Parliamentary election in Birmingham terminated in the return of Mr. Spooner, the Conservative candidate.

IRELAND.—The writs of error in which Mr. O'Connell and his six fellow prisoners are plaintiffs, came on for hearing before the House of Lords on the 4th instant. All the law lords, with the exception of Lord Lingsdale, were in the house.

The present military force in Ireland amounts to 26,000 men, independently of enrolled Chelsea out pensioners and armed police.

It is calculated that the O'Connell tribute this year will reach £30,000.

A letter, it is said, has been received by the Commander of the Forces from the Horse Guards, inquiring if it would be safe to withdraw some of the troops from Ireland. The reply was that it would be unsafe to do so until O'Connell's release from prison.

A few weeks ago, the singers and musicians at St. Michael's Church, at Touge, Middleton, near Manchester, turned out for an advance of wages.

The new charter of the Bank of England will be in full operation in the course of a few weeks from the present time.

Her Majesty's ship Childers has arrived at Portsmouth, with a million and a half of dollars, being part of an instalment of the Chinese indemnity money.

The Duke of Norfolk will not permit a bee-house keeper to have employment on his estates. His eldest son, the Earl of Arundel, is a tetter-taller.

Mr. Warner, a watchmaker and jeweller, of London, has completed a working-model of a high-pressure steam-engine, so small that it stands upon a fourpenny piece, with ground to spare.

The Court left Buckingham Palace, for Windsor, on the 10th instant, preparatory to the accouchment of Her Majesty at the Castle.

The King of Saxony was still in England, but was to leave for his Colonies on the 31st of July. He had been on a visit to Liverpool.

STATE OF TRADE IN ENGLAND.—Leeds.—In goods of almost every description, there is not quite so much doing, arising principally from the reduced state of the stocks in the cloth halls, consequent upon the brisk markets of the last week or two, and the thin supply of goods brought to the halls, in consequence of many of the manufacturers being engaged in delivering to order. Prices of low qualities are a shade higher, but fine goods remain steady in price. The demand for shawls and fancy cloakings is on the increase, and scarcely any stock on hand. The foreign houses continue busy, but the last week being the fair week, the houses connected with the home trade were, as is usual, rather slack, but on the whole there is a fair amount of business doing in the ware-houses.

Manchester.—Commercial news not being very favourable, at least as regards this district, either for India or China, it has had the effect of making the manufacturers anxious sellers for some kinds of cloth; indeed prices have not been maintained for fabrics usually shipped for those parts.

THE MARRIAGE OF LORD CHARLES WELLESLEY.—The marriage of Lord Charles Wellesley, son of the Duke of Wellington, and the Hon. Miss Pierrepont, took place on the 9th ult., at St. George's Church, Hanover-square.

It is estimated that two hundred thousand bales of cotton, valued at nine millions of dollars, have been destroyed in the valley of the Mississippi by the late floods there.—*Montreal Times*.

A correspondent of the New York Express, writing from Rochester under date of July 30, says:—"Our farmers are in the midst of their harvest, and such a harvest! There is nothing of the kind that has been heard of in this region since the memory of man."—*Ibid.*

REPORTED LOSS OF THE BRITISH STEAMER TAY. Capt. Benthall, of the brig Midas, arrived at this port yesterday, in the short run of six days from Havana, reports that the U. S. brig Lawrence arrived at Havana the evening before he sailed, bringing intelligence of the probable loss of the British Royal Mail Steam-*packet Tay*, which vessel went ashore on Colorado Reef, on the 8th inst. She was from England, with the mail and passengers, bound to the West Indies and Mexico. Immediately upon hearing of the news, assistance was despatched by the authorities of Havana.—*Baltimore American*.

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES.

WEDNESDAY, August 7, 1844.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Oats, per minot	1	2	0	4
Wheat	5	6	0	0
Barley	2	0	2	4
Peas	2	6	3	9
Lint Seed	5	0	5	6
Buckwheat	1	8	2	1
Turkeys, per couple	5	0	6	0
Fowls	1	3	2	0
Geese	2	6	4	0
Ducks	1	6	2	0
Chickens	1	0	1	3
Partridges	0	8	0	6
Eggs, fresh, per dozen	0	5	0	6
Butter—Dairy, per lb.	0	7	0	9
" Salt "	0	5	0	6
Pork, per hund.	25	0	30	0
Beef	25	9	30	0
Flour, per cwt.	12	0	14	0
Beef, per lb. (1d. to 2d. per qr.)	0	2	0	5
Pork	0	2	0	5
Veal, per qr.	2	6	10	0
Mutton	1	3	5	0
Lamb, per qr.	1	6	3	9
Lard, per lb.	0	5	0	6
Potatoes, per bushel	1	3	1	6
" " new,	2	0	2	6
Corn	2	0	2	9
Rye	2	6	3	0
Beans	4	6	0	8
Honey, per lb.	0	4	0	5
Hay, per 100 bds.	25	0	30	0

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Sept. 7.

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The Guardian is published for the proprietors, every Wednesday, by James Spike, opposite St. Paul's and St. Andrew's Churches, at 15s. per annum, when paid in advance, and 17s. 6d. on credit, exclusive of postage.

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November 9.

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