

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.

VOL. I.

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GENERAL LITERATURE.

THE HEBREW FOUNDLING.

At the gloomiest period in the history of the Hebrew people, one of the daughters of Levi gave birth to an infant of extraordinary beauty. The mother's instinctive pleasure in gazing upon her babe was at once repressed, and agonising emotions succeeded to momentary delight, when she remembered that the last edict of the Egyptian oppressor had enjoined that every Israelitish male child should be thrown into the Nile. What could be done? The decree was peremptory: death would probably be the penalty of disobedience. "But," said she to her dejected husband, "the God of Abraham still lives; he is the protector of our race, though for a season he hides himself. Our duty to him requires that we should endeavour to preserve the life of this dear little one. Let us trust in God, and conceal, if possible, this lovely gift of his mysterious providence." The faith of the mother excited the dormant courage of the father; they agreed to make the effort, however perilous to themselves; and morning by morning, and evening by evening, poured forth supplications before the invisible King of kings, invoking the interposition of his almighty arm on behalf of their beloved babe.

At the expiration of three months from this time, however, they perceived that longer concealment was impossible. The search for Hebrew infants was becoming increasingly rigid, and the reports which daily reached the mother's ear filled her with terror.

"We cannot hide him any longer," said she, "nor are there any means by which we can provide for his safety; yet my hand shall not be upon him, nor yours, Amram, nor will we deliver him to the ruthless officers of Pharaoh: we will confide him to the providence of the God of Israel. I cherish a hope that he in whom our fathers trusted will be our deliverer. Was not Isaac, our ancestor, bound and laid upon the altar, just ready to be slain for a burnt offering, when the angel of Jehovah intervened? and have we not been taught to remember this, and say, 'In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen?' Was not the son of the bond-woman just ready to perish in the wilderness of Beersheba, when the God of Abraham pitied him and sent his angel? This ark of bulrushes I have prepared; to-morrow morning, ere the sun be up, I will place this dear little one in the flags by the water side; and may the God that gave him be his protector!"

Very early in the morning the wakeful mother looked on the countenance of her babe, which seemed more comely than ever. Once more he must partake of the nutriment which creative goodness had provided for him; but as she allowed him to linger at the breast, the tears rolled down her cheeks while she thought of the morrow.

"Miriam," said she, "come with me; be quick, or the sun will discover us; come with me to the river, and you shall watch our treasure.—The God of heaven will look down from above; and you, Miriam, stand where none can observe you; but watch carefully,

and when any thing befalls the child, be it good or evil, come and tell me quickly: I will tarry in my chamber and pray."

The first rays of day were gilding the eastern horizon when the daughter of Pharaoh with her attendants came down to bathe. How simple, yet how impressive, is the brief description of the facts which Moses himself has given under the guidance of the Spirit of inspiration! "The daughter of Pharaoh came down to wash herself at the river; and her maidens walked along by the river's side; and when she saw the ark among the flags, she sent her maid to fetch it. And when she had opened it, she saw the child; and, behold, the babe wept. And she had compassion on him, and said, 'This is one of the Hebrews' children.' Then said his sister to Pharaoh's daughter, 'Shall I go and call to thee a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for thee?' And Pharaoh's daughter said to her, 'Go.' And the maid went and called the child's mother. And Pharaoh's daughter said unto her, 'Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages.' And the woman took the child, and nursed it. And the child grew, and she brought him unto Pharaoh's daughter, and he became her son. And she called his name Moses: and she said, 'Because I drew him out of the water.'" Ex. ii. 5—10.

What a wonderful exhibition does this history give of the power and wisdom of the Supreme Ruler! We know what his purposes were: subsequent events rendered them manifest; but how surprising the means by which they were effected! He intended to honour the faith of the poor, oppressed Israelitish parents; to preserve from impending destruction their promising child; to prepare for the work of delivering his people from bondage and conducting them to Canaan; and to render him an eminent example of genuine piety, on whose career all subsequent generations might look back with pleasure and advantage. But how astonishing the agency by which these designs were achieved! How forcibly are we taught that God can raise up friends where we should be least inclined to look for them, and regulate the emotions of hearts which are least sensible of his control, and least disposed to subvert his plans!—Little did the daughter of Pharaoh think that such important results would ensue from her movements that morning. A thousand incidents might have prevented her visit to that spot at that critical moment. It was contingent on her caprice whether she should order the babe to be thrown into the stream, or give way to the emotions of tenderness. All was uncertain to man; all was fixed and determinate to God.

To be continued.

JOY AND GRIEF.—It is notorious to philosophers, that joy and grief can hasten and delay time. Locke is of opinion, that a man in great misery may so far lose his measure, as to think a minute an hour; or in joy, an hour a minute.

FRANZOSER, in his optical experiments, made a machine in which he could draw 32,900 lines in an inch breadth.

THE CONTRAST.

A STORY FOR YOUTH.

It was a cold morning. Snow was on the ground, and many sleighs were gliding rapidly over its crusted surface. A dashing equipage was driven to the centre of a commercial square and its thickly-cloaked occupant stepped upon the pavement. A poor woman with a shivering child stood before him.

"Good sir, my child is starving—give me a shilling to buy bread."

He looked sternly upon her, and her upturned eyes dropped at the fierce look, while she involuntarily pressed her infant closer to her breast.

"Woman! go to the Alms-house; I have nothing for you.

The denial, and the harshness of the tone in which the words were spoken, sunk deep into her heart, disquieting her more than the repulsive expression of his features. She sighed, and said to her child, "God take compassion on thee, for the heart of this man does not feel for thee!" and her sobs and wailing expressed the bitterness of the mother's sorrow. He passed on.

The horses were champing on the bright bits, and throwing up their sleek and arching necks, as if delighted with the clanging sounds of the bells so profusely strung around them. A boy of ten or eleven years of age was gazing with the eagerness of juvenile curiosity, wonder, and delight, upon the splendid vehicle, and the noble horses. Although on his way to school, he had turned aside for a few moments, and in his open and pleased face was written the expectation of the joy which he would experience, when at some future day he might sit behind such animals, and be whirled along the smooth road.

While his eyes were thus occupied, and his feelings were thus swelling up like the waters in an overflowing spring, his ears heard the low and piteous request of the indigent petitioner; and the coarseness and brutality of the rich man to whom it was addressed, checked the current of his joyous emotions. Scarcely were the words uttered before he was hurrying off, and ere the moanings of the woman had ceased, he was running back from a shop, distant but a few yards.

"Here, poor woman, take this bread, and feed your child."

The sobbings were exchanged for a scream of surprised delight; the bread was quickly seized, and a portion of it given to the child, who, almost famished, and stiffened with cold, could with difficulty receive the proffered sustenance. The boy stood until the child commenced to eat, and the mother, whose attention and persuasive accents had been employed in various methods to impart warmth, and to induce it to eat, looked up, while a gleam of satisfaction at the result of her experiments, and of thankfulness for the timely relief, broke over her anxious and saddened countenance. "God bless you, little sir, (said she) and if you have a mother, may she be long preserved to you!"

The blood rose to his cheeks, and the glow spread over his forehead: his throat seemed as if filling with something, which rising, almost indeed choking: tears rushed to his eyes; and with mingled feelings of pity and of gladness, he ran on to the school-house. Genuine charity! thou hast the uniform light and heat of the sun.

Children, be kind to the poor, for he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.

AN ESTIMATE OF JAS. MONTGOMERY, ESQ. (CONCLUDED.)

It may with justice be said of Montgomery that we always know where to find him; and accordingly, in his "West Indies," he is found on the side of philanthropy. His muse might have chosen more alluring themes than the slave trade, but elegiac poetry is one important department of the art. Some writers had preceded him, on subjects connected with the traffic in human limbs; Grainger's Sugar Cane, Day's Dying Negro, and passages from the works of Cowper and Hannah Moore, might be cited in proof. But the world needed an uncompromising statement of this traffic, and we have, in the West Indies, a work in which truth has gained the ascendancy over imagination, and odious fact has borne away the palm from embellishment. Africa, deeply-injured Africa! when shall we rise with one consent to redress her wrongs? When will men cease to steal her children, as they play at twilight in her palmy graves? When will divine mercy detach the immense assemblage of cypress leaves from the wreath of her past renown? There was a time when Petrarch sung of her glory—when her generals achieved wonders, and her bishops shed on the Church the light of a holy example—when her pyramids were reared, when her grottoes were the haunts of learning, when her libraries drew inquiring students—the land in which were kindled the beams of astronomical science, and from whence we have drawn the squares and circles of geometry. Will it be believed, in the light of the millennium, that there was a period of the world so dark that man could fetter his fellow-man? But we turn from the world as it is, to the "World as it was before the flood." This perhaps is the most admired of Montgomery's works. The plan is highly poetical, and the poem is constructed on the few hints of the antediluvian world given in Genesis. Other poets have gone into antediluvian scenes. Gossner and Milton visited them with reverence, having taken the sandals off their feet, whilst Byron and Moore dared to imprint their profane steps on the same scenes. Montgomery, of course, cannot be brought into comparison with Milton, his genius being dissimilar; but we have not a doubt that the "World before the Flood" is a poem, the reputation of which is destined to increase. He has described the earth before its fresh gloss had disappeared, animated by patriarchs, whose locks continued gray for centuries. He has stood by the mane of the lion, and led him captive over the lawns of Eden. He has contrasted white altars with the green mounds on which they were built. He has marked the growing wickedness of men, and the portentous signs of that deluge which was to leave the shells of the sea among the mountain flowers of Africa. But of all the poetical writings of Montgomery, his "Pelican Island" is my favorite. It is founded on an insulated passage in the book of a voyager; but the poem is a fine display of invention and soft descriptive power. There is an evenness in his mode of writing, unbroken perhaps by the abrupt flights of genius, but free from that redundant luxuriance which distinguishes Lalla Rookh. Men of letters seem attached to insular situations. This feeling, sufficiently strong among the ancients, has been increasing ever since De Foe threw so much sympathy into Juan Fernandez. But the volumes of prose which Montgomery has published, demand a passing notice; and here we cannot help expressing disapprobation of the part he took in the Life of Sumnerfield. He was no doubt prevented by the ties of devotion to the muses, from writing the memoirs of that distinguished young minister, and in the hurry of his engagements he agreed to set the seal of his approbation to a crude, pell-mell piece of biography, perfectly destitute of taste. Here amiable feelings outweighed his judgment; but a man ought never permit private friendship to warp his intellectual opinions. But among the

prose writings of Montgomery, his preliminary essay to the Life of Mrs. Huntington may be safely pronounced excellent. Its principal fault is its obscurity of style; and the obscurity arises from a desire to be original. One of the most striking instances on record of a great mind struggling with obscurity of expression, is exhibited in a missionary sermon, by Foster. The sermon is full of precious ore, but the ore is guarded by the dragon of a rugged style. These remarks, however, are destitute of force in application to Montgomery's "Prose by a Poet." It is not easy for the professed poet to discard trains of thought peculiar to his temperament, and use that plainness of style requisite in prose. Accordingly, nothing is more obvious in this work than the fact that it is the production of a poet. It makes an addition to religious literature, and is distinguished by a playful ease of execution, and belongs to that kind of writing which originated in England in the reign of Anne, and in which Addison and Steel pre-eminently excelled. To these productions of our poet must now be added his "Lectures on Literature,"—a work in which he has entered a delightful field of criticism. The cultivation of mind is the prerogative of all countries where literature has not broken out into expression: the mind will find employment in mechanic arts—in the contrivance of ornaments—which give the most of the polish it possesses to savage life. But Literature has long held her horn of plenty, and distributed fruits around the birth-place of Hafez—the ruins of Iona—the fragments of Melrose—by the brooks of Athens, and by the banks of the Yellow Tiber.

It seems to be conceded that Montgomery is a kind of patriarch in the school of sacred poetry; nor will he suffer in comparison with his contemporaries. He has not Milman's affluence of language, but he is less artificial than the Oxford professor. He does not possess as much versatility of mind as Bishop Heber, but the reputation of Heber's hymns will be evanescent. There are some sweet strains in Keble's Christian Year; but, being satisfied with the Sabbaths appointed, Montgomery is better employed than in imitating odes to the saints of the Romish calendar. Wifon, strictly speaking, is not a religious poet; but his Mungo Park evinces both moral and descriptive power. Barton is a good man; but being a follower of George Fox, the stiffness of his habits impairs his energy as a writer. In the efforts now making to extend the sway of literature the example of Montgomery cannot be too highly appreciated. There are men of mind whose works overflow with infidelity; but his are filled with the pleas of philanthropy. He has carried into Parnassus spoils gathered from Tabor, Carmel and Calvary; and he has lifted his fragrant censor high as the Delphic steeps. He is the poet of such humble scenes as Bethelsdorf, Knadenthal, and Hernhut; and he is enamoured of those moral and oasis-like pictures which simple piety and unwearied zeal are imprinting on the arid deserts of paganism.

He is at home on those spots, where the warm cottage is supplanting the thatched dwelling, and where the Christian hamlet is thrusting the kraal into the background—where the leopard is coming in to dwell with the kid—and where the bugle of the Gospel is overpowering the horn of the savage hunter. Whether sacred things can be used in poetry is no longer a question. Doubtless there are many things in religion, which cannot be taken into alliance with the gay science of poetry, and it is clear that the doctrines which divide sects ought never to be introduced into hymns; but the great outline of Christianity could not be filled even by the genius of Milton. Well may the Moravians rejoice that among them a poet has arisen, allied to them in meekness and fervor.—A beautiful custom once prevailed in Scotland of stationing a musician in some secret place, and, though unseen by the reapers, his strains animated their toils; and the Moravians are not without a poet by whose lyre they are cheered as they ply their task amid the dark corners of cruelty, not for the sake of human applause, but beneath an eye brighter than the sun. And if he who inspires one philanthropic emotion—who sheds balm over one disconsolate heart—or who has indited one ode wherewith to disturb the stillness of the pagan wilderness—has not lived in vain, Montgomery will not lose his recompense. The Moravians will honour him whilst living; and when his days are numbered, they will bury him in the choicest of their sepulchres. T. B. BALCH.

THE TRAVELLER.

From the English Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.

TOWER OF BABEL.

Our horses were saddled soon after sunrise, and we set out on our way to the Temple of Belus, or Tower of Babel, which lies distant about six miles to the south-west of Hillah; crossed the Euphrates by the bridge of boats; and passed through the western quarter of the town. We had proceeded but a little way beyond the gate by which we took our departure from the suburbs, when we got on to the plain of Shinar. The ruin that we came to visit rose upwards in the distance like a great hill. Nine o'clock found us seated at the foot of the vast heaps and accumulations which may be said to form the outworks of the pile.

The height and magnitude of this tower, "whose top should reach unto heaven," are exceedingly great, and convey an impression that, of all the edifices which may have belonged to Babylon, this has been by far the most distinguished. Before we ascended the eminence, or commenced our examination, breakfast was ordered to be prepared; and, whilst the kettle was boiling, I hastened on a voyage of discovery, and strayed about for some time.

The mass rises from the plain in a pyramidal shape, and recedes within itself from the base upwards. The whole of the mound, or body of the ruin, is covered with rubbish, and seems to have been a solid structure, composed in its various stages of different materials: towards the base, sun-dried brick with layers of reeds, has been generally used; whilst, in the higher elevations, burnt brick, cemented with a lime-mortar and bitumen has been chosen. The area of the summit does not occupy any very considerable space; and appearances indicate that the building has never been carried much beyond its present height. The masonry exposed is perforated by numerous lateral and transverse channels, as if to give a free admission to the winds. The uppermost stage of the pile is crowned by the section of a wall of considerable elevation, and which appears to have formed the wing of a turret or watch-tower. This wall is rent in twain by a large crack or fissure: the bricks which compose it are placed between very thin layers of lime-cement; and they are now so decayed that they may easily be broken by the slightest blow; some of them were marked with inscriptions in the arrow-headed character. On the extreme portions of the height are scattered large blocks of molten walls and vitrified masonry. These masses did not appear to have fallen *shivered*, as buildings generally do, but must, whilst standing, have been rendered liquid by fire. They were as hard as granite; and might, if seen near to an English factory, be taken for smelted ore. We found it a work of labour to detach from them the smallest fragment. They bore ample evidence that the pile has been destroyed by fire, and must have been laid waste by a great and most consuming conflagration. Not alone did this part of the ruin bear marks of the flame: the devouring element appears to have passed over the lowest stages of the fabric. A large mound, on which is built the tomb of some Mohammedan peer or saint, runs south-east from the foot of the ruin; and traces of former foundations extend themselves in the direction of the Euphrates. This monument is called by the Arabs *Birs-i-Nimrod*, or "Nimrod's Tower;" and their tradition relates, that it was raised by that "mighty hunter before the Lord." Travellers recognise in it the Tower of Belus, or Temple of Jupiter, which once occupied a position within the walls of Babylon. However, should it not be acknowledged as a portion of the ruins of that city from the appearance of the materials employed in its erection, the *Birs-i-Nimrod* must be allowed, if not antecedent, to be, at least, coeval with the Babylonian age. In the vicinity of the ruins the plain of Shinar is covered with bushes and thorny brambles, which serve as a cover to partridges and wild hogs. The plain is partially cultivated, and loses itself in the adjacent desert. We returned to Hillah in the afternoon, and early the

† Arrow-headed or cuneiform character; rather *outré* but yet true.

† "Behold, I am against thee, O destroying mountain, saith the Lord, which destroyest all the earth; and I will stretch out mine hand upon thee, and roll thee down from the rocks, and will make thee a burnt mountain."—(Jer. li. 25.)

next morning we were on our way to Bagdad. Complete and signal has been the destruction of Babylon; and so truly have the prophecies concerning her been fulfilled, that the traveller, in contemplating the almost undefinable evidences of her former existence, may look in vain, beyond a few broken mounds and heaps of rubbish, for more satisfactory proofs to assist him in his researches.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

"Not a dog moved his tongue against man or beast."

All travellers in Egypt must be struck with the multitude of dogs, which prowl about in all directions, maintaining, by night especially, a perpetual chorus of discord. Of these, it is said that the French, during the invasion of Napoleon, killed thousands. But they were not long in multiplying and replenishing the land. If we suppose, and there is no want of versimilitude in the supposition, that this domestic animal so superabounded in the days of old, what a new and unthought of emphasis does it give to a memorable passage in Exodus. On that awful night—that night of darkness, distress, and horror, when the children of Israel were besought by the tyrant Pharaoh to march out in haste; what an image of the intensity of the panic, the universality of the consternation, is afforded to us, notwithstanding the bustle, noise and confusion inevitably consequent on the sudden uprising and departure of 600,000 men, besides women & children, and "a mixed multitude" of Egyptians & others; it could be said, that "not a dog moved his tongue against man or beast."—*Rev. Dr. Duff.*

"And behold, there came up out of the river seven well favoured kine, and they fed in a meadow."

One evening, in walking along the banks of the river, a large herd of cows and buffaloes were seen rushing into the shallow waters on the opposite side. Five or six herd-boys, following close behind, first waded a certain distance into the gentle current, and then nimbly leaping, each on the shoulders of a cow or buffalo, holding fast for a time by the horns, and eventually standing upright, being able to maintain their balance without any subsidiary aid. As each individual of the herd got beyond its depth, it swam, the entire body being submerged, and nought visible above save the uplifted nostrils. When carried down, a considerable distance, by the rapidity of the middle stream, all, to the eye, seemed wholly to disappear, save the few slender and diminishing forms of the herd-boys.—At length, however, on reaching the farther bank, they had really emerged for the first time out of the river, and speedily began to graze on the meadow. By local association, the incidents of Joseph's history were instantly revived on the tablets of memory. And when it was remembered that this was the very stream by which Pharaoh once dreamt he stood, what a freshness of colouring seemed thrown over the description—"And behold, there came up out of the river seven well-favoured kine, and they fed in a meadow." Gen. xli. 2.

"We remember the fish we did eat in Egypt freely."

In beholding ever and anon a solitary fisherman labouring with his hand-nets on the margin of the river, how significant appeared the rebellious and ungrateful murmurings of the Israelites in the wilderness: "We remember the fish we did eat in Egypt freely,"—(Numb. xi. 5.) Nor could we be less struck with the singular juxtaposition of the words which follow: "the cucumbers, the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic." For turning towards the interior, it was apparent to the eye that Egypt land is not less productive than in days of yore, in these and other similar vegetable productions. Here too, was the stately "palm," the most juicy of all trees, reminding us of the beautiful similitude of the Psalmist, "the righteous shall bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing" (Psal. xcii. 12-14); and the pomegranate, the almond, and the olive, and scores of other products emblemized or consecrated in the parables and narratives of the Book of Life. How vividly, also, were these visible effects of the annual rising and overflowing of the Nile calculated to illustrate the bold imagery of the prophet, "Egypt riseth up like a flood, and his waters are moved like the rivers." Jer. xlvii. 8.

SUNDAY SCHOOL RECORD.

From the N. Y. Sunday School Advocate.
VISITING SUNDAY-SCHOOL CHILDREN.

In the third number of the Sunday-School Advocate, under the above heading, the following questions are asked:—

1. "Is it advisable for the teacher of the absentee to visit, or to have one person as visitor-general for the whole school?"
2. "Should it be done on the Sabbath or any other day?"
3. "How long a time should elapse after the first omission in attendance before inquiry should be made?"

It is likely, Messrs. Editors, you will receive answers to the above from all points of the compass: I will, however, among the rest, offer the following to your consideration:—

Answer to Question 1.—The whole secret of success in Sunday-School teaching is love. If a teacher does not love his class, and love to teach it, his scholars will never love him. And if there be not mutual love, little good will follow. But if a teacher love his class, will he feel like sending a comparative stranger to look after the absent ones? And suppose he should, will that visitor be likely to be half as the teacher himself? The cause of absence may have arisen in the class, perhaps, from something right or wrong the teacher has done himself. Who then is so likely to set the matter in its true light as the teacher?

Answer to Question 2.—"Should it be done on the Sabbath?"—Yes, for a negative and a positive reason.

1. There is no harm in it. There is no more harm in going home to teach a scholar his duty, than in that scholar coming to Sunday-School to be taught it. The Saviour impliedly acknowledged it to be right to lift a beast out of a pit on the Sabbath; and if a scholar has fallen into the pit and snare of the devil—such as had company—is it wrong to try and get him out on the Sabbath? "Ye are of more value than many sparrows." Should we turn from our path on the Lord's day to persuade yon group of noisy wandering boys to go with us to Sunday-School?

2. There is good in it—good that cannot be accomplished on any other day. The object of a teacher's visit to a family is not merely to see the scholar, but to see the parents and other members of the family, and get them to feel interested in the school; and when they are so, and the teacher is faithful, there are few absentees. He or she has also opportunity of dropping a few words of religious counsel or instruction, of praying with them, and gaining their good will and respect. But in our manufacturing and agricultural districts this could not be done during the week, for the family would be scattered at their employment.

Answer to Question 3.—"How long," &c.—Suppose that a shepherd saw that one of his lambs was missing, how long would it be before he went in quest of it? Suppose a father or guardian missed from the family circle one of the "littles ones," how long would it be before he started to find it? How many nights could he sleep at ease, not knowing what had become of it? As to "visitors-general," they can do no harm; on the contrary, they may do good; but no one can do the work of the teacher. From my experience and observation, I am satisfied that when a school goes down from absentees, it is the Superintendent's and Teacher's fault. Their motto should ever be PERSEVERE.

A TEACHER.

RELIANCE UPON PROVIDENCE.

To make our reliance upon Providence both pious and rational, we should, in every great enterprise we take in hand, prepare all things, with that care, diligence and activity, as if there were no such thing as Providence for us to depend upon: and again, when we have done all this, we should as wholly and humbly rely upon it, as if we had made no such preparation at all. And this is a rule of practice, which will never fail; or shame any, who shall venture all that they have or are upon it: for as a man, by exerting his utmost force in any action or business, has all that human strength can do for him therein; so, in the next place, by quitting his confidence in the same, and placing it only in God, he is sure of all that Omnipotence can do in his behalf.—*Dr. South.*

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

THE DIGNITY OF MAN.

THE higher faculties and nobler operations of the human mind, I must not attempt to enumerate, far less to analyse; but contemplate, for a moment, some of their results. Behold that feeble creature man, by his superior intelligence subduing animals of strength and activity far surpassing his own, and employing their powers in his service;—see him controlling the vegetative powers of the earth, directing its fertility, and changing the barren wilderness and impenetrable forest into a fruitful field;—see him overleaping the boundaries of country, and guiding his bark through the trackless waves of boundless and unfathomable ocean;—see him, not satisfied with the ample disclosures of nature, subjecting her to experiment, and forcing her to reveal her secrets;—see him collecting, from a survey of the history of man, the accumulated wisdom of past ages, and applying it to the improvement and comfort of the ages to come;—see him, not confining his researches to the plants he treads on, and the animals around him, but following the stars in their courses, ascertaining their motions and revolutions, and demonstrating at once, the immensity of the works of God, and the simplicity of the laws by which they are regulated. Behold him in a different aspect, united to his species by a thousand ties: in the family, seeking solace and repose in scenes of domestic affection; in the state, forgetting himself in zeal for the many, and studying only the interests of mankind.

Finally, contemplate him distinguished as the subject of the moral government of God; with thoughts, desires, and affections, that address themselves to objects beyond the sphere of created being and moral existence: endowed with conscience, the delegate of the Most High; accosted by prophets and apostles, the oft-returning messengers of heaven; and, O last effort of all conquering mercy! visited and reclaimed by God himself, wearing the veil of sin-degraded humanity. Ah! could we but learn to estimate our souls by the price God has put upon them, we should not so baselessly vilify their powers, so boldly misapply their godlike attributes.—*REV. H. GREY.*

RIGHTEOUSNESS OF CHRIST.

WANTEST thou a shadow or covering to shelter thy weary soul from the scorching heat of divine anger, or of temptation from Satan, or tribulation from the world?—Improve this righteousness, and sit down under the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Wankest thou courage to look the law or justice of God in the face? There is a fund for it: for under this covering thou mayest look out with confidence, and say, "Who can lay any thing to my charge?" Wankest thou to have the New Covenant confirmed to thy soul? Improve this righteousness by faith: for Christ, by his obedience and death, confirmed the covenant with many. This blood is the blood of the New Testament; and when the soul by faith takes hold of it, the covenant of grace is that moment confirmed unto it for ever. In a word, by virtue of this righteousness thou mayest come to a communion table, and to a throne of grace, and ask what thou wilt. Our heavenly Father can refuse nothing to the younger brethren who come to him in their brother's garment. By virtue of this righteousness, thou mayest lay claim to every thing, to all the blessings of time and eternity.—*Erskine.*

THE HOLINESS OF GOD.

WHAT an awful idea of the holiness of God have we in the death of Jesus! The vengeance of God was centred in the bosom of his Son: what an awful consideration this to the sinner, who is committing the worst of all suicides, the suicide of his immortal soul! "Have I," the Lord might say to such, "wreaked the fury of my vengeance on my own Son, and shall you without repentance escape, you who still continue in open rebellion against me?" Salvation and holiness are synonymous.—*Rev. W. Howells.*

BASE envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.

THE MUSIC OF NATURE.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

NATURE, through all her depths, is replete with music, varied in its tones, and rich in its melody. There is music in the stillness of the twilight hour—in the voice of the balmy breeze as it sighs amid the stirring leaves of the star-light grove, or sleeps upon the calm bosom of the reposing waters; in the bubbling of the inland fountain, and the thund-rings of the foaming cataract—in the riplings of the mountain rill, and the majestic voice of the storm-stirred sea. There is music in the joyous symphonies of the glad songsters of the grove beneath, and the mutterings of the pealing thunders above. In heaven—on earth—in the out-spread skies and the invisible air;—in the solitary dell and on the high mountain's cloud-veiled top, where human footsteps have never left an echo—in the deepest cells of the passion-stirred heart, and the inanimate depths of the material world; and in the dim rays of earth and the beams of those Celestial Lights which gird the high firmament and light the angels to their evening orisons; in the tones of woman's voice on earth, and the devotions of the pure spirits of the better land; in all, through all and over all; and forever vibrating—the rich music of universal harmony and the deep tones of undying melody! Thousands of invisible harps are pouring their united melody through the depths of air and earth, and millions of arch angels touch their heaven-strung lyres, and send celestial harmony through the vast hills of the temple of the living God, up to the burning throne of the Dread Eternal One! It is the air of earth—it is the atmosphere of heaven! The unbounded universe is one sleepless love, whose chords of love and hope, and purity, and peace, are fanned into a dreamy and mystic melody by the break of the invisible God!—*Morning Star.*

EARTHLY POSSESSIONS FLEETING.

In the world, as in Ramah, "a voice is heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning." Earthly possessions and satisfaction of every sort are, by their nature, transient. They may leave us, we must leave them. To him who views them, in their most settled state, with the eye of wisdom, they appear, as air in the calmest day does to the philosopher through his telescope, ever undulating and fluctuating. If we place our happiness in them, we build upon the grave. It rolls from under us, and we sink into the depth of grief and despondency. Children, relations, friends, honours, houses, lands, revenues, and endowments, the goods of nature and of fortune, nay, even of grace itself, are only *lent*. It is our misfortune to fancy they are *given*. We start, therefore, and are angry, when the loan is called in. We think ourselves *masters*, when we are but *stewards*; and forget, that to each of us will it one day be said, "Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou must be no longer steward." Youth dreams of joys unpermitted, and pleasures uninterrupted; and sees not, in the charming perspective, the cross accidents that lie in wait to prevent their being so. But should no such accidents for a while intervene, to disturb the pleasing vision, age will certainly awake, and find it at an end. The sceptre of time will be a effectual, though not so expeditious, as the sword of the persecutor; and without a Herod, Rachel, if she live long, will be heard lamenting; she will experience sorrows, in which the world can administer no adequate comfort. She must therefore look beyond it.—*Bishop Home.*

EVENING.

THE moon shines brightly in the unclouded heavens, inviting the soul to sweet and holy meditations!

All Nature reposes, serene and lovely, under the calming influence of her gentle beaming!

If we stretch our vision to the utmost over creation, we behold the might and beauty of its formation—and as we turn our eyes upward, towards the Throne of its Great Architect and First Cause—we behold innumerable worlds, bright and shining, covering the blue expanse—to which there is no termination.

How grand the sight! What wisdom doth it not bespeak! What astonishing subtilty of design doth

it not exhibit! The soul is lost in devout admiration—and the tongue is speechless with amazement! And we are led to despise our comparative *nothingness*, in the presence of so wonderful a power, that only spake—and worlds on worlds sprang into bright existence at the lofty command!

Scepticism and infidelity vanish from the mind—and we are constrained to acknowledge that something *mightier* than "chance" called into being so sublime a universe!

Thus, "looking through nature up to Nature's God," we mentally exclaim with David the Psalmist,—"The heavens declare the glory of God: and the firmament showeth his handy-work! Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge!"—*Cincinnati Watchman of the Valley.*

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1842.

THE following is the conclusion of our extracts from the admirable "Charge of the Bishop of Chester." We doubt not that our readers will derive much satisfaction from the perusal of this interesting document—and particularly so at the present moment, when extraordinary exertions are being made by narrow-minded and bigotted individuals, enemies to the religion of the Saviour, (whose zeal is not according to knowledge,) to sow disunion amongst the members of different sections of the Church of Christ; and who, under the specious plea of opposing *schism*, are actually attempting to produce the very worst kind of schism,—the destruction of that union and co-operation which have of late so happily existed, (and which, despite their efforts, will continue to increase,) between Dissenters and the evangelical portion of the Established Churches of England and Scotland—and which is essential to the formation of Christian character, and an indispensable qualification in all who are desirous of being made instrumental to any extent in spreading the knowledge of the Saviour, and in hastening his kingdom.

Whatever may be the pretensions or distinctions existing amongst professing Christians in this life,—the solemn fact should ever be borne in mind, that there are but two classes recognized in the Sacred Scriptures—but two classes will be recognized in the great day of final reckoning, when congregated worlds shall stand before the judgment seat of Christ—the righteous and the wicked; and that there is but *one* heaven for the former, and *one* hell for the latter. It should, therefore, be the constant aim of all who profess the sacred name of Christ, to cultivate feelings of love and esteem for those who make a similar profession, (though differing, it may be, on some minor and non-essential points)—regarding them as fellow-travellers to the heavenly Canaan,

"Where all the ship's company meet,
Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath,
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death."

II. SALVATION NOT BY THE CHURCH.—"The other error is no less injurious to the Saviour's glory. Practically he is treated with dishonour; the Church which he has established is made to usurp his place, to perform his acts, to receive his homage; is so represented, as to be, virtually, the author of salvation, instead of the channel through which salvation flows. This is, in effect, to depose him from his throne, and to invest his subjects with the authority which belongs to himself alone.

"It is convenient, in language, to embody the multitude who believe in Christ under one com-

prehensive term; and our Lord has himself taught us by example that we may do this safely and legitimately. But language may mislead. We may personify a body, for the convenience of discourse, and by degrees forget that a community is not a person. It is still worse, if the body which was first personified, comes afterwards to be deified. Yet a process of this kind has gone on with regard to the Christian Church. When Jesus declared that he would build his Church upon a rock, and that the gates of hell should not prevail against it, he simply declared that there should hereafter ever be a body of men believing in him as the Son of God—a body which Satan might assail, but should never succeed in destroying. He did not say that he would set up a power upon earth, which should possess his authority, act in his stead, and as his vicegerent, dispense his anger or his favour. We look in vain for a single sentence in which such a purpose is implied; a purpose so important, and so extraordinary, that it must have been written in words which none could fail to read. But advantage has been taken of the obscurity of language, to maintain and encourage this idea. The Church has been made, first an abstraction, and then a person, and then a Saviour. The Church, thus invested with divinity, has the minister as her visible representative: and he, explaining the prophetic anticipation, has assumed the place of God. We too well know what corruptions found entrance at this source; what opportunity was given to the exercise of the worst of passions; what food was supplied to malice, enmity, pride, covetousness, and ambition. So that one of the first and most needful works of the Reformers was to pierce the veil, to divest the Church of the mystery in which it had been shrouded, and to disclose it to the world in its true and scriptural form, as the company of believers.

"Such is the simple analysis of the Church, the Holy Catholic Church, of which Christ is the head, and with which he has engaged to be present by his Spirit unto the end of the world. We must beware of assigning to the members, or to the body which the members compose, a power which really belongs to the Head alone. If we speak of the ark of Christ's Church, we must remember that we are only speaking metaphorically. That ark is not limited to any special locality on earth, like the ark of Noah; it extends as far as the knowledge of Christ extends; for he is the true ark, prepared of God for the saving of all who commit themselves to him. The ministrations of the Church are the door by which the community on earth is entered; but Christ is the only door by which heaven can be entered; and many may be admitted into the visible fold, who remain for ever unknown to the true Shepherd.—The members of the Church are branches of the vine; but the Church is not the vine; that name belongs to Christ alone. The Church is 'the pillar and ground of the truth'; but the Church is not 'the truth'; neither has it life in itself: Christ alone is 'the way, the truth, and the life,' through which every individual member of the Church must seek access to God.

"Yet all this, undeniable in itself, is practically contradicted whenever the services and the ordinances and the ministerial offices are magnified beyond their due proportions, or placed before the people with a prominence to which they have no claim. It is to confound the means of grace with the Author of grace; to worship the thing made, and to dishonor the Maker. It is to array against Christ the instrumentality which he has established against Satan. He appointed his ministers, that there might be a perpetual provision for opposing 'the power of darkness,' a perpetual provision for carrying into effect, through conviction and conversion and sanctification, his merciful purpose of 'bringing many sons to glory.' He instituted his sacraments, that they who observed them might be a visible body of witnesses to him in the world; and that, after the usual manner of the divine operations, there might be known and manifest channels in which his Spirit might flow, to the edification and comfort of believers.

"We love and revere our Church; for we believe her to be 'founded upon the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone.' There are other congregations of Christians which profess the same truths; we honor them also with brotherly feelings, and gladly say, 'Grace be with all them that love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.'"

In conclusion, we gladly avail ourselves of the remarks of a respected contemporary, who is connected with one of the established churches, on the subject of Christian liberalism:—"At the hazard of hearing puny voices echoing their sneers about latitudinarianism, I do not hesitate to say, that divine grace does not teach the Christian's heart to turn in coldness and apathy from all God's dear children, except those who may happen to bear his own distinctive name. I do not hesitate to say, that a narrow and exclusive zeal—that sectarian views and feelings—seem to me marvellously inconsistent with the large outgoings of God's love in the human heart. These were not the views of the great minister of the Jewish economy,—There ran a young man, and told Moses, and said, Eldad and Medad do prophesy in the camp. And Joshua the son of Nun, the servant of Moses, one of his young men, answered and said, my lord Moses, forbid them. And Moses said unto him, enviest thou for my sake. Would God that all the people were prophets, and that the Lord would put his Spirit upon them?"

"These were not the views of the great Apostle of the Gentiles. 'Some,' said he, 'indeed preach Christ even of envy and strife; and some also of good will. The one preach Christ of contention, not sincerely, supposing to add affliction to my bonds, but the other of love, knowing that I am set for the defence of the gospel. What then?—Notwithstanding every way, whether in pretence, or in truth, Christ is preached; and I therein do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice.'

"These were not the views of the great Head of the Prophets and Apostles. 'Master,' said an over zealous disciple, 'Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and he followeth not us; and we forbade him, because he followeth not us.' For no other reason; and a very good reason it is, with every bigot, of every age—he followeth not us. 'But Jesus said, forbid him not: he that is not against us, is on our part.'

"These are not the views of the principle I now advocate. It thankfully recognizes the success of *different* denominations, and, in so doing, seems to me in sweetest harmony with the Gospel. It does not require of us to abjure or sacrifice any of the distinctive principles with which we are conscientiously imbued. Neither does it condemn our warmer emotions of joy, over every token of favour, which the great Head of the Church may vouchsafe to the peculiar section of the vineyard with which we individually stand connected. But it distinctly recognizes it as a privilege and an honour, to sympathize and co-operate with others, our Christian brethren, who, by God's blessing, are doing good service in the world—occupying important stations on the watch-towers of Zion—and sending forth well-trained soldiers to the battlefield of the Gospel."

The character of the Christian Missionary, and the glorious effects produced by the Gospel through his instrumentality, are beautifully described in the following extract from the leading article in a late number of the (Halifax) *Guardian* :—

"Human laws, with all their blood-stained sanctions, and all their gloomy penalties, have failed to restrain even men's outward conduct—much more are they inefficient to controul the inward workings of men's turbulent passions, or to subdue the fierceness of their malignant dispositions. There are a thousand—yea, ten thousand external circumstances, to which they cannot possibly be available. But they do not even pretend to deal with the wild world of the sinner's unrenewed heart. They profess to encourage industry, to require integrity, to promote social order. Yet, if they were all-sufficient to accomplish this much,

they would still leave the most important aim of genuine philanthropy untouched. He is a true patriot who does most for the public good—who does most to subserve the ends of justice, truth, harmony, charity, and national prosperity.—Therefore do I venture, humbly, yet confidently, to solicit the expression of your gratitude, for the prospects of success which are opening up before Missionary exertions.

"The Missionary, indeed, does not profess to enlighten mankind on any new scheme of philosophy, or on any fresh discoveries in science. Though, at the same time, it is not unworthy of notice, that the truths which he unfolds have no tendency to stupify the human mind. On the contrary, there is perhaps nothing that produces so quickening and vivifying an influence on man's intellect, as the word of God. Nothing that so wonderfully enlarges man's understanding, so rapidly refines and purifies his taste, as that gracious Revelation, which at once instructs him in the knowledge of a Being clothed with all possible perfections, and brings him, through the medium of personal and exquisite enjoyment, to the spiritual apprehension of most sublime realities, embodied in language of unsurpassed beauty, pathos, and simplicity.

"The Christian Missionary, nevertheless, does not make the refinement of men's taste the chief object of his ministrations. He comes more particularly to announce tidings, which are emphatically called, 'good tidings,'—'Good,' because they warn perishing sinners of their imminent danger. 'Good,' because they point to a never failing refuge from all peril. 'Good,' because they recognize the presence and the Sovereignty of a holy and gracious God in all the transactions of life. 'Good,' because they guide every step of man's pilgrimage—control and purify all his passions—regulate and sanctify all his affections—temper and sweeten all his feelings—elevate and exalt all his views. 'Good,' oh! most 'good,' because they comfort the children of sorrow under affliction, strengthen them under trials, cheer them under difficulties, support them under bereavements, and crown them with the unfading laurels of victory in the very arms of death.

"Yes! wherever the cross is planted, there, the wilderness and the solitary place is made glad, the desert doth rejoice and blossom as the rose,—there, trees of varied beauty, and of heavenly fruit, planted by God's own hand, spread their branches to the ripening sun—there flowers breathing the fragrance of Paradise, and blooming in the holy freshness of Eden, expand to the wrapt sense. There, men begin to live, as true philanthropists would have them live, faithfully performing the varied duties of their several stations, 'enduring in all things, as seeing him who is invisible'—there, men learn to die, as rational beings should seek to die, with a reasonable hope of a happy immortality beyond the grave. Yes! were the principles of the Gospel universally to receive their just and legitimate place amongst men, then might dungeons and scaffolds be swept from the face of creation, as hideous, unnecessary excrescences.

"Blessed be the God of all consolation and love for these 'good tidings!' Will you not join me in praising his holy name, for all that he has done to make them known—for all that he has promised yet more to do—and for the pledge that we have in the experience of the wonderful past, for the ample fulfilment of his promise, in the still more wonderful future!"

REVIVALS OF RELIGION IN THE UNITED STATES.

From all parts of the land (says the *New York Observer* of March 26) we hear more or less of the movements of the Holy Spirit upon the heart of the Church. The work is not loud but deep. It is generally unattended by those excesses which in years past have marked religious excitements, and we are inclined to believe that the churches of this country are becoming more healthy in action, more pure in faith and practice, more systematic in Christian duty, and consequently that the way is preparing for them to enjoy the more permanent and desirable influences of the revival spirit.

We have only room for the following extract :—

REVIVAL IN BOSTON.

Since the last notice in the Recorder, on this subject, there has been evident progress in this good work. It is apparent in the greater affection of Christians for each other: in the spirit of prayer, and kindness towards the poor and destitute: and in the readiness of many to engage in every good work.

Recently there was a meeting of Sabbath school teachers and superintendents, where eighteen schools were represented, from ten of which particular reports were made; and in these ten schools two hundred and fifty children and youth, within a few months, are supposed by those best acquainted with them, to have been born of the Spirit. The revival is confined to no class of persons, old or young, rich or poor. It would be impossible for any one, at this time, to number the converts, and many of the wisest are unwilling that it should be attempted. The revival, which has been as general among the Baptist and Methodist, as among the Orthodox Congregational churches, probably extends with considerable power at the present time, to as many as sixteen churches, of the three denominations above-mentioned. From the progress of the work within the last fortnight, it appears to be rather in its early stages, than in its full power.—Recorder.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

MISSIONS IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

The interesting article which follows was written by the Missionaries in the Pacific Ocean. Mr. Murray is the Visiting Agent on behalf of the London Missionary Society. The Samoan Islands are one of the new stations lately occupied by the faithful servants who are gathering "the Isles to the Lord."

SAMOAN ISLANDS.

ATAFU, UROLO.—The Lord graciously visited Tutuila before I reached it; but his power has been more signally displayed since. I have had great delight in seeing how the searching address of Mr. Murray reached the hearts of the auditors. We have seen them sit in most solemn and riveted attention during great parts of a long discourse, and then, one and another, no longer able to restrain the bursting feelings of their hearts, would cry aloud, and faint away; and ere long, as if the house were shaken with "a rushing mighty wind," almost the whole would be melted and broken down, in the most piercing cries and deep drawn groans. At another time, the stillness and breathless earnestness of the whole assembly, would call to mind the great day of account, when all shall stand before the Judge; and this would continue from beginning to end unbroken. But the villager, and the jungle around, would afterwards resound for hours, more than once it has done so during the whole of the night, with the weeping and lamentations of sinners newly come to a knowledge of their awful state. And again, on the next opportunity of assembly, Mr. Murray, merely appealing from the privacy of close communion with Him who wields the hearts of all men,—breathing, as it were, the very air of deep devotion, and his emaciated face and heavy sigh showing but too well how he labored, being in travail for souls,—he would not have pronounced a few words, with a view of inducing preparedness of spirit for the service, or a few sentences from the Word of God be read, when all at once, as by some wondrous, unusual influence, the assembly would be melted down, and the softest feeling expressed by the deep sighs and sobs which for twenty or thirty minutes would put a stop to public service.

We always observe signs of an especial spirit of prayer among the pious people before such seasons as these; and this spirit Mr. Murray made it his constant endeavour to excite and encourage, placing sole reliance on the outpouring of the Spirit, and feeling assured that to earnest prayer this would never be denied. And O how often have we been called to adore that grace which condescends to acknowledge the feeble efforts of the feeblest and most unworthy of its subjects, and so abundantly to respond to them.

At the times of these especial awakenings, we were constrained, though Mr. Murray's weak state of health rendered him very unfit for it, to hold meetings every day; in which addresses, laying the truth simply open, as represented in different parts of Scripture, and urging its personal acceptance, were interspersed with prayer and praise. The assistance of some of the more advanced natives was often made use of, as Mr.

Murray was physically incapable of doing the whole of such arduous and deeply exciting work; and then we had an opportunity of remarking, that while the Spirit was at work in the hearts of the formerly unenlightened, awakening them to a sense of sin and danger, those who had already "tasted that the Lord is gracious," were not unvisited, but were in many instances enabled to forget every thing else in their love for souls, and in the exalted sense they had of the love of Jesus.

The congregation at Pago-pago varies from one to thirty or hundred; and it is even larger at Leone, where Mr. Slatyer now preaches, having sufficiently mastered the language. There are upwards of five hundred in the island baptized; having given satisfactory evidence, along with humble profession of faith in Christ, and newness of heart. Not quite half of that number, however, are in full communion, as Mr. Murray's plan is, to detain the baptized for a month or two in a probationary state, before final admission to the Church; and his severe illness prevented him from having the necessary private conferences with them.

But the benefit of these rich displays of sovereign mercy are by no means confined to those who have been so evidently wrought upon as to be numbered among the professing followers of the Lamb. The moral change which all who have renounced heathenism and joined in the worship of God have undergone, is very conspicuous. Of this we have abundant proof wherever we turn among the people, in the look of activity and comparative intelligence, which has taken the place of the dull, stupid gaze, and haughty, self-complacent look, which used to characterize them; and indeed in every part of their hearing and conduct.

But you will be better able to judge of the amount of this change, if I relate to you some of the circumstances attending the wreck of a whaler, which took place a few months ago at the mouth of our harbour. The vessel was thrown away, many think on purpose. She floated for some hours after first striking; and of course many people were about and upon her. The surface of the water was strewn with floating goods—pigs, fowls, clothes, food, &c. &c. &c.; and all, as well as the ship's crew, were in the power of the natives. Many natives rescued articles, and carried them home, and some of the pigs were forthwith baked and eaten: but there was nothing like violence in any case, I believe, and the captain and men were allowed to secure whatever they could, in the circumstances—or rather, were much assisted to do so.

The ship went down, and the captain naturally wanted his goods: so Mr. Murray, first of all through the native teachers, with one of whom every village is supplied, informed all the respectable people that they could not continue members of the Friday meeting, to which only outwardly respectable persons are admitted, unless they consented to deliver up to their rightful owner all the things they had rescued. To this announcement there was but one answer: "we will not steal, for we fear God; we will collect all together, and restore it to the captain," or "chief," as they call him. And not one was excluded from the Friday meeting, though its members exceed one thousand.

The next thing was, to secure restoration on the part of those who were not members of that body; and this was immediately and spontaneously set about by the chiefs of Pago-pago, the metropolis of the district. They first consulted us as to the right and wrong of the matter, then held meetings themselves, and spent more than a week in going through the villages, and causing every article to be delivered up. Some persons in one large village were refractory, and were punished by losing two for one pig they had seized.

Five years ago not even a Samoan canoe, much less a foreign vessel, would have been spared. They would have killed any man who offered the least resistance, and carried off whatever they could lay hands on. This is their account, and that of all who sail these seas.

I have already told you how your old friend Mr. Murray has been honoured of the Lord; and you will perhaps be more surprised, when I tell you that, by the concurrence of his brethren of this mission, it falls to him, for this voyage, to occupy the place which Mr. Williams so nobly filled. He is to take nine native teachers to reinforce old stations, and form new ones. He received the

appointment in a most delightful way, professing his readiness to do any thing for Christ, and his sole reliance for direction and guidance on his Father in heaven.

At Mr. Hardie's station on Savaii, the good work prospers greatly, not in a violent form, but a silent steady work. There are now two hundred and eleven members, and as many candidates. Some of the other stations go on but slowly. This is evident to me, that when the missionary is of a highly spiritual character, things prosper, and in proportion as he recedes from this, prosperity diminishes.

The Christian Knowledge Society has made a grant of £300, to be applied by the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of London, in furtherance of the objects of the Society in Chaldaea and Kurdistan, to which a mission was recently undertaken by the "American Episcopal Church."

MISCELLANEOUS.

PRAYING HIGHLANDER.

A Scotch Highlander, who served in the first disastrous war with the American colonies, was brought one evening before his commanding officer charged with the capital offence of being in communication with the enemy. The charge could not well be preferred at a more dangerous time. Only a few weeks had passed since the execution of Major Andre, and the indignation of the British, exasperated almost to madness by the event, had not yet cooled down. There was, however, no direct proof against the Highlander. He had been seen in the gray of the twilight stealing from out a clump of underwood that bordered one of the huge forests, which at that period, covered by much the greater part of the United Provinces, and which, in the immediate neighbourhood of the British, swarmed with the troops of Washington. All the rest was mere inference and conjecture. The poor man's defence was summed up in a few words; he had stolen away from his fellows, he said, to spend an hour in private prayer. "Have you been in the habit of spending hours in private prayer?" sternly asked the officer, himself a Scotchman and a Presbyterian. The Highlander replied in the affirmative. "Then," said the other, drawing out his watch, "never in all your life had you more need of prayer than now; kneel down, Sir; and pray aloud that we may all hear you." The Highlander, in the expectation of instant death, knelt down. His prayer was that of one long acquainted with the appropriate language in which the Christian addresses his God: it breathed of imminent peril, and earnestly implored the Divine interposition in the threatened danger,—the help of Him who, in times of extremity, is strong to deliver. It exhibited, in short, a man who, thoroughly conversant with the scheme of redemption, and fully impressed with the necessity of a personal interest in the advantages which it secures, had made the business of salvation the work of many a solitary hour, and had, in consequence, acquired much fluency in expressing all his various wants as they occurred, and his thoughts and wishes as they arose. "You may go, Sir," said the officer, as he concluded; "you have, I dare say, not been in correspondence with the enemy tonight. His statement," he continued, addressing himself to the other officers, "is, I doubt not, perfectly correct. No one could have prayed so without a long apprenticeship; the fellows who have never attended drill, always get on ill at review."

THE LOCK OF HAIR.

In a notice of Colt, who was lately tried in New York, for the murder of Mr. Adams, we find the following remark:

"Colt behaves with self-possession.—Once, however, on Saturday, when the Mayor, among the articles he had found in Colt's room, exhibited some hair, labelled 'hair of my mother,' and read the label, Colt was deeply agitated, and finally burst into tears."

Mysterious sympathy! sacred influence! that opens the sluices of the affections when vice and sin seemed to have dried up the fountain of all better feelings.

That man, if not a murderer, (and it would seem difficult to doubt it) if not a blood-stained homicide, is, at least, amenable to heaven for a continued vicious course of life. The early coun-

cil of friends, the monitions of the church, and the conventional usages of society, had lost their power to affect his conduct or to touch his feeling. The cold, damp darkness of the criminal cell, the loud execrations of the people, the solemn array of justice, the gravity of the bench, the bustling activity of the bar, and the quiet waiting of the jury, had not stirred a feature of the man; nay, the agonized feelings of the widow, in her mourning weeds, and even the presence of her, the sharer of his shame, had failed to touch a cord that reached his feelings. There were all of them present; all had to do with his days of guilt, and his hour of trial—times and events for which he had steeled his heart. But when there was laid open to him, and to the world, that little memorial of a mother, his emotion showed that he was not prepared for the trial—for that trial at least.

Memory went back to scenes of innocence and childish love, when flowers hung on every bush, and sweetness was borne in every gale; when the confidence of his heart never trusted to storied of thorns beneath flowers, of poison lurking on the breeze. He remembered the lesson of virtue which affection moulded to his infantile understanding, and made profitable by adoption. He shrunk away from the inquisitive gaze of the multitude, and in imagination, nestled himself anew in that bosom, where, years since, he sought an asylum against the scaring creations of childish fancy.

He lifted up his eyes, and the hair lock of that mother was witness against his life: and perhaps she looked down, and saw shame and guilt, the portion of him for whom she had borne a mother's pains, and exercised a mother's affections. He wept. The agonized drops were testimonies of feelings yet alive—proof that all is not lost; and if blood be found in his skirts, or he be acquitted of that, and only shame be stamped upon him for other sins, let him who seeketh the good of his fellow, follow the offender to his closet or his cell, appeal to that last evidence of lingering virtue, and that relict which brought it to light, and he shall turn a wicked one from the error of his ways, and hide a multitude of sins.

GOD'S REVENGE AGAINST MURDER.

An instance of their (the natives') keen sight and scent occurred when I was in New South Wales. A settler on the great Western Road was missing from his small farm. His convict Overseer gave out, that he had gone off privately to England, and left the property in his care. This was thought extraordinary, as the settler was not in difficulties, and was a steady, prudent man. The affair, however, was almost forgotten, when, one Saturday night, another settler was returning with his horse and cart from market. On arriving at a part of the fence on the road-side, near the farm of his absent neighbour, he thought he saw him sitting on the fence. Immediately the farmer pulled up his mare, hailed his friend, and receiving no answer, got out of the cart, and went towards the fence. His neighbour (as he plainly appeared to be) quitted the fence, and crossed the field towards a pond, in the direction of his home, which, it was supposed, he had deserted. The farmer thought it strange, re-mounted his cart, and proceeded home. The next morning he went to his neighbor's cottage, expecting to see him; but saw only the Overseer, who laughed at the story, and said, that his master was, at that time, near the shores of England. The circumstance was so inexplicable, that the farmer went to the nearest Justice of the Peace, (I think it was to the Penrith Bench,) related the preceding circumstances, and added, that he feared foul play had taken place. A native Black, who was, and I believe still is, attached to the station as a Constable, was sent with some of the mounted police, and accompanied the farmer to the rails where the latter thought he saw, the evening before, his deceased friend. The spot was pointed out to the Black, without showing him the direction which the lost person apparently took, after quitting the fence. On close inspection, a part of the upper rail was observed to be discoloured: it was scraped with a knife by the Black, who next smelt at it, and tasted it. Immediately after, he crossed the fence, and took a straight direction for the pond near the cottage. On its surface was a scum, which he took up in a leaf; and, after tasting and smelling it, he declared it to be "white man's fat." Several times, somewhat after the manner of a bloodhound, he coursed round the lake: at last, he darted into the

nighbouring thicket, and halted at a place containing some loose and decayed brushwood. On removing this, he thrust down the ramrod of his musket into the earth, smelt at it, and desired the spectators to dig there. Instantly spades were brought from the cottage, and the body of the settler was found, with his skull fractured, and presenting every indication of having been some time immersed in water. The Overseer, who was in possession of the property of the deceased, and who had invented the story of his departure for England, was committed to gaol, and tried for murder. The foregoing circumstantial evidence formed the main proofs: he was found guilty, sentenced to death, and proceeded to the scaffold protesting his innocence. Here, however, his hardihood forsook him. He acknowledged the murder of his master: that he came behind him when he was crossing the identical rail on which the farmer fancied he saw the deceased, and with one blow on the head, killed him; dragged the body to the pond, and threw it in; but, after some days, took it out, and buried it where it was found. The sagacity of the native Black was remarkable; but the unaccountable manner in which the murder was discovered, is one of the inscrutable dispensations of Providence.—*R. M. Martin's Colonial Library, vol. ii., pp. 156-158.*

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER COLUMBIA.

THE steamer *Columbia*, after a passage during which she suffered severely from a series of dreadful storms, arrived at Halifax on the 25th. She left, as intended, on the 4th ult. On the 18th, the Engineer reported that the intermediate shaft was broken, and the engines were necessarily stopped. Her sails were immediately hoisted, and she continued under them until the 25th, when her engines were put in motion, to bring her into the port of Halifax, which she reached in safety. She was kept there to repair, while the *Unicorn* took the mail and passengers to Boston. Among the latter was the Hon. S. Cunard.

In England the prospects of business were dull, the only thriving employment being the manufacture of warlike implements, which were rendered necessary by the news from India.

Trade generally is very dull. Money had been very scarce, but the Bank of England having reduced the rate of discount to four per cent., it became somewhat easier. A slight improvement in business was the consequence. In many of the manufacturing towns, however, a very dismal state of affairs existed.

A so called "Riband Conspiracy," in Ireland, had induced some activity in the military stations. The change in the Government is the cause attributed.

Meetings and petitions respecting the Corn Laws were of every day occurrence in England.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert still remained at Brighton.

The *Great Western* was to sail for New York on the 21 April. Her trips will be alternately made from Bristol and Liverpool.

The *Britannia* which had been overhauled, was found to be still in perfect order. The *Calcutta*, with the exception of the damage suffered on her late attempted voyage, was as stout as on the day she was launched.—*Mss.*

The passengers in the steamship *Caledonia*, have presented the commander, Capt. E. G. Lott, with a Chronometer Watch and a Silver Speaking Trumpet, "as a testimonial of their obligation to him, for having, by his self-possession and well directed efforts, secured their safety during the violent weather that caused her return to Liverpool, in a disabled state."

On the 21st, Lord Aberdeen laid before the House of Lords the Treaty for the suppression of the Slave Trade, ratified by all the great Powers, with the exception of France.

In answer to a question in the House of Commons, Sir Robert Peel stated that no official despatches of later date than those already before the public, had reached the Government from Afghanistan. No intelligence of any surrender by the British troops had been received.

In England the prospects of business are dismal at present, but the necessity of increasing the forces in

China is promoting employment for the army and navy departments.

Troops for China to the amount of 10,000 men were getting ready for embarkation. Seventeen large ships were to convey them to the scene of hostilities.

The 78th Highlanders, now in Dublin, have received orders to be in readiness to embark for India. The Regiment is 1140 men strong.

A great sensation was created in Paris, when the announcement was made that the Treaty had been completed without the ratification of France. Funds immediately fell, and a universal depression was felt among the people, who evinced more than usual soreness when the question was at all touched upon. M. Guizot, in reply to a question asked in the Chamber of Deputies, said that "the Crown had made known to its Ambassador in London that it could not ratify the Treaty, and that she could take no engagement for the future. The French Ambassador had been authorized to negotiate for modifications of the Treaty, and the powers had declared that it would remain open for the future signature of France without any fixed term. This was the plain and simple state of the affair."—*Commercial Messenger.*

PARLIAMENTARY SUMMARY.

A tedious debate on the corn laws occupied the House of Commons during five successive nights, during which no new arguments were brought forward of particular interest. Mr. Villiers moved "that all duties payable upon the importation of corn, meal, or flour, do now cease and determine;" when the committee divided, the numbers were for the motion 90, against it 390. On the 26th ult. Mr. Christopher proposed a higher scale of duties. His proposition was that the maximum duty should be 5s. higher than the maximum duty proposed by the Government. The division was taken on the question, and the original proposition was carried by 306 to 104.

CORN IMPORTATION.

Last night all Sir Robert Peel's resolutions, for the regulation of his new scale of duties on the importation of wheat, oats and barley, were adopted, and a bill was ordered to be prepared in accordance with such resolutions; Sir R. Peel, Sir J. Graham, and Mr. Gladstone were ordered to bring in the same. It is expected that they will be able to present it today. It will then be read the first time, and the day fixed for the second reading, when the debate will be taken on the first principles of the bill.—*Herald, March 3.*

INDIA AND CHINA.

The English arms in the East, so long and brilliantly victorious, have now met with a repulse in Cabul, so severe as that it may be the signal for a union of her enemies to overwhelm the troops interspersed at various points in the vast territory. There is needed another Wellesley, or a Hastings, great as well in the field as in the Council Chamber, to curb the warlike spirit of the mountaineers of Cabul; and perhaps defeat and ill success may conspire to raise up some such heroes to retrieve the fortunes of England. At present, however, there seems nothing but disaster in store in that quarter.—*Transcript.*

The following news was published in a second edition of the *London Times* of Feb. 28 and March 1:—"Intelligence, brought by the India steamer from Calcutta, Jan. 11, arrived at Suez Feb. 11. The intelligence from Afghanistan comes down to the 15th December. The position of General Sale amidst the insurrection was still extremely critical. Col. M'Laren, who was sent to relieve him, had failed. A fresh attack of the insurgents against our troops in Afghanistan had failed. All was quiet at Candanar on the 4th Dec. The Bellocha tribes were also quiet. Major General Pollock had received orders to proceed to Ferozpoor, and thence to Petchwar, to assume the command of a force assembling at that place, to consist of 10,000 men, and the object to relieve the troops in Afghanistan."

The *Bengal Herald* states, that the fate of our troops at Cabul is almost certainly decided. The state of affairs there are represented to be much worse than they were before; provisions were becoming scarce, and the enemy more daring every day. The *Morning Post* states, that Government had just received a sealed box of despatches from the Supreme Government, of vast importance, relating to the intended capitulation of the party at Cabul, said to have been reduced to eating their native ponies.

CHINA.

The dates from China are to the 30th November. The intelligence is merely confirmatory of the reports that had been in circulation regarding the operations to the northward.—Sir Henry Pottinger would winter at Amoy, where symptoms of hostility were beginning to

manifest themselves. At Canton, also, hostile preparations were in progress; the heights of Canton were fortifying, and forts rebuilding and being built. A force consisting of 10,000 men has been taken from the Madras Presidency, Bengal Infantry, with Land-cars, sappers and miners, for service in China, and ordered to march on Peking as soon as the south-west monsoon sets in.

The Emperor of China had ordered Keshen to be beheaded.

Letters from Mueao to the New York papers, state that there is every prospect of war between the British Indian Government and the King of Burmah. The darkest colouring as respects the British is, however, given in these letters, so that some allowance must be made for exaggerated statements. All the available forces of the Government are however preparing with remarkable celerity to meet the threatened dangers, the consequence of which may be to prevent a settlement of the Chinese difficulties as early as might otherwise have been the case. The season chosen by Tharawaddie, as the King of Burmah is called, is the very best for the British troops, who will not have the rains to contend with. The *Canton Press* has the following remarks:—

From the great activity of the Indian government to show an imposing front to the King of Ava, we suppose that it must have received decisive intelligence of hostile intentions. From Calcutta, Madras and Bombay (from the latter we hear three Queen's regiments) troops are being assembled for immediate shipment to Maulmein, and a large force of steamers now in the Indian waters will predigiously quicken these movements, so that a very few days after any hostile movements have been made by Tharawaddie, a sufficient number of troops will arrive at Maulmein to oppose him. Besides, the great disadvantages under which the English carried on the first Burmese war, do no longer exist. The establishment at Maulmein offers the greatest facilities for the reception and concentration of the forces; the country which then was but little known, has now been explored; and more than all, the many steamers now at command of the Government enable them to send their troops into the country without the Burmese being able to molest their advance; and the steamers, after a course of upwards of five hundred miles upon the Irrawadie, may cast anchor before Ava and Amarapura, the ancient and the modern capitals of the Empire.

These threats and difficulties will give additional nerve to the British, who will now see the necessity of proceeding with the strongest measures, so as to force the Chinese at once to come to advantageous terms.

MEXICO AND TEXAS.—WAR COMMENCED.

New Orleans papers of the 16th instant bring stirring intelligence from Texas. A Mexican army said to be 14000 strong, under General Arista, had crossed the Rio Grande, and detachments from it had taken San Antonio, Goliad and Victoria, without opposition. Gen. Burleson had collected a body of 12000 men for the defence of Austin, and the whole population of Texas was rapidly gathering in arms to resist the invaders. The first battle was expected on the Colorado.

MONTREAL MARKETS.

TUESDAY, April 5, 1842.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Oats, per minot,	1	3	a	1 8
Barley, "	2	6	-	2 9
Pease, "	3	3	-	3 6
Buckwheat, "	2	9	-	3 0
Turkeys, per couple,	5	0	-	10 0
Geese, "	4	0	-	6 0
Ducks, "	2	6	-	3 4
Chickens, "	1	3	-	2 6
Partridges, "	1	8	-	2 9
Eggs, fresh, per doz.	0	7 1/2	-	0 9
Butter—dairy, per lb.	0	10	-	1 1
Do. salt,	0	7	-	0 8
Pork, per hundred,	20	0	-	25 0
Beef, "	25	0	-	35 0
Flour, per cwt.	12	6	-	15 0
Beef, per lb.	0	8	-	0 6
Pork, "	0	2 1/2	-	0 5
Veal, per quarter,	1	4	-	10 0
Mutton, "	1	6	-	10 0
Lard, per lb.	0	0	-	0 6
Potatoes, per bushel,	1	0	-	1 6

We are under the necessity of again earnestly soliciting those subscribers who are still in arrears for the *Mirror*, to transmit to us, at their earliest convenience, through the Agents or Postmasters, the amount of their respective subscriptions. A prompt attention to the above will greatly oblige.

TEMPERANCE RECORD.

DELIRIUM TREMENS, OR THE RUM MANIAC

BY JOSEPH ALLISON.

" Say, Doctor, may I not have rum,
To quench this burning thirst within ?
Here on this cursed bed I lie,
And cannot get one drop of gin.
I ask not health, nor even life—
Life ! what a curse it's been to me !
I'd rather sink in deepest hell,
Than drink again its misery.

" But, Doctor, may I not have rum ?
One drop alone is all I crave.
Grant this small boon—I ask no more—
Then I'll defy—yes, 'en the grave ;
Then, without fear, I'll fold my arms,
And bid the monster strike his dart,
To waste me from this world of woe,
And claim his own—this ruined heart.

" A thousand curses on his head
Who gave me first the poisoned bowl,
Who taught me first this vice to drink—
Drink—death and ruin to my soul.
My soul ! oh, cruel, horrid thought !
Full well I know thy certain fate.
With what instinctive horror shrinks
The spirit from that awful state !

" Lost—lost—I know forever lost !
To me no ray of hope can come :
My fate is sealed ; my doom is —
But give me rum : I will have rum.
But, Doctor, don't you see him there ?
In that dark corner low he sits :
See ! how he sports his fiery tongue,
And at me burning brimstone spits !

" Go, chase him out. Look ! here he comes,
Now on my bed he wants to stay ;
He shan't be there. Oh God ! Oh God !
Go way, I say ! go way ! go way !
Quick ! chain me fast, and tie me down :
There now—he clasps me in his arms :
Down—down the window—else it tight :
Say, don't you hear my wild alarms ?

" Say, don't you see this demon face ?
Does no one hear ? will no one come ?
Oh save me—save me—I will give—
But run ! I must have—will have rum.

• • • • •
Ah ! now he's gone ; once more I'm free ;
He—the boasting knave and liar—
He said that he would take me off
Down to—But there ! my bed's on fire !

" Fire ! water ! help ! come, haste—I'll die !
Come, take me from this burning bed :
The smoke—I'm choking—cannot cry ;
There now—it's catching at my head !
But see ! again that demon's come ;
Look ! there he peeps through yonder crack ;
Mark how his burning eyeballs flash !
How fierce he grins ! what brought him back !

" There stands his burning coach of fire ;
He smiles, and beckons me to come.
What are these words he's written there ?
' In hell, we never wait for rum !'
One loud, one piercing shriek was heard ;
One yell rang out upon the air ;
One sound, and one alone, came forth—
The victim's cry of wild despair.

" Why longer wait ? I'm ripe for hell ;
A spirit's sent to bear me down.
There, in the regions of the lost,
I sure will wear a fiery crown.
Damned, I know, without a hope !
(One moment more, and then I'll come !)
And there I'll quench my awful thirst
With boiling, burning, fiery rum."

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^{TR}E.
17-h

March 25, 1842.

BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN
BOOT AND SHOE MART,

NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

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

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

Montreal, August 12, 1841.

FANCY & STAPLE DRY GOODS STORE,

Wholesale and Retail,

MURR'S BUILDINGS, PLACE D'ARMES.

THE Subscriber has constantly on hand a large and well assorted Stock, which he will sell low for CASH.

Expected by the Fall Arrivals, a fresh supply of Goods, suited for the Fall and Winter seasons.

E. THOMPSON.

Montreal, August 12, 1841.

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THE SUBSCRIBERS respectfully invite the attention of their friends, and the public generally, to their present extensive and varied assortment of

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, which they are disposing of at very reduced prices.

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

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.—TERMS LIBERAL.

August 12, 1841.

THE SUBSCRIBER

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

—ALSO,—

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

JOHN KELLER.

Montreal, August 12, 1841.

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HAS just received from his brother in London, an excellent assortment of—
BRACKET and OFFICE CLOCKS,
PATENT LEVER, LEPINE and OTHER
WATCHES,
MUSICAL SNUFF-BOXES,
Gold, Plated and Gilt JEWELLERY, and
GERMAN CLOCKS, Warranted at \$5 each.
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HAS on hand, and offers for Sale, very low for CASH, a general assortment of SCHOOL BOOKS, PRAYER BOOKS, PSALMS OF DAVID ; WESLEY'S, WATTS', and other HYMN BOOKS ; Writing Paper, Steel Pens, Quills, Wafers, Sealing Wax, Slates, Frank Books, Children's TOYS in great variety, &c. &c.

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

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